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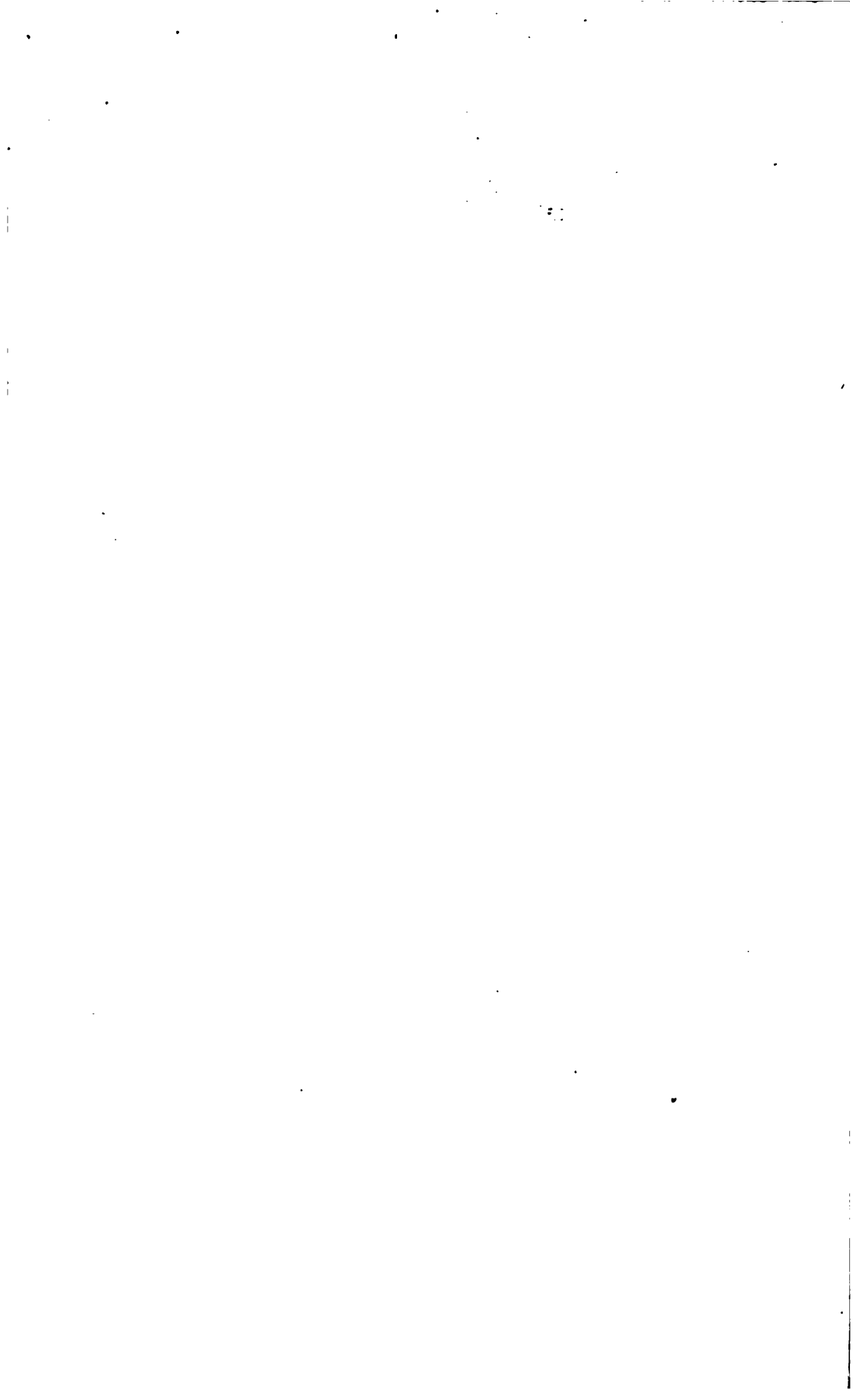


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THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine.

GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

EMBELLISHED WITH

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1851.

No. 1.



THYATIRA was a city of Lydia, on the borders of Mysia: it is said to have been a Macedonian colony. During the wars of the Greek kings of Syria it underwent various changes, and finally surrendered to the Romans under Scipio. St. Luke informs us that Lydia was "a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira," (Acts xvi. 14;) and the discovery of an inscription here (among the very few remains which have survived the destroying hand of time) which makes mention of "the dyers," has been considered important in connection with this passage. At the present time this place is celebrated for dyeing.

Modern Thyatira; by the Turks called Ak-hissar, or the White Castle, is a large town, situated on a plain, about twenty-seven miles from Sardis. "The appearance of Thyatira, as we approached it," says the Rev. I. V. J. Arundell, was that of a very long line of cypresses, poplars, and other trees, amidst which appeared the minarets of several mosques. On the left a view of distant hills, the line of which continued over the town." The population is estimated at three hundred Greek houses, thirty Armenian, and about one thousand Turkish. There are nine mosques and two churches.

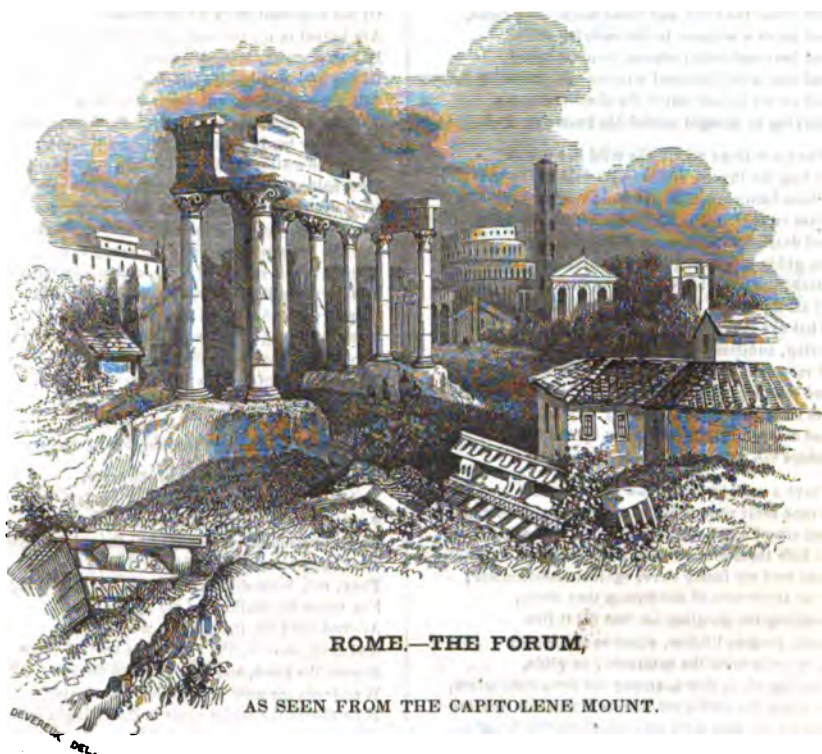


RUINED TEMPLE OF ISIS, IN ETHIOPIA.

ETHIOPIA Proper, which comprises the modern countries of Nubia and Abyssinia, lying to the south of Egypt, is frequently mentioned in the Prophetic Writings in conjunction with the latter country. This is particularly the case in the denunciation against *both* countries in Isa. xx., Ezek. xxx. 1—20, and in Ezek. xxix. 10, (marginal rendering,) in which last passage we read, "I will make Egypt waste from Migdol to Syene," or Assouan, on the confines of Ethiopia, which prediction was fulfilled by the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar: and the magnificent ruins which yet remain attest how literally Ethiopia has "fallen."

One of the most interesting memorials of ancient art in this country is the ruined Temple of Isis, at Ghertasher, which place is variously called Gortas, Gartas, and Kardassy, or Khardassy, by different travelers, who have endeavored to transmit, by writing, the names of places as they were pronounced to them by the natives. The name Kardassy is applied to about six miles extent of country, throughout which (Sir Frederick Henniker states) are visible the foundations of many buildings, that would, if completed, have rendered it a city of temples. The remains of the temple delineated in our engraving are situated on the western bank of the Nile, not many miles above Assouan: they consist of six beautifully finished columns, with enriched capitals. Two of them, facing the north, which are seen on the right hand of our view, are engaged in

a wall two-thirds of their height, forming a gateway, they have quadrangular capitals, supported by the head of Isis, represented with cows' ears, as at Denderah. The faces are well preserved, and have the peculiar form, the prominent eye, and soft expression of the lip, which generally characterize the Egyptian statues, and of which a living model may now and then be found among the Egyptian women of the present day. The other four columns, two on the west and two on the east, are also engaged in a wall half their height. The capitals vary, but are of the lotus form: two of them have the grape and wheat-ear in relief under their volutes. The columns stand on circular bases, and the foundation of the whole is partly seen. The architraves, entablature, and part of the cornice remain. The shafts are about three feet in diameter, and about ten feet apart. The north front is thirty feet, the east and west is thirty-six feet. On a column of the north front are characters, much defaced, of a Greek inscription; on the other column are characters, none of which could be traced by Captain Light. A little to the north of these ruins are quarries of sandy freestone, containing not fewer than one hundred Greek inscriptions, with busts placed in the niches which are cut in the face of the rock. The purport of these inscriptions is, that the individuals named therein had come there to worship, and had presented offerings for themselves, their wives and children, and their friends.



ROME.—THE FORUM,

AS SEEN FROM THE CAPITOLINE MOUNT.

The Forum, which is delineated in our engraving, is perhaps the most melancholy object which Rome contains within its walls. Not only is its former grandeur utterly annihilated, but the ground has not been applied to any other purpose. When the visitor descends into it from the Capitoline Hill, or Mount, he finds many of the ancient buildings buried under irregular heaps of soil; and a vivid imagination might fancy that some spell hung over the spot, forbidding it to be profaned by the ordinary occupations of inhabited cities. Where the Roman people beheld temples erected to perpetuate their

exploits, and where the nobles vied with each other in the magnificence of their dwellings, we now see a few insulated pillars standing, and some broken arches. Where the comitia were held, where Cicero harangued, and where triumphal processions passed, we now see no animated beings, except strangers who are animated by curiosity, or convicts who are employed in excavating as a punishment, and cattle grazing upon the scanty pasture. The Roman Forum is now called the Campo Vaccino: it is computed to have been 705 feet in length, and 470 in width

"I HAVE A COTTAGE."

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

I HAVE a cottage where the sunbeams lurk,
Peeping around its gables all day long,
Brimming the butter-cups until they drip
With molten gold, like o'ercharged crucibles.
Here, wondering why the morning glories close
Their crumpled edges ere the dew is dry,
Great lilies stand, and stretch their languid buds
In the full blaze of noon, until its heat
Has pierced them to their centres. Here the rose
Is larger, redder, sweeter, longer-lived,
Less thorny, than the rose of other lands.

I have a cottage where the south wind comes,
Cool from the spicy pines, or with a breath
Of the mid ocean salt upon its lips,
And a low, lulling, dreamy sound of waves,
To breathe upon me as I lie along
On my white violets, marveling at the bees
That toil but to be plundered, or the mart
Of striving men, whose bells I sometimes hear
When they will toss their brazen throats at heaven,
And howl to vex me. But the town is far;
And all its noises, ere they trouble me,

Must take a convoy of the scented breeze,
And climb the hills, and cross the bloomy dales,
And catch a whisper in the swaying grain,
And bear unfaithful echoes from the wood,
And mix with birds and streams and fluttering leaves,
And an old ballad which the shepherd hums,
Straying in thought behind his browsing flock.

I have a cottage where the wild bee comes
To hug the thyme, and woo its dainties forth;
Where humming-birds, plashed with the rainbow's
Poise on their whirling wings before the door, [dies,
And drain my honeysuckles at a draught.
Ah, giddy sensualist, how thy blazing throat
Flashes and throbs, while thou dost pillage me
Of all my virgin flowers! And then, away—
What eye may follow! But you constant robin;
Spring, summer, winter, still the same clear song
At morn and eve, still the contented hop,
And low, aly whistle, when the crumbs are thrown;
Yet he is jealous of my tawny thrush,
And drives him off, ere a faint symphony
Ushers the carol warming in his breast.

I have a cottage where the winter winds
Wreck their rude passions on the neighboring hills,
And crawl down, shattered by the edged rocks,
To hide themselves among the stalactites
That roof my frosty cave, against mid-summer;
Or in the bosom of the stream they creep,
Numbing the gurgling current till it lies
Stark, frozen, lifeless, silent as the moon;
Or wrestle with the cataracts; or glide,
Rustling close down, among the crisp dead grass,
To chase the awkward rabbits from their haunts;
Or beat my roof with its own sheltering boughs—
Yet never daunt me! For my flaming logs
Pour up the chimney a defiant roar,
While Shakespeare and a flask of southern wine,
Brown with the tan of Spain, or red Bordeaux,
Charm me until the crocus says to me,
In its own way, "Come forth, I've brought the
Spring!"

I have a cottage where a brook runs by,
Making faint music from the rugged stones
O'er which it slides; and at the height of Prime,
When snows are melting on the misty hills
That front the south, this brook comes stealing up
To wash my door-stone. Oft it bears along,
Sad sight, a funeral of primroses—
Washed from the treacherous bank to which they grew
With too fond faith—all trooping one by one,
With nodding heads, in seemly order ranged,
Down its dull current toward the endless sea.
Oh, brook, bear me, with such a holy calm,
To the vast ocean that awaits for me,
And I know one whose mournful melody
Shall make your name immortal as my love.

I have a cottage in the cloven hills;
Through yonder peaks the flow of sunlight comes,

Dragging its sluggish tide across the path
Of the reluctant stars which silently
Are buried in it; through your western gap
Day ebbs away, leaving a margin round,
Of sky and cloud, drowned in its sinking flood,
Till Venus shimmers through the rising blue,
And lights her sisters up. Here lie the moonbeams,
Hour after hour, becalmed in the still trees,
Or on the weltering leaves of the young grass
Rest half asleep, rocked by some errant wind.
Here are more little stars, on winter nights,
Than sages reckon in their heavenly charts;
For the brain wanders, and the dizzy eye
Aches at their sum, and dalls, and winks with them.
The northern-lights come down to greet me here,
Playing fantastic tricks above my head,
With their long tongues of fire, that dart and catch,
From point to point, across the firmament;
As if the face of heaven were passing off
In low combustion; or the kindling night
Were slowly flaming to a fatal dawn,
Wide spread and sunless as the day of doom.

I have a cottage cowering in the trees,
And seeming to shrink lower day by day.
Sometimes I fancy that the growing boughs
Have dwarfed my dwelling; but the solemn oaks,
That hang above my roof so lovingly,
They, too, have shrunk. I know not how it is;
For when my mother led me by the hand
Around our pale, it seemed a weary walk;
And then, as now, the sharp roof nestled there
Among the trees, and they propped heaven. Alas!
Who leads me now around the bushy pale?
Who shows the bird's nests in the twilight leaves?
Who catches me within her fair round arms,
When Autumn shakes the acorns on our roof,
To startle me? I know not how it is;
The house has shrunk, perhaps, as our poor hearts,
When they both broke at parting, and mine closed
Upon a memory, shutting out the world
Like a sad anchorite. Ah! that gusty morn!
But here she lived, here died, and so will I.

I have a cottage—murmur if ye will,
Ye men whose lips are prison-doors to thoughts
Born with mysterious struggles in the heart;
And, maidens, let your store of hoarded smiles
Break from their dimples, like the spreading rings
That skim a lake, when some stray blossom falls
Warm in its bosom. Ah! you cannot tell
Why violets choose not a neighboring bank,
Why cowslips blow upon the self-same bed,
Why, year by year, the swallow seeks one nest,
Why the brown wren rebuilds her hazy home.
Oh! sightless cavaliers, you do not know
How deep roots strike, or with what tender care
The soft down lining warms the nest within.
Think as you will, murmur, and smile apace—
I have a cottage where my days shall close,
Calm as the setting of a feeble star.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REPLY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Yea, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times
Has whispered to me, in her syren tones,
But now, alas ! I feel the tide of life
Fast ebbing from my heart. I know that soon
The green and flowery curtain of the grave
Will close as softly round my fading form
As the calm shadows of the evening hour
Close o'er the fading stream.

Oh ! there are times
When my heart's tears gush wildly at the thought
That, in the fresh, young morning-tide of life,
I must resign my breath. To me the earth
Is very beautiful. I love its flowers,
Its birds, its dews, its rainbows, its glad streams,
Its vales, its mountains, its green, wooing woods,
Its moonlight clouds, its sunsets, and its soft
And dewy twilights ; and I needs must mourn
To think that I shall pass away,
And see them nevermore.

But thou, the loved
And fondly cherished idol of my life,
Thou dear twin-spirit of my deathless soul,
'T will be the keenest anguish of my heart
To part from thee. True, we have never loved
With the wild passion that fills heart and brain
With flame and madness, yet my love for thee
Is my life's life. A deeper, holier love
Has never sighed and wept beneath the stars,
Or glowed within the breasts of saints in heaven.
It does not seem a passion of my heart,
It is a portion of my soul. I feel
That I am but a softened shade of thee,
And that my spirit, parted from thine own,
Might fade and perish from the universe
Like a star-shadow when the star itself
Is hidden by the storm-cloud. Alas, I fear
That heaven itself, though filled with love and God,
Will be to me all desolate, if thou,
Dear spirit, art not there. I've often prayed
That I might die before thee, for I felt
I could not dwell without thee on the earth,
And now my heart is breaking at the thought
Of dying while thou livest, for I feel,
My life's dear idol, that I cannot dwell
Without thee in the sky. Yet well I know
That love like ours, so holy, pure and high,
So far above the passions of the earth,
Can perish not with mortal life. In heaven
'T will brighten to a lovely star, and glow
In the far ages of eternity,
More beautiful and radiant than when first
'T was kindled into glory. Oh ! I love,
I dearly love thee—these will be my last,
My dying words upon the earth, and they
Will be my first when we shall meet in heaven ;
And when ten thousand myriads of years
Shall fade into the past eternity,
My soul will breathe the same dear words to thine,
I love thee, oh ! I love thee !

Weak and low
My pulse of life is fluttering at my heart,
And soon 't will cease forever. These faint words
Are the last echoes of the spirit's chords,
Stirred by the breath of memory. Bear me, love,

I pray thee, to you open window now,
That I may look once more on nature's face
And listen to her gentle music-tone,
Her holy voice of love. How beautiful
How very beautiful, are earth and sea,
And the o'erarching sky to one whose eyes
Are soon to close upon the scenes of time !
Yon blue lake sleeps beneath the flower-crowned hill
With his sweet picture on her breast ; the white
And rosy clouds are floating through the air
Like cars of happy spirits ; every leaf
And flower are colored by the crimson hues
Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged
By thoughts of Paradise ; and the far trees
Seem as if leaning, like departed souls,
Upon the holy heavens. And look ! oh look !
Yon lovely star, the glorious evening star,
Is shining there, far, far above the mists
And dews of earth, like the bright star of faith,
Above our mortal tears ! I ne'er before
Beheld the earth so green, the sky so blue,
The sunset and the star of eve so bright,
And soft, and beautiful ; I never felt
The dewy twilight breeze so calm and fresh
Upon my cheek and brow ; I never heard
The melodies of wind, and bird, and wave,
Fall with such sweetness on the ear. I know
That heaven is full of glory, but a God
Of love and mercy will forgive the tears,
Wrung from the fountain of my frail young heart,
By the sad thought of parting with the bright
And lovely things of earth.

And, dear one, now
I feel that my poor heart must bid farewell
To thine. Oh ! no, no, dearest ! not farewell,
For oft I will be with thee on the earth,
Although my home be heaven. At eventide
When thou art wandering by the silent stream,
To muse upon the sweet and mournful past,
I will walk with thee, hand in hand, and share
Thy gentle thoughts and fancies ; in thy grief,
When all seems dark and desolate around
Thy bleak and lonely pathway, I will glide
Like a bright shadow o'er thy soul, and charm
Away thy sorrow ; in the quiet hush
Of the deep night, when thy dear head is laid
Upon thy pillow, and thy spirit craves
Communion with my spirit, I will come
To nerve thy heart with strength, and gently lay
My lip upon thy forehead with a touch
Like the soft kisses of the southern breeze
Stealing o'er bowers of roses ; when the wild,
Dark storms of life beat fiercely on thy head,
Thou wilt behold my semblance on the cloud,
A rainbow to thy spirit ; I will bend
At times above the fount within thy soul,
And thou wilt see my image in its depths,
Gazing into thy dark eyes with a smile
As I have gazed in life. And I will come
To thee in dreams, my spirit-mate, and we,
With clasping hands and intertwining wings,
Will nightly wander o'er the starry deep,
And by the blessed streams of Paradise,
Loving in heaven as we have loved on earth.

SALMON, AND SALMON-FISHING.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.



THE SALMON. (*Salmo Salar*.)

THIS glorious fellow, who is admitted on all hands to be the very king of fishes, as regards personal beauty, strength, agility, and speed, as regards excellence upon the table, and as regards the sport he gives to the vigorous and skillful angler, is in this month in his prime of health, vigor, and perfection, in all those waters of the United States and British Provinces, wherein he still exists. Within the limits of the former, on the Eastern or Atlantic side of the continent, those waters are confined to a few of the noble and limpid rivers in the State of Maine from the Rennebeck, eastward, and to one or two large streams of Northern New York emptying into the St. Lawrence. In the British Provinces of New Brunswick and Canada East, all the waters, whether emptying into the Bay of Fundy or the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are literally alive with this noble predatory fish, to such an extent that an accomplished fly-fisher, temporarily resident in the first-named province, "offered in 1850 to back himself, for any reasonable amount of bet, to kill with his own hand, three hundred salmon in that river"—the Nepisiguit discharging its waters into Bathurst Harbor—"during the month of July next ensuing." I quote from a letter of my friend Mr. Perley, the

able and enterprising author of the "Sea and River Fisheries of New Brunswick," who adds, on his own account, "and with any reasonable luck as to weather, would readily win his bet. He took last season, before breakfast one day seventeen salmon; and I have heard of thirty being taken in a day by indifferent fishers."

Think of this, ye ambitious spirits, who casting deftly the long line and the winged deceit, pride yourselves on basketing your dozen or two of half-pound trout at Snedecor's or Carman's, on the south side! Think of this—thirty salmon in a day with the fly, and that by indifferent fishers! Of a truth, the Nepisiguit, the Ristigouche, and the Miramichi, must be the paradise terrestrial, or aquatic rather, of the fly-fisher; nor is it so hard a region of attainment, for from Boston the good steamer Admiral plies weekly to the city of St. John, and thence, on application to the good sportsman whose name I have recorded above, the pilgrim in pursuit of piscatorial glory, shall be right easily, and with a good will, forwarded upon his way.

But to return from this brief though not impertinent digression, although the salmon is so well known to all the dwellers of cities on the Atlantic

trader, but only by the greedy, wanton, destructive, cruel brute, who slaughters neither for legitimate sport nor for profit, but merely for the wanton love of slaughtering. Nor do I speak of net fisheries, whether stake-net or seine, for these are the methods of capturing salmon for gain, not for sport or pleasure.

It is a singular thing that very little is known of the true food of the salmon; for so rapid is their digestion, that when taken their stomachs are always found empty, with the exception of a small quantity of yellowish fluid; but it would seem quite certain that while in fresh water it must consist principally, if not entirely, of small fish, for the natural water-flies, which are the favorite food of trout, and of themselves also when in their infancy, before they have visited salt water, they do not condescend to notice on their return to the rivers.

For what they mistake the large gaudy artificial salmon-flies, at which they rise so greedily on their first advent into fresh water, it is impossible to conjecture; since there is nothing under heaven to which they bear even a distant resemblance. Sir Humphrey Davy conjectures that they may be actuated by a vague local recollection, on returning, as they always do, to the identical rivers in which they were bred, from the sea, where they have been feeding on a totally different prey, of the water-flies which in their childhood they were used to take on the surface, and therefore looking to the surface for their food, strike at the first thing they see bearing a remote resemblance to a winged insect.

The implements necessary to the salmon fly-fisher are a powerful two-handed rod, of sixteen to eighteen feet in length, composed of ash, hickory and lancewood,* or spliced bamboo, with a solid butt, fitted with a spike—whereby to fix it in the ground erect while changing your flies or the like—a large click reel, on no account a multiplier, a hundred yards of hair line, a casting line of the stoutest, roundest and most even salmon gut, and a book of salmon-flies—the numbers, colors and varieties of which are endless.

As good as any, to my mind, is the peacock upper and blue-jay under wings, gay silk body, red hackle legs, and bird of paradise tail; but the truth is, that almost any thing large and gaudy will take salmon, if deftly and skillfully dropped at the exact time, and in the exact place. If they will not take one they will another, and the which is which must be discovered by experiment.

The brighter and stiller the water, the smaller and more grave colored should be the fly, as a general rule. Where the river is foul, or the current much broken, foamy and rapid, the fly can hardly be too large, or too gayly colored.

For the rest, no writing can teach a man how to throw a fly, how to strike a fish when he has risen, or how to kill when he has struck him; practice, patience, perseverance, and coolness are the great requisites, and the best way of learning is to accompany a good fly-fisher to the brook-side, to observe and study his motions, and by example more than

by oral instruction to acquire his method, and by degrees approach his skill.

I suppose hardly any one would attempt to use the double-handed rod, or attempt salmon, who had not first learned to throw a cast of flies from the light rod, and succeeded in hooking a trout. I will therefore merely observe, for the benefit of the trout-fisher who makes his first essay on salmon, that it is not advisable, as in trout-fishing, to keep the fly dancing as it were and hovering on the surface, but to let it sink a little way, pull it back with a slight jerk not quite out of water, and then let it sink again, and so on until your cast is finished, and you lift your fly for another. Again, when a salmon has risen at your fly, you need not strike near so quickly, and you must strike much more strongly and sharply than at a trout. Colquhoun, in his capital book, "The Moor and the Loch," recommends that the salmon be allowed to turn before striking him, and I think the advice sound and good. When he is struck you must make him fight for every inch of line you give him, holding him very hard, but of course giving rather than letting him break you, until he becomes exhausted; if he plunges to the bottom and sulks, you must arouse him by stirring the water with a pole or pelting him with pebbles, for your "only chance of killing him depends," to borrow the words of Davy's *Salmonia*, "on his being kept constantly in action, so that he may exhaust himself by exercise."

When he is wearied out, when he turns up his broad, bright side exhausted on the surface, let your assistant pass the sharp, hooked gaff carefully under him, and strike it home by one cool, steady upward jerk, and he is yours. Myself, I prefer to gaff in the solid muscular tail, behind the ventral cavity, as affording the best hold; but many good sportsmen prefer to strike in the shoulder, as giving more command of the fish—so that he is gaffed, however, it matters not much where, for he is pretty certainly ashore a moment afterward. I may as well here mention that while on a visit in Troy recently, I was shown a new spring or click gaff, which must unquestionably supersede the old hook. It is easy of management, unerring, and can be handled with success by the most awkward country lad, and every sportsman knows how often he is annoyed by the clumsiness of an assistant who merely grazes a beaten fish, and goads him into fresh fury, perhaps causing his eventual loss, and eliciting naughty words from the not then gentle fisherman.

And now, kind reader mine, I have told you whither to pass in pursuit of your sport; I have told you, so far as tell I can, how to rise, how to strike, how to kill, how to land your fish.

Now I will tell you how to cook him—eat him, I doubt not, you can without my teaching.

As soon as he is out of water stun him with a heavy blow on the head; then with a sharp knife crimp him, that is, gash him to the bone on both sides with a number of parallel transverse cuts, parallel to the line of the gills, at about two inches asunder; hold him up by the tail and let him bleed;

cool him for ten minutes in the coldest spring or running water you can find at hand; carry him to the pot in which your salt and water—nearly strong enough to bear an egg—must be boiling like mad; in with him, and let him boil *quantum suff.* Then serve him up, with no sauce save a few spoonful of the water in which he was cooked, and if you please the squeeze of a lemon, or, better yet, a lime

—but, “an you love me, Hal,” eschew the lobster sauce, and the rich condiments, as Reading, Worcestershire or Soy, for he is rich enough without, and they will but kill his natural flavor, and undo his delicacy.

And so adieu, and good luck to you! Take my advice, and when night cometh you may boast that you have fished well, and dined supremely.

THE BOY-HUNTER.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

I MUST surely have been intended for a hunter, as the first thing I can remember was an animal.

I have often tried to trace as far back as possible into the days of my childhood, the period when consciousness first became linked with external things—or, in other words, my memory of life began. Curiously enough, I have never been able to get further back than to a time when I was kicking and screaming in my nurse's arms in ecstasied and uncontrollable eagerness to get my hands upon a beautiful little white rabbit, which had been sent home by my father in a basket.

The picture of that snowy creature, with its “pink eyene” and long ears laid back, crouched and trembling amidst the tow on which it had been placed in its rough wicker cage, is to this hour distinct as a scene of yesterday. It was the sweet surprise of that soft vision that startled my new life into full awakening. I have no memory of the dull dawn before; it is here my actual being commenced.

They tell me I had already vegetated a few months, but it must have been as a sprawling negation, dim-eyed and dreamless, clutching feebly the untenanted air; for now was my first amazed recognition of separate being; now was that vague Infinite first made palpable to me through sense in form.

Ah! the miracle of that mysterious outer world where such shapes of wondrous beauty grew! I now felt the sunshine and saw all things glitter. How strange and vivid familiar things around me seemed—the rough fence, the old trees and house, wore golden haloes on them; the green earth was glorified in splendors that entered to possess me in warm thrills; and a creeping joy, mingled of I know not what delicious pains, glowed through my life until it swooned in love! Ah! the ecstatic influx of that sensuous birth! would it might hold my heart to nature in that sacred glow forever!

There is a philosophy which takes man for the highest and purest exhibition of the divisible—for that type of being in which all organism is perfected; it recognizes him also as linking this being with the indivisible, as the penultimate of forms—a part of heaven and a part of earth.

This being accepted, his relations toward inferior creatures become beautifully dignified, and constitute a sort of arch-angelship under the sun, drawn by the common ties of common sympathies toward all things that breathe and move, yet holding an awful throne by right of its spiritual lineage. Then doth he become to their material nature a “god made visible”—the palpable, immediate expression of that mystery and power which are the elements of all supreme rule, whether it be human or divine.

These earth-mated creatures are his subjects, and here at least his lust of despotism can be gratified, for he is ruler and lord above them all for evil as well as for good. When it is for evil, how terrible he must be to them with his dread engines and his fierce subtlety! When for good, what moving of strange thoughts, what yearnings for a better and gentler being must visit them! Was it not so even with ourselves, when there were giants in those days, and angels sought the daughters of Adam on our earth?

If creation be an unresting tendency, eternally ascending toward the perfect, then is our supposition less a fancy than a truth, and our dominion over the beast of the earth, and the fowl of the air, becomes a heritage of fearful responsibilities, embracing wide extremes of pleasure and of pain. Duties, then, of startling significance open to us, and we feel the presence of self-derived majesty expand throughout our principality, and in beneficence above immortal subjects. We are no longer their tyrants, but right royal masters. We know them not as the insensate objects of a rude caprice, dumb foot-balls to our blind and heady passions, to be chased and torn, and worried in our savage glee, but as the creatures of our dedicated love, to be guarded gently, nurtured well, and led by easy ways, up through serene airs to happier fields.

This is the Apocalyptic vision of an elder race—man THE ASCENDER, beckoning the flocks and herds, the live ocean-tide of his inheritance up the steep, the calm radiance of his merciful brow drawing its flood toward the stars! It is a healthful philosophy, full of noble teachings; and we should hold it to our hearts, though the reality of such a vision may

be so remote—though, alas! fallen ourselves, we have cursed them.

It is sad enough that all these creatures have scented murder on our red right hands, and fly from our darkened brows; that the arch-angel of our birth has been dethroned, and that shining presence once upturned over them in blessings, as a god, become terrible in wrath! Yet are we monarchs still, and yearn toward our ancient subjects, though it be in empty mockery of state. In our domesticated creatures, we call them around us once again, to feed from our hands, though it be rather as the captives of our will, the slaves of our necessities, than as loyal subjects in the bonds of love.

What wonder that the man seeks savage compensation for the loss of empire? What wonder if, in the shadow where he walketh now, those mighty memories turn his heart to gall, when he looketh out upon them, shining sleek in beauty and in strength, amidst their sunlit plains, and they regard not his voice, lifted up as of old, to call them to his feet? Is it strange that in the bitterness of quickened wrath his fierce pride turn upon them, glorying in the strife of will with will, and strength with strength, to overtake them in their vaulting freedom, and grizely laugh amidst their slaughter!

Yet are they co-mates and sharers of the sun with us, and dark, unnatural passions cannot always shut them out from the full circle of our sympathies. Childhood has yet a birthright of innocent illusion; and while its ethereal haze lingereth over all things in enchantment, we may at least believe and love.

We become curst and harsh with dwelling forever amidst false hopes and care-weighted aspirations; and therefore is it sad, indeed, when we outgrow that charming faith, since by it do we hold eternal youth. In its deathless happiness it takes us forth into this marvellous outer world, to grow strong again in wondering—to freshen on its loveliness and grow mirthful with its gay and careless lives. Here are beings, infinitely numerous, who breathe and move by the same laws with ourselves, and yet who in their appareling, their modes and humors, answer mere nature, and just as we love the matron-smiling front of her eternal freshness must we love these, and continue to shed upon them, out of our hearts, a wide beneficence.

How can we fail to love a keen-eyed wild-bird coming from the solitude burnished and many-hued, as if the air where its surpassing beauty grew, held stores of gold of amethyst and glittering gems within its depths, and had sifted them in gradual splendor down upon the plummy thing that sat within its stillness? What a pleasant mystery its gay eccentric being is! How we delight to watch its tameless heart pulsing through every gesture, and to wonder what it thinks and feels, and how its moods go?

Who has not noted the joyful amazement lighting up an infant's eye when you hold a bird before it, or a sleek-furred squirrel just from its leaf-cradle. How it screams with the novel joy as its shrinking fingers feel the strange, soft touch. Its first impulse

—the royal patron roused already!—is to fondle and caress the little prisoner, and though the chubby awkward fist of the young Hercules may strangle his delicate vassal at the first grasp, yet is it not from cruelty, but from the eagerness of the new delight.

All children are enthusiastic naturalists so long as the happy time of innocent, free impulse lasts; and well do I remember all that mellow time with me! Then was my faith in the beautiful most mighty, then gave it a charmed life to me; then was it my dintless shield—the sigil of my necromance; by it I did “strange deeds upon the clouds,” and fairy fantasies of earth, and air, and sea, came in my dreams obedient to its spell; it made to me a world of God's free nature, wherein its creatures wore his glories for a garment, the light of his own eternity in their clear eyes, and syllabled in most sweet voices the language of his own strange tongue!

I knew these for my sun-born brothers; for with the common forms about me I grew weary, they did not fill my longings for—I knew not what! but when the wild-bird gleaming past, told me of the beautiful, the vivid, and the free, I no longer tarried with dull sense! I wore no wings, but yet I followed it, beating the air with visionary plumes to fling the sunshine off; mine were no mellow pipes, but yet I felt a carol in the blossoming tree, and sung by shady streamlets, a low rippling trill—wild among flowers and vines, darting through shadows in tameless shine I went, with the swift thing, in riot through our joy! Ah! it filled me with the freshness of untamable delight, and set my spirit free on its gem-dusted wings!

As for that young squirrel, out from deep woods, where some old oak had nursed it, rocking the soft sprite in his rigid arms—it won my very soul, with its dark, glistening eyes and feathery tail! I felt the frosty patriarch of shades embrace it gently, and warm, within his knotted bosom when the battle-wind of winter had come forth, and saw its airy boundings lend a frolick grace to his gray poll when gay spring breezes wooed. Enchanted now and eager of sweet mysteries, I entered where its leafy bed was rolled, and where the garnered stores lay fragrant in dim chambers of that oaken heart.

And then I smiled in dreaming, for I saw it here with strange surroundings! It had troops of little friends—the leaf-winged elves—that came into its chambers when the moon went down, and were all a-shiver with the cold, raw morning; and with puffy cheeks, straining at the load, they brought it round fat nuts—an armful each—and threw them on the little heaps within its garner; some rare acorns, too, and some triangled beach-nuts, or purple wild-grape, or a bursting bud—this was for love and—breakfast! Then they would creep in bed with folded wings, and I could plainly see them pulling its soft brush aside to get beneath the cover; and it would stir a-bit, as if in vision it saw the dainties they had brought, and snuff drowsily at the perfume. Now they all lay so warm and cozey, rolled delicately snug in that furry ball; and when daylight came, and

it went forth to play, they would keep the bed warm for it through the glaring time of sunshine!

There's no use saying I could not—for I could see those little fellows just as plain as the squirrel itself; and when night came I could see them, too, at their airy antics, plain against the moon as it rose up, and at playing bo-peep, I have caught them kiss the sleeping flowers, sure enough!

They used to fight with the old owls, too, and thrust sharp spear grass in their moony eyes, that would stare murder at gay, heedless chip-munk, or pretty little panting wood-mouse, pattering on the withered leaves below. Indeed, I saw them often gathering from afar, in arms—troop after troop, in snail-shell helmets—to drive such monsters bodily away, when they had ventured near that squirrel's house; and then, the battle over, they would throw aside their arms, and take Æolian instruments, they frame, and, with stealthy footing, round the oriole's hanging-nest, make creeping music steal into her happy dreams, until she twitters in her sleep, of the dim sweetness, fitfully!

All this I saw with that young squirrel! Ay, and much more, too! I have not told you yet about its friends, that live in the cold shade of little mossy grottoes, down the deep glen where it must go to drink! They are grotesque little fellows, with fin-like wings, and you might at any time see the squirrel play with them—whether you could seem them or not—jumping from rock to rock, darting under dark old mossy roots, to hide in gurgling water underneath, diving in still pools where it will fear to follow, or shooting a swift rapid to some island-peggle in the midst, where Master Bushy-tail, with all his long bounds, cannot reach! If I should go on to tell you of all these doings, and of ever so much more, you would know him just as well as I did; but I do n't tell every thing! We had our secrets between us, and I am bound over about some of the daintiest of them.

Whether you believe all this or not, it's just the same to me—for I did, and that even before I was big enough to go into the woods alone, to see for myself. When I did go, I found it was all the same, except that I could n't see the little friends very plain, though I could see the squirrel plain enough.

Then when I went out by myself into the deep wood, I sat down on the moss, at the root of an old tree, to watch for him. When every thing was still again, I would see him after a while poking his nose slyly out of the hole—snuff! snuff! Then out his head would pop, to rest his chin upon his fore-paws, and he would look all around, above, and below, very cunning, to see if it was all right. Then out, like a thought, he would glide, and I could see his lovely brush quick curled and spread all so grand above his head, as he sat upon a limb, still for the moment. Lo! there is another snuffing nose, and then great shining eyes filling the round, black knot-hole, and out another pops, and then another and another—three of them—his brothers and sisters!

Hark!—listen! Qua! qua! quagh! That is another one over on another tree! He answers it, and

then—such a time! such whisking of tails, darting along limbs, and bounding from swinging twigs to rustling tree-tops, until they all meet—two families of them.

Now the frolick begins in earnest! round and round the rough trunks, rattling the bark down as they chase each other! Their tails are spread now as wide as they can, as if they were badly scared; and that is the young lady he makes love to, you may be sure—for now he has shoved her out to the very end of a great high limb, and, hard pushed—here she comes right off into the air, down almost into my face, the white of her arms underneath spread wide like her stiffened tail, into the leaves head foremost—and then up and away, patter, patter, patter. Here he comes, too, sailing down after her, plump! and rattles off along the old logs and swinging vines in hot chase!

So they all would frolick, chasing one another; and one would see me, and stop, and stamp histiny feet, and bark at me, jerking his tail in comic wrath. Sometimes another would dart away suddenly as if possessed, scurrying round and round the tree after nothing; and then I knew well enough that it was not its tail that it was chasing, but one of its little airy friends, only it was of too transparent substance for me to see it by the day-light.

Nor were these all the sights I saw out there in those quaintly-peopled woods. There was saucy chip-munk, with black and white stripes down his brown back; he was a spry fellow, too, upon the ground, and lived in the prettiest house under an old stump. He would show his striped nose pushing through the long moss hanging over his little hole under the decaying root. How bright his soft, vivid eyes, and how his long, black whiskers tremble as he pricks his short ears to listen! Then! quick as lightning he mounts the stump, frisking his pert tail at a great rate. You can see his little white bosom beating fast, like a toy-watch, in a flurry, as he glances sharply round—then away he darts pit-a-pat, leaping on another stump to look again. Now he is satisfied the coast is clear, and with a soft chirping squeak, dives down into the leaves, scratching them aside, and pushing under them his inquisitive nose. He! another soft chirp, and he darts back upon the stump again, and you can see his small cheeks are all puffed out. In a moment one of the acorns he has found is in his paws, and sitting up straight as a little goblin man, you can soon hear his sharp teeth creak, creak against the hull.

He, too, has friends that live with him, that are kin to the gnomes; and they are very funny sort of people. They cannot see at all after day, and they are so fond of their antics that sometimes light overtakes them, and then they have to crawl under shelter of the first stone they can find until night comes again. Whenever you happen to turn over the stone, and see a blind, sluggish creature under it, looking like a brick-dusted lizard, do n't hurt the wee helpless thing, for when dark comes, it will dart about and sparkle in the most beautiful manner, like a living carbuncle among the strange night-

flowering fungi that droop like it in the morning. You often see them at play, and if you do not notice, will think they are nothing but fire-flies.

There were many more creatures that these gnome-people loved very well, and which lived under the earth, too. They lighted the long galleries of the tiny shrews; and when the star-nosed moles held their root festivals in domed chambers, they were there to blaze amidst the velvet-coated throng right merrily at midnight. And the soft mice—they had some games with them, too, and loved mightily their warm, round nests beneath the stubble, or in leafy hollows of dead trees. As for the gaunt and bloody weasels, they fright them with a sudden glare in those dark passages where they dig, nosing for murder; and blind, too, the sullen mink with splendor in his earthy prowls!

So at first I went forth among the creatures of earth in peace, and saw them in my simple faith, and all my pleasantest memories of calm, unmixed delight are associated with that time of innocent wonder and loving familiarity with these fresh articulations of God's thought in forms.

But as my passions grew, this harmless wonder changed into curiosity that became insatiable for a more intimate knowledge. I yearned to know them better, to see them more closely, to feel them—to possess! I became jealous of that graceful freedom I had at first admired so much, because it took them away from me just when my heart was overflowing toward them; I reached forth my arms to clasp them to my bosom; the empty air I folded chilled me at first, and then anger rose. The pride of a despotic will, the rights of the natural lord, were wounded from the tender side, and thus became aroused to an embittered consciousness of strength, and a willful purpose to use it against my gentle playfellows.

It was not that I grew cruel suddenly, and sought them with the dark curse of Cain in my heart at once, but that I was impatient of this liberty that could take them from me when they willed, and desired to restrain them to come to me when I willed.

I had no thought of murder at first when I learned to ensnare them. It would have broken my heart then to have slain one; and so full was I of love for them that I could not fully realize how much they suffered in being deprived of freedom. Though they did struggle desperately, and cry aloud in fear and sorrow, I comforted myself in thinking that it was because they did not understand what I desired, that when they came to know of the good I intended, what a nice little house I should build for them, what delicate food I would bring, and above all, how dearly I should love them, that then they would learn to love me, and become reconciled to every thing, and happy as I was in having them.

So in my simplicity I tried to believe until the whole thing became as real as if it were true, and the sunny attic I proudly called my room, soon became a sort of caravansary filled with these captive travelers of air and wood. What a happiness it was to me to familiarize each new prisoner with my

presence, and sit and watch in low-breathed quiet, all their ways, as I used to in the woods, and laugh out suddenly, until the old house rang at some odd whimsicality of passionate gesture. How I loved to have them on my person to caress me—to feed from my hands and mouth, to peck at me in feigned wrath, or seize my hand with harmless teeth in fierce dissembled savagery. Ay, I was lordly proud, then, and happy as a king.

When the snow came, too, what a joyful time that was to be—for now I was to capture many more lovely friends.

When the gray, heavy cloud gathered over night, and a few broad flakes came scattering slowly down through the twilight, then I knew there would be a heavy snow in the morning. What a restless, fidgety fever I was in! I went to bed early that night that I might get up early, and meanwhile sleep away the suspense.

I forgot to say my prayers, for I did say them nightly in those sinless times, and lay tossed in restless visions of traps, and snares, and dead-falls; of monstrous hares, big as my dog Milo, swung up by the neck at the end of a pole; of great flocks of quails, with strange, beautiful birds among them, fluttering and peering their heads through the sticks of my traps; of white foxes and black foxes, or of a great opossum, lying with crushed heads beneath my dead-falls, or of tracking some creature that left the foot-mark of an elephant on the fresh snow for miles through the bowed and foreign-looking woods, until I had treed it at last; when, after toiling and tugging, with sweaty brows, I had drawn it forth from the hollow, and held it in my hand, I saw without the least surprise that it was a soft little wood-mouse! Ah! delicious fantasies were they.

When at cock-crow I bounded out of bed and ran to the window the first thing, how I clasped my hands and danced for joy, and waked everybody with my shoutings, "The snow! the snow! a deep snow!"

Then what a fussing time!—making new traps, stealing clap-boards, and every other kind of boards that were available to be split into trap-pieces! What a teasing my father for triggers—to make me triggers for spring falls, moosees, partridge-traps, traps for little birds, and all. How I wondered I could not get the old gentleman to understand that I should be ruined!—dead ruined!—if I did not get my traps ready to be set early—even by breakfast-time; for the other boys would be setting theirs, too, and take all the best places.

Little did I care for the hot coffee and cakes that morning, but snatching a sup and a bite was off, whistling for Milo, and shouting for Pomp the negro boy, to accompany and help me. Eagerly did we discuss, by the way, as we lugged our heavy traps through the deep snow, whether the sink-hole in the pasture, the thicket in the cornfield fence-row, the blackberry patch in the corner, or on the edge of the woods, were the surest place for "Bob Whites" (partridges) or "Molly Cotton-tails" (hares.) There was no deciding between them; so, to settle the

matter, a trap was set at each place, and one in addition, for larks, doves, red-birds and sparrows, by the old wheat-stack behind the barn.

Pompey, who carried the spade, dug away the snow from each sagaciously chosen place, and exposed the black earth beneath, so that our tempting bait might show from afar. Then was the trap placed over it on the bare spot, and set with much careful nicety. Then, with many a wistful look behind, to see if the birds were not at it already, we went on to set the next.

When this first and most important business was got through with, then came hare hunting under the snow.

Ah, that was the sport! Molly Cotton would sit still wherever the storm overtook her, and when the snow began to cover her over, she would keep crowding and pushing gently back and forth, pressing it to one side, until she had formed a roomy little chamber all about her. The snow would go on heaping and heaping until a domed arch grew over all, with just one little round hole kept open through its top by the warm air of her breathing—and there she would sit, snug as a Russian princess in her palace of ice, dreaming of luscious cabbage leaves and tender apple-shoots in the neighboring garden. But Molly's golden visions were subject to be as rudely dispelled as those of other people.

See! Milo's keen nose has scented one of those very breathing-holes on the smooth, glistening surface of the snow—he has stopped suddenly on the plunge, with his foot raised! "Steady! Steady, boy!" We are up with him in long leaps! Now for it! "Hie on, boy!" and helter, skelter, here we come! I, Milo, Pompey, all together, tumbling heels over head upon the snowy roof of Mistress Molly's palace! There she is—I feel the soft, warm fur! Squeak! quai! quai! quai!—her plaintive cry rings out. We have her. "Hold hard, Pompey! she kicks so with her strong hind-legs that she will surely get away. Down, you Milo! There now! we have her tied—she is secure."

Every hour or two the traps near at hand are visited, and those at a distance twice a day. We start upon our round. From afar we can see that one is down! My heart jumps! I long sorely to run! Pompey starts off, I call him back! It is necessary I should be dignified—should prove to him and all the world by my unhurried calmness,

"that my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that has befallen."

I walk slow and stately, feeling exalted by my self-denial—speculating after what manner the fates are about to reward me—thinking of a whole dozen of partridges, a splendid male red-bird, or, it may be, a large fat pheasant, or some entirely new and wondrous creature, as best befitting our just claims.

We are close at hand—we can see the little tenebrous shake—hear the heavy beat of struggling wings. Too much for my stoicism is that sound! With fluttering pulse I spring eagerly forward—Bah! it is nothing but a common thieving jay!

I almost stagger with the revulsion of my soaring aspirations—while Pompey proceeds to get out the poor bird, with sundry abusive epithets and gabbled threat of neck-wrangling. "Yah! yah! ole feller! catch at last! Carry sticks to de debbil, to make fire, burn dis child wid—will you? Da! now you carry sticks to debbil!" and away flutters the obnoxious jay's headless body over the bloodied snow.

I have said I was not cruel, and it was a perfect agony to me to witness the death of any of my prisoners—but the shock of the fall of my high-flown hopes was too much for me, and in this case I did not recover in time to save the unlucky victim of a superstition universal among our negroes, and to which, if I were not ashamed of the confession, I might admit having been more than half inclined myself!

But this was not all our sport on the snow either. If it grew damp toward evening, then the cold night winds would freeze its untrampled surface, and by the time morning came again there would be a hard crust over all—hard enough to bear Molly Cotton's weight at any rate.

Now, such grand chases as we would have after her upon the crust! Milo's nose was to find her in the old stubble-field, by the little breathing-holes through the top of her palace under the snow, then we had all the little dogs from the Quarter, who were not much heavier than she, to chase her on the crust.

Ah, this was the greatest affair of all! greater than catching her at once in her Mole, for here we gave Molly a fair start, and could see the whole chase to the end.

Before sun-rise Pomp had assembled from the Quarter the other young darkies, Dick, Sambo and the rest, with their cur dogs, fices, terriers, and all other kinds of light dogs, each one led by a tow string around its neck—for it would spoil the fun and interfere with Milo to have them loose until the time came. Such a gabbling and a yelping as they made, the darkies and their dogs between them, when Milo and I came running out and took the lead through the deep crackling snow toward the great field.

Sometimes the snow would bear us for a moment, and then up somebody's heels would fly, and such a shrieking and tumbling about with the laughter as there would be; then the eager mongrels, when they saw Milo run ahead with long, high plunges through the snow, would yell with anger at being tied, and leap against their tow leashes, or darting between the holder's legs, trip him up and break away. Then there was no catching the little wretch, for he would be cunning enough not to come when his master called, just to be caught again, so I would have to order a halt and call in my obedient Milo to us, and then the runaway would be decoyed in reach of some one, who would snatch the trailing tow string and make him prisoner once more.

So, at last, with all our stoppages in this way, and in climbing the half-buried fences, where the negroes' dogs would be sure to get nearly hung to death in

jumping through the wrong places, we would come to the old stubble just about when sun-rise scattered the purple dawning and every thing was a-glitter with the yellow blaze. We veiled our eyes from the dazzle with coat sleeves and caps, when the white glare of the wide unbroken surface was thrown into our faces.

But my eyes would soon bear it when I caught a glimpse of Milo's long, flying ears, almost disappearing in his deep plunges through the snow, then rising again with his high leaps. He knew the time for action had come in earnest, and the little dogs, straining on their leashes, would whine and shift their feet, and yelp to get away, while they watched him with great white eyes almost popping out of their heads with their choked eagerness.

We all stand still in breathless watching as he covers his ground right and left, scientifically, as if there were no snow to hinder. But standing still over the knees in snow is very hard for boys, and I begin to stamp with the cold and impatience and rub my hands—while Pomp and his darkies gradually draw their breaths and commence gabbling away as noisy as ever.

"Yah! yah! Mass Charles—see dat Milo jump! He long ear down dat sink-hole dar look jes like de big p'essant fly 'long de snow! He hab dat Molly Cotton soon now."

"Keigh! hush, you nigger dar! D' aint no Cotton-tail down dat briah-patch 't all!"

"Sambo, what you know? Milo know more 'n ten sich nigger! He find him!"

"There—he stops! That's a point!"

"Whoop! Yah! yah! Told you, nigger! Dar dat Cotton—"

"Hush your noise! Steady, boy! Steady! Silence! Hold on to your dogs! Come on quiet! Steady, boy! Steady! Steady!"

Bursting almost with impatience, I have great trouble to hold back my rabble, for we must get close before Milo is hied on, so as to have a fair run of it.

"Steady, boy! steady! Hold back there, Dick, you rascal! Hold the dogs! Steady, old boy!"

I can see the point of his tail shaking, and his ears quiver with restrained excitement. We are within ten steps. Now for it!

"Hie on, boy!" One long bound—he plunges beneath the snow amidst the briars—one breathless moment—there she is!

From beneath his very feet she bursts through the powdered snow, and, shaking it from her, at one leap she is clear upon the firm crust, and after slipping up once or twice makes steadily off.

Such a burst of yells, yelps and screeches! Such a jumble-together helter-skelter heels-in-the-air start as we make of it—I, little dogs, negroes and all! Such falls and tripping up! Such crackling and crashing! Now the little dogs, that have at first slipped up and rolled over each other all in a yelling heap, gather their legs together and stretch away with fierce cries after poor Molly, who is going off like a bird, with her black shadow on the snow.

We are wild, frantic with the excitement, and whoop and screech as if tearing out our very lungs as we follow, throwing each other down in the jostle, and soon leaving the smallest ones far behind.

"They are closing on her—she slips up! Whoop! Hurrah!"

"Golly! dat 's Snap! Yah! yah! He de dog!"

"You Pomp, dat 's my Sanch! O you nigger, dat 's no Snap! Da now! he got her!"

"You Sanch! you Snap! get out, you dogs! get out! begone!" I shriek—but it is too late now to save poor Molly from being torn.

"Hoo—ey! dat my Snap! Yah! yah!"

"You nigger, dat Sanch fust! Mass Cha's, dat Sanch! Yah! yah! dis nigger's dog! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!"

When the crust had melted, then came tracking hares on the snow, and here Pompey and I were better than Milo's nose—for we could see the beautiful little triangles Molly left behind with her feet, at each bound, laid as plain along the snow as three ink-marks on white paper.

Out from the cabbage-patch or the nursery we would follow it, winding round and round, through the fences and by the briar-patches, across the fields and away toward the wood we would follow, bending down to look as we went, and keeping Milo back behind us. Now the edge of the wood is reached, and here the track gets all mixed up with others, and twisted back upon itself, so that for a long time we cannot make it out; but Pompey strikes a circuit round in the wood, and after a while he shouts

"Here he, Mass Cha's! Got he agin—soon find dat hollow now!"

Away we tramp again—Pompey as eager on the new trail as any hound—crashing through hazel-thickets, falling over buried logs and grape-vines, to be up and scramble on again until—"Ha! that great old oak tree! That 's the place—see, the tracks go right into the hollow at its root. We've got her—we've got her!"

Matches were not known in those days, but we had a little steel and flint, with some "punk," between us, and now soon we had scraped away the snow to get at the dry leaves, and broken off all the dead boughs and twigs we could find around for a heap—a great heap at the mouth of the hole.

It was very hard to keep Milo's nose out, for snuff and snuff he would in spite of us when we turned our backs. Now the punk burns—the pile is fired, and then we throw on damp leaves to make a great smoke to rise up the hollow. Milo stands by looking on now with a very wise expectation—but Pompey kneels by his side and holds him round the neck tight. A little while, we hear snuff! snuff! and scrambling inside the hollow. Now she comes! thump! sneeze! There she bursts through the smoking pile, stifling and helpless. I seize her quickly.

"Down, Milo, down! Hold him, Pomp!" as I wheel round and round to escape him, swinging poor Molly above my head. Now she had got her



breath again—quai! quai! quai! How sad her wail is. But after a desperate struggle Milo is beat off, and she is saved!

By the time the snow was gone my attic had become populous enough; but when the breezy, gay and glowing Spring had come, and the caroling out of doors, and the warm deepening green, and the faint odors of the youngest flowers came stealing on

the air, the prisoners there grew so restless, and looked so out of place in their bare wooden cages, that day by day compunctious visitings grew upon me, until one after one, with many a yearning sigh as I looked after them, all were turned loose upon the sunny earth again. I would be saddened for days to think of their ingratitude, for no one of them would ever come back to me again.

PSYCHE.

She is ever at my side
When I thread the crowds of men;
And doth always with me glide
To the far and lonely glen.
Without her, crowds of men
Would be solitude to me;
With her, the lonesome glen
Teems with goodly company.

In the city's crush and hum
She hath never me forsaken;
And the country sparse and dumb
She hath aye with me partaken.
Without her, the city full
Is all desolate and drear;
And with her, the country dull
Is alive with stirring cheer.

Without her, the noontide bright
Doth a pall of darkness wear;
But with her, the gloomiest night
Is sown thick with many a star.

I have proved that human ties
Are than gossamer more light;
And, when adverse gales arise,
Are quick rent and scattered quite.
But the heart, so sad and sore,
She doth lave with healing dew;
And the feelings hard and frore
Melt to warmth and softness new.

Then bless thee, gentle sprite,
My companion true and fair,
Who with many a gleam of light
Tint'st a dusky scene of care!

THE GENIUS OF YOUNG.

THE AUTHOR OF THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY REV. JOSHUA N. DANFORTH.

THE more the human mind contemplates the subject of poetry, the more deeply is it impressed with the might of its power and the immensity of its domain. Between poetry and the sister arts there may be an occasional comparison, but there can be little competition. For while it is common to them all to be conversant with the taste and the imagination, Poetry alone lays hold of the whole circle of the mental faculties, and calls them each into its appropriate exercise. In Milton's *Paradise Lost* there are specimens of as sublime reasoning as was ever addressed to the human understanding, while the instances of beautiful imagery are as abundant as the finest imagination ever invented. The *Post*, according to the original meaning of the word, is a *Creator* and a *Combiner*. He is the true architect of thought, who plans, arranges, constructs, adorns and distributes into harmonious proportions. He "builds the lofty rhyme." To our own perception the dignity of genius never appears more imposing, unless we except those instances of extraordinary scientific ratiocination and invention, which have bowed the very heavens to the intellect of man, and laid bare their mighty mechanism, or seized, combined and applied the elements of earth in such ways as can never cease to astonish us, however familiar we may become with their operations.

Great inventions and discoveries are counted by centuries, while poets of some kind appear from generation to generation, and not a few illustrious ones have from time to time adorned the world. It will be found, too, that the most *natural* poets have been the most successful, those who have touched the actual chords of emotion which the hand of the Creator has strung in the interior of man, or copied with a faithful pencil the ever-varying features of the external world. Human passions are so strange and strong, so various and vivid, that he who truly deals with them, he who in the progress of his imaginative creations departs not from the principle of verisimilitude as concerning the passions of the human soul, can never fail to arrest attention and secure admiration. Hence the perpetual triumphs of Shakespeare, who wrote of man, to man, and for man to the end of time. Those rich flowers of his fancy were but incidentally scattered by the way. The grand march of his mind was through the interior of the soul of man. Other poets have been skillful and powerful in the delineation of particular passions, whether profound or impetuous, tender or terrible, gentle or cruel. Like the insect which spins its web out of its own bowels, they have woven together threads that have been painfully drawn out of

their own hearts. Whatever the theme they have chosen, they have essentially described or illustrated the same set of passions. Whether they sang in the major or minor key, the character of the tunes was the same. BYRON is always reproducing himself with his train of fiery passions, his pride, misanthropy, defiance of God and man, illicit love, vaulting ambition, self-torture, and destructiveness in general, relieved ever and anon by all that is beautiful in creative poesy. MOORE, over whose birth, according to the doctrines of astrology, the planet Venus must have presided in solitary beauty, is forever melting away in the passion of a romantic, oriental love, while his lines flow like the music of a bird that just opens its mouth to let forth strains that seem all but involuntary. CAMPBELL, amid all his elegant conception and polished execution, constantly betrays his love of liberty and hatred of despotism, and is never satisfied until by some single creation, like that of the Ode, he can give vent to the smouldering fires of patriotism within his breast. Those spirit-stirring Odes of his, if they do not, like the Pleasures of Hope and Gertrude of Wyoming, prolong the pleasing enchantment of the mind in the perusal, do rouse all that is excitable in our bosoms. They are as perfect, as polished, as expressive as those beautiful forms of statuary, which have conveyed to us the conceptions of the Grecian mind, while in animation they surpass them, as burning words surpass the cold marble. COWPER may always be found communing with the sweet charities of domestic life, describing the most obvious and simple features of external nature, or marking with his gentle satire the follies of society, with an occasional strain against every form of oppression. The genius of THOMSON spreads itself out over the whole panorama of Nature, giving us one vast and varied picture, the colors of which are found to be very enduring.

Now, in analyzing these and similar productions of the muse-inspired mind, or of genius as it produces other results, whether in the walks of painting, sculpture, architecture, or the drama, nothing strikes us more agreeably than the element of *likeness*. It seems to be an original principle of our nature to be pleased with resemblances. The accurate painting of a flower, a shell, or even a vegetable esculent—the sculptured imitations of animals, either of the fierce or gentle class—the pictorial representation of the homeliest scenes of peasant life—the poetic delineations of life even in poor and coarse aspects, as in the pages of Goldsmith, Burns, and especially Crabbe—the dramatic imitation of the actions and manners of men and women who have figured on the real stage of

the world, whether in comic or tragic strains—all these never fail to interest, and that in proportion to the perfection of the resemblance. But this is only one element of pleasure, however widely diffused. A celebrated critic, with perhaps too strong a tendency to generalization, has said: "The chief delight of poetry consists, not so much in what it directly supplies to the imagination, as in what it enables it to supply to itself; not in warming the heart by its passing brightness, but enkindling its own latent stores of light and heat; not in hurrying the fancy along by a foreign and accidental impulse, but in setting it in motion by touching its internal springs and principles of activity." Then this must be done by striking a note to which the heart's living affections will instinctively respond, by rousing one of a large family of kindred impressions, by "dropping the rich seed of fancy upon the fertile and sheltered places of the imagination." Hence the power of what may be called *reminiscent poetry*, or that which leads us back to past scenes, or in the fertility and truth of its imaginations so describes things to us that we instantly recognize their likeness to what we have ourselves experienced. The scenes of childhood and youth—the fireside enjoyments—the rural walks—the sail over the bosom of the lake—the mineralogical, botanical, piscatory, in venatory excursions—the wanderings among the sweet and solemn woodlands, vocal with the music of the heaven-taught warblers—the old school-house, and even the "old oaken bucket," in which we drew the sparkling waters from the deep fountain below—all these are animating themes, however minute, and we feel a kind of reverence for him who can reproduce them to our view.

The poetry of Young is not without its tenderness. How could it be otherwise when the spirit of affliction had so often troubled the fountain of feeling in his heart? The reading world is familiar with the apostrophe to the "Insatiate Archer," by whom the peace of the poet was "thrice slain." Hence the solemn tone which pervades most of his poetry. He seems to luxuriate in a kind of delicious melancholy, which gives a character and zest to the productions of his muse, and awakens our sympathy for one who has been so often placed in the furnace of affliction. His imagination, unlike that of Milton, which invites the light of Heaven's day into his soul, rather chooses the night for its creations, and solemnly invokes

"Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters, twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build Resolve,
Assist me! I will thank you in the grave."

With the whole strain of the poet's reflections, whatever be the theme, the solemnity and stillness of night seem congenial. Hence there is a profoundness of contemplation, a seriousness of manner, a sublimity of thought and devotion, even a weight of instruction in his poems which deserve the highest commendation. The criticisms of Johnson in his *Lives of the Poets*, on Edward Young, are unworthy the author and the subject. Indeed, either from in-

dolence or indifference, Johnson was content to publish a meagre letter from Herbert Croft, instead of writing a full and satisfactory memoir, like those he bestowed on Pope and Dryden; a letter which is chiefly taken up in the indulgence of empty speculations, in settling trifling dates, or narrating unimportant circumstances, without the slightest attempt to do justice to this lofty genius, or to investigate the philosophy of his poetry.

Johnson does indeed say that "the Universal Passion is a very great performance," and bestows, positive, though brief praise on the *Night Thoughts*. Here, indeed, he confesses there is "original poetry, variegated with deep reflection and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and every odor." The style and sentiment of the *Night Thoughts* are peculiarly favorable to the use of blank verse, so that the poet exhibits judgment as well as genius in the composition of this work. Amid all the reverent emotions that seem to fill his soul, there is a boldness of thought, and a freedom of utterance which demonstrate that the flight of that genius is on a strong and sustained wing. *TIME, LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY*, with all their intrinsic grandeur, their mighty adjuncts and vast consequences, constitute the themes on which he dwells, and which kindle the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." If he be not so exact, he is always copious. If there be lines that might be excepted to, or amended, there is great power in the work as a whole, for in this "there is a magnificence like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity." If there be a failure in any portion of his works, it is in his *Last Judgment*. Not that it does not breathe the spirit of genuine poetry in its conception; not that many of its details are not graphic, powerful, and striking, but that it is a subject to which neither painter nor poet can justly aspire. Inspiration itself barely touches it, and passes on to things more intelligible to man, more suitable for his investigation. It is sparing of description, and Young is the most descriptive of poets. Things gross, visible, tangible, audible, must necessarily be dwelt upon to set forth a purely spiritual process, quite different we may presume, from any thing the imagination has conceived, or is capable of conceiving. The idea of limbs dangling in the air in pursuit of their fellow limbs is deeply incongruous, and would be ludicrous but for the solemnity of the theme and our respect for the intentions of the author. So the comparing the assembling of the atoms of the human body to the collection of bees into a swarm at the tinkling of a pan, has been justly censured by critics. Some of these descriptions present extreme cases of that rankness of metaphor, which is a characteristic of Young. Still, the poet is there, and the preacher is there, and it is impossible for a serious mind to study these strains without being deeply affected; as it would seem difficult for a thoughtless mind not to be made serious by the same study. They proceed from a devout and meditative soul, inclined to turn the ordinary affairs of life, and

even domestic arrangements to a good account. Young had an alcove in his garden, with a bench so well painted in it that at a distance it seemed to be real, but upon a nearer approach the illusion was perceived, and this motto appeared: *Invisibilia non decipiunt. The things unseen do not deceive us.* Nor was he destitute of wit, for occasionally he indulged in an epigram keen and caustic, as when hearing of the ridicule the infidel Voltaire had cast upon Milton's allegorical personages of Death and Sin, he extemporized the following:

"Thou art so witty, prodigate and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton with his Death and Sin!"

Much of his poetry is in fact seriously epigrammatic. Strong, figurative, yet sententious and striking, it has fastened itself with a firm grasp on the readers of the English language, and while Dryden, of the same century, precedent in the race of fame, and Swift nearly contemporaneous in birth with Young, are comparatively neglected except by scholars, Young maintains his place among the living classics of the language, read, meditated, and admired. The truth is, that with all his turgescence and want of that simplicity which is the charm of some writers, he strikes deep into the soul of his fellow man, and we find, in fact, that what seems to be turgid is an element in his composition, which, like the leaven that swells the staff of life, is making the food he presents us light, palatable, and suitable for the nourishment of our moral nature.

Swift observed that if Young in his Satires had been more gay or more severe, they would have been more pleasing, because mankind are more inclined to be pleased with ill-nature and mirth, than with solid sense and instruction. This may be true, but he would no longer have been Young. Doubtless there is a class of readers who would rather feast on the failings and follies of others than be delighted with their virtues. Such would be more gratified with the scorn and the venom of Byron's muse, than the gentle inspirations of Cowper, or the serious strains of Young. But the fame founded on such a basis is evanescent. Doubtless the shade of that proud peer of the realm of poesy would gladly exchange all its earthly honors and posthumous fame for the consciousness in the world of retribution of never having written a line to impair the sense of virtue, or to invest vice with such enchantments as none but such a poet is capable of creating. Far different must be the feelings of him, who, while he held the pen of composition in his hand, felt the weight of responsibility at his heart, and sent forth to an admiring world "no line which dying he would wish to blot," no sentiment which in the land of retribution he would wish to recall. It were preferable even to be subjected to the charge of being gloomy, were the heart made better by that sadness, than to jest at sacred things, and deride the hopes founded upon the sublime revelation from God to man.

The contrasts of Young constitute one secret of his impressive power. Thus:

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,
Helpless immortal, insect infinite.
A worm, a God—I tremble at myself!

No man can attain to the true dignity of his nature without a long and patient introversion of the observing faculties. If "the proper study of mankind is man," the greatest proficiency is attained by studying ourselves, by descending into the interior chambers of the soul, and observing the operation of its complex machinery. Nobly does Young say,

Man, know thyself, all wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble but to man!

If Michael has fought our battles, and Raphael has sung our triumphs, and Gabriel has spread his wings from distant worlds to bring messages for the benefit of man, why should he live so far below his dignity?

Young followed in the track of Milton, when he taught us to believe more firmly in the proximity of celestial spirits to the dwellings of humanity. In yielding our faith to such a theory, we are not merely led along by a poet's fancy, we are warranted by the authority of the inspired oracles themselves, which speak of the "angels as ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." A beautiful idea is that of the secret interlinking of those heavenly ones with us poor visible pilgrims of earth. How often, when fainting in the wilderness, like the poor Egyptian mother, has the angel of hope appeared to revive our spirits, and point to some grateful fountain in the desert, unseen by us, because our eyes were dimmed with tears. And so, under the same kind Providence, we are taught that friendship is something more than "a name."

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene,
Resumes them to prepare us for the next,
All evils natural are moral goods,
All discipline indulgence, on the whole."

There is, in fact, in the poems of Young a mass of true philosophy, which, were it but drawn out in scholastic form, would constitute quite a volume of sound instruction on good ethical principles. The purity of his productions is most exemplary, considering the license indulged by his contemporaries, and the fact that the age of Anne had by no means freed itself from the pestiferous influence of the age of Charles II., the royal debauchee, who enthroned vice in his court, while he banished virtue to seek a refuge among the despised Puritans. Dryden himself sometimes dabbled in pollution, nor was Swift altogether free from the charge of pandering to the baser passions of the human heart. But the most bitter enemy of Young could never bring such an accusation against him.

How much domestic experiences, in fact the general fortunes of a man's life have to do with shaping and coloring his works as an author, it is not necessary to discuss. The connection is as important as it is undoubted; of this the history of authors is abundant proof. In his preface to "The Complaint," Young says that "the occasion of this poem is real, not fictitious, and the facts mentioned did

naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer."

Much of the character and achievements of the executive portion of our race depend on the interior discipline of the mind, not alone the intellectual, but the moral discipline to which men are subjected. The true heroes in every department of exalted action have been thus tried in the crucible. Such names as have been given to a deathless fame will immediately suggest a train of trials, the history of which has been disclosed to the world. How great a portion has been endured in secret we can only conjecture. Take two great names in England's literary history, MILTON and SCOTT, for the latter was a thorough English loyalist, though a true Scotchman. What burdens those men carried through life! On genial tempers such discipline has the happiest effects. On the sullen and morose it descends like water on the rock. Many a tender thought, many a touching description have we from our author, in consequence of the heart-crushing he experienced by his repeated bereavements.

Some authors have a peculiar faculty of dilating a sentiment, until its spirit and vigor have almost evaporated. The thought may be original, it may be valuable, but they spread it out as a gold-beater expands gold-leaf, until it becomes all but impalpable. Not so with Young. There will be found in his works a great amount of real bullion, weighty and valuable. Nor is he wanting in variety. For although, as his poetry falls upon the ear, there may be a seeming sameness in it, there is, in fact, in the staple of it great diversity of thought, as well as richness of metaphor. There are poets who have had a finer ear for the harmony of numbers, and the impressive melody of well chosen cadences, but who are deficient in that sustained vigor which characterizes Young.

He has a peculiar versification, so much his own, that it would be recognized by the ear as soon as the face of a friend by the eye, on the repetition of a half dozen lines, even if they had never before been read. He is no copyist except from the book of nature and the heart of man. "He seems to have laid up," says Johnson, no "stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that when once he had formed a new design, he then labored it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labor and frequent revisions. His verses are formed by no certain model."

His antithesis, which is perpetual, is not the polished and carefully balanced antithesis of Pope, but of Young, sudden, striking, weighty, and making a constant demand on exclamation points. Witness this bold succession of lines:

Is it in words to paint you, oh ye fallen?
Fall'n from the wings of reason and of hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense,
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More senseless than the *irrational* you scorn,
More base than those you rule, than those you pity!

Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss;
Ye cursed by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favored, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of contradiction strong!

A reader who should travel through the pages of Young at consecutive sittings, would feel that an overwhelming impression was made upon his mind. What it would definitely and distinctively be, it might be more difficult to say than what it would *not* be. It is certain the sense of the obligations of virtue would not be relaxed, the consciousness of immortality would not be enfeebled, the anticipations of the retributive period would not be impaired, nor the dignity or the destiny of man be diminished in their apparent importance.

His poetry is not only descriptive, but didactic, and that in a different sense from the didactics of Pope. It is a serious improvement on the ethical tone of that ambitious poet, for it reverently draws from a higher source the motives for obedience to the lessons it inculcates.

"In all his works," says Blair, "the marks of strong genius appear. His 'Universal Passion' possesses the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and lively description of characters, which I mentioned as particularly requisite in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great as to entertain every reader. In the 'Night Thoughts,' there is much energy of expression; in the first three there are several pathetic passages, and scattered through them all happy images and allusions, as well as pious reflections occur."

If, as rhetoricians have pronounced, description be a good test of a poetical imagination, distinguishing an original from a second-rate genius, a creator from a copyist, then must Young claim and hold a high rank in the tuneful tribe. In him we have exemplified a poet of bold conceptions, and decided originality in his chosen style of composition, with an imagination inventive and luxuriant indeed, if not "all compact," the very exaggerations of which, while evidential of genius, aim at the support of the principles of virtue, and the extinction of falsehood and hypocrisy; an imagination which, if it sometimes does violence to a delicate and fastidious taste, never offends our moral sense, or tinges with a blush the cheek of innocence.

His poetry is the effusion of a mind that held communion with sacred thoughts, and solemn associations. In some parts it approaches even the dignity and grandeur of the epic, for that one thought which was enthroned in the mind of Milton—"the vindication of the ways of God to men"—seems to have been regnant also in that of Young, and thus was his spirit ever kept in awe in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, having little of the fear of God before its eyes. It was an age of *free-thinkers*, men who, in the plenitude of their vanity, boasted in that self-bestowed name. Young demanded of them to "look on truth unbroken and entire," on truth in the *SYSTEM* of God.

Parts, like half sentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood,
Who not in fragments writes to human race;
Read his whole volume, skeptic! then reply!
This, this is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.

Let the reader peruse the dozen succeeding lines

in Night VII., The Complaint, and he will be
struck with their power and sublimity. If, indeed,
my criticism should allure him to the perusal or re-
perusal of the whole volume, I shall not have
written in vain.

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

BY WILLIAM H. C. KOSMER.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave-yards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. GILLES.

ALL lonely is thy hearth,
Dusk shadows round it fall,
And tones of love and mirth
Are hushed within thy hall.
Her lips have drank the brine,
Her pulse is cold and still:
A mournful lot is thine,
Though jewels of the mine
And gold thy coffers fill.

The church-yard turf below
Her sainted mother lies,
And there spring up and grow
Bright flowers of varied dyes:
And sorrow for thy child
Less desolate would be,
If near that mother mild
Her grave-mound was up-piled
Beneath the same old tree.

For thee the dawn is bright,
Eve gemmed with stars, in vain;
Thou mournest for a light
That ne'er can shine again:
Thy garden-bowers with grass
And weeds are overrun;
The friends of old, alas!
Ungreeted by thee pass,
For thou with earth hast done.

By night her eyes of blue
Upon thee sweetly gleam,
But morning proves untrue
The brief, but blissful dream;
Her lute no longer rings,
To dust and silence wed,
And to its shattered strings
The spider's drapery clings—
Drear sign that she is dead.

With mutter sad and low,
Why read those lines—*her last*—
Then, with a cry of woe,
Interrogate the blast?
The star of Hope grows dark,
And ocean's barren shore—
With straining eye to mark
Some home-returning bark—
Is paced by thee no more.

Cheer up! the sands of life,
Old man, are running fast;
The fever and the strife
Will terminate at last:
Beyond Time's drifting strand
An Everlasting Rock
Towers in a radiant land,
And round it, hand in hand,
Will meet Love's scattered flock.

PERENNIAL FOUNTS.

BY M. ANNA LEWIS.

THINK not that I am hapless, ye who read
The pensive numbers of my fervent lyre—
Think not because my heart oftentimes bleed
That on its hearth-stone glows no cheerful fire,
By which congenial spirits love to sit,
When hurdling tempests bleakly beat around,
And catch the joyance that its beams emit:

Think not because I've stood on every round
Of Fortune's ladder, that no oasis
Amid the desert of my heart is blooming,
Feeding the arid sands with dews of bliss,
And all the sere and fallow waste perfuming—
Not all the lava fires upheaved by Wo
Can drain the roseate streams that through my heart
vales flow.

THE OCEAN-BORN;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY S. A. GODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start, to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night! BYRON.

THE shades of night were just descending, and the sombre shadows of a cloudy, moonless evening, were rapidly commingling into one huge outline, what, but an hour prior, had been a lovely tropical landscape. All was tranquil, quiet, and seemingly enjoying that repose which the Omnipotent, in his wisdom, has made the business of the dark hours. The light land breeze, as it came softly through the tree-tops and floated oceanward, sighed scarcely louder than an Eolian harp; the small waves, as they rippled on the smooth sand beach, murmured with a drowsy, dreamy sound, as if they were moving unconsciously, like an infant in its slumbers; and the notes of the myriad insects, whose tiny voices arose from the forest's bosom, resembled strains of fairy harmony, sounding from some sweet spirit-land.

Soothing and comforting would it have been to the disturbed soul, and care-worn heart, of any of Adam's toil-stricken sons whose lot is cast amid the city's noisy, busy hum, could they have been transported to that still spot, on Cuba's extreme eastern shore.

But even there, not long would they have been allowed sole possession of the pleasing scene; for, scarce had gloom usurped the place so lately gilded by the brilliant rays of the departed sun, ere, gliding in from seaward, like a phantom of the deep, came an exquisitely moulded, tant, heavily sparred, full rigged brig. Gracefully and rapidly she approached the land; and rounding-to, under the lee of a promontory that jutted far out into the water—a splash was heard, as her anchor dropped—a slight, creaking noise for a moment disturbed the quiet, as her sails were clewed up—and then, beautiful, motionless, and deathly silent, she floated as if she was, and had always been, as stationary, and as little subject to the will of man, as the high neck of land beyond her.

Hour followed hour, and the silence that reigned on board the brig remained unbroken. The squareness of her yards, the loftiness of her spars, the neatness of her rigging, all went to show that she contained a large and efficient crew; but no sound of bell, or other token, gave evidence that any one held ward or watch on her decks.

But just at midnight, when it should have struck

eight bells, a low whistle from a boatswain's call resounded; two seamen sprang over the hammock-nettings into the starboard quarter-boat, which was immediately settled away, and in a few seconds was riding at the gangway. Eight stalwart sailors joined their companions, and taking their places on the thwarts, in less than two minutes from the sound of the call, the cutter was manned with a crew of ten men and ready for service. Some time elapsed, however, and still she remained unemployed—and her men were beginning to indulge in conversation, when the command of—

"Silence in the boat, there!" uttered by a voice breathing authority in every tone, proved that the one for whom they were waiting was not far off.

Quickly the individual who had given the order came down the side; and seating himself in the stern sheets assumed the tiller-ropes.

The promptness with which his order had been obeyed attested the awe with which the seamen regarded their superior: and the quick, stern manner in which he asked—

"Are you all armed?" called forth a ready

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Are your weapons in good order? Are your pistols loaded, and your cutlasses sharp?" he then asked. The crew again answered in the affirmative.

"Shove off, then! Oars! Let fall! Give way!" were the commands rapidly uttered, and as quickly obeyed; and pulling around the bows of the brig, the armed boat sped swiftly across the cove.

Propelled by twenty strong and practiced arms, it was but a little while until the boat arrived at the mouth of a small creek, or rather bayou, about half a mile to the westward of the brig. A slight motion of the steersman's right hand, and the cutter shot into this bayou, up which, at the same rapid rate, she proceeded for a quarter of a mile.

Dark, heavy masses of foliage, rising from the very surface of the water, prevented any thing from being visible but their own dull outline, the black looking clouds that were scudding along on high, and the murky water. Not a word had been spoken on board of the cutter since she shoved off, and as she flitted through the shadows in that dim light the monotonous click of her oars, as they turned in the rolocks, had a ghoul-like, ominous sound, and she seemed, what she really was, a special messenger of the Evil One's bent on an errand of wickedness.

Abruptly the direction of the boat's head was changed. "In oars!" whispered the officer; and shooting through what appeared a cleft in the solid

looking mass of mangrove bushes, the cutter's bow grated on the shore. Leaving the boat, the officer followed by eight of his men, in single file, immediately started at a quick pace on a small path that led down to the water's edge; and with which he must have been very familiar, or he could never have distinguished it in that dusky light, so indistinct was it.

Leading through the thicket for a couple of hundred yards, the path opened on the edge of a large and tastefully arranged garden, across which was seen the back part of a commodious and elegant dwelling.

When arrived at the inclosure, the officer halted his men for a moment, and adopting a much kinder tone and manner than he had used during the night, though they lost nothing in dignity or authority, he said—

"Yon house, my men, contains a priceless treasure; in it there is a jewel of surpassing value, upon whose possession I have set my heart. It is the mansion of Don Manuel Candido; and a pearl above all computation is his only daughter. To obtain her is the object of this visit; and although it is not a very fashionable hour to call upon a young lady, yet, as we are but rough sea-dogs, I hope she will pardon the intrusion."

A peculiar chuckle, half laugh, half grunt, was uttered by the sailors, and the speaker continued—

"The house, as you see, is but of a single story. The windows, it is true, are barred with iron, but the grating across the one I wish to enter, if there is any potency in gold, we will find easily put aside. The dwelling contains, besides the servants, at least half a dozen gentlemen visitors and the old Don; so I command you, as you fear my displeasure, to be as silent as if you were in Davy Jones' locker. Follow me; keep quiet; and, as you dread death, speak not above your breaths!"

Every thing in and around the house was in deep repose. No fairy or good angel appeared watching over its inhabitants, to warn them of the hideous wrong with which they were threatened. No mental forebodings or warning dreams disturbed their slumbers; and peacefully, all unconscious of danger near, they slept; whilst the party from the brig crept stealthily, with panther-like tread, through the garden, to a window at the left corner of the mansion.

After the fashion of the Spaniards, the window was covered with iron bars, running through cross-pieces of the same metal, reaching from below the lintel on the outside above the coping—and at the first glance it looked strong as a fortress. But slight effort was required from the three seamen who grasped it to wrench it from its place; and to show that the household had been tampered with, and that every bar had been cut. And in less time than we have taken to tell it, there was no other protection between the occupants of the chamber and the rough, lawless men without, than the heavy white curtains which served to keep at bay the night air. Lightly stepping through the open window, which came

nearly to the ground, the officer of the cutter passed into the apartment; and there a picture of such purity, innocence and loveliness met his eyes, that, had not his heart been formed of stone, or been governed by passions that knew neither fear, pity nor remorse, he would have turned and relinquished his fell purpose. But when did man, influenced by his baser feelings, falter in his efforts! Would that mortals were as strenuous in the paths of virtue.

The room was a large one, luxuriously furnished, and in the far corner, reclining on a low couch—which the rays from a small chamber-lamp on the table brought out in strong relief—slept one of the most beautiful of nature's most enchanting works—a young girl, just passing into womanhood. Her oval face, perfect in its outline, was resting upon an arm that for symmetry and tapering beauty would have shamed Canova's masterpiece, whilst its snowy whiteness contrasted charmingly with the dark volumes of her rich, glossy, raven tresses, that were scattered over the pillow above it.

Tranquilly she slumbered; and entranced, with his eyes riveted on her face, first gazing at her ruby lips, and then at her long silken eye-lashes, the bold intruder within the sanctuary of virtue, purity and youth stood for a time as if bereft of the power of motion. A slight movement of the beautiful sleeper recalled him to his senses, and stepping to the foot of the couch he laid his hand gently, but firmly, upon the shoulder of a mulatto girl who was sleeping on a rug near her mistress.

As if the visit had not been unlooked for, the girl awoke without manifesting surprise or alarm; and after listening to a few whispered words, she and the man under whose influence she seemed, softly stole to the couch of the still unconscious lady.

Dexterously the treacherous mulatto slipped a scarf across the lovely one's mouth, who, startled, awoke to find herself enveloped and pinioned in a coverlet, and being lifted in the strong grasp of a kidnapper.

But a moment before, she had been roaming in the enchanted paradise of youth's vision realms, happy as an angel, her mind full of blissful imaginings—now she awakened to find herself a captive in her father's house! enclosed in the embrace of a stranger! about to be carried she knew not where, she dared not think for what! Even her trusted servant in league against her; and she unable to cry for that help she was aware was so near, and that she felt confident would be so readily afforded. The wild, the mournful, despairing, heart-broken glance she cast around was expressive of hopeless and anguished feelings—and uttering a low, choking sob, she swooned upon the shoulder of him who was bearing her off.

"Thank the devil for that! she has fainted, and will neither struggle nor cry," exclaimed in suppressed but exulting tone the bold man in whose arms she was. "Come, Bonita, bear ahead, and gather what you wish to carry off; we have no time to tarry." And stepping out on the ground as easily as if he had been all unburthened, the robber bore his prey swiftly toward his boat. Two of the

men entering the apartment he had just left, picked up a large trunk, and, followed by the mulatto, they with their comrades hurried after their leader; whilst the inmates of the dwelling continued to slumber in happy ignorance of the sorrow that awaited them in the morning.

"Give way with a will, men! A long stroke, and a steady one. A hundred dollars apiece you shall have for this night's work," said the officer as soon as the boat was manned. And the bright streak of foam that soon flashed in her wake proved that her crew were doing their best.

In a brief space they neared the brig. A hail—an answer; the lady was passed on board, and then below; the mulatto followed; the officer then sprang up the side and took his place on the quarter-deck; and as the cutter was rising from the water, to its accustomed berth on the quarter, the anchor was got, the tacks and sheets were hauled home, and with helm a-port and yards braced up, the brig was standing with a stiff breeze, rapidly toward the Isle of Pines. Leaving the cove and its surroundings as calm, as quiet, and as lonesome as if it had never been the scene of aught ungentle or soul-troubling.

CHAPTER II.

Beauty's a doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour;
And beauty, blemished once, forever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

SHAKESPEARE.

The morning's sun was shining brightly on land and ocean, and the brig that had the evening before anchored in the cove, was hurrying across the smooth sea, heading W. S. W., as if she were making toward the Spanish Main.

Many as are the gallant vessels that have been illumed by the tropic sun, never did its rays dart athwart a more slightly hull, handsomer spars, or neater top-hamper, than belonged to the craft whose shadow it was now casting on the water.

In the dim night-light, when at anchor, the witchery of her model was unappreciable; but now as her beauties stood revealed, she looked a perfect sea-nymph; and as she gracefully rose with the long-rolling swell, and, shaking the spray glittering like a shower of diamonds from her sharp bows, sunk again into her native element, she appeared a pure ocean-sprite, possessed of life and animation, gamboling in very exuberance of spirits. And the muzzles of the heavy guns, seen through the half-ports, looked as if they would be used only in case of self-defense.

But appearances, in vessels as in men, are oft times deceptive; and the denizens of this world are too often found to be, sad as it is to acknowledge it, bad in proportion to their beauty—and the splendid-looking brig was neither more nor less—than a pirate!

Her crew, strong in numbers, stout of arm, bold of heart and conscienceless—were renegades from every clime. Men of more than a thousand crimes, and possessing but the single virtue of bravery; or

to name it more aptly, recklessness. True it is, they were faithful one to the other; for this, in other men a virtue, they, however, deserve no praise; for against them was every man's hand, and theirs against the world; so that their existence and safety depended, and they knew it, altogether upon the integrity of each to each, and of the whole to their leader—who was their head, their mind, and upon whom they depended for direction. And fit captain for such a crew was he who commanded the brig. Gifted by nature lavishly with every quality, physical and mental, that would have rendered him an ornament to society, an honor to his family, a valuable citizen to his country—through mistaken kindness on the part of his guardians, in his early youth, he had been allured to follow, without restraint or hindrance, the dictates of his own feelings. What wonder, then, that with an ardent temperament, quick parts, a handsome person, and reckless disposition, he had listened to the voice of the siren that lureth annually to destruction, so many hundreds of the most promising youths of the nation.

The commencement of his course toward the pit that is bottomless, was the same that has wrecked the prospects, blasted the hopes of countless young men, born apparently for better things, fitted for nobler ends. First, vanity and dress; then gambling and lewd company entangled and ensnared him; and then came pecuniary embarrassments; and then, as the downward path is ever swiftly traveled, a forgery! Fear of discovery came next—for pride is a feeling that ever, in strong natures, maintains the ascendancy; and dreading lest he should be disgraced among his associates, not sorrowing for the crime, but fearing the consequences, he fled from the place of his nativity, the beautiful city of Savannah, to the West Indies.

And now, whilst yet but in the first flush of manhood, scarce twenty-five, Frank Vincent was widely known and universally feared, as the daring commander of the most dreaded pirate that had ever harried the peaceful traders of the southern seas. Even the swift-sailing slavers, though near akin to pirates themselves, at all times kept a bright lookout for his brig. For the Fire-Fly never yet had met the craft she could not overhail; and many a time, when other quarry was scarce, like the eagle after the fish-hawk, had she pounced upon some heavily-laden Guineaman, relieved him of his living freight—and left him empty, cargoless, when almost arrived at port.

Such was the Fire-Fly, her captain, and her crew, all, spite of many external beauties and material perfections, morally loathsome, dark, polluted. But, as if the Allwise in his mercy desired to leave naught so abandoned as to be deprived of all reason why it should be suffered to exist—even on board that brig, devoted as she was to rapine, robbery, and murder; the home of men careless of Heaven, honor, and virtue, who delighted in all sinfulness—in bright and glorious contrast to every thing around—like a pearl of price in a bed of mire—was one spirit, pure, unspotted, unpolluted, almost angelic in its innocence.

It was the soul of the captive maiden who, the evening before, had been so rudely hurried from the home of her childhood; and who now, with heart almost bursting, was pent-up in the Fire-Fly's cabin.

CHAPTER III.

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,
Checked midway in the fearful chase,
When bars upon his eye and ear
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near
Between it and its hiding-place—
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.

WHITTIER.

Nothing was there in the cabin of the Fire-Fly to remind an occupant of the character of the brig. The apartment, it is true, was of unusual size for the dimensions of the vessel—whose measurement barely reached two hundred tons—but that might be for the accommodation of passengers; whilst the splendor displayed in its fittings and furniture, could, without much stretch of the imagination, be attributed to a desire to enhance their comfort. Two large state-rooms occupied its after corners, which, like the bulkhead that divided it from what in a man-of-war would have been the ward-room, were enameled green and gold. The beams, heavily gilded, appeared solid bars of the precious metal; whilst plate-glass let in between them, the whole length of the ceiling, reflected the brilliant hues of the rich emerald and gold-colored carpet that covered the floor. Pictures of sea-scenes, and of female heads, that would have graced the cabinet of a connoisseur, hung around the sides, and were let in between the two large stern-windows that lighted the cabin. Across the transom stretched a broad, luxurious couch, covered with green silk—opposite to which, against the bulk-head, and on both sides of the door to the companion-way that led on deck, were chastely finished rose-wood beaufets, loaded with gold plate and chrysal. Books, too, and musical instruments were scattered about in profusion on lounges in various parts of the cabin, and on a round-table that stood in its centre. And, more beautiful than any of the works of the limner's art that surrounded her, kneeling by the table, her arms resting upon it, and her head bent down until her forehead touched its cold marble top, was she who had so unexpectedly and suddenly been installed mistress of this gorgeous apartment. Gold, however, is even heavier than baser metal; and though fetters composed of it may look brighter, they gall as deeply as those of rusty iron; and never was the spirit of captive in loathsome dungeon more racked and oppressed, than was the bosom of the fair tenant of that rich and costly prison.

Since she had recovered from the deep, almost deathly syncope, which the first shock had thrown her into, and from which she did not awaken until the brig was far out at sea, the kidnapped one had been constantly engaged in prayer. At first her appeals to the Virgin Mary, the saints, and to the Father of Light were frantic, and uttered with

maniacal fervor; but as if she found relief from the violence of her speech and gesture, or, mayhap, from faith in the efficacy of her prayers, she gradually became more calm. Food and refreshment of all kinds she had sternly refused; and indignantly she had ordered the girl Bonita, to whose falseness she attributed her misfortunes, from her presence, every time she came, and she had been frequently, to press her to sleep or to eat.

Long had Garcia been kneeling by the table—maintaining so rigidly the same attitude, that had it not been for a nervous tremor that occasionally agitated her frame, and a low moan that escaped her lips, it would have been impossible to have persuaded a spectator that she was not a faultless piece of sculpture, when a slight noise was heard at the door that led on deck. It was, however, unheeded by the maiden; and the door opening, Bonita softly entered the cabin, and walked toward her mistress.

When almost to the table, the mulatto paused; she was a woman of not more than thirty years of age, with straight hair and regular features, of a clear dark-olive complexion; and besides possessing an appearance of unusual intelligence for one of her class, she had a kind, open, frank-looking face, the expression of which was strangely at variance with the conduct she had been guilty of toward her too confiding mistress.

As the servant gazed at the sweet being still prostrate by the table, and heard one of the plaintive, mournful sobs she uttered, the feelings of sorrow, of pity, of true compassion that were at work in her heart became visible on her dusky countenance, and tears began to trickle freely down her brown face.

Creeping slowly toward her kneeling lady, the girl addressed her in a voice naturally soft and sweet, but now rendered musical by the depth of her emotions, in the language of kindest endearment. Every term of affection she could think of—and no tongue affords more beautiful terms by which to express love than the Spanish—she lavished upon her mistress in vain. Bonita, seeing her words all unheeded, drew still closer to the lady she had served so long, and, until lately, so faithfully, and the woman-feeling getting uppermost in her heart, forgetful of the difference in their stations and of her mistress's anger, laid her hand on the maiden's waist, and knelt by her side.

Though the words of the girl had produced no perceptible impression upon the lady, the touch of her hand wrought an instantaneous change. No sooner had its weight been felt, than Garcia sprang to her feet, and stepping back several paces with gleaming eyes, contempt and scorn lighting every feature, stood regarding the still crouching mulatto with a gaze as hard and pitiless as if the girl's touch conveyed pestilence and death.

Magnificent did Garcia look as thus she stood. Though young, seventeen summers having hardly passed over her, her form was fully developed, and her figure, faultless in its proportions, was above the average standard of woman. Her oval face, exquisitely shaped nose, dark, lustrously brilliant eyes,

with long black lashes, her mouth, that looked as if it could express every emotion of her breast, her luxurious tresses, her classical head, all together rendered her a woman of surpassing beauty—one such as the Italian artists love to paint. And as she now stood, with every nerve tense, every feature of her intellectual and expressive face brought into play, with confidence created by the necessity of self-reliance showing forth in her very attitude, she looked fit queen for a warlike people—charming and beautiful enough to carry captive and retain in bondage, the heart of any thing mortal.

"Silently, for a brief space, the lady gazed at the mulatto, who remained crouched where she had first kneeled, her head sunk upon the floor, as if to deprecate the wrath of her incensed mistress. But her presence seemed loathsome to the maiden, who exclaimed, in accents vehement and full-toned,

"Out, vile, treacherous slave! Begone! Leave me! Never let me see you more! Your presence will kill me!"

"Oh! pity! pity! dear mistress," sobbed the girl.

"Pity! pity you! For what—for betraying, for selling me! Me—who have ever treated you with kindness! Leave me! Leave me! You are too base to bandy words with!" was the reply of the lady.

"For the love of the Blessed Virgin, have mercy on me, and pardon me! Indeed, dearest, sweetest, mistress, I am not so guilty as I seem. I knew not what I was doing. Listen to me, oh! turn not away from me until you have heard me, and then, if I speak not the truth drive me away forever," exclaimed the mulatto, as crawling across the cabin-floor she approached her mistress, and taking the hem of the lady's dress in her hands, sank at her feet.

There is an eloquence in genuine feeling that seldom fails to produce conviction; and the deep pathos of the girl's appeal, the sincere repentance she undoubtedly felt for the part she had acted—for her looks, her voice, her position, were all too true to nature to be simulated—caused a reaction in the feelings of her mistress. As a storm cloud from before the sun, the dark and angry expression flitted from Garcia's face—which resumed its habitual calm—and mild appearance, as raising Bonita from the floor, she spoke to her in tones sad but kind.

"Ever, until now, hast thou been true to me, Bonita. Since earliest childhood have you waited upon me affectionately, and faithfully performed thy duties. And, oh! the blessed saints above know, that I would love, better than words can tell, to find thee still trustworthy—for sorely do I now need some one in whom I can confide."

"Trust me then again; oh! *mi vida, mi alma*, and save your poor Bonita's heart from breaking. More than my own life, I love you, dearest mistress—and if you will only again place confidence in your slave, there is nothing a determined woman can do, that I will shrink from, to prove my devotedness to you, my angel, and to show my repentance for the folly I have been guilty of."

"I will believe you, my poor girl, and forgive you;

for I think your sorrow now is almost a match for mine. And now tell me frankly, Bonita, by what arts you were induced to lend yourself so thoroughly to my foul wronging."

And seemingly relieved to find that her favorite servant was not leagued against her, and that she still had one friend, though an humble one, to depend upon, the fair captive seated herself upon the cushioned transom, whilst Bonita, half-sitting, half-reclining at her feet, commenced her explanation.

"But once, *cara niña*, has your Bonito been absent from you since first she nursed you, an infant, in these arms. It was, as you remember, last winter—when I, confined by sickness, was prevented from accompanying you to your aunt's in Puerto Principe. Since your return home you have been as you never were before. In your sleep you have started and talked aloud, and nightly called upon Henrico; a name I did not know. You were quiet in the day time, and seemed sad, and almost ceased talking. And I thought, was I wrong, that you had given your heart to some gallant you had seen in the city."

"Too quick, and yet not altogether wrong, hast thou been in thy guessing, girl." Interrupted the lady, the expression of her countenance suddenly changing to a more hopeful air as she continued—"Yet, surely, Henrico can have had no hand in thus hurrying me unasked and unattended, away from my father and my home. Speak girl, quick! is it Henrico that holds us captive."

"He told me, mistress, that he was so called. He also said that you were willing to go—that you were fearful your father would not consent to his suit, and had agreed to be stolen. It was very strange to me that you should have so suddenly allowed your love for your only parent to be so soon over-mastered by that for a stranger. But the *Señor* spoke so kindly of you, he talked so sweetly, he made me such handsome presents, that, poor simpleton that I was, he coaxed me to believe him, and said it would be but a matter of a day or two and then your father would be reconciled. And I, fool that I am, and knowing your father's love for you, assisted to carry you from him."

"Oh, my father! my good, kind, indulgent father! What will become of you without your only child, your heart's idol! And what, oh! what will you think of her affection, if you believe she has willingly left you," sobbed Garcia. "But tell me, Bonita," she instantly continued, "what manner of man is he in whose power we are? If it is Henrico—yet no it cannot be, he would scorn to take such an advantage of a lady—but should it by any chance be he, no harm will reach us, for, when he knows the sorrow and trouble he has caused, he will hasten to carry us back to my dear father."

A noise on the companion-way prevented the description the girl was about to commence, and the door quickly opening, the subject of their conversation entered the cabin. Different indeed was the effect produced upon the mistress and the servant by the appearance of the captain.

The girl jumped toward him, exclaiming—

"Oh, Señor, Señor, are you not Henrique?"

Whilst Garcia, with horror and fear depicted in every lineament, shrieked—

"God in Heaven have pity upon me! I am lost, lost," and overcome by the intensity of her feelings, she sank back upon the seat from which, at the opening of the door, she had arisen.

As he stood by the table, in the centre of the cabin, there was nothing visible in the appearance of Frank Vincent, calculated to cause so much alarm in the breast of a woman. Tall, with a good figure, handsome face, and well-shaped head, covered with a profusion of brown, curly hair, and large deep-blue eyes—he had more the semblance of one likely to gain favor in lady's hearts, than to scare the rich blood in terror from their cheeks. And as he regarded the beautiful Spaniard, with a smile on his lip, no one would have imagined that a form so fair to look upon, a face so seeming frank, could belong to one who had so hard a heart, so fierce a spirit, so unalterable a will, as belonged in verity to the pirate captain—in despite of his youth, and of the early moral instruction he had received.

In a rich, deep and finely modulated voice, but with a slightly jeering tone, he addressed Garcia—

"A bright good-morrow to you, lady fair. I hope you find the poor accommodations I have to offer not altogether unbearable. And I have come, to crave in person, your pardon for the liberty I took, all unasked, of bringing you to share this, my narrow home."

To this salutation Garcia paid no attention—though the tears, which began to show through the fingers which covered her face, proved she was no unconcerned listener.

"What, my coy lady, not even a word, or a look, for a man who adores you. For one who will be your slave for life, if you will only render him one-half the love he tenders you. Speak, my shy one, speak; you have to do with one who has seen too much of woman's weeping to set it down for more than it is worth. Come, lady, dry those needless tears—look up, and tell whether we are to be friends, or whether you put me at defiance."

The captain paused, as if he expected a reply, and Garcia, subduing her emotions by a strong effort, rose calmly to her feet, and looking steadily in the face of her interrogator, replied in a voice that, tremulous at first, became firm and decided, as with flashing eye and swelling bust, she answered—

"Friends! Ay, such friendship you bear to me as the wolf does to the lamb. Such love you have for me as has the hawk for the poor bird he swoops upon. Well dost thou know, base man, the feelings I entertain toward thee. At Principe I told you that I loved another, and besought you to trouble me no more with your hateful presence. And then, to show your love and your manhood, which I take it are about on a par, you stole me from my father's house in the dead hour of the night. And now, you offer me your love! Out upon you! Out upon you! Do you think so little of a Spanish maiden's spirit as

to dream even, that one could love such a thing as you are! a robber of unarmed men's houses! a kidnapper of defenseless woman! No! though all alone, unsupported, save by the Holy Father above, the blessed saints, and the stout heart they have given me, here, in your own cabin, on board your own ship, on the wide sea—I defy you, sir captain, for death at least, will not desert me."

Quietly, without change of feature, Vincent listened to the impassioned accents and biting words of his captive. He had spoken truly when he said he could not be moved by woman's tears; for the prompting of his own willful breast, was all that ever influenced him. In the same jeering tone that he had at first used, he continued—

Brave words, bravely spoken, my bright one. Right worthy are you to share a rover's home—and by all that I hold dear, and by all that I hate in this world and all others, share my lot thou shalt, I like the spirit you show—it suits me exactly—for the fiercer the gale the quicker it subsides. And now, my pretty one, one kiss I claim as my reward for hearkening to you so patiently."

Suiting his action to his words, the pirate captain advanced to clasp Garcia in his arms. But, as he was about to touch her, she leaped past him, and rushing to the buffet on the other side of the cabin, snatched from it a massive gold goblet, armed with which, she retreated to the farthest corner of the apartment.

A merry laugh burst from Vincent, as he saw the determined and lovely girl snatch the goblet and place herself in the corner as if to resist him.

"Surely, fair maid," he said, "you must hold my manhood at a cheap rate, indeed, to think that so slight a weapon, in so weak a grasp, would scare me from such sweet lips as thine. Stop your nonsense, lay down your trinket, and force me not to use violence to reach your lips—for a kiss I will have, if it kills us both."

"Keep off! keep off! Defile me not by your touch!" was the reply of Garcia, as with uplifted hand she retained her position.

The pirate's outstretched arm was almost touching her, when summoning her entire strength, the dauntless girl with all her force thrown into the blow, struck him on the temple. Suddenly, as if stricken by a bullet, the captain dropped to the deck, whilst his blood spouted over the dress and person of the brave maiden—who, forgetful of her own position, and of the provocation that led to the act, with her gentler instincts predominant exclaimed—

"Oh, father! forgive me for the deed I have done," and stooped to aid in distress, him, whom but a moment before she had been in terror of.

The mulatto, who during the dialogue between her mistress and Vincent had seemed paralyzed by fear, found her tongue as the pirate fell, and uttering shriek upon shriek, she hastened across the cabin to the assistance of the lady.

The echo of the girl's first shriek had hardly died away, ere it produced an effect the very opposite of that desired. For, startled by the clamor, the officer

of the watch looked into the cabin to see what was wrong, and perceiving the body of his commander lying on the floor, motionless and bathed in blood, he shouted—

"Fire-Fly's ahoy, there!" as he jumped, and leaped at once down the companion-way.

Scarcely had he reached his captain ere the crew came tumbling, in hurried confusion down the stairs, as many at a time as its limits would allow, and in a moment the gorgeous cabin, that lately had not been tenanted save by the fair Spanish lady, was crowded with truculent-looking sailors, of all ages, nations and colors, and only alike in the ferocity of their aspects and their readiness for deeds of blood.

A murmur arose in the cabin as its rough and hardened occupants learned the situation of their leader. And as some of them picked up the captain and carried him on deck, a fierce shout was raised by the rest of the semi-demons of—

"Overboard with the hussies! To the sharks with the pair of them!"—and a rush was made toward Garcia and the mulatto.

Retaining her presence of mind amid even the great and imminent danger that now surrounded her, Garcia endeavored to speak to the rude throng. But their savage cries of—

"Blood for blood!" "Overboard with them!" "Blast them, clear them out!" drowned her more feeble tones.

One glance the Spanish maiden cast at Bonita, as, swooning, she saw her carried off in the grasp of a couple of swarthy wretches—and then, as she felt the coarse hands of their terrible associates press painfully upon her shoulders, as they prepared to hurry her off, too, to consign her, as she well knew, to a sudden and violent death and a watery grave, she also happily became unconscious.

CHAPTER IV.

Fate is above us all;
We struggle, but what matters our endeavor?
Our doom is gone beyond our own recall;
May we deny or mitigate it?—Never!

MISS LONDON.

Slight, indeed, is the barrier that oft times stands between man and his apparent destiny; and the seemingly trifling incidents or accidents that interpose to prevent the execution of intended designs, changing the events anticipated to those directly opposite our desires, proves that what too many class under the sweeping but unmeaning title of circumstances—a term which can only be attributed correctly to the care and watchfulness of an over-ruling Providence—has much more to do with the regulation and guidance of the daily affairs of life, than most of us are willing to admit. To our finite comprehensions, it is true, that the cause of these interpositions is generally unfathomable; for often we observe men snatched, as it were, by a miracle, from evils of no very great magnitude, to be immediately after plunged into a dark sea of troubles, from which they never escape. But despite our boasted intellectual privileges, and our claimed superiority

over all other dwellers on this mundane sphere, man, though made after the image of his creator, and self-sufficient in his advantages over the brutes, and in his free agency, goes blundering through his few brief years, committing crime upon crime, the slave of first one passion and then another, as years change his cravings; seeking always something that escapes his grasp, and fulfilling a destiny and a course that he never premeditated, so steadily and certainly, as to clearly demonstrate the existence of some invisible and compelling power that guides where it listeth, for its own wise ends and purposes.

So it was with the pirate crew, as with shout and yell, and horrid blasphemy, they hurried Garcia up the companion-way—the fixed purpose of heaving her into the ocean reigning paramount in every heart—if such wretches, either at sea or ashore, can be said to possess hearts, other than the muscle that bears that name—with their commander senseless, and incapable of preventing their fell design; out of reach of all human power, it seemed as if the Spanish maiden's fate was fixed—her destiny in life accomplished.

And yet, when all appeared so certain, a thing most trivial in itself, changed the current of events.

The ruffians who had carried the mulatto from the cabin, with a long and loud "yo heave ho!" were just about launching her over the lee gang-way, as the party who were bearing her mistress reached the deck. Treating the whole matter as a jest, these swore that the lady should still maintain the prerogative of her rank, and precede the servant—and with a loud shout, one of them sung out,

"Blast your eyes there, ye lubbers! hold fast and belay! Our craft's to be launched first—she's the one that flies the broad pennant!"

A severe blow on the side of the head, from the butt of a pistol, laid the speaker prostrate on the deck ere the words had fairly passed his lips; and his startled companions gave back on all sides so suddenly, as to leave the two seamen who carried Garcia, alone, in the centre of the deck, to face their recovered and infuriated commander, who, with cheeks pale from loss of the blood that covered his clothes and streaked his face, and eyes, gleaming with concentrated rage and tiger passions, looked the personification of some incarnate demon, who had just escaped from the regions below to assert his supremacy in power and wickedness over the demon-mortals who manned the Fire-Fly.

Grasping a cocked pistol in each hand for half a minute, the pirate-captain stood regarding his crew; seeking with eager gaze to find who it was that had dared to be the ringleader in what he thought an attempt to deprive him of his fair captive.

But the men, who had on many former occasions felt the force of their commander's wrath, and knew well the ferocity of his disposition when aroused, stood quietly, with downcast gaze, like truant school-boys confronted by their teacher. Those by the gang-way had laid Bonita on the deck, and slunk away for'ard; whilst the two who supported Garcia, stood almost trembling with dread, within two paces

of their captain, wishing to be rid of their dangerous burden, but afraid to move.

"Ye hell-hounds! did ye think I was dead, and that the brig and all that's in it were yours?" said the captain, in a low but clear voice, addressing himself to the crew; and then turning quickly to the two seamen who stood near him, he fiercely asked,

"What's your purpose with that lady, you bloody rascals? How dared you lay your hands on her, or any thing else I have a fancy to? Speak, speak quick, or I blow your lubber brains out!"

The nearest man, whose eyes were fixed upon the muzzle of the elevated pistol, answered,

"I beg your pardon, Captain Vincent. I meant no harm or disobedience, sir; nor did any of us. We thought this lady had killed you, sir; and, according to our law of blood for blood, we were about to throw her overboard."

"Take her to the cabin, sir. Bear her carefully; and a couple of you pick up that mulatto and bring her to—then carry her to her mistress. And, hark ye, lads, I'll forgive you all this time; but if ever you dare to lay your hands, nay, but a finger, ay, even a look, upon another lady of mine, I'll make you wish you had seen the devil first," said Vincent, as he walked toward the main-hatch, down which he disappeared; whilst a loud huzza from the crew proclaimed their gratification at their captain's recovery, and their pleasure at having escaped punishment for their interference with his captive.

CHAPTER V.

Is there no constancy in earthly things?
No happiness in us but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves!
Even then, when full content sits by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

BAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Having endeavored to depict the situation of the fair Garcia, we will now return to the home from which she was so rudely and unexpectedly hurried. It was the morning after the night in which the most lovely and cherished inmate of that luxurious house had been removed from its precincts. Several gentlemen were in the large drawing-room, which looked forth upon a wide piazza, up and down whose polished floor some two or three more caballeros were walking. By the restless manner with which every now and then one or the other of them would glance at his watch, or change his position, it could easily be seen that they were anxiously awaiting a summons to the matutinal meal, apparently already delayed beyond the usual hour. One, the eldest of the party, whose quick glancing eye, as he, from time to time, looked with a somewhat nervous glance toward the door, seemed even more troubled than his younger companions; but the expression on his countenance evinced a deeper cast of anxiety, than could have arisen from either slight vexations or the cravings of a keen appetite.

He was a large and portly gentleman, who had numbered some fifty-five or six years, of commanding appearance, and with an air of unmistakable

breeding pervading his whole appearance. His large black eyes, which still retained their brilliancy, and fine features, proved that in his younger days he must have been eminently handsome; and even now, though his head was thickly sprinkled with those tell-tales of time, silvery hairs, he would have been a dangerous rival to many a younger man, where ladies' smiles and favors were the prizes.

After waiting some moments, this gentleman's anxiety overcame his patience, and taking up a small hand-bell that was lying on the table, he loudly rang it; a servant quickly answered the summons, and inquired his wishes.

"Where is your mistress? Has she not yet made her appearance?" were the simple questions he asked; but the tone of voice in which they were put, betrayed considerable uneasiness.

"I don't know, Señor; I have not seen Señorita Garcia this morning," replied the boy.

"Go and find Bonita then, and send her to me," returned the gentleman—and the boy left the room. In a few moments, however, he returned, and reported that Bonita had not yet left her mistress's chamber.

With a rapidly increasing dread and anxiety, for which he could not account, the old gentleman listened to the servant's answer. Leaving the drawing-room, he hastened to Garcia's room-door, at which he knocked. At first he tapped gently, but no answer being made, he rapped louder—an ominous silence still reigned; and being now really alarmed, he called, "Garcia! Bonita! Daughter!" in accents each time louder and more expressive of alarm. No reply was, however, returned to his numerous calls, and almost frantic with dread—it was Don Manuel, and his daughter was all in all to him—he dashed his foot against the door with such violence that the strong fastenings gave way, and he rushed into the chamber. Still was the fond father doomed to disappointment; for, as the reader knows, the sweet one who had occupied that chamber was already far beyond the sound of her parent's voice, else would she quickly have replied to the shrill and frantic shout he uttered, when he reached her couch and found it tenantless.

Although the father's cry did not reach the ears of the one for whom it was intended, it was distinctly heard in the drawing-room, and on the piazza, and the gentlemen there, alarmed, came hurrying into the bedchamber.

The first one who entered was a gentleman of some twenty-five years of age; of a noble figure, and classical regularity of feature, upon whose face and in whose eye might be traced an anxiety almost as great as that exhibited on the father's countenance, as hurrying toward Don Manuel, he exclaimed—

"In the name of Heaven, Señor, what ill has befallen you? Is the Señorita Garcia ill?"

"Ill, ill, Don Henrico," replied the old man, apparently bewildered, "ill, ill, did you say Garcia was ill! Take me to her, oh! be quick, and take me to her—why did you keep it from me so long."

Becoming still more alarmed by the Don's reply,

Don Henrico, for a moment, could scarcely think, until a touch from one of the group of gentlemen who were standing by in breathless expectation, brought him to his senses.

"I did not say that Señorita Garcia was ill, Don Manuel; I asked if she were."

"What! do n't you know where she is, Don Henrico? She is not here, the servants say she has not been out this morning; the door was locked—and look! the saints have mercy upon me, look! the grating has been removed from that window!" and as he spoke, the old Don hastened toward the window at which he pointed, and sprang through it into the garden, followed by Don Henrico, the rest of the gentlemen, and all the servants; for by this time the disappearance of their young mistress had become known throughout the house, and all the servants had collected in her room.

The poached ground, the broken shrubbery, the removal of the iron-grating, showed conclusively that violence had been used in the abduction of Garcia; and the broad path made by the cutter's crew as they passed through the garden to their boat, plainly pointed out the direction they had taken. Headed by Don Manuel, the party of gentlemen and many of the servants hurried to the water's edge, in hopes of finding further traces of the lost lady; but when they arrived at the bank, all that they could discover was the impression left in the soft mud by the cutter's bow.

So soon as Don Manuel was convinced that his daughter had been violently carried off, his whole manner changed; and from a nervous, fidgetty, anxious bearing, he became cool, collected, and determined—a deep and settled feeling of revenge usurped the place of the fearful forebodings of unknown ill that had at first beset him—and he looked and acted like the bold and gallant gentleman he was.

Turning to Don Henrico, he asked—

"What think you of this, Señor? Who is it that has dared to steal a noble Spanish lady from her father's house? Who, think you, is the man that has thus boldly set at defiance the wrath of a father robbed of his only child—and that father a Spaniard and a soldier!"

"Would to Heaven that I knew, Don Manuel," replied Don Henrico, "right speedily would I make him pay the penalty his baseness merits. But the more I think of it, the more am I astonished, and at the greater loss am I to imagine who has dared to do you, and the laws of the land, and our honors, this wrong."

"And you, gentlemen," asked Don Manuel of the others, "can you, from your knowledge of those who reside in the vicinity, throw any light on this fell outrage that will help a bereaved parent to recover his only child."

But before any of the group had time to reply, a negro came running from the house; fear, intense fear, was depicted on every feature of his ebony face, and ere any one had time to ask him the cause of his hurry and alarm, he addressed his master in short sentences, and in an incoherent manner—

"Oh, Señor! The saints protect us! We will all be murdered! The devil himself; the horned devil, the one the padres tell us about, has been here! He was here last night. I saw him. Oh, master, take care of yourself!"

"Are you crazy or drunk, airrah!" interrupted Don Manuel, who, impatient to learn what the negro had to communicate, had attentively listened to his broken sentences, without being able to make any thing out of them but the fact that the boy was much frightened. "Speak plain, and speak slow; nothing shall hurt you here. Tell us what it is that has scared you out of your wits, and where it was you saw it; and speak to the purpose, for we have but little time to idle."

More afraid of his master's anger than even the dread that affected his mind, the short tones of Don Manuel's voice brought the negro quickly to his senses, and in an intelligible and clear manner he told his master that, the night before, whilst he was fishing in the bay, a short distance up the coast, he had seen a brig at anchor; prompted by curiosity, he had approached her as nearly as he could on the shore, to see if he could make out what she came after—but, that as he got nearly opposite to her, he recognized her to be a pirate that had captured a vessel in which he had been once coming up the coast, and as he was debating in his own mind whether or not he should return home and tell his master, he saw a boat full of armed men shove off from the brig, commanded by the captain; and he then became so much alarmed, that he ran into the woods and hid himself, and had not been able to muster up courage enough to leave his hiding-place until then.

"Has the brig gone?" hastily asked Don Manuel, when the boy came to this part of his narrative.

"Yes, master; she be clean gone."

"Then a malison be on your coward heart, you black wretch, for not sooner telling us. Do you know your cowardice has enabled your mistress to be carried off?" And turning away from the boy, as if he was too much engrossed with thoughts of his daughter to waste any upon him, Don Manuel spoke to Don Henrico and his companions.

"Yes, gentleman, this negro's story solves the whole mystery. But, Heavens and earth! it is even worse than I could have imagined. My Garcia in the hands of that infamous pirate, Vincent! but her innocence and the saints will protect her—and if God shows favor to those that trust in him, we will end the career of that curse of the seas, that man without a heart, Frank Vincent!"

"To the death we will follow you, Don Manuel," exclaimed with one voice Don Henrico and all the gentlemen of the party.

"To the house then, gentlemen; my thanks you know you have for your kindness—and when we recover my poor girl, and punish that worse than devil, my gratitude I'll prove for the gallant aid I will receive from you. But to the house! to the house! time is precious—every moment the distance becomes greater between my Garcia and her home, and our plan has yet to be matured."

CHAPTER VI.

Oh! how this tyrant, doubt, torments my breast!
My thoughts like birds, who, frightened from their nest,
Around the place where all was hushed before,
Flutter, and hardly nestle any more.—OTWAY.

For once fortune seemed to favor the cause of justice, though as in many other cases, the means presented were those least expected. Whilst Don Manuel and his friends were proposing different means by which to obtain an armed vessel in the shortest possible time—some suggesting expresses to one port on the island, and some to another, in the hope of finding a man-of-war in harbor; word was brought to the mansion that the slaver *Fairy* had just touched on the coast a few miles from there, on some business with a neighboring planter. As soon as Don Manuel heard the intelligence, his eyes brightened, and a fierce gleam of satisfaction shot from them.

"That is just the thing, gentlemen," he said. "I will charter the brig, and we will be able to right our wrong without troubling the government, and also learn this pirate that we can protect ourselves by our own means."

"But, Don Manuel," interrupted Don Henrique, "will not the captain of the slaver be afraid to risk his vessel against the notorious *Fire-Fly*? And, if he is not, is his brig heavy enough to encounter the freebooter's craft?"

"I have had dealings, and am well acquainted with the captain of the slaver, and know him to be a man entirely devoid of fear, whose sole end and aim is to accumulate money. In fact, he himself is almost a pirate; and he would like no better amusement than fighting the *Fire-Fly*, against which he has an ancient grudge, provided his pay is sure. For that he is certain that I am responsible, and all that I am worth in the world I would cheerfully give to recover my precious Garcia. Oh, money! money! what art thou worth when man has nothing but thee! And then as to the slaver's ability—his brig is about the same size, and carries about the same number of guns as does the pirate. But, gentlemen, justice is on our side, and we will not be heretical enough even to dream of failure. Come, come, gentlemen," exclaimed the old man, "let us to horse; collect all the assistance we can as we go along, and then to sea—never to return alive until our duty and our end is accomplished."

A few short hours afterward a splendid-looking brig stood off from the coast, heading in the same direction the pirate had taken; for the freebooter's haunt was thought to be on the South American coast, and to that it was believed he would betake him.

The wind was both fresh and fair, and as the perfectly modeled vessel dashed high the spray, and rushed through the water at the rate of twelve knots an hour, the spirits of the bereaved father rose almost to ecstasy, as he paced the deck and imagined that in a little while longer he would again clasp his beloved child in his arms.

But, between hopes and their realization there is

a wide difference. All that day and night, with every stitch of canvas spread that could be offered to the breeze, did the noble vessel speed on her way: and yet nothing had been seen of the pirate's brig. The patience of the father was becoming exhausted, his feverish hopes were beginning rapidly to change almost to despair, and he would have had the direction of the brig's head changed. To this, however, the captain of the *Fairy* would not listen. He said "that their best chance was to keep the course they were then holding, and run until they made land, if they did not fall in with the blasted thief they were looking for before. If we make land," he continued, "which I don't think we will, without meeting him, then we will head to the south'ard and run the coast down; and we will then certainly overhaul him—for he has a nest somewhere down the coast, and there, I am certain, he will strive to take the pretty bird he has stolen."

Silenced, but not reassured by the captain's arguments, Don Manuel gave up his opposition; but hailed the look-out on the fore-to-gallant yard every five minutes, to know if there was not a sail in sight.

It had just struck four bells in the forenoon watch, and the old gentleman, almost hopeless, was about hailing the yard, when the look-out cried—

"Sail ho!"

"Where away! where away!" burst from fifty eager voices; for Don Manuel's party numbered about sixty persons, besides the regular crew of the brig, and they all shared largely in the old Don's anxiety.

"About two points on our larboard bow!" was the reply.

"Can you make her out? How's she heading; and what sail does she carry?"—were the questions quickly asked by the captain of the *Fairy*.

"She's a square rigged brig, sir; standing to the south'ard, under nothing but her to'sails, fur'sail and jib, sir," answered the seaman.

"Our man as sure as fate, Don Manuel," exclaimed the captain, as hastening forward, he rapidly went up the fore-rigging with his glass, to take a closer look at the sail in sight.

He had hardly brought his glass to bear upon the stranger ere he cried out in an excited and exulting voice—

"It is her! it is her! I know her by the steep of her masts, by the sharpness of her bows, by the squareness of her yards, and by her saucy rakishly air. Great thunder! what a clinking slaver she'll make, when we capture her," he continued, as he gave a long and eager look at the beautiful proportions of the brig, which, lazily rising and falling with the swell of the sea, seemed bent upon no particular voyage—appeared a mere idler upon the ocean.

A clear and ringing shout burst from those on deck when they heard the captain's confirmation of their hopes, that the vessel in sight was the one they were seeking. An extra pull was taken upon the halyards fore and aft; small sails, that could not possibly do any good, were rigged outside the cloud of

studding-sails which already covered the brig—so eager were her crew to get within reach of the pirate—a stern and determined calm settled upon Don Manuel and his party, as they silently looked to their swords and cutlasses, and loaded their pistols, preparatory to the desperate struggle they knew so soon awaited them.

With her magazine open, her guns loaded, her crew at quarters—almost flying through the water, the Fairy hastened toward the object of her pursuit. Soon she had approached within a mile and a half of her, and yet the pirate brig held carelessly on the same course she was heading when first discovered. Neither by making sail, altering her course, or by signal, did the freebooters give any sign that they were even cognizant of the existence of the craft that was rapidly approaching. Under the same night canvas she held on her way, as if she was either assured that nothing near her own tonnage would interfere with her, if they could avoid it—or else, that she was competent to any emergency.

The apparent confidence of the pirate—for the captain of the Fairy had too correct a knowledge of the commander of the Fire-Fly to think it carelessness—had a perceptible effect upon the movements of the slaver. Her captain, fearing some deep laid scheme, took in his studding-sails and lighter canvas, and handing his top-gallant sails, reduced his vessel to proper trim for fighting. To his surprise, however, and that of his crew, even this clear expression of his determination to engage produced no visible impression upon the apparently impassable pirate; who, from any thing they could discover in his movements, seemed, even yet, entirely ignorant of the Fairy's approach.

To learn if such was the fact, let us look at matters for a moment on board the Fire-Fly.

CHAPTER VII.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds,
Has naught to fear from outward blow;
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss. *BROWN.*

Whilst many of the old saws, adages, and proverbs that are handed down from generation to generation—by oral tradition in those benighted lands where the electric light diffused by the printing press has not yet penetrated, and by every variety of means through those favored countries vivified by its presence—are substantially incorrect in their doctrines, and tend only to keep in practice long since discovered falsities and ridiculous superstitions; yet some few of these chips of thought from minds that flourished in the days lang syne, are replete with truth; and not one of them is more entitled to credence than that which admits no man to be so bad but that good still remains in him. It is true in regard to individuals; and we regret our experience of life prevents us from saying that they are few and far between, like the needle in the haystack, the good that is in them is not easily discovered. We are, however, charitable enough to believe, even in their cases, that hidden, deep though

it may be 'neath many a hard and animal feeling and demoniac sentiment, lurks—carefully put away, too good for daily use, as the peasant's wife cherishes her holyday attire—at least one ennobling trait, one humanizing principle. And we attribute its total non-appearance, its seeming absence, to the obtuseness of our perceptive faculties, rather than imagine for a single moment, that one who can, by even the outward semblance of form and feature, claim kindred with the pure and virtuous, should be more brutal than the brutes, more earthy than the dust.

And Vincent, though he was pirate, murderer, desperado, by the welling up occasionally of some long-abandoned and almost forgotten honorable sentiment, which, struggling for vent through the superincumbent mass of unworthy passions that governed him and kept it smothered, would, for a space—evanescent, sometime, as the flash of the summer-lightning, then again for a longer period, causing him, against his desire to pause and reflect, even if it could not control his eventual purpose—proved that within him still remained at least one little spot not altogether hardened, a faint ray not quite extinguished, of that divine light which emanates from on high.

So soon as Garcia recovered her senses and self-possession, unsettled by the near approach of the horrible death from which she had seen no possibility of escape, Vincent had sought another interview. And the lady's calm bearing, her eloquent, womanly appeals to his nobler nature, her prayers to be taken back to her parent, her defiance of his power, her contempt of his advances, though so completely at his mercy, combined in producing an effect upon the captain's mind and heart, such as nothing before had ever effected; and he left her in a state of indecision and perplexity that to him was novel and unusual.

Immediately upon reaching the deck, after leaving the cabin, Vincent ordered sail to be taken in on the brig until she was reduced to the short canvas she was carrying when discovered by the Fairy; for there was something so congenial to the pirate captain's nature in the high, stern pride, the cool bravery, the entire self-confidence of the Spanish maiden, that, respect for the traits he could appreciate in her character, compelled him involuntarily to entertain almost a feeling of veneration for the noble girl who, rising superior to the weaknesses of her sex, all undaunted by terrors enough to appal the bravest man, thus scornfully set him and his terrible authority at defiance. This sentiment of respect, mingled with pity, would at intervals become so powerful, that the pirate would almost gain his own consent to put his vessel about, and return the captive-one, uninjured and in safety, to her father and her home. Then again, however, the remembrance of the lady's surpassing beauty would vividly present itself to his imagination; the fact, too, that she was entirely in his power, that no mortal influence could prevent him from compelling her submission to his wishes, would thrust itself upon his attention—and the evil inclination, if it could not entirely overcome

the better disposition, at least served to keep it completely in abeyance; so that hour after hour passed, and he who generally acted from the impulse of a single thought, could neither obtain his own sanction to carry the captive lady back, nor to make sail on his vessel, and take her forward to his haunt on shore.

Thus was the captain of the *Fire-Fly's* mind occupied, as with irregular strides, now quick, now slow, indexes of his state of feeling, he paced the weather side of his quarter-deck. The alert lookout, on board the pirate, had reported "a sail in sight," as soon as the *Fairy's* royals showed above the horizon, and even before the pirate had been seen by the look-outs of the slaver. Though the fact of a strange sail being in sight, and bearing down toward them, was duly reported by the officer of the watch to Vincent, he paid no attention to it, gave it no heed, and still continued his hasty walk and mental struggle.

As we have seen, the *Fairy* steadily and rapidly advanced toward the pirate, whilst the officers and crew of the latter vessel, with eager eyes were gazing, first in the direction of the daring craft so rashly hurrying to meet them—as if unconscious of the dangers they were courting—and then, with wondering, though cautious glances, scanning the person of their dreaded commander. The astonishment of the freebooters was equally great as to the motives of the course pursued by each of the objects of their curiosity—both so directly the opposite of that they were accustomed to observe: for ordinarily all vessels used their best speed to give the *Fire-Fly* a wide berth, and her captain had ever before been deeply interested in the fact of a strange sail being in sight.

No one, however, on board the pirate dared to intrude upon their captain, and supposing he had some premeditated purpose in his conduct, none were bold enough to take the liberty of reminding him of the approach of the strange brig.

Accidentally looking up, when the *Fairy* was almost within gun-shot, Vincent for the first time became aware of the fact that there was a vessel even within sight; so engaged had he been with his own thoughts, that the reply made to the officer who had reported the vessel to him, was purely mechanical; neither the report nor the reply had made any impression upon his mind.

Somewhat startled then was he, on casting his eyes to windward, to find a strange vessel, armed to the teeth and full of men, almost within reach of him. Turning sharply around, he sternly demanded of his first officer who was standing on the other side of the deck:

"What means this negligence, Mr. Leech. Dearly shall you rue it unless your explanation proves satisfactory. I have no time to hearken to it now," he continued, interrupting the lieutenant as he was about commencing an explanation—"My glass! my glass! we will punish the insolence of that bold gentleman coming down on us so fast, and then inquire into your discrepancy." And seizing the telescope,

Vincent took a long and steady look at the brig, which now had approached within half a mile of the *Fire-Fly*.

Something that surprised or pleased him had the pirate captain learned by the aid of his glass, for an entirely different expression took possession of his countenance, as without uttering a word, half-handling, half-throwing the instrument to Leech, he hurriedly left the deck, and in an instant after was confronting Garcia in the cabin.

"Once more, and for the last time, lady, am I a suppliant before you," was Vincent's abrupt address to the Spanish maiden, as soon as he approached within a few feet of her. "I have offered you, what I never tendered to woman before, what never female shall refuse again, my love! Love entire, complete, without a rival or a sharer! I am free from all restraints and affections that bind other men; I have neither home, country, kindred! Even ambition shall not divide your sway over me. You shall be my hope, my conscience, my deity, my every thing upon earth! Nay, even my soul, if there is such a thing, you shall sway to your lightest wish, if, as my wedded wife, too, not as my leman, if you will but grant me your heart! Or, I will not even ask so much for all I have to offer, if you will only grant me your hand and act toward me as a wife, I will fulfill to the echo every word I have spoken! Say, will you again refuse me!"

Immovable had Garcia sat whilst the pirate addressed her, and for a few seconds after he ceased speaking she remained seated—then, quietly rising, in a low, clear and even-toned voice, she answered:

"Captain Vincent, you tell me that you love me; that you almost venerate, worship me! and yet, in the very face of your own assertions, you strive to compel me to do that which you know would be infinitely more horrible to me than death and all its fearful accompaniments! Such love I cannot appreciate, neither can I accept it nor return it. I am but a woman—an unprotected woman; seemingly completely in your power. Yet, if you have not manliness enough in your nature to feel pity for my defenselessness, you will find that I am strong in my very weakness; beyond your control by my extreme hopelessness! And now you have my answer once more, and for aye! To you, I will be nothing! Neither mistress nor wife, now, nor never! And so do your worst, for I have that within me which places me beyond your reach, great as is your power over this vessel and its inmates."

Stern looked the pirate, as with attentive ear he gathered each word and syllable uttered by his captive; and, as she finished speaking, a gleam of such fierceness shot from his eyes, as visibly foretold that the maiden's fortitude would be put to the test; his voice, however, was pitched on even a softer key than he generally used, as he replied—

"Maiden, you have had your say, and have deemed it fit to slight my proffered love. You are bold, very bold, I grant, and think yourself strong enough to bear aught of earthly trouble that will be pressed upon you. You will, mayhap, and that ere

many days are past, regret the words you have just spoken. You seem to doubt it! But hearken, for I swear, and mark well my oath, that you shall be my wedded wife! And that, too, by your own consent,

voluntarily granted—now, I leave you. When next we meet, it will be to marry you!"

And turning suddenly, Vincent left the cabin as unceremoniously as he had entered it.

[To be continued.]

EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

It has been our intention, in the previous articles upon the early English Poets, to bring before the reader of the present day a few of the old writers of the seventeenth century, to lead him away from the modern circulating libraries and booksellers counters, to those repositories where, as fine garments in chests of cedar, the elder authors of our tongue are laid up for immortality. We now add to the list the name of Sir John Suckling, and in preparing a biographical sketch of "this delight of the court and darling of the Muses," we are fully aware of the difficulties of the undertaking. Most of the amatory poets, who were contemporaries with Sir John, have passed into comparative oblivion, even their very names being forgotten, save by the quiet scholar, who loves to linger over their literary beauties, and trace in the efforts of their muse the gradual progress of our language toward its present refinement. Selwyn, Walter, Bartle, Carew, Matthews! How few in our day know that such poets ever had existence? and yet to the mind of the student of early English literature, they form part of that literary galaxy of wits and poets, whose lively productions afforded instruction and amusement to the refined court of the first Charles; and from whom, many a greater poet since their day, has borrowed some of his finest thoughts and most beautiful imagery. The age in which our poet flourished gave birth to a number of these amatory poets, possessing considerable merit; but the palm of superiority most undoubtedly belongs to Suckling in the judgment of his contemporaries, and the literary award of after times clearly sustains the correctness of that judgment. When it is taken into consideration that the verses of Suckling consist mainly of the careless effusions of a gay courtier of the time of Charles the First, they certainly possess remarkable merit. He did not elaborate like Sedley, or indulge in the metaphysical style which so delighted Walter; but certainly none of his own school can be found that can at all compare with him. He possessed as much wit and poetry as either Carew, Rochester, or Dorset, while in the harmony of his verse, and the refined character of his thought, he stands superior to all. In some respects there is a striking similarity between Suckling and Beranger, the present song poet of France. The same harmony of versification—the same vividness of imagery—the same devotion to the charms of the fairer portion of

creation, equally distinguish both. We do not wish to disparage by the comparison. There are undoubtedly some points in which the French poet is the superior of the English; but we very much doubt whether Beranger has ever produced any thing equal to those beautiful lines of Suckling on a wedding, and commencing—

"I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh, things beyond compare."

Among his contemporaries Suckling was highly esteemed, and fairly beloved by his brother poets. With them he was the sweetest songster, the most refined gentleman, and the boldest, and most dashing cavalier of the age. The social circle was his theatre for display, and in the sessions of the poets and wits of that day, when those glorious spirits came together to enjoy gay converse, Suckling was the master mind.

What man is there, of so little taste and imagination, upon whom the romance of the past has not at all times made an impression. There is in the retrospect of every age a kind of literary oasis, a particular knot of gifted beings to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, and whose social mirth it would have been delightful to join. To have tasted sack with Shakespeare, to have made a third with Jonson and Drummond—to have listened to the roystering mirth of Charles and Steenie—to have witnessed the wit combats between Shakespeare and "glorious Old Ben" at "the Mermaid"—to have clinked glasses with Beaumont, Fletcher, Carew and Donne, at that resort of "good fellows" of the olden time—to have seen those things

"Done at the Mermaid, heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one, from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

This indeed would have been a feast for the gods. It was in the midst of such brave spirits as these that Suckling shone in all his lustre; with wit to set the table in a roar, with powers of conversation adorned with a most brilliant and rare fancy, he was indeed the master-spirit of these revels. And although we cannot subscribe to the character he gives of himself, that

"He loved not the Muses so much as his sport."

We can readily conceive how the social talents of our poet must have been appreciated by the literary

wits and gallant courtiers, whose presence made the court of Charles at that time, the most polished and refined in Europe. Of the early history of the subject of our narrative very little is known. It is well ascertained that he was descended from respectable parentage. His mother was sister to Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterward created Earl of Middlesex, and Lord Treasurer. And his father, who had been returned in 1601, as member for the borough of Dunwich, was subsequently made Secretary of State, and Comptroller to the Household of King James I. Under the unfortunate Charles he retained those dignified positions, and was by that monarch elevated to the additional rank of Privy Counsellor. It is reported that the wit of the son was derived from his mother, for his father was but a dull fellow. We doubt, however, whether this is correct, for upon reference to the parliamentary debates at this period, we find some speeches of Suckling, the elder, the father of the poet, remarkable for their great solidity of judgment, and vigor and terseness of language. His mother appears to have been a lady endowed with many virtues, and most tenderly beloved by her husband. In the church of St. Andrew, at Norwich, a splendid tomb, rich in statuary and allegorical sculpture, still commemorates her saint-like piety and many virtues, in the one comprehensive line—

"Thou wert so good, so chaste, so wise, so true."

After passing through the preparatory schools of the day, in 1623 Suckling was removed to Cambridge College, and matriculated at Trinity. He was then in his sixteenth year. While at Cambridge, he is reported to have distinguished himself by his facility in the acquirement of the dead languages; and although the statement of one of his biographers, that "he spoke Latin at five, and wrote it at nine, may be well looked upon as fabulous, we have the united testimony of many of his biographers, that at Cambridge he distinguished himself by the strength of his genius, and his capacity as a linguist.

On the 27th of March, 1608, his father died, an event which no doubt contributed in a great degree, to the development of his disposition for gayety and dissipation, as it may be supposed that the well-known gravity of the father's character would have operated essentially in diverting him from the many youthful indiscretions into which he afterward fell, from his early exposure to the allurements of a gay and dissipated court. Shortly after his father's death, in accordance with the system of education then so common among the wealthy, Suckling went abroad, being then in his nineteenth year. During his absence from England, he visited France, Italy, Germany and Spain. No doubt his talent for observation enabled him to study with correctness the picture of human nature, under the varying influence of climate, manners, laws, and differing religious creeds; though the assertion of his panegyrists that he made a collection of their virtues, without any tincture of their vices and follies, is unhappily con-

tradicted by many extravagancies and youthful indiscretions.

Germany, at the period of his visit, was an object of universal attention—upon her rested the eyes of Europe, attracted by the wonderful exploits and glorious victories of Gustavus Adolphus; and yet more strongly regarded by England, in consequence of the misfortunes of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, who had married the only sister of the British monarch. The Marquis of Hamilton, commissioned by the English monarch, commanded at this period a body of six thousand men aiding the King of Sweden in behalf of the Palatine. Suckling joined the forces of the marquis, being one of the forty gentlemen who served about his person. This body of English troops rendered very effectual service to Gustavus at the first defeat of Tilley, before Leipsic, a battle of considerable importance at the time, and most vigorously contested. Suckling was also present at the sieges of Croseon, Guben, Glogau and Magdeburg, and obtained considerable military reputation for his conduct in several other actions fought during the inroads of Hamilton in the provinces of Lusatia and Silesia. The only letter extant, written by him during this period, we give, as affording an instance of the easiness and vigor of style for which his epistolary correspondence was celebrated. It is as follows:

MY NOBLE LORD:

Your humble servant had the honor to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace, upon the sight of it, to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march; and the places we are come to have afforded rather blood than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure you, that he that sent them, knows none to whom he owes more obligation than to your lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me. I am still the humble servant of my Lord—that I was; and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

JOHN SUCKLING.

On the conclusion of his campaign, he returned to England, having obtained considerable reputation for courage, wit, and gentlemanly bearing. "To a frankness of manners and a graceful person," says a contemporary, "he at this period united an easiness of carriage, and an elegance of address so remarkable, as to draw forth the observation that he had the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did become him." "He was so famous" at court, says Sir William Davenant, "for his accomplishments, and ready, sparkling wit, that he was the bull that was baited—his repartees being most sparkling when most set on and provoked."

To understand the value of the accomplishments thus awarded to our poet, it is necessary to take a

retrospect of the particular period in which they were called into action.

The love of liberty was then fast springing into the bone and sinew of that lusty manhood which in a few short years found itself strong enough to overturn the throne, murder the king, banish the royal family, and upon the ruins it made, rear the stern and gloomy Protectorate. A class of men were growing up in the state who were nerving themselves by close study and simplicity of life, for the momentous duties they were afterward to perform. On the side of the court, the rigid asceticism and stern manners of these state reformers were opposed by a spirit of devoted loyalty, as magnificent in its display as the other was humbling and debasing. The severe habits of the popular party, combined with their democratic principles, rendered them the more odious to the dashing cavaliers, who sought to drown, in the gay and refined amusements of the court, and in the brilliant whirl of pleasure, the remembrance of their staid and gloomy habits. The pleasures of the court at this time, says Lord Walpole, in his "Pleasures of Painting," "were carried on with gorgeous taste and magnificence—poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements." Ben Jonson was the Laureate—Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations—Lanieri and Ferebosco composed the symphonies. The king, the queen, and the young nobility, danced in the interludes. Masques, plays, court-balls, were the every-day amusements of this brilliant court—day was turned into night, and night into day, in order to give time for their enjoyment.

The wealth and position of our poet enabled him, among the young and dashing cavaliers, who made the court of Charles, at that time the most polished in Europe, to give direction to these amusements. He was at this period, in the language of Winstanly, "The darling of the court." At his house at Wilton, entertainments similar to the court-masques were given, in the arrangement of which his poetical ingenuity and talent for invention were exhausted.

One of these magnificent entertainments given in London by Suckling, is thus noticed by Aubrey, a contemporary, which we give for the entertainment of our fair readers.

"Every court-lady was present at this entertainment of Sir John Suckling—all who could boast of youth and beauty were present—his gallantry excluding those not so blessed; yet so abundant were the fair faces in that day, that the rooms were overflowing; as if nature was resolute in producing objects of adoration, as their admirers were numerous and devoted. These ladies Suckling entertained with every variety, which wealth could collect, and taste prescribe. But the last course displayed his sprightly gallantry; it consisted not of viands yet more delicate and choice, but of silk stockings, garters, and gloves, presents at that time of no contemptible value."

It was under the inspiration of such scenes as these that Suckling wrote some of his sweetest

verses in praise of female loveliness, and originated the most exquisite sonnets ever penned.

But with such amusements, unhappily, were combined pursuits of a more odious character. It is too often the fate of genius to unite great vices with high accomplishments, and a passion for gaming early seized upon our poet, against which he often struggled, but which obtained the mastery over him to such an extent, as to be reported of him, that he would frequently lie in bed the greatest part of the day, with a pack of cards before him, to obtain by practice the most perfect knowledge of their management. This was the master-vice of the poet's earlier years; but as he attained to greater maturity, and gave more constant employment to his vigorous intellect, he was enabled to conquer this passion; and we soon find him the companion of the greatest and best in the land. Abandoning this vice, he cultivated the acquaintance, and became the bosom friend of such distinguished statesman and philosophers as Lord Falkland, Roger Boyle, and Lord Broghill; while Stanley, the learned editor of Eschylus, Davenant, Jonson, Shirley, Hall and Nabbes, shared his conversation, and enjoyed his companionship.

An incident is related of Suckling, about this period, by one of his biographers, which, as an illustration of his virtuous inclinations, and the power of his pen in reclaiming a relative from the path of folly, is worth recording here.

Charles Suckling, the youngest son of the poet's uncle, Charles Suckling, Esq., of Woodton, had for some years indulged a strange propensity of paying attentions to very young women, whom he deserted as they became marriageable, when he transferred his love to fresh objects more juvenile, who in their turn were discarded. To wean his relative from this weak and dishonorable conduct he tried, at his uncle's request, the effects of railery and satire—engines of very formidable caliber, of which Suckling well knew the use. In his letter on this subject, which he addressed to his cousin, he ridicules him as "the founder of a new sect of fools in the commonwealth of lovers;" compares his conduct to that of the jackanapes in the fable, who let out his partridges, one by one, for the pleasure of staring after what was irrevocable; and with admirable sense reminds him, that while engaged in such senseless sport, the "fugaces anni" of life were fleeting at a rapid rate. "S'foot, it is the story of the jackanapes and the partridges! thou starest after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then lettest another, and starest after that until it is gone too; never considering that it is here, as in the Thames, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides; whilst thou contempest the coming-in tide and flow of beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that youth goes out at the same time." It may be added that the wit and railery of Suckling's remarks were well directed, as they effectually cured the trifier of his fickleness of heart.

In 1607, Suckling wrote his first poetical production, styled the "Sessions of the Poets," and his

first prose essay, his admirable tract on Socinianism, styled "An Account of Religion by Reason." A discourse which has been characterized as an effort, that for learning, closeness of reasoning, and elegance of style, may put to shame the writings of men of far greater pretensions on like subjects. The "Sessions of the Poets" is remarkable for its good-natured criticisms on some of the literary celebrities of the day. The Poets are assembled at this session, to prefer their claims before Apollo, for the poetic bays which were to be awarded to the one best entitled.

The laurel that had been long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved.

After the assembling of the poets, we have an allusion to Jonson, in the fifth verse, as follows:

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepared before with Canary wine;
And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, when others were but plays.

Bid them remember how he had purged the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age,
And he hopes they did not think the "Silent Woman,"
"The Fox," and "The Alchymist," outdone by no man.

The decision of the "God of the Laurel" is given in the two verses next the last, and is intended as a satire upon the selection that was often made in that age, of the Laureate, on account of the weight of his coin, and not of his brains.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear,
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher
Openly declared that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin;
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

This poem is said to have made quite as much sensation in its day as did the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" in Byron's time. Some of the poets considered themselves insulted by the allusions made therein; and our poet exposed himself to a fire of *jeu d'esprits*, and satires, that would have overwhelmed a less sensitive mind. In 1638, Suckling published his play of "Aglaura." As this play was published with a

Rivulet of text, and a meadow of margin, the wits of the day compared it to "a baby lodged in the great bed of Ware," or "to a small picture in a large frame. This is said to have been the first play acted with regular scenery, such decorations having been previously confined to the maques.

But the rude sounds of civil disturbance soon roused our poet from his literary ease, the golden days of literary success and felicity soon gave place to the iron age of "stern-visaged war." The Scotch were clamoring for liberty of conscience which they considered shackled by the promulgation of the national liturgy. Charles, averse to sanguinary measures, parleyed with the rebels, thereby commencing a course which eventually caused him the loss of his throne, and his life. The great error that he always fell into was the dangerous policy of

temporizing, opening negotiations, and arguing with the malcontents. It arose from the native goodness of his heart, and his disinclination to shed the blood of his subjects. Prompt and active measures would have crushed the first effort of the rebels. The time at last arrived when further forbearance would have been criminal, and the king was compelled to draw together an army for the prevention of total disorder in his government. His exchequer was but poorly furnished, and considerable difficulty existed in sustaining a sufficient force in the field. It was at this crisis that Suckling exhibited a noble spirit of patriotism and devotion. He owed much to the royal favor, and his gratitude for past kindnesses exhibited itself in something more than mere words. He stood forward with alacrity to show his countrymen, at such a crisis, the duties of loyalty in a manner that has never been surpassed, and rarely paralleled. He presented his majesty with one hundred horsemen, whom he clothed and maintained from his private resources. The uniform adopted for this body of men was white doublets, with scarlet coats, breeches, and hats, while a feather of the same color attached to each man's bonnet completed his attire. With this force he joined the king on his march to the north. This expedition terminated, owing to the vacillating course of the king, in a bloodless compromise. And that this would be the result of the expedition Suckling predicted in a letter, written from the banks of the Trent, in which he says, "The enemy is not yet much visible; it may be it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as it does plants. But it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all to a dumb show and so destroy a handsome opportunity, which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future chronicle."

The return of Suckling with his splendid troop without striking a blow, gave rise to several pasquinades from the popular party; one of these on account of its humor, we insert.

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a,

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you 'd have sworn on a book
He'd have conquered a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a;
And as he passed by, they said with a sigh,
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a;
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell.
Who took him for John de Wert-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

To cure his fears, he was sent to the rear,
Some ten miles back and more-a;
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

But these censures on our poet were unmerited, as it was not from any want of courage on the part of Sir John and his troop, that caused the army to return without striking a blow. It arose from causes beyond his control. The treachery of Lord Holland, who commanded the cavalry, and who ordered the retreat, at Dunse, was no fault of Sir John's. The lampoon of Sir John Mennis is therefore remarkable more for its humor than its justice. Had Suckling and his troop disgraced themselves, they would, without doubt, have been rendered amenable to martial law. But we find Suckling retaining his monarch's favor after this affair, and continuing with the army till a negotiation was concluded with the Scots; when this campaign, which was commenced in expensive preparations, ended in bloodless treaties. After his return Suckling was chosen to the Parliament of 1640, afterward known as the Long Parliament. While a member of that body, he took a very active part in its proceedings, and distinguished himself in the debates. He took the side of the royalists, and dealt some very sturdy blows on the heads of the leaders of the popular party. Space will not permit, or we might furnish extracts from some of his speeches on those occasions, remarkable for a high order of eloquence, great concentration and vigor of thought.

Upon the arraignment and imprisonment of Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, Suckling became involved in a conspiracy, having for its object the release from prison of that unfortunate nobleman. The popular party being then in the ascendancy in Parliament, immediately issued orders that further inquiries should be made into the matter, and summoned Mr. Henry Percy, Colonel Goring, Mr. Henry Jermy, and Sir John Suckling and others to attend the next day at 3 o'clock, to be examined as principals.

They all absented themselves from the House, and in consequence thereof, were charged with high treason. Suckling and his friends thereupon fled to France; wisely convinced that the court which had shown its inability to protect Stafford, was unable to shield his adherents.

The sun of our poet's prosperity had gone down in clouds—the popular party in the contest triumphed, the estates of Suckling were confiscated—there appeared to him no hope in the future. He was an exile in a strange land; the ills of poverty pressed hardly upon him, and despair seized upon his soul. His energies at length gave way to the complicated wretchedness of his situation, and he committed suicide by taking poison at Paris. This took place in the year 1641, when our poet was in his thirty-fourth year. His remains were buried in a cemetery attached to one of the Protestant churches of Paris.

As a writer, Sir John Suckling will command admiration so long as a taste for whatever is delicate and natural in poetry shall remain. His verse has been pronounced by Phillips, "as having a pretty

touch, savoring, however, more of the grape than the lamp." And this delicate criticism is in the main correct; his poetical productions bear no mark of labor, they are thrown off with the imagination at a white heat, full of sweetness and harmony. In descriptions of feminine grace and beauty he is peculiarly happy, and no succeeding writer, notwithstanding the continued progress of elegant literature since his day, has ever surpassed him. Take, as a specimen of his powers in portraying the charms of woman, his description of the bride in his *Wedding Ballad*:

The maid, (and thereby hangs a tale;
For, such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce)—
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone;)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Kath'rine pear;
(The aide that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly.)

Or take his description of *Francelia's* beauty, in his play of "The Sad One," how exquisite is the portrait:

She has an eye, round as a globe
And black as jet; so full of majesty and life,
That when it most denies, it most invites.
Her lips are gently swelled like unto
Some blushing cherry, that hath newly tasted
The dews from heaven.

Or, the description of *Donazella* in the same play:

— a sprightly girl above fifteen,
Eyes full and quick with breath
Sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.
Thick smiling eyebrows, high upon the forehead;
And cheeks mingled with pale streaks of red,
Such as the blushing morning never wore.

Or, *Bellamino's* ardent ejaculations upon kissing *Francelia*.

Heav'n's, what a breath is here!
The wanton air
Chafed by the hot scents of Arabic spices
Is nothing nigh so sweet; the ambrosia
The gods themselves were drunk with
Dwells on thy lips.

Or, those sweet lines in "*Aglaura*:"

Lips
Perfumed by breath sweet as the bean's first blossom.

But space would fail us were we to attempt the task of culling from all Suckling's chaste and beautiful descriptions of feminine loveliness and beauty. It was a subject on which Sir John ever seemed willing to dwell, and which he never attempted without originating something fragrant and sparkling.

His songs are remarkable for their sweetness and delicacy; the structure of the stanzas is simple, and the versification for the age smooth and flowing. It was in this species of writing in which our poet de-

lighted, and in which he excelled. Take as an instance—

I prithee, send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'rt a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Or, that song inserted in one of his plays—

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?

Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping,
Or the fox's sleeping?
Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his lechery?
Oh! so fickle,—oh! so vain—oh! so false is she.

There is great delicacy and sweetness in the song commencing—

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Or, those lines on Love's Representation—

Leaning her hand upon my breast,
There on love's bed she lay to rest;
My panting heart rocked her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep.

It is seldom that we find Suckling attempting the metaphysical style so common with the poets of his day. But he never indulged in it without using it with great propriety of expression. He falls in this style in his stanza taken from his "Love's World."

The sea's my mind, which calm could be,
Were it from winds, my passions, free;
But, out alas! no sea, I find,
Is troubled like a lover's mind.
Within it rocks and shallows be,
Despair and fond credulity.

We have a specimen of what Suckling himself denominates his rollicking style in his "Love and Debt alike Troublesome."

This one request I make to Him, that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;

Then for to dance, to drink and sing I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave a shilling.

'T is only being in love and debt that breaks us of our rest;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blest.

As a dramatist, Suckling did not excel. His plays are destitute of originality, and are deficient, moreover, in that sweetness of versification, which elsewhere distinguish his compositions. Whenever, in the course of his dramas, he describes female loveliness, the poet's "himself again;" and he breaks loose from the trammels that evidently have surrounded him, into that easy and joyous style, for which he is remarkable in describing female beauty.

His epistolary productions are remarkable for their vigor of thought and terseness of expression, and in their animated descriptions, have seldom if ever been surpassed. They are models of their kind, and might with advantage, be imitated in our own day.

Suckling's works have gone through many editions, but are rather scarce now. Here and there a volume may be found in some public library, or the collection of some lover of the curiosities of literature—but even these cases are rare.

The following is a correct list of the successive republications of his writings, and the contents of each volume.

1. *Fragmenta Aurea*. London: printed by Mosely, 1646, 8vo. It contains his Poems and Letters, together with "An account of Religion by Reason," and a Portrait.
2. *Fragmenta Aurea*. London: Mosely, 1648. A smaller edition than the first.
3. Large 12mo., containing the Poems, etc.
4. *The Works of Sir John Suckling*, containing his Poems, Letters, and Plays. London: printed by Jacob Tonson, 1709, 8vo., with a Portrait.
5. *The Works of Sir John Suckling*. London: Tonson, 1719, 8vo., with a Portrait.
6. *The Works of Sir John Suckling*, containing his Poems, Letters, and Plays. No Portrait. 2 vols., 1770.

SONNET.—COLUMBIA.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WHAT land, Columbia, can with thee compare?
Grand, brave, bold, beautiful, without control,
Reign'st thou supreme in freedom of the soul—
Shines not the sun upon a clime so fair,
Where golden harvests load the sunny plains,
Where plenty sheds her bounty in such showers
Of grain and fruits and incense-bearing flowers—

What son of thine of want or wo complains,
While ranging free thy mountain ridges o'er,
Or smiling down thy river-streams sublime—
Thy far, far west is now a golden clime,
Where thy bold eagle shall in triumph soar,
While great Niagara his pean sings,
Of homage unto Him who reigneth King of kings

THE RIVAL ORGAN-BUILDERS.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

CHAPTER I.

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 't is sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'T is an enchantment where the reason's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy care and strife,
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.

DRYDEN.

THE warm yellow sunlight streamed through the open, broad-seated window into a pleasant little room, furnished rather more comfortably than houses—belonging as that did to an artisan—were in that day. It was toward the close of Charles the Second's reign, but Renatus Harris, whose residence the house was, had come from France, where his English parents had fled during the revolution, and had passed most of their married life there, returning to England only after the Protectorate, at the time of the restoration, when Renatus was a young man.

The furniture of the room gave evidence of the owner's foreign culture. The window was draped with a crimson *tapestrie* hanging. On the walls, covered with dark green serge, and borderings of gilt leather, were hung a few choice pictures, works of Italian masters. A curiously carved cabinet stood tall and erect in one corner of the room. A square of prettily worked carpet—a rare possession even to gentlefolk—was spread on the centre of the oaken floor. Soft cushions, covered with dark green serge, lay on the broad window seat. Large square chairs, richly carved, with comfortable cushions and footstools stood about the room; and on a narrow strip of more costly carpet, near the window, was a little table, holding what was also rare in those days, a clock in a curious, quaint-looking China stand. This little table was a great wonder, and a highly prized possession by the owner, for it was a gift from a dear friend, the maker of it, and inventor of the curious gilt work with which it was adorned, and which gave a graceful appearance to this heavy and deeply carved little piece of furniture. M. Marquet had sent this little table from France, across the water, to his dear friend Renatus Harris, as a mark of kind and affectionate memory, as well, also, as to show him, with an artisan's pride, a specimen of that curious and beautiful gilt work afterward named from him, *Marquetrie*, and which was received with such favor by his royal master Louis Quatorze and his court. A small, but neatly finished, organ stood open at one end of the room, with loose music sheets on its lid, and a violin case that leaned against the wall, carefully locked and covered, with piles of music books and sheets of manuscript music on an oaken stand, near the organ, told the musical taste of the family.

Renatus Harris though only an organ-builder was a prosperous one, as his father had been before him, and his foreign culture and associations had given him gentle tastes. He was now no longer young, and fifteen long years before he had laid his darling Provençal rose bride in a cold English grave. Grief would have overwhelmed him, but his Marie left a sweet bud behind her; and for her child's sake—for Renée, he still labored; and loved to collect around her, as he had around her gentle mother, all beautiful things, far above her birth and station, in order to make life and home pleasant to her.

Renée was a bright, beautiful creature, with a good, warm heart, though she would sometimes be a little wayward and capricious; but every one loved her as well as her fond father, and no wonder she was a little spoiled. She looked so very beautiful as she stood by the open window, chirruping note for note with her shrill-voiced singing-bird, that hung on the window frame; her graceful, willowy form bathed in the mellow golden atmosphere of the setting sun, which made her seem as some sweet saint, or at least so thought Arthur Byfield, as he stepped over the threshold of the door, and paused awhile, unseen by his mistress, to gaze lovingly on her.

The street below was crowded with passers-by—for it was near sunset—and many a hard-working Londoner was hurrying to his home. The girl was so occupied with singing to her bird, and playfully throwing it seeds, and saying "good-e'en" to friends who lingered a moment in their hurry on the flagstones beneath, to look at Renatus Harris' pretty daughter, that she did not see her lover, nor hear his step when he lightly glided across the room, and, half hidden by the curtain, stole a kiss from her rosy cheek, as she turned back suddenly from the window, to avoid the too earnest gaze of some gay court gallants, who were fluttering along on the side walk, with the party-colored ribbon knots that adorned their sword hilts, knees, shoulders and breasts.

"Fie, Arthur, *à donc*," said the startled, blushing girl. "Thou shouldst not fright me thus."

"Nay," said the lover, laughing, and his full blue eye danced, as he added, "I only took what was my own, sweet."

"How so, malapert," answered the girl, tossing her pretty curls, though her face did not express much vexation, if the full, red lips did pout a little.

"Why, Mistress," replied Arthur, drawing her to a large chair, and seating himself on the footstool at her feet, he held her fair little hands in his and looked with all a lover's earnestness up into her rich, dark, foreign eyes, bestowed on her by her

Provençal mother, until their blue-veined lids drooped in maiden shyness, and strove with their dark fringes to cast a shadow over the deep rose hue of the soft, peachy cheek; "why, Mistress, didst thou not promise me the rich boon of a kiss when my labor should be completed?"

"And is my father's great organ really done?" exclaimed the girl, clapping her little hands with delight. "Oh, Arthur!" and she buried her face, to hide the blush of joy, in the close clustering sunny curls of his hair

"Thanks, thanks, Renée!" exclaimed the young man; "thanks, my beautiful bride, for thy sweet delight. Now I am sure, notwithstanding thy capricious *coguetrie*, with which so oft thou dost tease me, that thou dost truly feel, as I do, happiness at thy father's promise. Why, sweet one, when he told me, twelve long months ago, that, so soon as his great organ should be completed and accepted, thou shouldst be my bride, thou didst hardly deign to smile upon the promise, and but for the pressure of these pretty fingers on my cold, trembling hand at the time, and some sweet recollections of past eventides, golden and loving as this, my poor aching heart would have failed me, and I would have set sail to foreign lands, where I might have been far away from my cold, cruel Renée."

"And wouldst thou have forgotten me there?" said the girl, half saucily, as she turned her face and rested her cheek on his head, mingling the rich jetty ringlets of her magnificent hair with the golden brown of his. "Couldst thou have ceased to love Renée in those distant lands?"

"Only in a foreign grave, darling," answered the young man, looking up into her arch, wild face earnestly. Straightway the capricious, saucy expression faded, on the instant that she saw his full, large blue eyes were swimming with feeling, and conscience-stricken with the recollection of how often she had pained his noble, loving heart with thoughtless *coguetrie*, and affected indifference, her lips trembled. "Dear Arthur!" she said, and one who only listened to her in her common moods would scarcely have known her voice, it was so filled with rich, deep tenderness. Close he folded her to his breast—their lips met—and pardon for the past was mutely asked and granted; and the young summer moon that shone in on them an hour afterward found them still there. The little bird had gone to sleep on its perch: the night air played and toyed with the curtain, and stole round the lovers caressingly; there they sat, talking untiringly over the same old story—of their love and the future. They had exchanged characters it seemed with hearts, for she was quiet, gentle and subdued; he glad, joyous, full of energy for the future—for was not Renée's future soon to be blended with his?—Sweet spring season of the heart and life!

CHAPTER II.

— those brickly towers,
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

Where whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride.

SPENSER.

— th' unthinking crowd
Tread thoughtlessly the sacred ground, and throng
Beneath that holy roof, unmindful that
In ages past Knights Templars raised the shrine
In pious mem'ry of that blessed spot
In Palestine—the Church of Holy Sepulchre.

ANONYMOUS.

A great crowd assembled at Temple Bar, and jostled each other in their haste to pass through the arches for foot passengers on either side of the Temple gate, while hackney-coaches and the fine glass coaches of people of quality drove rapidly through the centre carriage-way. Not only the Benchers of the Temple, but all classes hurried on to the ancient Round Church of the Knights Templars, to hear the two magnificent organs that had just been erected in different parts of the venerable building, by old Father Bernard Schmidt, as this great organ-builder was called, and Renatus Harris, "the French-born Englishman," who had been taught "across seas" to construct these marvelous pieces of mechanism as well as his great elder German rival.

Eight or nine months before, the Master of the Temple and the Benchers announced their desire to purchase an organ, which should be as complete an instrument as possible. The two great organ-builders, Schmidt and Harris, both sent in proposals, and were recommended by an equal number of great musicians and distinguished friends. The Benchers could not decide whose proposal to accept, and at last it was suggested that the two builders should each erect an organ in different parts of the church, and after trial that organ should be retained which should be pronounced by a majority of the judges to be the better of the two. This proposal had been accepted, and the two organ-builders had just completed their work.

This was the day of trial. The famous Master Henry Purcell and the great Dr. Blow were there as Schmidt's friends, and were to play on his organ in order to display its wondrous excellence. Renatus Harris had procured Queen Catharine's organist, good Monsieur Lully, who was a skillful and cunning player, and he felt sure that the foreigner's witching touch would surely secure favor for his organ. Great musicians, great men were ranged on both sides, and party spirit ran high.

First pealed out the grand notes of the German's organ, for it had been placed there a few hours before Harris' had arrived, and was entitled to the first trial. Sweet Master Purcell played, and he was so inspired that those who had heard him often play, said they had never heard him bring forth such melodious sounds; and many averred afterward, that on that day they first heard passages of his great "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," which were then unwritten. Good old Dr. Blow stood behind this much-loved musician, and while the solemn movements of fugue pealed out, tears streamed down his cheeks, and he ejaculated what he afterward bade them write on his grave-stone,

"I was the Master of this famous Harry Purcell!"

Dryden stood close beside him, with his beautiful wayward wife, the Earl of Berkshire's daughter, and when her poet-husband whispered, "Only in heaven can Harry Purcell's harmony be exceeded," she curled her pretty lip with an aristocratic sneer, though the next moment she was seen smiling sweetly on the composer, and talking "insipid nothings" to him with a gracious air. Truth was, her husband made her feel too deeply the distance between mediocrity and genius, while she probably, on her part, exaggerated her own possession of beauty, and the "lordly blood of the Howards" which flowed pure in her veins, but not all sweet Master Purcell's skill could have resolved into harmony the discordant tones that jarred the life-chorus of this ill-matched pair.

"The Frenchman's organ cannot equal this wondrous miracle of art," said some of the adherents of Schmidt, as M. Lully came bowing and rubbing his hands, to take his seat at Harris' organ, after Master Purcell had finished his voluntary.

Rich, old music pealed out; strains that had not been heard for years under that sacred roof. The life-warm current of old Catholic Cathedral music flowed from that grand organ, as the Frenchman, with skillful touch, managed the keys and stops. The enthusiasm of many a half-avowed Catholic present was kindled; and the most imaginative fancied the good old times had returned, and they almost looked to see a train of the Knights Hospitallers, in the white habit and Red Cross, march out of the transept up to the ancient chancel, and chant a litany to the blessed patroness of the church, the most Holy Virgin.

The tide turned, and parties were again equal. Before M. Lully's performance, it was thought no instrument could equal Father Schmidt's in richness, volume, and sweetness; even Harris' adherents had paled and trembled, but now their courage revived, and their earnest voices were again heard speaking confidently.

Down in the interior of the church was Arthur Byfield with the beautiful daughter of Renatus Harris, who clung close to her lover's arm, and looked earnestly through the dense crowd that separated her from her father, who was in the organ-loft with his distinguished friends, to see if his face expressed sternness or satisfaction. Arthur Byfield felt more than a mere artisan interest, but his anxiety was softened by the earnest and affectionate manner of his mistress, which assured him of her love, and made him feel tranquil and happy, even though the handsome Raphael Courteville, a gay gallant, and son of one of the king's chapel gentlemen, stood on her other side, and whispered sweet compliments in her ear. The young gallant was fair to look upon, according to the taste of the times—for he affected in his dress all the fopperies of the day, and the costume of his betters. Neither the laced cravat nor peruke were wanting, and he was a mass of fluttering ribbons from head to heel. Bows of different gay colors were placed wherever it was possible—

not only his sword-hilt, breast and shoulders, but even his shoes were thus ornamented, and verified Moliere's satirical couplet,

*De ces souliers mignon de rubans revêtus
Qui vous font ressembler à des pigeons pattus.*

He was loud in his praises of "skillful Master Renatus'" instrument.

"The organ of the German is like himself, heavy and dull-sounding," he said, while playing with his little cocked-hat, which was turned up in the style called the "cock-fanciful," and in a manner that made him imagine in his vain little head that he looked like the beau of all beau, De Grammont. "Ah, Mistress Renée, your father's noble instrument is the grander by far of the two. Had I the matter to decide," he continued, dropping his little *chapeau* and leaning closer and more gallantly to her, "I would make those beautiful eyes decide for me."

Arthur Byfield muttered, "Coxcomb!" between his shut teeth, and would have given much to have had a chance to shake the poor little fluttering gallant to pieces. Another time the naughty Renée would have indulged in what she would have called "a little harmless pleasantry;" but now she felt too deeply to trifle with love, and pressing her tiny hand on her lover's arm, she replied coldly but courteously,

"Nay, good Master Raphael, you are too partial. Farther Schmidt's organ is a wondrous instrument, and he is a great builder. Only last night I heard my father say, it would be a fair struggle and a fair victory, which ever gained; for he felt he had an equal to cope with in Father Schmidt, and greater would be his glory if he conquered him."

Just then the crowd pushed closer, and from the busy hum of voices it was gathered that the affair could not be decided; that Father Schmidt and Renatus Harris had gone to the great Hall of the Middle Temple, with the Committee, who were to decide, with some mutual friends, the contest, and for the present all was over. The audience dispersed, and Renée, accompanied by her two gallant attendants, left the Temple Church.

"Good even to you, Mistress Renée," said the young gallant, when they reached Master Harris' door, after he had stood some few minutes whistling to the bird who hung at the window of Renée's room, in the upper story, vainly hoping Renée would invite him in; but sorrowing love and disappointment made her inhospitable to the court-gallant. "Good even, and pleasant dreams to you; bright omens of your father's success, Mistress. And good e'en to you, Master *Byrfe*," he continued, a little spitefully, "you, I suppose, feel a little interest in this same organ, as I believe you are one of the 'prentice hands."

Renée saw instantly the sneer intended by the disappointed youth, and before Arthur could answer, she took his hand in hers, saying, while the rich blood mounted to her temples,

"Nay, you are at fault, good Master Courteville, Master *Byrfe* is a valued head workman, and dear friend of my father's; so dear," she added, with a

little exertion, for maiden modesty, not shame, made her shy, "so dear, that he has given his only child to him as an affianced bride."

Young Raphael Courteville stammered, crimsoned—and after a few broken words, which displayed more of wounded vanity than feeling, turned from the door, and left them. The lovers proceeded silently to the upper room. When there, Byfield clasped Renée close to his breast.

"Now thou art, in truth, my own dear bride," he murmured, as he kissed off a large tear-drop that rolled from beneath her drooping eye-lid. "Nay, do not weep, my Renée, while I am sure of thy love, sweet, I can be patient, and wait an age. Come, cheer up, darling. Who knows what news thy father may bring? news that will set a ringing our marriage-bells."

CHAPTER III.

A grand old Hall!

That screen of heavy oaken timber carved
With skillful grace, was made, 't is said, from spoils
Of that far-famed Armada, in the days
Of good queen Bess. And see, the wainscoting,
The richly carved cornice mounting high.
Those windows mark—with rich emblazonments—
Through which the sun in struggling, throws those red
And purple golden lights upon the crowd
Of men assembled there in council. Look—
That grand old window in the south-west end—
A ray of ruddy light streams from it, on
That pictured semblance of a mounted king,
And some who look upon it cross themselves
With air devout, and think they see descend
A halo on the Royal Martyr!

MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL, 1684.

While the lovers were, with the bright hopefulness of youth and love, picturing forth an end to suspense, good Renatus Harris, with his old rival, Father Schmidt, were with the Committee in the magnificent Hall of the Middle Temple. Strong arguments were urged on both sides; but still the case remained undecided—as many names standing for Harris as for the German.

"Listen, good father Schmidt," said Harris, at last, stepping up to the old man, "I have a fair challenge to offer. I am willing to run great risks in this matter, and undergo great expense—and so are you, I have no doubt, for it is a matter of artisan pride to both of us, and not one of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"Vell, vell," interrupted the old German, gruffly, "vat ish de challenge?"

"It is this," said Harris; "our organs are now, it would seem, as complete as the finest can be—"

"Yah, yah!" muttered the old man, "either ish better ash goot—mein besht I ever made."

"So is mine," laughed the good-natured Harris, "but I will engage, if you will, to add to my organ, three of those newly invented reed stops your countrymen have given us, and which a skillful workman of mine, Arthur Byfield, knows well how to construct. I have three now making in his work-room—the Vox Humana, Cremorne, and Double Courtel."

"Vat you call *Krimmer* and *dubls Kurt*?" growled the vexed German, for the enterprising

spirit of his younger rival annoyed him; he thought both organs good enough as they were, and no use of further work on them.

"Cremona and double Courtaud, good Master Schmidt," said Dr. Ludway, a musician, friend of both parties, "the first means a violin stop, from Cremona violin; and the second signifies a stop, in imitation of the bass flute; and marvelous sweet sounding they are, I have been told. Am I not right in my explanation, friend Renatus?" he added, as he saw Harris smilingly shaking his head.

"Not quite, Dr.," replied the organ-builder. "Cremorne means soft horn; and the double Courtaud, or Courtel, is to imitate the double bassoon. Good Father Schmidt knows them well, I am certain; and if he will engage to do it, I will prepare these same sweet stops for my organ, and have them completed in whatever time he sets, ready to stand another trial."

"A bargain! a bargain!" exclaimed the adherents on both sides.

Father Schmidt demurred, and grumbled somewhat, but his friends overruled his objections, and he consented, but was heard muttering, to the infinite merriment of Harris and his friends,

"Vat use these shtops? Both ish better ash goot;" but no one heeded him, and the Committee adjourned.

At nightfall, when Renatus Harris entered the pretty bower-room of his daughter, and found her and Arthur standing by the window, looking at the gold and yellow clouds in the western sky, hand in hand, he went up to them, and after telling them the decision of the Committee, said,

"No wedding yet, my children. As the solemn old Puritans would say, Arthur, thou must serve for thy Rachel a twelvemonth longer. I will be a stern Laban."

"And it will be better for them to wait," said the kind father, to himself, as he left the room; "Renée is all too young to wed yet; she is only seventeen, and the gold they give me for this organ shall be added to Arthur's capital when I take him into partnership with me, which will be when the priest's blessing makes him my son."

CHAPTER IV.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
Even as the sterne doth rule the shippe!
O musick, whom the gods assinde
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thou both manne and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll thee disprove.

PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES, 1586.

Full moon and high sea,
Great man shalt thou be;
Red dawning, stormy sky,
Bloody death shalt thou die.

OLD PROPHECY.

A twelvemonth had passed, and it was announced that the Temple Church would be opened on a week day, for a final examination of the two organs. The new stops had been added by both organ-builders, and had been heard with great delight by the crowds who thronged the church at every trial;

but the imitations of the different stops were so exact on both sides, and the fine tones and rich volume so equal, that it was difficult to determine which was the better of the two. All London talked of the contest, and all London thronged to hear the beautiful music Master Purcell, Dr. Blow, and M. Lully drew from these grand instruments. Excellent judges, of equal number and merit, were ranged on both sides; and the most liberal and good-natured could not help admitting, with a laugh, that the old German had said truth, when he had grumbled out, "Both ish better ash good."

Among the Benchers of the Inner Temple was the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys; and in this dilemma the two societies resolved to leave the question to his decision. Little this coarse, vulgar man knew or cared about the matter; with a gross, sensual nature, music possessed no charms for him. But the Benchers wished to show deference to their distinguished brother, and pay court to this bold, bad man, who, by force of an unblushing, impudent front, had lifted himself from the Old Bailey Bar to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and stood in the sunlight, men said, of further favor.

The morning of final trial arrived; and again the church was crowded with nobility, gentry, and commonality. The Lord Chief Justice had a distinguished seat prepared for him on an elevated platform in the centre of the church, in a situation that was deemed best by judges for the sound. When he entered the church in state, to take his seat—though the crowd was so dense—there was little need of commanding the people to stand aside for his lordship to pass—instinctively each one shrank from him. In youth the Lord Chief Justice might have had a fine personal appearance, as his biographers say, but at this time he had lost all these natural advantages. Habits of the grossest sensuality had destroyed every remnant of good looks. His figure was bloated with intemperance; and his glaring, distended eye-balls shone out with animal ferocity from under the shaggy brows that overhung them. Costly robes enveloped his disgusting body; insignia of rank and office were about him; but the rough, frank populace could not help expressing by a low, partly suppressed murmur, their loathing of this detested man. He heard it, and as he took his seat, he glared round on the crowd, muttering foul imprecations, and clenching his fist, with a savage growl, which made not only women, but strong men shudder.

"He is monstrous ill-favored, this Lord Chief Justice, Arthur," said Renée, as she shrank back from a sight of him.

"God help the man!" exclaimed Byfield, with a shudder. "He has the countenance of a devil."

"You may well say that, Master Byfield," said one Master Hubert, a scrivener and dear friend and kinsman of Renatus Harris, who was standing near them. "I could no more bring myself to look upon my Lord Chief Justice's face, than on the Arch-Fiend himself. I was once brought up before him

on a charge that liked to have proved dangerous, but verily, no punishment could have equaled the fright he caused me."

"But thou didst get off, Uncle Hubert," said Renée, affectionately.

"Get off!" ejaculated the man, and then added in a lower tone of voice, "Yes, girl, I escaped from the terrors of that man's face, which I would scarce undergo again to save my life; and I shall certainly have the impression of it as long as I live."

Little did the Lord Chief Justice think how fatal the impression his rude brutality had made on this humble man would prove to him. Five years afterward that feared and hated Chief Justice, who sat there aloft in all the pride and plenitude of power, was flying through the streets of London, to escape the fury of an angry and outraged populace. The morning after the flight of King James and his detested advisers, among them the terrible Chief Justice, good Master Hubert was walking slowly along a street in Wapping, meditating on the great events that had taken place, and as he murmured thanks to God—for Master Hubert was a pious man—he suddenly lifted his eyes, and saw, looking from a window of the Red Cow, an ale-house on the opposite side of the way, the never-forgotten face of the Chief Justice. He stared aghast; the man he saw was clothed in a shabby, half-worn dress of a common sailor, with a large tarpaulin-hat flapping over his eyes; but the scrivener felt that he could not be mistaken, that no other man living had so detestable a countenance. Quick as thought he crossed the street, and entered the tap-room of the ale-house.

"Whither so fast, Master Hubert?" said one of a crowd of shouting men and boys, who were passing the house. "Look, comrades, good Master Hubert is jolly on the good news!"

"That's right, man!" shouted another; "take a draught of ale, it will bring a little color in your cheeks. Let's all drink death and destruction to our enemies, if they have slipped through our fingers!"

"No, no!" gasped Hubert; "one has not escaped, for I see the Lord Chancellor now before us!"

"Where!" yelled the infuriated men, as in one voice.

"There!" replied the scrivener, pointing with trembling finger to the cowering sailor, who staggered back under Hubert's accusation. The mob seized the unhappy man; but Master Hubert interposed, and saved him from being torn limb from limb, and had him conveyed to the Lord Mayor's, where he had a chance of receiving what he never gave—justice.

History tells how this wicked man came to his woful end; and we will waste no longer time; for while we are lifting up the veil that then hung over the future of Master Hubert and the Chief Justice—so strangely and curiously blended—skillful M. Lully is playing a choice piece on Master Renatus Harris' organ, using with wonderful effect, the sweet new reed-stops, and the great Chief Justice is, after a faint pretence of listening, fidgetting with impatience.

M. Lully concluded, and the great Dr. Blow seated himself at Father Schmidt's instrument. Some little detention occurred; and while those who were in the organ-loft were arranging the difficulty, the Lord Chief Justice, rolling his clumsy person to one side of the chair, said to a young man who stood near him,

"In God's name, Master Courteville, tell me, where are the men who made these noisy instruments; instead of being paid the round sum of gold my brother Benchers propose, I would have them flayed alive for constructing such means of torture."

Raphael Courteville—for it was Renée's discarded lover—smiled at the "*pleasantrie*" of the Chief Justice, and charmed at being noticed by the great man, pointed out in the two lofts, Renatus Harris and the German, Schmidt, adding a few disparaging words against Renée's father, from malicious spite to her.

The two men presented a strong contrast to each other. Renatus was leaning against a pillar, with folded arms, and his excellent countenance expressed mildness and sweetness. M. Lully's seraphic music had charmed his very soul, and given rise to the most devotional feelings. His full hazel eyes beamed with a calm, bright light, even though they had looked at fifty successive years, and some of them years of dark, blinding trouble; and his clear, ample forehead was shaded by soft, brown hair, just sprinkled with what the old ballad so sweetly calls "the blossoms of the grave."

Father Schmidt presented a strong contrast to this quiet picture. He was a coarse, heavy German, quite old; but age did not sit gracefully upon him, for his hard-favored countenance expressed a sour, ill-temper, which expression was heightened just at the time by some cause of vexation; his hands were clenched, his coarse, white hair was disordered, and his face was distorted with rage, while his lips moved as though the most terrible curses were pouring from them, though he was too far off to be heard.

"Fore God!" shouted the Chief Justice, with a ferocious laugh, "Father Schmidt, as you call him, is the properer man of the two. That sniveling-looking knave of a Harris is no man, but a calf. See, how psalm-singing he looks! I'll wager thy head, man, he's one of those infernal convective rascals. But the Dutchman there is a man after my own heart. Lord! Lord! look how his eyes roll, and I'm sure he's spitting out oaths as fast as his thick Dutch tongue will let him—ha! ha!"—and the crowd shrank back at the demoniac laugh of the chief justice.

By this time a messenger approached the stand of the judges, and, bowing respectfully, informed them that a terrible mishap had happened to Father Schmidt. Some unknown enemy had gained access to the church the night before, and had cut the bellows of his organ in such a manner that it could not be played upon, for no wind could be conveyed into the wind-chest.

"Aha!" bellowed out the Chief Justice, as soon

as they made him comprehend the difficulty. "It's that rascally, sanctified-looking knave that did it, I'll be sworn."

"Who, your lordship?" asked one of the Benchers.

"Why that fellow Harris, to be sure," replied the Lord Chief Justice. "I never knew a saint yet that was not a vile rogue. Look ye, rascal," he continued, shaking his fist fiercely at Renatus Harris, as he walked boldly up to the platform, to deny the charge, upheld by Master Purcell and other good men of both sides, who knew his integrity. "Look ye, do not speak one word; and you, Master Harry Purcell, hold your peace. I have decided. Father Schmidt's organ is the organ for me—it makes the least noise. So you see, rogue Harris," he added, shaking his finger at the indignant organ-builder, "you have gained naught by your vile cheating contrivances; and I promise ye, if your lumbering machine is not carted out, before to-morrow's sun sets, it shall be broken up and burned, every inch of it. Yes, thou impudent, roguish knave, bless God for so easy a judge, and so lenient a punishment."

It was useless for the unjustly treated, insulted man to answer, or for his friends to defend him: the disposition of the Chief Justice was too well known by all present, for any one to dare to utter a word; and the crowd dispersed, but not without murmurs against the detested Chief Justice. Father Schmidt was informed of his unexpected good luck, and with restored humor promised to have the bellows straightway repaired, that the organ might be fit for use.

CHAPTER V.

As some fair tulip by a storm oppressed,
Shrinks up and folds its silken arms to rest,
And bending to the blast all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head;
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears,
The storm that caused your fright is past and done.

DRYDEN.

The little party that sat round the table at Renatus Harris' house, that night, were silent and sad. Poor Renée stole a look at her father's face, now and then, and large tear-drops rolled down her cheeks, as she saw how deep was the expression on it of mortification and anger. To be accused of so unworthy a trick, as that with which the Chief Justice had charged him, was too much for his proud, honest spirit to bear. True, he had much to sustain him, for Master Henry Purcell and Drs. Blow and Ludway, with many other distinguished men, had done him the honor of calling at his house, to assure him how entirely every one acquitted him of the slightest knowledge of, or participation in, the wicked piece of spite that had been done to Father Schmidt; but still the sting of mortification remained and rankled, and he sat by the board silent, and left his evening meal untouched.

Arthur looked at his mistress sadly, wishing he could kiss off those glittering tear-drops; and once when she went out of the room to give old Elsie

some domestic directions, he followed her, and in the dimly lighted passage folded her close to his strong, stout, loving heart, while she wept freely, the tears her father's presence had restrained.

"Nay, don't take on so, sweet Renée," he whispered, "no one can believe the bad Chief Justice; thy father is too well known and honored for such an unjust charge to be credited against him; and as for the wedding, darling, it will soon come, and then we will be so happy; my Renée will never have cause to shed tears."

"Ah!" sobbed the almost heart-broken girl, "we must never think of happiness for ourselves while my father is so bowed down. Pray God it may not kill him!"

While Arthur was soothing Renée, a loud knocking was heard below, and soon old Elsie came hobbling up the stair-case, followed by the heavy tramping footsteps of men. The alarmed Renée flew in to her father, for in her little innocent heart she feared that the wicked Lord Chief Justice—whom she thought all-powerful to work evil—had sent to convey him to prison. Harris stopped short in his hasty stride up and down the floor, and demanded their business; while Arthur drew the half fainting Renée to a large chair near the open window, where the fresh, soft night air breathing on her soothed her, and she sat shedding quiet tears.

"We have come, Master Harris, on business," said one of the men. "My comrade hero has been

sent from the great Cathedral in Dublin town for an organ, and I am empowered by the vestrymen of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to purchase a new organ for their church. We have listened to your marvelous instrument, in the Temple church, for some time with great delight. We cannot either of us buy that organ, as it is too costly for our means; but Master Purcell told us you could divide it, and, with some little labor, make it into two small organs; if so, here is the sum of gold Master Purcell told us the Benchers would have given you, if your organ had been chosen," and the man set on the table a bag containing the stipulated gold.

"But you have forgotten, friend," said his companion, "a very important thing. One of your principal workmen, Master Harris, told us this afternoon, if we concluded to make you this proposal, and you accepted it, he would do all the needful labor free of charge."

"Who?—What one of my workmen made that offer?" asked Harris.

"I did," said Arthur Byfield, stepping forward, "and still engage to do it most cheerfully."

The bargain was soon concluded, and the men departed, perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. As the door closed on them, Renatus Harris took Byfield by the hand, and leading him up to his daughter said in a tender, loving voice,

"Jacob, thou hast won thy Rachel. God bless thee both, my children!"

BERTRAM.

AN ITALIAN SKETCH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

SCENE: *The Dungeon of Bertram in the Castle of Leoni.*

LEONI. BERTRAM.

Leoni. Thou sleep'st as one who hath no fear—no grief!

Bertram. As one who hath no fear; and, for my griefs, That they permit me sleep at such an hour, Would show them much more merciful than thee.

Leoni. I, too, am merciful—will bring thee sleep So deep as will shut out all sense of grief From thy unlaboring senses.

Bertram. Be it soon!

Leoni. Is this thy prayer?

Bertram. Dost ask?

Leoni. Enough! Then hear!

To-morrow thou shalt have no charge in life—
The fair sky shall reject thee; the bright sun
Lend thee no succor—and the wooing breeze
That sweeps so sweetly through yon window grate,
Shall only stir the long grass on thy grave!

Dost hear what I have spoken? Thou shalt die!

Bertram. 'Tis well!

Leoni. No more?

Bertram. What more wouldst have? Thy power
To which I may oppose nor prayer nor pleading,

Needs not my vain acknowledgment of grief;
And fears I have none.

Leoni. Is all sense of hope
Utterly dead within thee? Does no dream
Rise up before thy fancies, fraught with pleasure,
That life prolonged may bring thee—happiest hours,
In sunshine or in shade—such as thy bosom
Was once most blest to dream of? Thou hast been
A very bird of the summer, in thy flight
No less than music. Thou couldst clip the air
With ever glad embraces; couldst delight
The groves with the spring sweetness of thy song,
And fed'st on all the flowery fields of life,
With never satiate appetite and hope!—
Is thy privation nothing? the great loss
Of the things visible and glorious, thou
Hast ever sought with such a fresh delight?
The woods and waters—this fair earth and sky,
Glowing in birds and blossoms, and the night
Proud in its starred luxuriance, and that moon,
Whose pallid disc looks mournful through yon bars,
As if to yield thee sympathy. Awhile,
Her beams will gleam upon thy silent grave,
And seek thee through the grasses on its slopes,
And thou know nothing.

Bertram. Be it as thou say'st.

Leoni. I tell thee, by the morrow thou shalt sleep
I' the iron grasp of death.

Bertram. One word for all !—
Time ceased with me to-day—and in *Aer* grave
Sleep all my earthly morrows.

Leoni. Obdurate !
Yet would a prayer become thee.

Bertram. Not to thee !
My prayers are not for life—nor yet for death—
And if for mercy, but to Him whose power
Leads through the awful future, in whose shadows
I see no sway of thine ! Thou couldst not answer
To any prayer I make thee.

Leoni. Not for life ?

Bertram. No !
Life were no mercy now. The light which made
My life on earth, now beckons through the gates
Which thou may'st ope, not shut ! Thou hast o'erstep'd
The limits of thy policy. Thy power,
That smote too soon the victim in thy grasp,
Forever lost its sway in the foul blow,
That rather spoke the madness of thy hate
Than made its purpose sure. For prayer of mine,
Invoking life for me, denied to her,
Thou wait'st at but vainly. Not to mock thy power
Do I condemn thy mercy ; but that blessing
Were now no boon to me. I hear the doom
Thy lips have spoken, and I welcome it !—
Will meet it with no struggle and no prayer,
But in such meek humility of heart—
Not rest of every hope—which best becomes
These bonds, this weakness—conscious that I breathe
In thy forbearance only. Let the axe
Be sharpened and in readiness—the neck
Is bared, and bent already, for the blow !

Leoni. Die in thy pride ! I would have wrung the
prayer

From thy unnatural bosom, to deny thee ;
Would first have moved thee to the abject homage,
That shame, as well as death, might fasten on thee,
Defiling thy past honors ; and have shown thee
Clipping with eager arms about my knees,
While my feet tramp thee to the kindred dust
Which stains thy insolent forehead.

Bertram. Oh ! I know thee !

Leoni. Thou know'st me ! Well ! it needs not that I
tell thee,

Thy doom is written ! With the sun, thou diest !

[*Exit Leoni.*]

Bertram (solus.) I will not shame his brightness ! He
will blaze

For other seasons. He will bring their fruits,
And cheer to song the throats of merry birds,
And ripen yellow harvests for the race,
In multitudinous lands ; and I shall lose
These joys, which never failed till now to gladden
This weary heart of mine ! But now their sweets
Bring me no hope ; nor, with their sweets denied,
Do I feel loss. 'T was in her love that grew
The season's bounty, and the glorious smile
That blessed me in the rising of the sun,
And cheered me in the music of the bird,
And charmed me in the beauty of the flower,
And taught me, in the fragrance-blessing earth,
The way to countless blessings, which no more
I find in earth or sky, in song of birds,
Beauty in flowers, or glory in the day.
My day is night : my prayer is for that sleep

That sees no more the day from which is gone
The soul's one beauty, giving charm to all !
Nor is the night which now approacheth fast—
Through which my feet must go—the final night,
Whose coming makes men falter, with a fear
That in the unknown still dreads the worst of knowledge,
Without its welcoming light ! I have o'ercome
The natural fears of Death, who, in our youth,
Must ever be a Terror ! Doubt and dread
Grow passive in that weariness of soul
When life maintains no hope ; and death puts on
The aspect of a friend to him who feels
How toilsome and how endless is the day
Consumed without a quest, through barren realms
That Love has ceased to brighten with his beams,
Or freshen with his flowers. My woes that brought
Despair for one dread season, and dismay
That still o'erwhelms my heart, hath also taught
Elsewhere to seek the Comforter ! And Fear
That found on earth but Tyranny, beyond,
Looks upward for protection. He whom Power
Drives from the shelter of the Throne, finds strength
In the more steadfast Altar ; and the man
Who knew no safety with his kindred fellow,
Soon finds the need of Him, who, throned apart,
Repairs the wretched sorrows of the race,—
Rebukes the injustice—from the oppressor plucks
The scourge—and to the victim, soon or late,
Atones for the worst sufferings borne on earth.
Oh ! Death shall be no pang, though sharp his blow—
And loss of life—however glad before
In beam and blossom—bring no sorrow now.

And yet, to tread that passage of thick gloom
Into the world of doubt ! To take that plunge,
From consciousness to the bewildering change
Which may be wo, or apathy, still worse,
In loss of that large consciousness, whose hope
Clings to the soul as to its only life,
Secure in joyous certainty of wings,—
High powers that yield not to the outward pressure,
And, with the will, a never-pausing progress keep
To the mind's best achievements. Oh ! that doubt,
Whether, in passage from the state we know,
We rise elsewhere erect, or grow to nothing ;
Never know waking—with one pang lose feeling ;
Lose, with the sky and earth, all sense and seeing—
The *all* that we have lived for—while the loved one,
Most precious to the heart of all affections,
Lies silently beside us, and we know not !
Hushed each divinest instinct that, while living,
Taught us, unseen, of the approaching footstep,
And with a breath, infusing still the zephyr,
Quickened each pulse within the trembling bosom
With intimations of that precious spirit
So natural to our own. Oh ! my Francesca !
Where glid'st thou ?—through what region, breathing
glory—
Through what sweet gardens of delight and treasure,—
That I behold thee not—and drink no promise
Of what awaits me in the world hereafter,
From the sweet whispers of thy passing spirit,
Stealing beside me ? Thou art freed the struggle,
And, in the unlimited province of thy wing,
Why fly'st thou far—why bring'st me no sweet tidings
To strengthen the dear hope that gave us courage
When we were torn asunder—made us fearless
Of all the tyrant might decree against us,
Assured of that blest future which his power
Might never enter ? Wert thou nigh—about me—

Infusing with thy sweetness the damp vapor
That chills this gloomy dungeon, I had known it!
My soul had felt thy presence, as one gathers
The scent of flowers that grow in foreign gardens,
Whose blooms he doth not see! Didst thou look on me,
I should not droop this hour. Oh! wouldst thou speak,
I should not feel this dungeon—dread this death—
That, in thy absence from my spirit now—
Thine freed—takes on a shape of daring darkness,
That never hopes a dawn! Who comes?

[Enter Friar.]

FRIAR. BERTRAM.

Friar. My son!

Bertram. Art thou mine executioner?

Friar. Thy saviour rather—

If I might execute upon thy pride,
Thy sinful thoughts and passions, and thy fears,
By bringing thee, in penitence and sorrow,
To the white feet of Him who came to save,
And perished, for thy safety, on the cross;
Oh, son! the moments leave thee. A few hours,
Is all the remnant of the time allowed thee.
I would prepare thee for the terrible change
The morrow brings thee—would entreat thy prayers,
Thy meek repentance of thy evil passions,
And not less evil thoughts—and such confession
Of each foul secret festering in thy soul,
With the due sorrows which should follow it—
As may command thee to the Saviour's grace,
And make thee fit for the Eternal Presence!

Bertram. Behold me then most guilty. Pride was mine,
And sinful thoughts, and dark imaginings,
And reckless passions, and ungracious fancies,
And all the thousand tendencies to evil
Which ever urge the impatient soul of man
To heedless forfeiture of Heaven's sweet mercy.
What need the dark detail—the nice relation—
The name and character of each offense,
Too numerous for name, for recollection—
Too foul for the now blushing consciousness
To summon into sight, or give to speech!
Enough, that I have sinned—that, in my sorrow,
I could weep tears of blood; and that I perish
Forgiving all mine enemies—imploping
Of all forgiveness—and of God, o'er all,
Most doubtful of his mercy, as well knowing
How great mine undesert.

Friar. Alas! my son,
This will not answer thee. Thou must disburden
Thy heart of each dark secret. 'Tis thy pride,
And not the shame and grief of thy contrition
That locks thy secret up!

Bertram. I have no secrets
From God, to whom for judgment I must go;
No hope from man, of whom I have no fear,
And no confession for his ears, whose judgment
Can do me hurt or service now no more.

Friar. Beware, my son! This stubbornness! This
woman—

Francesca—who hath perished in her guilt—
She was to thee no wife? Her full confession—

Bertram. Ah! now I know thee! Get thee to Leoni!

I have no secrets for thy keeping, father,
Or thy revealing. Yet a prayer I make thee;
Leave me to God—in quiet.

Friar. If I leave thee—
Thy conscience unrelieved—the truth unspoken—
I leave thee to the enemy of man,
Who lurks in waiting for thy soul—

Bertram.

Away!

Friar. The curse—

Bertram. Oh! fit for curses only—hence!
Thou hast usurped the white wings of the dove,
To do the serpent's office! Who is there?

[Enter Francesca.]

Bertram. Ah! now is Heaven most merciful! She
comes!

She glides, a form of light, athwart the darkness;
I see her radiant beauties, starred by Heaven
With supernatural brightness, and I feel
The lightness of a breath that's balm for angels
Uplift me as with wings! Oh! blessed being,
That hallowest where thou com'st—how doth thy pres-
ence

Prepare me for the sacrifice. One moment;
I shut mine eyes in doubt! I open them,
Once more, to rapture! Dost thou see, old man?

Thy lips had spoken curses as from Heaven—

Lo! now, its angel!

Francesca (to the Friar.) Hence, father, to Leoni.

Bertram. Leoni! Can she speak of him—Leoni!

Francesca (to the Friar.) He summons thee! He needs
thee! Hence, with speed!

Friar. Then hast thou answered wisely. All goes well!
I leave thee.

Francesca (to the Friar.) Hence! [Exit Friar.]

Bertram. Is it Francesca speaks—
And speaks she of Leoni? Thou wert mine,
Francesca—and in robes elect of heaven,
Speak'st thou of him who was thy enemy,
As he is mine? I tremble, with a dread,
That tears my very heart-strings! Oh! Francesca
Pure spirit of the purest of earth's mortals,
Speak, and uplift me, with a voice of mercy,
From this dark sphere to thine.

Francesca. Bertram!

Bertram. That name!

Which still was the dear burthen of thy lips
When thou wast mine, and mortal—still to me sounds
As thou hast ever said it. There's no change,
To eye or ear, in thee. Oh, heart! be hopeful,
Since death makes free the living to their mission,
Nor robs the loved one of those precious beauties,
That fashioned thought and sense, and fiery passion,
To one sweet frame of love!

Francesca. Dost think me dead,
Dear Bertram?

Bertram. Dead, my Francesca—dead to earth—
But O! not dead to me! They showed thee to me,
Even through these grates, arrayed in innocent white,
And robed as for a bridal with the stars,
In pure white blossoming flowers.

Francesca. They mocked thine eyes,
As they have mocked my ears. I am not dead . . .
I live as thou hast known me. I am thine,
As still I was before; but rouse thee briefly,
For we have little space. Reserve thy wonder
Till we go hence in safety. We must fly
While the dread baron sleeps. Leoni sleeps—
Sleeps soundly! I have left his bed but now!

Bertram. Thou! Left his bed but now!

Francesca. Marvel not, Bertram,
However marvelous all seemings be
That check us in this dungeon. Thou shalt know
The dark, dread truth hereafter.

Bertram. Left his bed!

His bed! The lustful murderer—the foul satyr,

Whose very eye but taints the thing it looks on,
Whose very breath is incense of pollution,
Whose very touch is sin! Oh God! I hearken
And live! He lives! . . . She lives! Francesca—
mine!—

All live! Yet hath she left his bed but now!—
Death! death! O friend! where art thou? I had lost
The sense of fear! I lived but for one hope—
That the short, rapid interval of time
'Twixt this impatient consciousness, and that
Which made my faith assurance absolute,
Of life with thee hereafter—would be o'er—
With but one shock—one moment of thick darkness,
And then all light and rapture!—and I wake,
To feel the scorpion sting of agony,
That tells me of the death that follows death,
In which all hope lies buried—anothered sure
In loss of that most precious of life's fancies,
Its dream of the pure angel, whit'et of all
Above the cloudy confines of the grave,
Waiting with welcome! Death! O, death! O, terror!
That I should live for this!—that thou shouldst tell me,
Francesca, with no crimson on thy cheek,
No gushing eyes, no husky, tremulous voice,
That thou com'st freshly from Leoni's bed,
No longer fresh—yet living! [*Falls on his face.*]

Francesca. Were thy fears—
Thy dark suspicions true, O! cruel Bertram,
How vain were tears or tremors, conscious blushes,
Or all the broken agonies of speech,
To show my shame or thine!

Bertram. Yet didst thou leave
Leoni's bed but now! Thy own lips said it,
Nor faltered in the speech.

Francesca. Oh! had I left
My virtues on his bed, there had been need
For faltering and tears. I left his bed,
But left no living bed, my Bertram! No!
Look on this dagger—let it speak for me!

Bertram. It bleeds—it drops with blood. The crimson
edges

Gleam brightly dark before me. O! Francesca,
I see what thou hast done—yet do not say it!
I feel the terrible need that stood before thee,
And comprehend the fate that forced upon thee,
The dreadful stroke of death. And yet, Francesca,
I would it had been any hand but thine
To do this deed! [*Covering his eyes.*]

Francesca. Thy life was on it, Bertram—
And mine—and something more to me than life;
And in my soul, a voice that cried—"Be cruel,
Or thou art lost to Bertram and to Heaven!"
Thou hat'st—thou fear'st me! Ah! I see it, Bertram!

Bertram. Hate thee, Francesca? No! How much I
love thee

No words may speak. Yet there's a deadly horror
That shakes my frame—that seizes on my heart!
Look how thy hand is crimsoned!—up thine arm,
Even to thine elbow, drips the clotting current!
God! what a terrible stroke! Thou didst not do't—
Thou, once so gentle, whom a wounded sparrow
Had brought to feminine sorrows! Thou hast wept
The fate of the Cucuyo when I brushed it,
To loss of wing and glitter from thy garments;
And not a beggar's labe, with plaint of hunger,
But, with thy bounty, won a boon of tears,
Sweet as the angels weep o'er woes of mortals;
And thou to strike this blow! I'll not believe it;
Some other hand than thine, Francesca!

Francesca.

Mine!

Mine only, Bertram. Do not curse or chide me;
Turn not thy face away. 'T was for thy safety.

Bertram. As if Death had one terror in his keeping,
To wound a fear of mine!

Francesca. Yet have a thought
Of poor Francesca's danger. See her struggles,
At midnight, in the darkness, with her tyrant;
That bold, bad man, with all his power around him!
Hear her wild shrieks, which all refused to hear:
How vain were all her pleadings! How the danger
Threatened the whiteness of her innocent bosom,
That knew no claim but thine; and think how madly
The spasms of fear and horror in my soul
Impelled the deadly weapon to the heart,
Grown viperous with its lusts—its snakes about me,
Ready to sting with deathsome leprogies!
Oh! think of this, my Bertram!

Bertram. My Francesca,
Dost think I blame thee! 'T was a fate that made thee
Thus stern and fearful; yet, to me, thy beauties
Were those of meekness only. In mine eyes,
Thy mould was still of those celestial beings
That find their virtues in their tenderness,
Chastened by love to purity. All passions
Grow modest in thy presence. Every feeling
That ministered to make thy loveliness,
Seemed to have had its birth in angel meekness,
That spread a hallowing moonlight at its coming,
Making the rugged soft. How could I know thee,
Thus terribly incarnadined by vengeance
For any purpose! Could I dream of thee,
Thus robed in crimson horrors, and believe thee
The pure white thing thou wast, when first I found thee
In groves of green val d' Arno, singing sweetly,
With eyes of dewy glist'ning, to pale sisters
That watched above in fondness? Oh! thy nature
Hath been o'erwrought to madness! May I fold thee
Once more to this lone bosom, and remember
The thing thou wert, but are not?

Francesca. Let me save thee,
Even though I lose thee, Bertram.

Bertram. Lose me, never!
The flight that saves thy Bertram—

Francesca. Saves not me—
Since thus he holds me altered—if he alters
In the dear faith he gave me. The worst death
Grows up before me, though we fly together,
In these so foreign glances—in this speech,
That tells how much he loses in the change
That outraged what I was, and, in my terrors,
Made me achieve the deed, however needful,
That makes me thus a terror to his love.
Yet must we fly. These keys undo thy fetters—
See how they fall about thee! Rouse thee, Bertram!
Thy hands, thy feet are free. The tyrant sleeps,
No more to cross thy fortunes; and Francesca,
If stained with blood, is pure for thee as ever
In happy vale of Arno. Yet I ask not
That thou shouldst deem me so—that thou shouldst
love me,
As then, in those sweet hours.

Bertram. I've done thee wrong
By this ungrateful chiding. I will take thee,
As all confiding to this hopeful bosom
As when thy hands were innocently white.
We'll fly together. I am thine, Francesca,
Never to wrong thy hearing with a thought
That love may deem rebuke. Let us away!

Francesca. (aside.) Yet is the thought the shadow to the soul,
Though never shown by speech. My doom is written
In the deep horror which his spirit feels,
At what this hand hath done. O! in the future,
I see the icy dread—I hear the accent
That speaks the chilled affection—forced and idle,
As born no more of fondness. I must perish,
In the denial of the love which made me
At first a breathing woman. I must perish;
Yet to the last, in loving him I cherish
The hope, that when the icebolt falls between
Our lives, our hearts shall reunite once more,
And death retrieve the whiteness life hath lost.

Bertram. Why lingerest thou, Francesca?

Francesca. But for prayer—
Heaven's mercy may be yielded to our flight
If not our hearts. Dear Bertram, let me lead thee,
But take the dagger—I will bear the keys!

Bertram. Oh! give it me; far better graced in mine,
Than in thy hands, Francesca. Give it me!
Oh, heart! 't is my infirmity that speaks;
But I could easier strike a host of hearts,
Than see it in thy grasp! And yet, Francesca,
I would not wrong thee by reproach. Thy danger
Made the dread weapon a necessity
Thou couldst not 'scape, and shouldst not. Let my arm
Enfold thee; and should danger threaten now,
Thine eye shall see this arm more red than thine,
In shielding thy white bosom.

Francesca, timidly. May I hold
Thy hand, my Bertram?

Bertram. Heart and hand, Francesca. [*Embracing.*]

Francesca. Now could I go to death!

Bertram. We go to life,
To love and safety, dear one!

Francesca, aside. Through a night,
Where all is cloud before me, never-lifting
Till the last cloud descends. O! love no longer,
As once we knew it—wings and sunniness,
With music in the pauses of the breeze,
While leaves drop down in odors; but a love
That chills while it embraces—and sweet accents
That never warm to meaning.

Bertram. What say'st thou?

Francesca. Of cold and darkness, Bertram.

Bertram. Soon, the light
Will gather round us with its cheerful aspects,
That smile among the stars; and Heaven's fresh breath-
ings

'Scaped from the pestilent atmosphere of death,
Will lift our spirits with a glad surprise.
The bolts unclose! O! see you not, Francesca,
How swiftly darts the messenger of light,
As glad to do us service, o'er the threshold,
And waves his glow-worm torch to guide us on;
While the fond zephyr, through the yawning portal,
Wraps us in sweet embrace, that bears us forward,
On wings made free like his. Come forth, Francesca.

Francesca, faltering. Whither?

Bertram. To life—from death!—Dost see?

Francesca. The blessed stars!

Bertram. Now fly we with the urgent feet of fear;
This valley must not hold us. To our hills:

There we may breathe in safety. But thou shrink'st!

Francesca. The light! They see—the stars! These
bloody proofs—

Bertram, averting his eyes. And I—alas!

Francesca. Lead where thou wilt, my Bertram.

Bertram. Among the hills! I know where runs a
brooklet;

Shall cleanse thee of these stains—Jesu! how black!

Francesca. How black! how black! (*aside.*) Alas!
the stream may cleanse—

The arm be white once more as when he took it,

To wrap about his breast; but O! my heart,

The dread impression fastened on his soul,

Leaves only night to mine! I follow, Bertram!

Bertram, aside. How terrible! How had she heart
for it?

So fearful even in her innocent ways,

So tender still and merciful!

Francesca. Thou speak'st?

Bertram. Of the great debt I owe thee—of the struggle

That nerved thee to this blow! And yet, Francesca,

Would we had died before—together died—

Even at the moment when our lips first met,

In love's first sweet delirium!

Francesca. Thou art right!

Would we had died, O Bertram! in that hour,

And had not lived for this! Would I had died!

STANZAS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

"Dum spiro spero"—while I breathe I hope—
Oh! God be thanked above all else for this—
The only gift within the world's wide scope,
Which in its ceaseless promise bringeth bliss.

"Dum spiro spero"—life and hope entwined—
Grief may o'ershadow us and pain destroy

But in our inmost spirit is enshrined
The sweet expectancy of coming joy.

"Dum spiro spero"—till our latest breath
Our human nature hath its cherished dream,
But Immortality is born of Death,
And bliss eternal dims Hope's earthly beam.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.*

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.



Martin F. Tupper

THE name of Martin Farquhar Tupper has become popularly known, not only in this country, but in America, and on the Continent, as that of an author of great original genius, a highly cultivated intellect, extensive scholarship, and very superior poetic powers. He is the eldest son of the late eminent surgeon, Martin Tupper, Esq. F. R. S., who, after a prosperous and successful practice of five and thirty years, died suddenly in his sleep, of *angina pectoris*, on the 8th December, 1844, at Southill Park, the residence of the Earl of Limerick, only a few hours after that nobleman had himself expired in his arms. The subject of the present sketch was born in London, in 1810. The family from which he is descended, an ancient and honorable one, belongs originally to Germany. In consequence of the persecution of the protestants by Charles V., they left Hesse Cassel, in 1551, and settled in Guernsey. They have never been below the rank of gentlemen, and the circumstances of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" are affluent. With him literature is not a profession, but a recreation, and he has done high honor to it.

* The above sketch of Mr. Tupper's literary career is from the pen of William Anderson, author of "Landscape Lyrics," and is copied (with the permission of the publishers) from Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co.'s authorized edition of his writings.

He received the first part of his education at the Charter House, and afterward went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B. A. and M. A. He subsequently entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time was called to the bar, but never practised as a barrister. At the age of twenty-six, he married, and has a fine young family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Tupper's first publication was a little work issued in 1833, entitled "Sacra Poesis," which we have not had the good fortune to see. The first series of "Proverbial Philosophy, a Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally treated," was published in December, 1837, and the second series in 1842. This work at once excited attention, and called forth the most favorable criticisms. It was hailed as the production of one who, while he thought and reasoned like a true sage, wrote and illustrated like a true poet. The pages of "Proverbial Philosophy" are full of instruction and wisdom, and breathe throughout the finest spirit of genuine poetry. Well does the writer of this sketch remember the pleasure with which he first read that remarkable production. He was then connected editorially with the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, in which paper the first series was reviewed at length at the time of its appearance. In that review, the volume

was described as "a work abounding in rich thoughts and delicate fancies—in sound philosophy, and high moral resolutions, and which may be read over and over again, by the young philosopher, or poetical dreamer, with equal profit and delight." And, as if writing prophetically of the proud and enviable position to which Mr. Tupper was yet to attain in literature, the reviewer triumphantly asked—"Have we now not done enough to show that a poet of power and promise—a poet and philosopher both, is amongst us to delight and instruct—to elevate and guide? Do we err in saying that a fresh leaf is added to the laurel crown of poetry?" The praises of the other reviewers were no less enthusiastic, and no less just. "There is more novelty in the sentiments," said the *Monthly Review*, "a greater sweep of subjects, and a finer sense of moral beauty displayed by Mr. Tupper, than we remember to have seen in any work of its class, excepting of course the Proverbs of Solomon. We also discover in his Philosophy the stores of extensive reading, and the indisputable proofs of habitual and devout reflection, as well as the workings of an elegant mind." The work met with unprecedented success; and six large editions of it have been sold.* The author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in consequence of it. He had already shown himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "a Fellow of Infinite Wit," and, we may add, of Wisdom too. The King of Prussia, in token of his majesty's high approbation of "Proverbial Philosophy," sent him the gold medal for science and literature. The work became very popular in the United States. In New York alone, we are informed, ten thousand copies were sold during last year, and the work is known to be published in several other American cities. Its reputation is also great in the British colonies.

Mr. Tupper's next work was "Geraldine, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with other poems," published in 1839; of which an opinion has been already expressed in this paper. The ideal plan of the Christabel has been well brought out by Mr. Tupper, in his *Sequel*; and it is no small praise to him to say, that the wild and original spirit that pervades it, is every way akin to the sublime and beautiful inspiration of the great but unfinished poem of Coleridge itself. The minor poems contained in the volume are singularly pleasing and graceful, and abound in touches of real beauty and genuine feeling. Besides "Ellen Grey," already quoted in these columns, the pieces entitled "The Alpine Elf;" "Children;" "A Cabinet of Fossils;" "The African Desert;" and some of the Sonnets, are our favorites, although all are good.

In 1839, he published "A modern Pyramid; to Commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies;" designed to furnish illustrations and descriptions of character of seventy of the most remarkable personages of sacred and profane history, ancient and modern. Among them are some of the patriarchs, some of the

ancient sages of the East, some of the most noted men of Greece and Rome, chiefly philosophers and authors, some of the Apostles, and some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages, and downwards, in the stream of time, to the present century. From the nature of the work, and its limits not admitting of more than seventy names, there are, of course, many omissions; but each of "the Worthies" introduced is the subject of a sonnet and brief biographical sketch. The work exhibits all the peculiar qualities of Mr. Tupper's genius and style; high poetic feeling, fine taste, great fertility of imagination, and boldness of opinion and speculation; with profound practical thought, extensive and varied learning, a general knowledge of mankind and history, and great command of language.

In 1840, Mr. Tupper produced a pleasant volume of odds and ends, called "An Author's Mind." Among the contents are pieces entitled, "The Author's Mind, a ramble;" "Nero, a tragedy;" "Opium, a history;" "Psychotherion, an argument;" "Hecathenism, an apology;" "Woman, a subject;" "Toilomatrix, a title;" "Appendix, an after-thought;" "Home, an Epic;" etc. Some poems of remarkable beauty are also introduced, with great effect, among the other pieces which compose this agreeable collection of "gayeties and gravities."

Mr. Tupper's next work, a rural novel, entitled "The Crock of Gold," designed to illustrate the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," as well as to show the curse and hardening effect of avarice, was published in 1844. It is a simple tale, very beautifully told; but nevertheless full of an extraordinary interest and attraction; one of those books, indeed, which by its wit and pathos, its deep insight into human passions, and its powerful delineations of virtue and crime, enchain the attention of the reader till he has finished its perusal, and leave behind a strong but wholesome and salutary impression on the mind. The plot purports to be the history of a poor laborer and his family, who, from a life of peaceful and contented drudgery, became discontented and repining, and were gradually involved in sore trials and serious troubles. The principal characters of the story are honest Roger Acton, the luckless finder of "the Crock of Gold," his pure and simple-hearted daughter Grace, her lover Jonathan, Simon Jennings, the murderer, his aunt Bridget Quarles, and Ben Burke, the poacher. The murder of Bridget by Jennings, is very graphically described; and the chapter headed "Next Morning," being that following the murder scene, is one of the finest pieces of writing in modern literature. The "Crock of Gold" is very popular in America; and it has been repeatedly dramatized and acted with success. In this country it has been extensively read.

The same year (1844) Mr. Tupper published two other works of fiction, in one volume each; namely, "Heart—A social novel;" and "The Twins—A domestic novel." The main design of these works appears to have been, upon something better than a mere sketchy foundation in each, to introduce some exciting scenes, and some episodal bursts of hearty

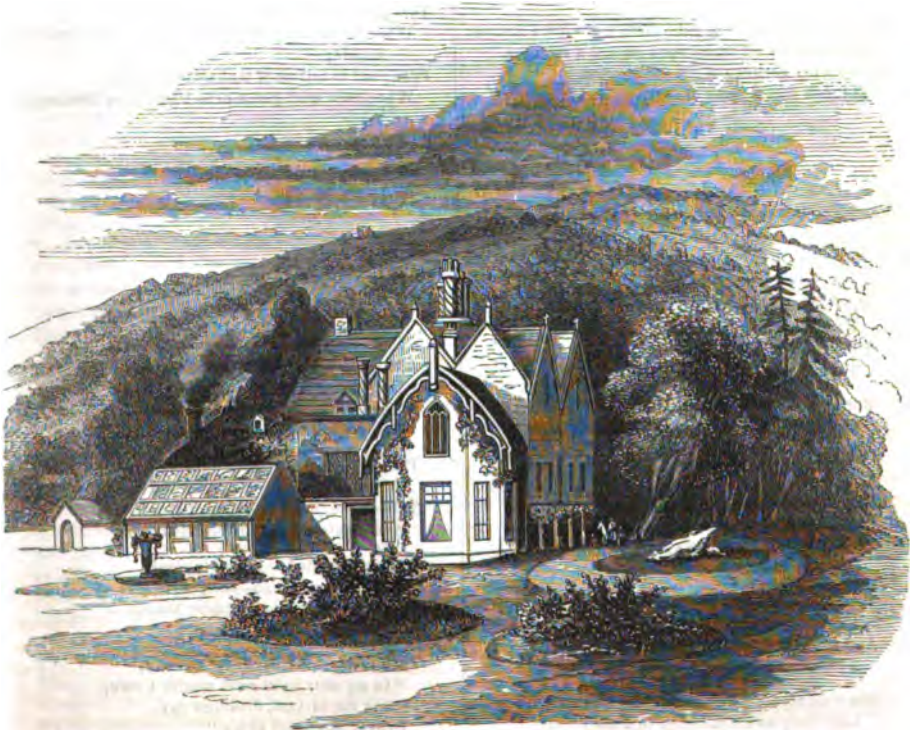
* The tenth edition (of 6000 copies) is now selling in London; and in America nearly 300,000 have been sold.—American Publishers.

religious writing; and they, more or less, illustrate, the one the commandment "thou shalt not commit adultery," and the other that of "thou shalt not covet." The twofold object of the author in the two stories—that is, the depicting of virtue and vice in their appropriate colors, and that as strongly as possible, and the pointing the moral, of each obtaining in due course its appropriate reward—is powerfully worked out in both; and as one of the most discriminating and competent critics who reviewed them said:—"In every page there is something which a reader would wish to bear in his memory for ever. For power of animated description, for eloquent reflection upon the events of every-day life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, the volumes are worthy of a place on every library table in the kingdom." The same reviewer says, very justly, of Mr. Tupper's style: "There is a genuine, hearty, straightforward, downrightness about him that brings him right on the mark at once. His sentences are neither long, labored, nor parenthetical, but they are animated by a fine racy idiomatic vigorousness of style that impresses their meaning on the mind and memory. He forms, as it were, a sort of half-way house between Dickens and Carlyle. Without the regularly sustained power of Bow, he has much of his *picturesqueness* in description and his pathos; and, without his eccentricity, he possesses no slight portion of the full-toned energy and characteristic raciness of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'" Of such

works as these three novels of Mr. Tupper, we hope yet to see many more specimens from his graphic pen.

His next work, published in 1845, is entitled "A Thousand Lines," a little tract of but sixty pages, containing poems on various subjects, written in his most captivating manner. Thought vigorous and fruitful, imagery vivid and beautiful, feeling warm and unaffected, clothed in language, strong, hearty, and emphatic, or soft, pathetic, and musical, as the theme or the rhythm required, with an originality that cannot fail to be acknowledged in them all, are the characteristics of the verses of this little book. A new version of "Rule Britannia!" a stirring song for patriots in the year 1860, has in it a genuine fervent English spirit and tone, that make the very heart bound when perusing it. "The Emigrant Ship" is indeed an exquisite little lyric, full of delicate pathos, and instinct with gentle music; and a sound and high-souled spirit of philosophy breathes in the noble and cheering stanzas entitled "Never Give Up!"

In appearance, Mr. Tupper is, we believe, about the middle size; young-looking and well favored; with black hair, cheerful aspect, and cordial manner. Both in his deportment and in his writings, he has all the elements of popularity. Of the former, however, the writer of this sketch cannot speak from personal knowledge, as he is altogether unacquainted with him. With the latter he is quite familiar. His usual residence is at Albury, Surrey.



The Residence of Mr. Tupper.

EVE'S EXILE.

BY MRS. E. J. HANES.

DID the closed gates shut back the bloom and beauty,
Of that pure paradise whence thou wert banished?
When the glazed serpent 'gulled thee from thy duty,
And the lost Eden from thy vision vanished?
By the archangel, were those gates so guarded,
That through their bars no beam of light might
wander?

Were all the treasures of thy home discarded
And not one relic left whereon to ponder?

Didst thou lose *all* beneath that Tree of Knowledge,
Whose golden-fruited clusters glittered o'er thee?
When through its boughs of starry-gleaming foliage
The smooth snake thrust his gilded head before thee?
And with such subtle sophistry allured thee
From thy allegiance to the voice of Heaven?
With false beguiling promises assured thee
That a God's wisdom should to thee be given!

O, Exiled Eve! were not the trees of Eden
Arrayed for thee in emerald robes of splendor?
For thee its flowers with balmy perfumes laden,
Flushed with rare colors, radiant and tender?
Came the fresh breeze its day-break anthem singing,
With fountain melodies, at eve, to woo thee?
Came light and bloom, and melting bird-notes winging
Through the palm-groves and cedar-shades unto
thee?

The world was young yet—earth wore not a furrow,
When thou wert thrust upon its soil a stranger,
To take thy heritage of sin and sorrow,
Through desert paths of darkness and of danger?

"'T was all before thee where to choose" thy dwell-
ing,
Amidst those solitudes vast, void, and lonely;
A mighty world! in which thy heart was swelling
With memories of that forfeit Eden only!

For the pure buds and silvery-penciled blossoms
Of the Fair Tree of Life, how didst thou languish!
And bear their beauty in thy blighted bosom
When hurried forth in still despair and anguish!
No more to roam by the four shining rivers,
Where thou wert wont the onyx-stones to gather;
And pluck the queenly lily where it quivered
In the soft scented gales of Eden weather!

'T is a quaint thought! and yet, O outcast daughter!
Not *all* alone, methinks, ye left the garden;
One truant ray of native light stole after,
Despite the sword of the cherubic warden!
One wandering flower-leaf on the gale's light pinion
Escaped to offer *still* its fragrant duty;
While the void air of this, thy *new* dominion,
Thou didst refine with part of thy first beauty!

I will believe that blade, and leaf, and blossom—
Sunshine and song—odors, and hues, and flowers—
Were brought with thee from Eden's fragrant bosom,
To beautify this lower world of ours.
That still they flourish as in ages olden,
When God came down, and earth was trod by
angels;
Preserved to tell us of that season golden,
When *thou* wert given to be man's pure Eve-angel!

"I AM ALL ALONE."

BY "RAPHAEL."

Not "all alone"—though from the room
Familiar tones and steps have gone;
Though deep the silence—dark the gloom—
Thou surely art *not*—"all alone."

For look around—how many a trace
Of *one*, now absent, meets thine eye;
The book, half open at the place
Where favorite thoughts well noted lie.

The chair—not vacant now to *thee*—
His chosen seat in hours of rest;
When his dear trust and sympathy
Have made those hours so deeply blest;

Where in low tones he oft has breathed
The secrets of his noble heart;
And from the shadowy future wreathed
A bliss in which thy life has part.

Not "all alone," while such fair dreams
Lend their sweet ministry to cheer;

While memory gives such sunny gleams,
Thy solitude can ne'er be drear!

And when thy heart in sadness turns
Unsatisfied from human love;
When thy immortal spirit burns
For the enduring rest above.

Thou art not "all alone!" for Faith,
Which gives thee courage in the strife,
Takes from thee every fear of Death,
And points thee to the promised Life.

Oh, blessed one! to whom is given
Such happy dreams—such noble love—
Such steadfast hope in yonder heaven—
Such holy trust in *One* above!

Then lift that radiant brow and say,
"In my shut heart such wealth I own,
That in the darkest, dreariest day,
I never can be all alone."

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

BY HENRY C. MOOREHEAD.

THERE is a rock on which I've stood at morn,
And hailed the rising sun; and at high noon,
When danced his glittering rays on land and stream,
I have been there; and there have lingered yet,
(While up the mountains slowly crept the shades,)
Until the last of all his myriad beams,
Upon the topmost peak a moment trembling,
Fled to its native region of the skies.

It is a bare and isolated rock,
On which no tuft of moss has ever grown.
In front, a precipice descends far down,
Where a broad river sweeps along. Behind,
Nature has shaped an opening in the cliffs,
(Which look with frowning brows upon the scene,)
To the resemblance of a lovely garden.
There wild-flowers bloom, and scent the evening breeze;

There birds resort and warble all day long;
There lovers meet and whisper tales of love;
And there, regardless of its hallowed peace,
The slave of barbarous custom steals, at dawn,
To slay his fellow slave in private brawl;
Breaking the law of man, of nature, God;
Staining the pure turf with a brother's blood;
Planting a scorpion's sting in his own breast;
And calls it by the sacred name of honor.

Long years and centuries ago, before
The axe and pruning-hook had there disturbed
The wild dominion of wild-bird and beast,
And the yet wilder Red Man; in a dark
And stormy night, an Indian maiden stood
On that same rock. With steadfast eyes she gazed
Far across and down the river, as if
She hoped, by a stray moon-beam's friendly aid,
(Which haply through the driving clouds might struggle,)

To trace the form of some loved object there.

So calm, so motionless her attitude,
(Though her breast heaved like the wild waves below,)
You would have thought some bold and cunning hand,
From the huge rock, the statue of a Nymph
Had carved; and, on that lofty pedestal,
Left it to stand, relieved against the sky,
That after-times might see and own his skill.

At length she moved; her arms were thrown to-
ward heaven;

With mingled joy and gratitude, she cried,
"He comes! he comes! Great Spirit, guard him safe
Amid the darkness of this dreadful night!"
Then passionate tears from her dark eyes welled out,
And trilled in rivulets along her cheeks.

By a transient glimpse of moonlight she had seen
A light canoe leap from the shore, and toward
Her lonely watch-tower skim along the wave.

Is it the wind, or is it fear, that speeds
That winged barque so swiftly? Darkly lowers
The gathering storm, and darkly roll the waters;
But darker, deadlier far, O warrior youth!
The wrath of the avenger at thy heels.
That youthful warrior was Chocoree;
In whom were blended, natural or acquired,
All the most cherished virtues of his race.

In council, wise above his years, he sat
Among the fathers of his tribe. His voice
Rivalled the mountain torrent in its wild
And varied eloquence; now dashing down
Abrupt and headlong; now, with rapid flight,
Gliding directly toward its destined goal;
And now, meandering slowly to and fro,
With murmuring cadence, soft and musical.
Swift and untiring in the forest chase.
He sent his arrow with unerring aim
To stop the deer or bird in swiftest flight.
Patient and vigilant in ambuscade,
He seemed a wild beast lurking for his prey;
As deadly in his spring, as bold and fierce
In open conflict with an equal foe.
The torture he had borne without a groan—
Sacred his plighted faith to friend or foe,
As the traditions of his ancestors
In love all gentleness, he left with joy
The chase, the council, or the battle-field,
To throw himself before Karkuk's feet,
And bask there in the sunlight of her eyes.
Within this garden they had whispered vows
Of love, and faith, and truth, which should endure
Though yonder river might forget to flow,
Calling the moon and stars as witnesses—
For in all times, and in all modes of life,
And in all lands alike, the moon and stars
Have been the lover's chosen confidants.

Soon sterner thoughts demand Chocoree's care.
A secret mission must be sent, far off
Among a warlike tribe of enemies.
On him and him alone devolves the duty.
Two moons ago he went, and yesterday
The appointed time had come for his return.
Karkuk all day long has watched; and now
At last he comes—one joyful moment seen—
Then in impenetrable darkness lost.

Vainly her bursting eye-balls seek to pierce
The gloom. Not one of all the myriad lights
Which burn and shine throughout the realms above
Can lend her now a solitary ray.
But lo! a mightier luminary comes;
For, while the gentle moon and stars shrink back,
And hide their heads behind the angry clouds,
The fiercer lightnings joyously rush out
To their wild revels. Briefly, yet too well,
As flash the lurid arrows by, she sees
Chocoree's boat approaching, as before
And close behind another, full of men,
Pursuing it more swiftly still. Again
Night throws her sable mantle over all.

Then came an interval of dread suspense.
And then the voice of human strife was heard
Fiercer than all the war of elements.
Howls of rage, yells of triumph, dying groans,
Came mingled with the clamorous jubilee
Of thunderbolts, and winds and waters. Brief
The conflict, and the strife of man had ceased;
When thus Karkuk's voice the darkness pierced;
"Chocoree! I am here! Oh, speak to me!
One word, one word, that I may know thou liv'st!

In vain, in vain I call! he hears me not!
 Ye cruel murderers! ye winds! ye waves!
 Speak, speak, and say what ye have done with him.
 They have no pity, and they will not speak.
 Then come, ye lightnings! come in fiery floods,
 Though ye should melt the everlasting hills,
 That I may quickly see Chocoree's fate,
 And know my own—for both our fates are one."
 Oh! there are single moments which contain
 The essence of a lifetime. Moments toward which
 A thousand hopes and fears converge to meet
 At last in one intense and luminous point,
 Moments when the brain reels with rapid motion,
 And the heart swells to bursting, and the spirit,
 Yearning for boundless freedom, knowledge, power,
 Dashes itself impetuously against
 The narrow confines of its prison-house.
 Moments which seal our fortunes for all time—
 Ay, it may be, for all eternity!
 Such that tremendous moment to Kazuka.

'T was but a moment, when again flashed by
 A dazling stream of light, and her eye glanced
 As swiftly over the recent scene of strife.
 But neither friend nor foe, pursuer nor
 Pursued, nor barque, nor floating wreck was there—
 The wild remorseless waves had swallowed all.
 And when the darkness closed again, it fell,
 Not on her eyes alone, but far more deep,
 More lasting and more hopeless on her heart.

Light came again, but only to reveal
 Her form descending to the flood below.
 A plunge, as when an anchor is thrown out
 Into the deep, and all again was still,

Save the contention of the elements.
 Whether she had, in desperate mood, leapt down
 To join her lover in his watery grave,
 Or, with bewildered sense, had reeled and fallen,
 Unconscious, none e'er knew. But on the strand
 Two sleeping bodies afterward were found—
 Chocoree and Kazuka—joined in death
 As they had been in life. Their spirits, too,
 (So the untutored children of the woods
 Believed,) had gone to happier hunting-grounds—
 The Red Man's paradise—to live and love
 Forever there. Nor venture thou, O man
 Of stern theology! to judge their fate;
 Having no law, they were a law unto
 Themselves; but tremble rather for thine own,
 Having a better guide and purer light.

Reader! if solitude, or this poor lay,
 Or happy chance, should ever lead your steps,
 At summer eve, to that lone rock, you there
 Will meet (if there be truth in legends old)
 A great Enchantress, who will sometimes pour
 Such glowing tales of love into your ear
 That, in a transport, you will spread your arms
 And clasp—a lovely vision; and, anon,
 Will stir your soul with martial songs, until,
 A hero grown, you will unsheath your sword,
 And valiantly do battle with the Man
 Who frowns upon you from the full-orbed Moon.
 And would you know her name who weaves those
 charms—
 By mortals she is called—IMAGINATION.

TO A STAR.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful star!
 How queenly dost thou wear thy sparkling crown,
 And from thy heights afar,
 Rain a continuous shower of silver down.

The vast and rounded earth
 Daily thou circumnavigatest quite
 And tribes of mortal birth
 Do all in turn draw gladness from thy light.

River, and lake, and ocean
 Reflect thy purely beaming countenance;
 And with glad, tremulous motion
 Confess the magic influence of thy glance.

Though storm-clouds gather o'er
 Full oft the glories of this earthly scene,
 Defiant of their power
 Thou far above hold'st on thy way serene

Evermore at thy task,
 All times, all seasons are alike to thee.

Nor, man-like, dost thou ask
 If thou from God's fixed laws exempt may be.

Far rover of the skies!
 Nightly thus gazing on thy constant ray,
 Some thoughts within me rise,
 That haply may not fruitless pass away.

Thou art a type, bright one,
 Of what man's mortal pilgrimage should be;
 Bidding his course be run,
 Like thine, all radiant over land or sea.

Star-like, but brighter far
 Even than thou, is the pure, faithful soul;
 Nor may earth's vapors mar
 Its ray serene, but round it harmless roll.

From its high, tranquil home
 It flings a beauty o'er this mortal night;
 And pilgrim's, doomed to roam,
 Do upward gaze, and bless its guiding light.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE OLD ITALIAN CONSERVATORIOS.

Some months ago the books mentioned below* were handed to us. Since then we have been intending to notice them, and endeavor in some measure to express the thoughts caused by the sight of the name on their title-pages. With reverence we regard this name—the son and pupil of the great Tomaso Trajetta; and ages pass away while we are looking at it, and in our fancy we seem transported to “the loveliest city under the sun.” “*See Naples, then die*,” is an old Italian saying, expressing well the proud love the Italians had for their peerless city.

There we stand in the hall of one of those great Neapolitan Conservatorios that gave the key-note of music to the world; and we watch the crowd of young disciples, clad in the uniform of the school—the puce color and white of San Onofrio, or the pure virgin white of Santa Maria, our Lady of Loreto. In the midst of them we can see the venerable form of the great Maestro, Francesco Durante, directing the earnest boys who surround him, in singing his “divine duets.” There is the joyous Pergolesi, whose full eyes glitter with enthusiasm, and sweet, melodious thoughts; but no one sees the heavy pall that overshadows his future, and which foretells the early broken-hearted death that awaits him. Beside him is the tender Paisiello, with “*La Pasce per Amore*,” yet sleeping in his imagination. There is the young worshiper of liberty, Piccini, showing already by his courageous originality, the great innovations he would make in the established conventionalities of musical composition, but quite unconscious of that great time which was coming to him in the future, when all Italy would ring with the melodies of his “*La Buona Figliola*,” the stores and taverns bear it as their sign, and the proud *donnas* take from it the very names of their fashions.

The serious, almost stern-looking Trajetta is also there; and his wonderful quickness and close application fortell the brilliant triumphs he will have in that future, when a great empress, after listening entranced to his “*Didone*,” shall send him a costly golden box, containing her portrait, with a letter, saying that “*Didone*” herself presented the gift.

Lo, the lesson is over, and the boys crowd around their great master; but one youth, as he lays his book down, presses it to his lips with rapturous reverence, and lifts his eyes to heaven, as if thanking God for so great a master and so great a composition. Does the Maestro see him? We are sure he does; for his eyes dwell affectionately on the graceful form of the boy, and on their lids we can almost see trembling tears—tears of gratification and pride.

* Rudiments of the Art of Singing; written and composed for the American Conservatorio at Boston in 1800, by Phil. Trajetta. Sixteen small progressive Choruses on sacred words, composed for the American Conservatorio of Philadelphia in 1823, by Phil. Trajetta. Eight small progressive Choruses, composed by Phil. Trajetta; pub. by King & Baird, 1846. Six sacred Hymns, with an accompaniment for the Organ; to which are added an Overture and five Ricercarines, making a Cantata, entitled “The Day of Rest,” composed by Phil. Trajetta; printed for the Author by King & Baird, 1845.

The exercises in counterpoint are examined. Pergolesi is encouraged. Piccini restrained, though a smile of half-repressed admiration passes over the face of the old *maestro* as he reads some bold, daring, but beautiful passage. Paisiello is commended. The studious, excellent Tomaso Trajetta complimented before the whole school, and as the praises of his revered master fall on his ears, his lips grow firmer, his head more erect, and an expression of determined energy beams from his face; night and day will be given to his studies, we are sure, and fame *shall* be won.

But see, the old Maestro’s eye brightens. The youth who kissed the “*Divina Duettos*” approaches with modest reverence and presents his MS. The old man’s hand rests affectionately on the boy’s head, and he looks down into his clear, full eyes with parental love.

“And what have you for me, *mio Antonio*?” he says, in tender tones, as he takes the paper. He reads the MS., his eyes flash fire, and his old face lights up with the beaming enthusiasm of youth.

“Listen!” he exclaims; the whole school look up with reverential attention to their Maestro.

“Young men,” said Durante, “you have in this Conservatorio of our Blessed Lady, a rival. Yes, Tomaso, one very difficult to overcome; and if you do not all use very great efforts, in order to at least equal him, he will stand alone—he will be the man of the age;” and as these words fall from his lips, his finger points to the slender form of the youth he had called so affectionately “*mio Antonio*,” whose downcast eye, deeply flushing face, and lips trembling with emotion, show how dear to his heart is the Maestro’s praise.

The boys crowd around their companion with pride; no envy darkens their young hearts, for they are filled with true love for their art, and though emulation be excited, it is a noble, not a mean feeling, and they are gratified that inspiration has descended upon one of them. Paisiello caresses him lovingly; Pergolesi seizes his MS. and chants his melodies; Piccini, with bold generosity, applauds him; and the head pupil, the serious, good Trajetta, holds his hand in his with respectful love. Trajetta’s praise is next sweeter to the boy’s ears, after his Maestro’s; and overcome with happiness he throws himself into Trajetta’s arms with a burst of emotion. Trajetta embraces him tenderly, and they are friends for life.

But this beautiful *tableau*, while we are gazing on it, fades gradually—and now is gone; and in its place we see before us a music-stand, on which are some music-books, and two or three of them bear the old titles of Ricercario* and Cantata, and an autograph written in that curious old Italian hand slantingly in one corner, tells us that they are by Philipppo Trajetta, the son of the great Tomaso Trajetta, the friend and companion of Antonio Sacchini.

An old English writer, on this very subject of the

* *Ricercario*—an antique title in music, applied to any work of fancy and original invention. It was succeeded by *Fantasia*, and *Fantasia* in turn was dropped, and the word *Sonata* adopted. *Ricercari* were also composed for the voice, and were originally a species of *Vocalises* or *Set/aggi*.

great Schools of Naples, says, "It is with certain men as with particular monuments, when we speak of them or merely pronounce their names, we are struck with the same respect as that with which we are seized at the sight of a fine work in painting or sculpture. The pleasure their works have procured us, have, as it were, given them a consecrated place in our remembrance."

And so we feel in approaching the subject we are upon; the name of Trajetta fills us with respect. We have no intention of reviewing or criticising his works, they will be used by us as a text to start from—review or criticise! May the shade of our own master forgive us for even writing such words.

Good reader, we were trained under the direction of a disciple and fervent worshiper of this very Signor Filippo Trajetta, and who regarded him as an apostle vouchsafed to this present time—a teacher from those great old masters who flourished in that golden Augustan age of music, the beginning of the eighteenth century. By this master we were taught to value the "Divine Duets" of Durante; and oh! so often he would tell us the story of Sacchini kissing the book reverentially, after studying the duets with his pupils.®

This musical fanatic, "our master," lived only in the past; he never realized the existence of a Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti. Paisiello, and Pergolesi, and Sacchini, were not mere memories and shadows to him, they were in actual existence; their works were before him, and were to him almost as flesh and blood representatives.

For five long years we studied under him. The different systems of Counterpoint were examined and compared; Rameau, and Lulli, and Gretry, and others were praised or condemned, as they approached or varied from his darling Neapolitan masters. The great Conservatories seemed to him still in existence. The changes created by Napoleon's invasion he could not realize, while he held in his hands the great works composed by the masters of those schools, or ascended the stair-case to the chamber of his Maestro Filippo Trajetta, and lived over the past in conversations with him.

Beautiful spring days of life to us were those five years of study with this eccentric, remarkable man. Day after day he would come to us, his thin attenuated frame worn out, partly by disease and partly by the ever burning, restless flame of an ineffectual ambition; his wild, bright eyes flashing, his high forehead, shaded by hair of that golden hue so much loved by his dear Italian masters; his trembling, wasted hands clutching some old manuscript copy of a rare old piece, or a Solfeggio penned—yes, actually penned by the hands of the Maestro himself, Filippo Trajetta. He died, poor man! almost unwept, certainly unhonored and unknown, except by a few loving disciples like ourselves. Peace be to thy ashes, D. V. H. May thy restless spirit find sweet harmony and repose in that other state of existence to which thou hast gone!

Many years have passed since his death; and since then, though so severely drilled under his lessons, we have often "wandered off after the idols of the heathens." But when these works of the Neapolitan Maestro met our eyes, sweet thoughts of the past thronged around us, and we were taken back in memory to the days of those lessons of our youth. Nourrit, and Perelli, and Benedict were forgotten, and Pasta, and Parodi, and Lind, the objects of present emulation, faded away, while before us arose the forms of those great masters and prima donnas who were trained in the old Italian schools, and who we were taught in early youth to reverence; Agajari and the willful Gabrielli rolling out ca-

priced with delicious facility, and the queenly Teal, and the excellent Faustina, and her rival, the extravagant, unfortunate Cuzzoni.

How often have we labored with throbbing, aching nerves, to execute chromatic scales through a range of octaves, because our thoughts were full of Gabrielli's triumphant execution of three octaves of chromatics; and how we wished we could have known old Porpora, and would have been willing to have borne with his caprices and whims for the sake of his priceless lessons. And then, in sweet summer days, when, with our curious, eccentric master at the piano, we would be singing from some rare old manuscript Solfeggio, which we felt assured Agajari's silvery throat-notes had warbled, we would, while looking out into the little garden bearing a treasure of flowers, frame the prettiest visions; we would think of the training of those great singers, and fancy scenes in their girlhood—that dear little flower-garden, the shrill notes of the mocking-bird hanging in the adjoining yard, striving to sing louder than we did, and the soft balmy summer air, heavy with the fragrance of mignonette, Mexican vines, and jessamine, all served to deepen the Italian illusion our busy imagination was weaving around us; we would live over their wild, exciting *débûts*; but ah! their lives of temptation and sorrowful deaths we seldom dwell on—youth is so hopeful and shuns ever the gloomy side.

We know of no more delicious study than music, to an imaginative young person, especially if blessed with an enthusiastic, intelligent teacher, who can blend story with song, and render every lesson dear and treasured in memory by the apt and happy recital of beautiful events. The effect and remembrance of our lessons in those happy days will never be effaced; and now, though we are breathing the sober light of maturer years, we have an old book of vocalises by Hasse, Porpora, Durante, Leo, and others, with which, if we shut ourselves up for awhile, we forget every thing, and are again reveling in that delicious, rosy dream-land of our youth.

A friend said sometime since to us, "I have an old book on music. I met with it up in the State, at an old German farm-house. I will send it to you, as you will feel more interest in it than I do." It came, and when we unfasted the wrappers of paper around it, what was our delight to find a rare old copy of Rameau's System of Counterpoint. Poor old book! though its rules are now exploded, and though the author was a heretic, even in our day, it was dear to us for the sake of the sweet past. Then how much dearer must have been these books of good Signor Trajetta's. They occupy a distinguished position on our music-desk, and will be classed in our memory with the works of those great masters we were taught in youth to reverence.

The golden age of Italian music was in the beginning of the last century. Then flourished Leo and Durante, with Durante's great pupils Pergolesi, Paisiello, Trajetta, Piccini, and Trajetta's friend, Antonio Gasparo Sacchini, with many other great composers. Then it was those great Conservatories flourished, the brilliant fame of which will never be forgotten; and they are remembered by the loving disciple of music as the Portico and Academy at Athens are, by the classical student and adorer of Greek literature. These schools were at Bologna, Naples, and Venice. The Venitian and the Neapolitan schools, however, were the most celebrated. The Venitian schools were for girls; at the Conservatorio de l'Ospedaletto, in Venice, under the guidance of Galuppi and Sacchini, were trained Pasquale, Conti, Agajari, and the elder Gabrielli. The Neapolitan schools were for boys; and from the most celebrated of these

schools, "Santa Maria di Loreto," came the majority of those great composers who were the stars of that age, and made Italy the mother of operatic music.

There were four Conservatorios in Naples, "La Pieta," "Gli Poveri di Gesù Cristo," "Santa Maria di Loreto," and "San Onofrio." These schools had always two head masters, one for composition and one for singing. Then there were masters for every separate instrument. Scholars were admitted at various ages, ranging from eight to twenty; and were trained according to their natural bent, either as singers, instrumental performers, or composers. After patient trial, if a pupil did not evince any particular talent, he was dismissed, to make room for others. The schools were always crowded; Santa Maria di Loreto contained generally two hundred pupils.

At certain times the pupils had public exhibitions, when they sung and executed little Operas, Oratorios, and Cantatas, composed by themselves. They also sung in the churches; and the money they received for their exhibitions, and their services in the choirs, went toward the support of the Conservatorio to which they

belonged. These schools were supported by wealthy amateurs, and from them the theatres were supplied with singers. From childhood the pupils were taught to sing in public, and lost all shyness and *mauvaise honte*, by executing difficult choruses and solos in the fine church-music of the day, which they sung every Sunday at High Mass. A celebrated tenor singer, and Maestro of the present day, told us, laughingly, he had never known fear of the public; for when he was a little boy he had been made to sing weekly at High Mass, so that when he came to appear on the boards, the novelty of a crowd had worn off, and he felt self-possession which is the great capital of a public singer, and as necessary as the voice itself.

In a future number, good reader, we will resume this subject, and will give you short sketches of the great men of those schools, gathered from the reminiscences of conversations with our master, and our musical readings, that we may not forget while admiring the composers of the present day, what music owes to TRAZETTA AND HIS COMPANIONS.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I 've had the heart-ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name;
I 've never woven in my rhymes,
Though, from it, inspiration came.
It is, in truth, a holy thing,
Life-cherished from the world apart;
A dove that never tries its wing,
But broods and nestles in the heart.
That name of melody recalls
Her gentle look and winning ways,
Whose portrait hangs on memory's walls,
In the fond light of other days.
In the dream-land of poetry,
Reclining in its leafy bowers,
Her bright eyes in the stars I see,
And her sweet semblance in the flowers.
Her artless dalliance and grace—
The joy that lighted up her brow—
The sweet expression of her face—
Her form—it stands before me now!
And I can fancy that I hear
The woodland song she used to sing,
Which stole to my attending ear,
Like the first harbingers of spring.

The beauty of the earth was hers,
And hers the purity of heaven;
Alone, of all her worshipers,
To me her maiden vows were given.
They little knew the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires;
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires.
We parted—doomed no more to meet—
The blow fell with a stunning power—
And yet my pulse will strangely beat
At the remembrance of that hour!
But time and change their healings brought,
And years have passed in seeming glee
But still alone of her I 've thought
Who's now a memory to me.
There may be many who will deem
This strain a wayward, youthful folly
To be derided as a dream
Born of the poet's melancholy.
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
With all that follows in its train,
I would with gratitude resign,
To dream that dream of love again.

YOUNG LOVE.

LIFE hath its memories lovely,
That over the heart are blown,
As over the face of the Autumn
The light of the summer flown;
Rising out of the mist so chilling,
That oft life's sky enshrouds,
Like a new moon sweetly filling
Among the twilight clouds.
And among them comes, how often,
Young love's unresting wrath,
To lift lost hope out of ruins
To the gladness of perfect faith;

Drifting out of the past as lightly
As winds of the May-time flow;
And lifting the shadows brightly,
As the daffodil lifts the snow.
For even life's withered winter,
With all its fearful power,
Blights not from immortal beauty
The heart's bright passion-flower.
I know I shall be benighted
Full soon in a valley low,
But beyond is the love that lighted
The beautiful long ago. ALICE CAREY

THO' THOU ART GONE

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO BY

J. W. T.

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Allegretto Moderato.



eyes; In blushing rose I see thy cheeks bright hue, In li-les

The first system of the musical score for 'Though Thou Art Gone'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'eyes; In blushing rose I see thy cheeks bright hue, In li-les'.

white thy marble brow I view, The zephyr's breath proclaims thy perfumed sigh, The heav'n's re-

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'white thy marble brow I view, The zephyr's breath proclaims thy perfumed sigh, The heav'n's re-'.

flect the a-zure of thine eye.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The lyrics are: 'flect the a-zure of thine eye.' The piano part includes a 'dim' (diminuendo) marking over the final chords.

Each strain of music wakes the rapt'rous tone,
 Of thy sweet voice whose melody is flown!
 All things in nature, stars, the flowers and sea,
 Are full of beauty speaking still of thee!
 Though all the future like a desert seem,
 I love the past, it is my life's sole dream!
 And o'er the waste bright hopes at times appear,
 That we shall meet, once more again be near.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Curran and his Contemporaries. By Charles Phillips, A. B. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Few young men of the present day, who have gone through the discipline of a common school, and who began there to learn the art of speaking, can fail to remember the zest with which they declaimed the bombast of Counsellor Phillips, and the glee of satisfaction with which they screamed out the agonized common-places which constituted his fine passages. In the present delightful volume we have the same lion, but he is tamed. He began unpromisingly with an imitation of the peculiarities of the great Irish orators, a class of men in whom great fertility of thought and imagination, and great energy of nature, gave splendor and point even to the worst excesses of their sensibility. Phillips, when a law-student, caught the manner, and exaggerated it into caricature at once frightful and funny; but the exercise of a laborious profession gradually took the nonsense out of him; and he is now, we believe, an eminent lawyer, pretty well emancipated from the rhetorical errors of his youth. Here and there, in the present volume, we can detect traces of the original Phillips, but generally the volume is tastefully as well as vigorously and eloquently written. Lord Brougham, in a note to one of his sketches of public characters, praises this work as one of the best pieces of biography ever written; and Phillips, not to be inferior to his lordship in appreciating compliment, dedicates the last English edition to him in these pointed flatteries: "To Lord Brougham and Vaux. Poetry has said, that 'the friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods.' In Curran's I once possessed it, in Lord Brougham's I again enjoy it. To these pages, therefore, affectionately devoted to the Memory of the One I proudly and gratefully, with his own permission, prefix the Name of the Other."

The book is devoted to the description, not only of Curran, but of the many eminent orators and celebrities with whom he was on terms of friendship or enmity; and as the analysis of their characters is illustrated by extracts from their speeches and anecdotes of their brilliancy, the volume blazes from beginning to end with eloquence and wit. A prominent peculiarity of the period to which the volume relates, consisted in the union of the orator with the duelist, so that after reading some torrent of invective poured out in parliament or at the bar, we are pretty sure to be informed that the consequence was a hostile meeting. Almost every man of eminence as a statesman, lawyer, or judge, mentioned in the present work, was a duelist. It might be supposed that the custom of holding men personally responsible for words spoken in debate would have checked that vituperative loquacity which so strongly marks the Irish speeches of the period; but it appears rather to have increased the temptation to abuse. Every eminent man in Ireland had, literally, "to fight his way in the world." Thus Mr. Toler, afterward Chief Justice and Lord Norbury, boasted that "he began the world with fifty pounds and a pair of hair-trigger pistols." As every judge had repeatedly been concerned in duels, it was almost impossible to have the offense punished. Thus Judge Fletcher, in summing up the case of Fenton, accused of murdering Major Hillas in a duel, said in conclusion, "Gentlemen, it's my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says killing a

man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is murder; therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so; but I tell you, at the same time, a *fairer duel* than this I never heard of in the whole *course* of my life!" An acquittal by the jury succeeded such a charge, almost by necessity.

As an illustration of the freedom with which Irish orators verbally tarred and feathered each other, we will give a few specimens. One of the best natured men at the Irish bar or in the Irish parliament, was Yelverton, afterward Lord Avonmore. Fitzgibbon once attacked Grattan in his absence from the House, and Yelverton defended his friend in such reflections on Fitzgibbon as the following: "The learned gentleman has stated what Mr. Grattan is; I will state what he is not. He is not *stayed* in his prejudices; he does not trample on the resuscitation of his country, or live, like a caterpillar, on the decline of her prosperity; he does not stickle for the letter of the constitution with the affectation of a prude, and abandon its principles, with the effrontery of a prostitute." Grattan was a great master of invective, condensed, pointed, blasting; and he did not hesitate occasionally to refer to physical defects in his opponents. He was himself a man of small stature, and unluckily once hazarded a sarcasm on the colossal proportions of Egan. The latter retorted by calling Grattan "a duodecimo volume of abuse"—a biting remark which seems to have suggested to O'Connell his celebrated fling at Macaulay, when he pointed to him in the House of Commons as "that book in breeches." Grattan's retort to Egan's reply is in the high-pressure style of vituperation. "He (Egan) says no man shall allude to him with impunity. Why I have no wish to go out of my road to allude to the honorable member, but, if he will throw himself across my way, I have no objection to tread on him. If, however, he imagines that any thing like vulgar ruffianism, or paroxysms of fury are to intimidate, he will find himself mistaken; for the manner of that ruffianism, the folly of those paroxysms, and the blockheadism of that fury, are too ridiculous to excite serious notice." In the duel between Egan and Curran, the former complained of the disparity of their sizes, Curran, like Grattan, being very small in his person. "I might," said Egan, "as well fire at a razor's edge as at him, and he may hit me as easily as a turf-stack." "I'll tell you what, Mr. Egan," magnanimously replied Curran, "I wish to take no advantage of you whatever; let my size be *chalked* out upon your side, and I am quite content that every shot that hits outside that mark *should go for nothing*."

The portions of this volume which relate to Curran are exceedingly brilliant, and enable us to understand that incomparable advocate in the whole height and breadth of his nature. The specimens given of his wit, though several of them are very pointed and sparkling, must do great injustice to his power of overwhelming a whole company in the flood of his mirth; but the testimony borne to his merits as an orator, as a patriot, and as a man, is as complete and satisfactory as the difficulty of the subject would admit. About half of the volume is devoted to Curran's contemporaries, Flood, Grattan, Yelverton, Fitzgibbon, the Emmets, Burgh, Norbury, Plunket, O'Connell, Bushe, Clonmel, Macnally, and others, most of whom Phillips knew in his youth. The

portraits of these men are elaborately drawn, eloquent justice being done to their mental eminence, while felicitously hitting off all the minor peculiarities of their characters. Of Plunket, one of Ireland's foremost men, great as a scholar, orator, statesman, lawyer, and judge, much new information is given, especially in regard to his wit. When told that his successors in the Court of Common Pleas had little to do, he quietly remarked, "Well, well, they're equal to *it*." He was superseded in the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland by Lord Campbell, the biographer of the English chancellors. A violent temper having arisen on the day of his expected arrival, a friend of Plunket remarked to him that the passage would make Campbell sick of his promotion. "Yes," ruefully rejoined Plunket, "but it won't make him throw up the sea." Though chiefly celebrated as an orator for the burning fervor of his impassioned logic, he was unexcelled also for his shrewdness and skill as an advocate. Phillips gives an anecdote of his defense of a horse-stealer in a country town of his circuit, in which he displayed such consummate tact, that all the thieves in the court-room were in ecstasies of delight, and one of them, unable to control his admiration, burst out into an exclamation "Long life to you, Plunket! The first horse I steal, boys, by Jekers, I'll have Plunket!"

Phillips knew O'Connell intimately, and the sketch of the Agitator in the present volume is full of masterly touches. "He was," we are told, "the bean ideal of an Irish agitator. His every movement was 'racy of the soil.' Force, figure, accent, gait, and above all, the rollicking, self-assured independence of his manner, were all so many proclamations of his country. . . He identified himself with the national peculiarities; he stood sponsor for the perfection of the Irish peasantry, fed their hopes, flattered their foibles, blarneyed their pretensions; and every word, *mannased*, as it was, in their own sweet idiom, went directly to their hearts." Some anecdotes are given of his personalities in the English House of Commons, the most felicitous of which is a parody of some well known lines on Homer, Dante, and Milton as epic poets, launched at Colonel Siphthorp, Percival, and Verner, and which were received by the House with a tempest of laughter:

Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn,
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry—in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go—
To beard the third she shaved the other two.

Phillips adds, in explanation of the last line, that "two of these gentlemen looked as if they never needed a razor, and the third as if he repudiated one."

Another poetical application almost as whimsically effective, was O'Connell's allusion to the smallness of Lord Stanley's adherents after a general election:

Thus down the hill, romantic Ashbourne glides,
The *Derby Dilly* carrying six inches.

The description of O'Connell's manner and matter at one of the great Irish aggregate meetings, when he wielded "the fierce democracy" of an Irish mob at will, is one of the best passages in the book. "His was that marvelous admixture of mirth, pathos, drollery, earnestness and dejection, which, well compounded, form the true Milesian. He could whine, and wheedle, and wink with one eye, while he wept with the other. His fun was inexhaustible; but if it ever halted, then came out his now familiar stereotypes—his 'own green isle'—his 'Irish heart'—his 'head upon the block'—his 'hereditary bondsmen, know ye not?'—and, above all, his inimi-

table warning—'dead or alive, don't trust the Blues!—and they never failed him.'" A specimen is given of him at the Clare election. Vesey Fitzgerald, the rival candidate, was president of the Board of Trade, and though he had influence, standing, character, and probably a majority of the legal voters on his side, O'Connell, by polling tenants against landlords, and by innumerable rows, scared Vesey from the ground. "Next day," says Phillips, "was a great day for Daniel. Priest, curate, coadjutor, bishop—he who, with no franchise, had voted notwithstanding, and he who, having one, had voted *very often*—the whole available population—the pure children of nature, as he called them, and some of them, most justly, hailed their champion as he shouted from the hustings, "Boys, where's Vasey Vigarald? Och hone, Vasey, but it's me that's dull without ye. *Right, mavourneen! right, (run, darling, run), and send the bell about for him. Here's the cry for you,*

Stolen or strayed,
Lost or mislaid,

The President of the Board of Trade."

We must conclude our citations from the volume, with an anecdote of Curran's wit before a jury, almost equal to Dunning's celebrated rejoinder to Lord Mansfield, when the latter petulantly interrupted his statement of a legal position with the exclamation, "Oh! if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I must burn my law books!" "Better read them, my lord," was Dunning's cutting rejoinder. The judge, in Curran's case, shook his head in doubt or denial of Curran's arguments. "Gentlemen," said the advocate, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion; but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that, when his lordship shakes his head, there's *nothing in it*!"

In conclusion, it may be remarked of this volume that it conveys the most accurate as well as the richest and raciest notion of the old orators and statesmen of Ireland, that we have in print. One drawback on the positive genius implied in their speeches comes from the nature of their subjects. The oppression which Ireland endured, and the monstrous corruption unblushingly used by the government, afforded materials for pathos and invective which no other European country could present. The misgovernment was of a character to draw tears and curses from a block, and to speak of them at all was to speak of them eloquently. Their mere statement is tragedy. We are, therefore, but little surprised that, when touched by an imagination so sensitive, and a heart so quick to feel as Curran's, they should have provoked those prodigies of execration which, in his speeches, blaze and burn with a vehemence so terrific. The exaggeration of his style, as compared with that of English orators, is only relative, for the national evils he denounced were themselves exaggerations organized—a kind of frightful caricature of tyranny, embodied in institutions.

Romance Dust from the Historic Placer. By W. S. Mayo, M. D., author of *Kalevala*. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The quaint title of this book indicates that American facts pass as readily into poetic metaphors as the facts of other countries; and though some may object to the title as affected, no Californian in reality or in desire, can see the impropriety of it. The stories which make up the volume have the true taste of romance. In the

account of "Dragut, the Corsair," unless the Doctor fibs a little, we have a valuable piece of history as well as an exciting narrative. "The Captain's Story," should be read by every advocate who has occasion to argue against circumstantial evidence in capital cases, as it exceeds in point most of the materials he will find in the books. "A Real Pirate" is a good specimen of the art of holding the reader's mind in suspense until he gets to the end of the story, and then satisfactorily proving to him that he is a victim of misplaced confidence, in the author's marvelous vein. "The Astonishing Adventure of James Botello," is an account of a Portuguese, making the voyage from India to Lisbon in a small boat, sixteen feet long and nine broad. Dr. Mayo narrates it as a real incident, though he seems to us to draw a longer bow than usual throughout the whole narrative. The other stories are equally stimulating, exhibiting the same attractive qualities which have given popularity to "Kaloolah" and "The Berber."

The Water-Witch; or the Skimmer of the Seas. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Two Admirals. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

These two splendid romances of the sea conclude Putnam's uniform edition of Cooper's works; an edition carefully revised by the author, with introductions and notes to each volume. The collection will have a permanent place in American literature, and we are glad that it is issued under the superintendence of a publisher of enterprise and taste, who understands the art of combining elegance with cheapness, and who deserves something of a patriot's honors for the attention he has given to American literature. The peculiarities of Cooper's genius are impressed on the minds of so many thousands of readers, that it is almost an impertinence to mention them anew; but we cannot refrain from the temptation of laying here the right emphasis upon his possession of the leading merit of a novelist. We refer, of course, to his mode of narrating events and developing character so as to create an illusion of reality, and to fasten and fascinate the attention by that rare art which gives to imaginary incidents and persons the character of veritable facts, while it preserves all their enlivening romantic qualities. His novels are full of deeds which approach the possible limits of human vigor and daring, but they are narrated with such subtle excellence in the management of details, and display such an exact knowledge of the very logic of enterprise, that we can conceive of the author as swearing to their literal truth before a notary public or justice of the peace. Such truth to nature cannot but be a principle of vitality, which will keep his works fresh and alive for many succeeding generations of readers.

Travels in America. The Poetry of Pope. Two Lectures. By the Right Honorable the Earl of Carlisle, (Lord Morpeth.) New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

These lectures were delivered before the Mechanics' Association of Leeds, in December, 1850, and attracted a good deal of attention, partly from what was deemed their intrinsic merit, and partly from the circumstance that they were the production of a noble, representing a good portion of the "blood of all the Howards." They have no decided intellectual excellence in thought

or style, never rising above an elegant mediocrity of sentiment and expression, but they are good specimens of the political and literary small-talk of a sensible, amiable, high-toned, liberal and educated English nobleman, whose blood seems to have lost all of that fiery Norman essence which once glowed in the veins of his ancestors. A whig aristocrat, with popular principles—having a real sympathy in the intellectual and moral advancement of the people, and without any of the superciliousness of high birth—his tone of speaking to the Leeds' mechanics is almost the perfection of courtesy. There is nothing in the lectures which indicates either the demagogue or the aristocrat; he neither flatters nor despises his audience; but with a fine grace, beyond the reach of mere politeness, he glides into an easy sympathy with them, and ignores the existence of any social inequality between their condition and his own. They are Englishmen, and he is an Englishman; they have wit for a social chat, and he finds himself, when the conversation happens to light on America, the principal speaker. Shortly afterward, the subject of Pope's poetry seems to come up, and he chats very agreeably in praise of some of the obvious excellences of Pope. The result is the present volume—a work which can do no credit to the noble earl's talents, but which exhibits in a pleasing light his cosmopolitan courtesy and innate good feeling.

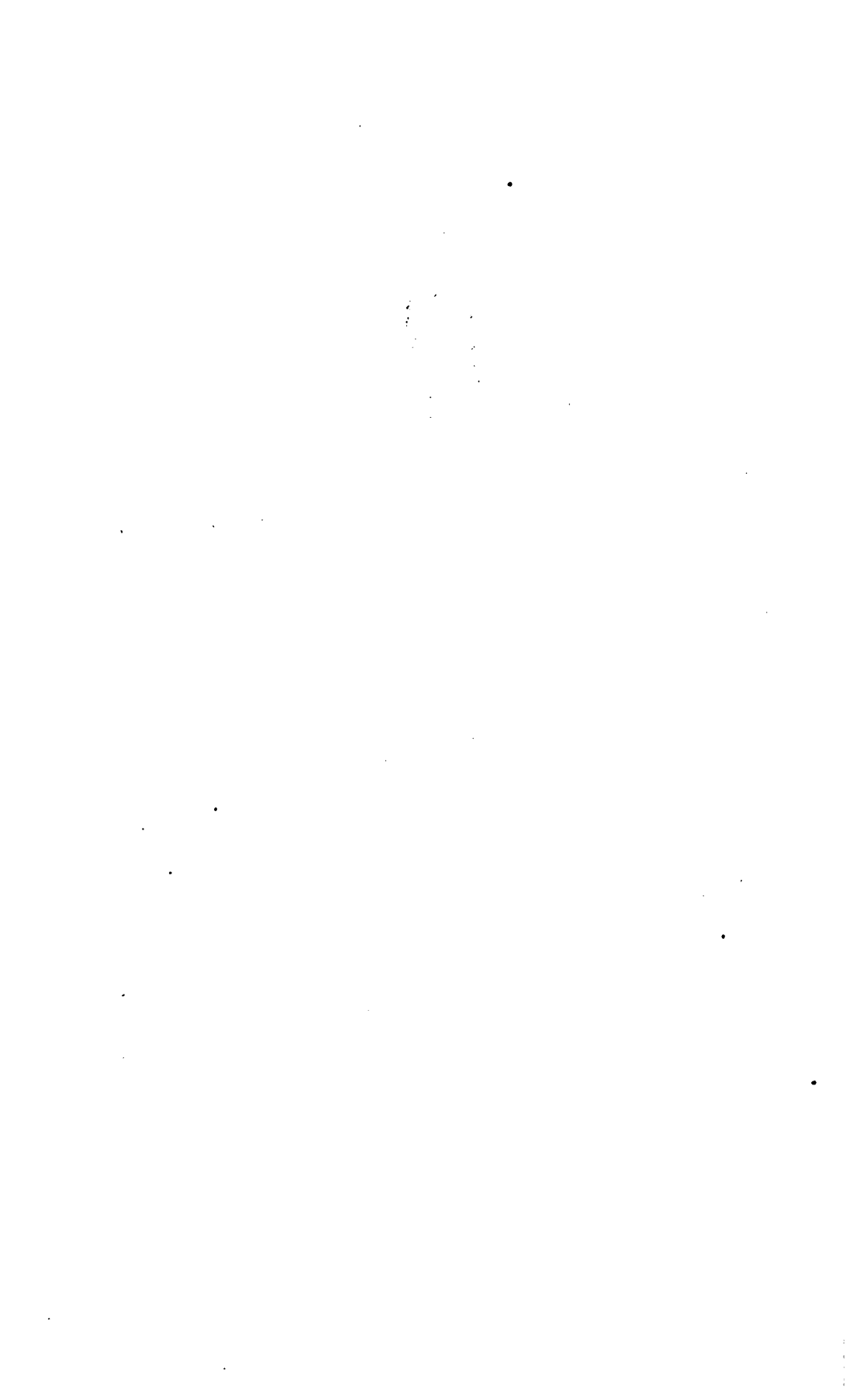
The Life of Algernon Sydney; with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Correspondence and Political Writings. By G. Van Santwood. New York: Charles Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is, we believe, the first attempt at a full biography of the great English whig, who had the honor to be executed in the reign of England's rascal monarch, Charles II. A full account is given of the political events of the time, and the traditionary fame of Sidney is vehemently defended from some imputations cast upon it by recent historical developments. We have been unable to give the volume a careful perusal, but it is written with vigor, and evidences a thorough knowledge of Sidney's political writings, especially his neglected "Discourses on Government." The narrative of the stirring events of his life is animated and elegant.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

With this delicious volume, so full at once of Oriental extravagance and Addisonian grace, Putnam concludes his edition of Irving's works—a collection which numbers fifteen elegant volumes, and which has met with a success in some degree commensurate with its merits. Every American, who has sufficient taste to appreciate the charm of Irving's manner, and the wealth of his matter, and who has sufficient patriotism to delight in the intellectual excellence of one of his countrymen, should possess this beautiful edition of his works.

New Novels. Among the striking novels lately issued may be mentioned, "The Mother-in-Law," by Mrs. Southworth, the author of "Retribution," and an authoress of much power in scenes of passion. Appleton & Co. are the publishers. The Harpers have issued, in their cheap Library of Select Novels, "The Wife's Sister, or the Forbidden Marriage," by Mrs. Hubbaeh, the niece of Jane Austin.





THE FATAL LETTER.

1. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1991, 86, 1001-1010.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE USE AND THE ECONOMY OF INVECTIVE.

It has become the settled policy of most civilized countries that some portion of its members should be set up as objects of scorn and hatred to the rest, and indignation is accordingly fast being organized into an institution. Among our people especially—a people delighting in the use of strong words independent of the occasions which should call them forth, there is a constantly increasing disposition to revel in the rhetoric of execration, and to find an innocent enjoyment in the demoliishment of character. Every man in the country has his vocabulary of hot and stinging words; and however scantily furnished may be his head in other respects, it can always boast of a good stock of big, bouncing adjectives, to be tossed miscellaneously among his fellow citizens, to avenge the least slight to his vanity, or to the thing he calls his opinion. It is to be regretted, however, that widely diffused as is the taste for invective, it has made but imperfect approaches to the dignity of an art; and the very prodigality with which its terms are squandered, has tended to degrade it into a mere dance of words. Expressions which have done great execution in old times, when used on fitting occasions, have now lost all their force through the frequency of their misapplication; and the word-warrior, in the full blast of his sounding cannonade, is mournfully made aware that his seeming balls are as ineffective as blank cartridges. And thus many an aspiring wordling of invective, whose forcibly feeble expletives indicate an ambition to merit the flattering cognomen of Curser-General of the Human Race, is really unworthy to do the denunciation of a debating club.

Now it is very apparent that, with this genius for finding fault, and disposition to inveigh, so diffused among the people, it is a great evil not to have the principles of invective better understood. This ignorance comes from no lack of terms, for the dictionaries having been fully sacked for sarcasm, and the fish-markets explored for slang; we have suffered of late rather from a glut than a scarcity of vituperative words. The essential difficulty to be met is therefore that which relates to the mode of wielding weapons notoriously in our possession; and this mode we propose to indicate by guiding maxims and appropriate illustrations. The spendthrifts of in-

vective having failed to achieve their objects, let us examine the subtler and more searching process of the economists.

It was a remark of Lord Brougham, made many years ago, that what strikes the reader of the great Greek orators most strongly, is their abstinent use of their prodigious faculties of expression; and it has been said of Fox that he hesitated in debate, not from the scarcity but from the multitude of his words. Indeed every orator of invective has found that selection and compression are the conditions of rhetorical effectiveness; and that the torrent and tempest of his rage spent itself in vain, unless there flashed from it at last one lightning word or phrase, charged with the electricity of imaginative passion, and smiting its object with a power which both shattered and irradiated it. This condensation evinces that intellect and character are working with sensibility, and it is never the prize of the mere word-piler, no matter how richly he may be arrayed in the spoils of the dictionaries. It indicates a mental vision of the exact point where the blow may be dealt with overwhelming effect, and a resolute concentration of all the mind's forces in hurling the bolt its fusing passion forges. To wander from the point, to expend energy on a multiplicity of particulars, to wanton in a stupid succession of abusive epithets, and blow the trumpet of an imbecile fury, and especially to launch general terms of opprobrium which have no individual application to the peculiarities of the person assailed—all this is to exhibit the scattering rage of the shrew instead of the concentrated vehemence of the orator. That indifference to the meaning of words, which induces newspaper editors to assail their puniest opponents with invective copied from Cicero against Verres, or Burke against Hastings, betrays as ludicrous a conception of the power of terms as that displayed by Lord Campbell's legal friend, who, enraged that his client should persist in refusing to settle his case by arbitration, burst out upon him in open court with this stunning remark: "You—infernal rascal, if you do n't settle this matter as his honor proposes, and as I and my learned brother wish, I shall be compelled to use strong language to you."

The purpose of invective being to hold up a person,

or class, or institution, to contempt or execration, it is obvious that, to distinguish it from mere abuse, it is necessary that the character of the invective should vary with the variety of its objects. Between contempt and execration there are many degrees of scornful feeling, answering to the degrees of folly and crime in the conduct of individuals; and the end of invective being attained only when it is felicitously adapted to the character of the thing or person assailed, a discrimination of traits and an economy of epithets are of the first importance. This applicability is wanting in a celebrated phrase of Sir Edward Coke, shot at Sir Walter Raleigh when he was on trial for his life. He called Sir Walter "a spider of hell"—a Satanic metaphor which was felt at the time to express rather the condensed venom of Coke than the chivalrous willfulness of Raleigh; and, accordingly, in spite of the fiendish pungency of the sarcasm, and its abstract merit as invective, it is still to be considered as abuse. Many splendid specimens of verbal joinery, welded together with all the energy of personal hatred, have been ineffective from the fact that the orator, blinded by his passions, and eager simply to demolish his opponent, has missed his mark by blundering in his analysis; aiming, perhaps, to awaken in the minds of the audience a feeling of detestation and horror toward one who was the proper subject only of dislike or contempt; and ending therefore in accomplishing nothing, by beginning with an attempt to accomplish too much. Such magnificent monstrosities of railing have only the effect to make men's minds callous to vituperation and stormy threats. Fox made this mistake in his assaults on Lord North's administration, during the American war. He was continually threatening the "noble lord in the blue ribbon" with impeachment. He would have the noble lord's head. The noble lord should expiate his crimes on the block. The noble lord, in the meantime, placidly smiled at his fury, and sweetly slept in his seat while Fox was brandishing his metaphorical axe over his head. The only instance in which he used this favorite figure with any rhetorical effect was after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. In the debate on the king's speech announcing that event, Fox, feeling that it would be the death-blow of the ministry, and that they would all soon be in his power, played his invective with a vehemence at once dazzling and pointed. The war, he said, would fill the future historian of the country with shame and horror; and, he added, with a significant glance at the ministerial benches, "*its effects would soon be felt on our scaffolds.*"

In an examination and classification of the different kinds of invective, we shall refer first to that light and fleeting contempt which performs the office of the most overwhelming scorn, without seeming to go beyond the bounds of good nature. Vehement and earnest speakers are very apt to fall victims to this delicate instrument of wit, the stroke having the unexpectedness of lightning from a blue sky. Lord North, who possessed none of the grandeur and im-

passioned declamation of his whig opponents, kept his ground in debate chiefly by a dexterous use of his weapon. Burke and Fox once furiously objected in the House of Commons to his calling, in a public document, the insurgent colonists by the name of rebels. "Very well," replied North, "if it will please you better, I will call them gentlemen of the opposition over the water!" Lord Thurlow, in a debate in the House of Lords, utterly crushed a noble opponent by one fleeting reference to his statements. The point was of some importance, as the latter testified to what had been said at a meeting of opposition noblemen in a celebrated political tavern. Thurlow lightly touched the evidence in this way: "As to what the noble and learned lord says he heard at the ale-house!"—it is hardly necessary to quote further; the victory was obtained without any elaborate argument. Brougham is not celebrated for the delicacy of his satire, or the ingenuity of his invectives; but there is one passage in which he has given the lie to an adversary with singular grace. Lord Melbourne flatly denied one of Brougham's imputations on his government, which it was for the interest of the latter's argument to sustain, without directly accusing Melbourne of falsehood. "My noble friend," he said, "though but a novice in office, made the denial with a glibness and readiness that might have done honor to those *inveterate habits of official assertion*, only acquired by those who are born at Whitehall and bred in Downing street."

This element of unexpectedness in thought or statement, is a charm of invective not confined to legislative debates. Hazlitt's most stinging allusion to Gifford is conveyed in a demure sentence, which has almost the form of a compliment. "The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant, and the dependent on the great, contribute to form the Editor of the Quarterly Review. He is admirably qualified for this situation, by a *happy combination of defects, natural and acquired.*" The best criticism on Harriet Martineau's late atheistical book is contained in the remark of a London wit, who was asked what was the doctrine which it inculcated. He replied, "The doctrine seems to be this; there is no God, and Harriet is his prophet." Macaulay's positiveness of assertion on the most obscure points of history and policy is well known to all his multitudinous readers. Lord Melbourne, who combined great accomplishments and unerring political shrewdness with the skepticism of a Hume, and the languid airs of a Brummell, once hit off this universal dogmatism of the great essayist with inimitable tact. "I wish," said he, "that I knew any thing as well as Tom Macaulay knows every thing."

Next in order to this cool and jaunty mode of attaining the purposes of invective without exhibiting its form, we may particularize the epigrammatic mode of denunciation. Vituperation in epigrams is commonly the most pleasing expression of the art, because it enables the benevolent reader to detach the wit from the object of it, and at least gives Romeo's consolation to the sufferer himself—

You cut my head off with a golden axe,
And smile upon the blow that slays me.

Macaulay has contributed more of this kind of invective to English literature than any other author, with the exception, perhaps, of Pope. In his History of the Revolution of 1688, he makes the most essentially disgusting characters, the rats, rogues, and liberticides of politics, objects of ideal interest by the peculiar beauty with which he racks and riddles them with epigrammatic scorn. We think, however, that the attentive reader of the book will find that the object of invective is not perfectly attained. The men he assails, the Sunderlands, and Rochesters, and Marlboroughs, are certainly hateful characters; but still we do not exactly hate them. Who can hate what is made the occasion of so much deliciously pungent wit? Folly, bigotry, and crime, seem artistically to justify their existence, when thus proved to have in them a nature so flexible to the moulds of epigram and the racks of antithesis.

The same remark applies in a great degree to the epigrammatic severity of his critical and historical essays. The element of beauty is in almost all of his invective, and we are too much delighted to be enraged. He complains, for instance, that no sacrifices were made at the Revolution; and so far the reader is also disposed to complain; but then he adds, "except the sacrifice which Churchill made of honor, and Anne of natural affection;" and this almost reconciles us to the fact. Not even in his History does he attack Marlborough with more zest, than in his early essay on Hallam's Constitutional History of England. In speaking of the almost universal corruption and inconstancy of the politicians of the time of William the Third, he remarks: "It may well be conceived that, at such a time, such a nature as that of Marlborough would riot in the very luxury of baseness. His former treason, thoroughly furnished with all that makes infamy exquisite, placed him, indeed, under the disadvantage which attends every artist from the time that he produces a masterpiece. Yet his second great stroke may excite wonder, even in those who appreciate all the merit of the first. Lest his admirers should be able to say that, at the time of the revolution, he betrayed his king from any other than selfish motives, he now proceeded to betray his country." This is really too good to be true.

The drawback on the excellence of all epigrammatic invective is the obviousness of its exaggeration. It depends for its effect on flashing a truth into the mind through a process of splendid caricature; of surprising us, as it were, into contempt or hatred. South, in his sermons, has more of the energy of real passion in his vituperative epigrams than either Pope or Macaulay, and accordingly the heartiness of his hatreds, gives his wit more real severity than the sparkling remorselessness of their elaborate indignation. The arrow not only hits the victim, but it is buried in his flesh. We perceive the truth which South exaggerates at the very moment its wit tingles on our risibilities; and hardly have the

opportunity, as in Macaulay, of enjoying the epigram apart from the individual or class it is intended to pierce. Occasionally Macaulay hits upon an author whose book defies his powers of scornful depreciation, and is really worse than epigram can represent it. He who has attempted to struggle through *The Life of Warren Hastings*, by the Rev. Mr. Gleig, is painfully sensible of the short-comings even of the statements of scorn. "This book," says Macaulay, "seems to have been manufactured in pursuance of a contract, by which the representatives of Warren Hastings, on the one part, agreed to furnish papers, and Mr. Gleig, on the other part, agreed to furnish praise. It is but just to say that the covenants have been faithfully kept on both sides; and the result is before us in the form of three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric." And we may here add that those lovers of Shakspeare who have been bored by his officious commentators of the last generation, hardly perceive any exaggeration in the remark of a late critic, that they were men "of fifth-rate scholarship and first-rate incapacity."

We may mention in connection with the method of invective by epigram, a peculiar variety of it which springs directly from personal character, and is racy of the insolence of a forcible will. It is commonly disingenuous, for it aims to defeat its antagonist by a witty process of contempt, more or less scornful, and belittles still more those who are naturally little. Thus Sydney Smith justifies his assault on a man of moderate abilities, whose purposes he considered as mischievous as they most assuredly were well-meaning, in this exquisite strain of arrogance: "I do not attack him from a love of glory, but from a love of utility; as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dike, for fear it would flood a province." Burke is a great master of this lofty contemptuousness. The English sympathizers with the first French Revolution made so many confident speeches, and passed so many brave resolutions, that they were considered to be greater in influence and numbers than they really were. In the scornful sentences of Burke they were made to dwindle into ludicrous insignificance. "Because," said he, "half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle reposing under the British oak, chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour." In his celebrated attack on the Duke of Bedford, Burke's object is to degrade the whole House of Russell, by emphasising the corruption, servility, and extortion of its founder. Knowing that all England was aware of the patriots who had been connected with it, he acutely makes that fact a deviation from the natural character of the family, by remarking that "it is little to be doubted that several of his forefathers, in that long series, have *degenerated* into honor and

virtue." The duke was, in Burke's phrase, "tainted" with French principles. Burke, in one sarcastic passage, holds up the simplicity of his folly to the pitying contempt of his readers. These French philosophers, he says, "consider men in their experiments no more than they do mice in an air-pump, or in a recipient of mephitic gas. Whatever his grace may think of himself, they look upon him, and every thing that belongs to him, with no more regard than they do upon the whiskers of that little long-tailed animal, that has been long the game of the grave, demure, insidious, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed philosopher, whether going upon two legs or four." Fine as all this is, every reader of the "Letter to a Noble Lord," from which the extract is made, should understand that the Duke of Bedford thus scornfully attacked, was really a man of much intelligence, of great liberality of sentiment, and of spotless honor.

Grattan, of all the great Irish orators, was master of the most condensed, fiery and annihilating invective. But he understood also the effect of the contemptuous method. The best illustration of his use of it, is his reply to an obscure but aspiring opponent, who, in the Irish House of Commons, assailed him in a stupidly scurrilous speech, with the hope of drawing upon himself the invective which had so often smitten Flood and Fitzgibbon. But Grattan had too lofty a sense of his own importance to waste his wrath on so vulgar and inconsiderable an opponent. He declined to give his defamer the celebrity of having provoked the rage of Grattan. Accordingly, rising in his seat, he simply said, "I shall make no other remark on the personalities of the honorable member who has just spoken, than merely to say that, as he rose without a friend, so he has certainly sat down without having made an enemy."

Macaulay has as great a genius for contempt as for execration, and loves to wanton in the assertion of personal superiority. His reference to Lord Ellenborough, the tory Governor-General of India, whose florid and ranting proclamations moved his scorn, is perhaps his best stroke in this way of traducing. The reports of Barère to the French Assembly were popularly styled Carmagnoles. Macaulay describes them as "composed of puns, interjections, Ossianic rants, rhetoric worthy only of a school-boy, scurrility worthy only of a fish-wife"—and thinks, after all this, that his description has fallen short of the truth. He then coolly and candidly adds: "A few months ago we should have had some difficulty in conveying to an English reader an exact notion of the state papers to which this appellation (Carmagnoles) was given. Fortunately, a noble and distinguished person, whom her Majesty's ministers have thought qualified to fill the most important post in the empire, has made our task easy. Whoever has read Lord Ellenborough's proclamations is able to form a complete idea of a Carmagnole." A little more obviously exaggerated in its contempt, is the reference Macaulay once made to Sir Harcourt Lees, a bigoted tory, who was continually warning England of political dangers to be

apprehended from the machinations of Catholics. Speaking of the perjuries of Titus Oates, in the legal murders which attended the pretended Popish plot extemporized in Charles the Second's reign, Macaulay says that a belief in that plot "has long passed from statesmen to aldermen, from aldermen to clergymen, from clergymen to old women, and from old women to Sir Harcourt Lees." Perhaps in the same class with these examples belongs the ingenious paradox with which Macaulay brings his hatred of Barère to the climax of depreciation. In alluding to the sensuality of that French terrorist, he takes occasion to express a certain satisfaction in surveying him in the styes of vice, after having witnessed his employments in the shambles of murder. "An immoderate appetite for sensual gratifications is undoubtedly a blemish on the fame of Henry the Fourth, of Lord Somers, and of Mr. Fox. *But the vices of honest men are the virtues of Barère.*"

Sometimes mean and small natures are placed in circumstances which enable them to perform great crimes: and in that case it is difficult to inveigh against them in such a manner as not to give the culprit the credit of possessing a certain diabolical greatness of character corresponding to the enormity of his offenses, and of thus lifting a mere vulgar villain into a satanic respectability. The power, therefore, of assailing a criminal of this order, so that our horror of his deeds shall be combined with a contempt for himself, is as necessary as it is rare. Macaulay has succeeded in achieving this with a certain degree of excellence, in his long biographical diatribe against Barère. Sheridan owed to his partial success in this difficult branch of his art, a great deal of the fame which followed his renowned speech on the question of Hastings' impeachment. But the most masterly exhibition of this power we have ever met with in literature, is the portrait of Paul Benfield in Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, the greatest oration in the whole range of English eloquence. Neither in Macaulay's article nor in Sheridan's speech is the combination of contempt with horror strictly organic. The composition is continually exhibiting marks of the artifice, the mechanical tricks, of the rhetorician. In Burke it is vital in every part, every sentence feeling its way in flame to the inward seat of two opposite emotions, and forcing the reader at last into an explosion of mingled hisses and curses. The same effect is produced, but in a less degree of intensity, in Burke's description of Sir Elijah Impey, in his speeches on the impeachment of Hastings. He tries the method also on Hastings himself, but he does not convince the reader that Hastings is the proper object of contempt in the same sense in which he is the proper object of horror.

In all we have previously said on the subject of invective, we have implied that the blow, whether prompted by contempt, or passion, or malice, must be dealt with coolness and deliberation to produce its intended effect. The emotional element in it should not be so predominant as to confuse instead of sharpening and brightening the intellectual facul-

ties. Indeed, all passion which does not pass through the intellect before it passes out at its object—which does not give force and impetus to a rational purpose—soon shatters itself into foam, making its unfortunate victim ridiculous instead of terrible. The practical business of invective is therefore best done, except on rare occasions, by that method which implies the greatest self-possession in the writer or orator, namely, the ironical; for irony eats and burns its way through the toughest hide to the inmost seat of sensibility, and hardly admits of a successful reply. In the debates of political assemblies it is rare to find good quotable specimens of its felicitous use, specimens in which every sentence is vigorous, while the continuity of the mockery is sustained through the whole performance. One of the best instances of it which we can at present bring to mind, is a passage in Brougham's speech on Catholic Emancipation, made in 1825 in the House of Commons. Brougham had personal as well as political grounds for hating Lord Chancellor Eldon; and Eldon was generally believed to be the chief upholder in the cabinet of the old system of excluding Catholics from political privileges. The point selected by Brougham for attack was the chancellor's attachment to the emoluments of his office, it being thought that he clung with more force to the wool-sack than to the party principles which originally placed him in it. After holding the office for over twenty years, he seems to have imagined that he possessed a life interest in it. Brougham, in view of this, advised that portion of the cabinet in favor of Catholic emancipation, to act according to their convictions, regardless of the Lord Chancellor's opposition. "What," he exclaimed, "is the ground of their alarm? Are they apprehensive that the result would be the resignation of any of their colleagues? Do they think that any one of their coadjutors, some man of splendid talents, of profound learning, of unwearied industry, would give up his place? Do they think he would *resign* his office? that he would quit the Great Seal? Prince Hohenloe is nothing to the man who could effect such a miracle? . . . A more superfluous fear than that of such an event never crossed the wildest visionary in his dreams. Indeed, sir, I cannot refrain from saying that I think the right honorable gentlemen opposite greatly underestimate the steadiness of mind of the noble and learned individual in question. I think they underestimate the firmness and courage with which he bears, and will continue to bear, the burthens of his high and important station. In these qualities the noble and learned lord has never been equaled—has never been paralleled. Nothing can equal the forbearance which he has manifested. Nothing can equal the constancy with which he has borne the thwarts that he has lately received on the question of trade. His patience under such painful circumstances can be rivaled only by the fortitude with which he bears the prolonged distress of the suitors in his own court. But to apprehend that any defeat would induce him to quit office, is one of the vainest fears, one of the most fantastical apprehen-

sions, that was ever entertained by man. Let him be tried. In his generous mind, expanded as it has been by his long official career, there is no propensity so strong as a love for the service of his country. He is no doubt convinced that, the higher the office, the more unjustifiable it is to abandon it. The more splendid the emoluments of a situation—the more extensive its patronage, the more he is persuaded that it is not allowed to a wise and good man to tear himself away from it." Here the irony, unlike that which we admire in the master-pieces of Swift, is all hot with passion; yet, hot as it is, it never becomes passionate, never loses its hold upon its object, but with a cautious fierceness penetrates through all of Eldon's defenses, and insinuates its sharp sting into his weakest point. We know from his diary that the old politician felt this attack with more than ordinary sensibility. In the midst of his anger, however, he could not help smiling at the exquisite apiteness of some of the hits.

At times this irony slides into a thinly disguised personal allusion, and is the cover of the most insulting scorn. The encounter of Curran with Judge Robinson is one of the most celebrated examples on record. Robinson owed his elevation to his sycophancy to power, and, especially to his composition of certain miserably written political pamphlets, whose only recommendation was their venomous personality. Curran, when a young man, and struggling with poverty, had a case to argue in the judge's court, and, in controverting a position taken by the opposing counsel, remarked that he had "studied all his law books, and could not find a single case where the principle contended for was established." "I suspect, sir," interrupted the judge, "I suspect that your law library is rather contracted." Curran, feeling that this was intended as a sneer at his poverty, looked the judge steadily in the face, and said, "It is true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has rather curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." The attack was felt both by the audience and the judge, but it stunned the bully at which it was directed so completely, that he offered no opposition. To have committed Curran for contempt of court, would have been to acknowledge the application of the sarcasm; and all that the judge could do was to allow the advocate to proceed unrebuked, and never afterward to provoke his wrath.

The sneer and the ready sarcasm are exceedingly useful instruments of the debater, especially after he has been made the object of declamatory accusation,

and cannot, at the moment, retort upon his opponent in a similar style of invective. Thus, when the managers of the impeachment of Hastings were justly reprehended for the harshness of their language, Burke sneeringly retorted: "The commons of Great Britain, my lords, are a rustic people; a tone of rusticity is therefore the proper accent of their managers. We are not acquainted with the urbanity and politeness of extortion, and the sentimental delicacies of bribery and corruption." Macaulay, several years ago, devoted a vacation to explore, in Hansard, the varying course of Sir Robert Peel; and then came into the House of Commons and delivered a vehement speech, in which he probed, with remorseless accuracy, all the inconsistencies of "the right honorable gentleman at the head of the government." Sir Robert made no elaborate defense, but carried the House with him by the simple retort, that the "member for Edinburgh had discharged upon him the hoarded venom of a three months' preparation." Macaulay, perhaps, had his revenge when Peel brought in the Maynooth College bill, by which the patronage of the government was extended to a Catholic university. Macaulay took the ground that the measure was a whig one; that the late whig government saw its necessity, and lost their places by persisting in it; and that Peel and his party had come into power solely by exciting a popular prejudice against a policy which they were now compelled to adopt. "But," he added, "shall we vote against our own principles because the bill is brought in by our opponents. No; for that would be to sacrifice the *remaining* public character of the country." Brougham, in his great speech on the abuses of Irish law, sustained his charges by evidence obtained from an intercepted letter of some Irish dignitary, which had long been before the public. Peel, in his reply, assaulted Brougham severely for relying on evidence thus meanly procured, and declaimed with much heat on the atrocity of stealing and printing private letters. Never was moral indignation more unfortunate in its results, and it would almost seem as if Brougham had quoted the letter for the purpose of tempting his adversary into the very line of remark he pursued. It was notorious that the ministry, and Peel among them, had sustained the charge against Queen Caroline by evidence procured in the very manner thus vehemently denounced; and Brougham's retort was overwhelming. He cordially concurred in every sentiment that Peel had expressed; he joined in Peel's condemnation of the mode in which the letter was obtained; he said that he would have disdained to quote it had it not been before the public for a year, and universally received as part of the news of the day; and then, rapidly glancing from the subject of Irish law to the trial of Queen Caroline, he poured into the occupants of the treasury bench the most galling discharge of the hot-shot of sarcasm and invective that they had winced under for years. They were self-convicted on their own principles; they were at the mercy of the most merciless of debaters; and he taught them a lesson on the danger of announcing general propositions re-

lating to honor and ethics, of which they must have preserved an acute recollection to the day of their deaths.

But Burke, in this as in other departments of invective, bears off the palm. The exquisitely stinging sarcasms with which he alluded to the tears shed by Lord Thurlow on the king's sickness, are familiar to all readers. Perhaps, however, his greatest achievement in retort, combining scorn, passion, and imagination with the keenest argument, is his answer to those advocates of Hastings who adduced the fact that the people of Benares had erected a temple to the memory of Hastings, as proof that he had not plundered and oppressed them. The statement created a sensation in the House of Commons in favor of the accused governor-general, and a reply appeared impossible. Burke, with inimitable coolness of manner, rose and said, that there was nothing in the incident which should astonish any body. "He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmans. He knew as they worshiped some gods from love, so they worshiped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder. Nor did he at all dispute the right of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon."

The most common mode of invective among raw advocates and debaters is the direct personal assault; but its failures are almost as common as its practice. It demands something more than acuteness in detecting faults and command of vituperative words in exposing them. It requires depth of thought and depth of sentiment as well as depth of passion; in short, it demands a certain greatness of character. "It makes," says Emerson, "a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or no." This is especially true of the sentences of an orator who concentrates his energies for a personal attack. Chatham's eloquence is charged throughout with this force of personal manhood. In his youth he was aptly described as "that terrible cornet of horse, whose scowl gave Sir Robert Walpole a pain in the back." The mere presence of such a man in a legislative assembly is more dreaded by meanness and corruption than the invective of less powerful natures. Lord Camden could not compare in understanding or acquirements with the all-accomplished Mansfield; yet in the House of Lords he so bore him down by the energy of his will and the force of his sentiments, that Mansfield repeatedly cowed before his vehemence, and, in the question of the law of libel, absolutely showed the white feather. The younger Pitt, who inherited the courage and arrogance if he did not inherit the genius of his great father, possessed this force in large measure, and frequently silenced able debaters by a few words and looks of bitter disdain. Erskine, the most accomplished advocate and orator of the English bar, and whose resolute courage had been proved in many an encounter in Westminster Hall, always quailed before Pitt in the House of Commons. "The fact is, Erskine," said Sheridan to him, "you

are afraid of Pitt, and that is the flabby part of your character."

The eloquence of this kind of invective must therefore exist "in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion;" and it never rises above the level of the orator's personal character. Most of the stuff we read as specimens of it is not invective at all, but a mere mush of flaring words. The least characteristic form of it is found in vigorous written composition, where the man assailed is not palpably before the assailant. We will quote a specimen of it from Macaulay's *Barère*, an article which has already furnished us with a number of quotations. In alluding to the constancy with which *Barère* hated England as the only consistent thing in his character, the cunning essayist at first joyously congratulates himself on the fact. "It is possible," he says, "that our inclinations may bias our judgment, but we think we do not flatter ourselves when we say that *Barère's* aversion to our country was a sentiment as deep and constant as his mind was capable of entertaining." But this is only a stealthy ironical introduction to the cumulative wrath which explodes at the conclusion of the long paragraph. "It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country and that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, murderer, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, hack-writer, police spy—the one small service he could do to England was to hate her; and such as he may all who hate her be!"

This is perfect of its kind; still the wrath does not really burn up from the heart. We say in reading it, "By our Lady, these be brave words;" but the essential heat of moral passion is wanting. The same verdict must be pronounced on many verbal severities in the poetry of Byron and Moore. The invective, for example, launched against the traitor in "The Fire Worshipers," is effective only upon the ear. After denouncing all miseries upon him in this life, the rhyme proceeds—

"And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet! let the damned one dwell,
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell!"

This is so raw, and the artifice so evident, that it is calculated to cast ominous conjecture on the poet's depth of feeling. Burke sometimes offends in this way, being simply witty where the intention is to be severe. Thus in speaking of the infidel revolutionists of France he remarks—"They do not believe a great deal in the miracles of piety; but it cannot be questioned that they have an undoubted faith in the prodigies of sacrilege." This is very different from those passages on their enormities in which his soul springs at them from the impetus of passion; as when he says—"They have tigers to fall upon animated strength. They have hyenas to prey upon carcasses."

In the personal invective of the Irish orators there is generally real sensibility enough, but it is apt to rush into exaggerated abuse. To be sure it is understood all the while that if offense is taken, the orator is willing to give satisfaction to injured honor

on another field, and is as ready with his hair-triggers as with his tongue. This somewhat modifies our sense of the injustice implied in the unrestrained vituperation of Grattan and Curran. The victims of it know that the accuracy of the accusations will be sustained by pistols as well as arguments, if they choose to challenge. One of the grandest specimens of this order of eloquence is Curran's terrific assault on Lord Clare, a tirade glowing with all the energy of hatred, and in which enmity seems to sharpen analysis. Every bad point in the chancellor's character is acutely perceived and relentlessly exposed. "In this very chamber," said Curran, "did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favor of that liberty which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my lords, offer arguments to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected—by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor that he was betraying those rights he was sworn to maintain; that he was involving a government in disgrace, and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty and every solemn engagement that binds him to himself, his country, and his God? Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or to dissuade a mean, illiberal and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He probably would have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by *some curt, contemptuous apothegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance*; or even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject?" The fine rhetorical appropriateness in the use of the word "miracle" in the last sentence, cannot fail to be appreciated by every reader who catches the tone of the whole contemptuously defiant invective.

This style of denunciation, however, is not the severest. Its unreined impetuosity does not actually have the effect of one occasional smiting sentence from Fox, or Burke, or Webster. No orator practices a more rigid economy in his invective than Webster; for invective is not a natural exercise of a mind whose leading characteristics are sober depth of feeling and tolerant comprehensiveness of thought; but when he does inveigh, he inveighs with all the might of his character—and then "beware the anger of a patient man." There is at such times a cruel and blinding glitter in his eye, and a metallic tone in his voice, ominous of the descending bolts that blast whatever they strike. No quotations from his speeches can convey to one who has not heard him in the Senate, an adequate idea of the electric force of his words on such occasions. Every expression is instinct with the life and character of the man, and the fusing and condensing vitality of his mind. Among many splendid examples, let us select one not generally known—that passage in which he

assails the congressional manufacturer of the notable phrase—"the natural hatred of the poor to the rich." "Sir," exclaimed the orator, "I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property, and out of the earnings of their labor, by first cheating them out of their understandings. . . . Whoever has the wickedness to conceive, and the hardihood to avow, a purpose to break down what has been found, in forty years' experience, essential to the protection of all interests, by arraying one class against another, and by acting on such a principle as that the poor always hate the rich, shows himself the reckless enemy of all. An enemy to his whole country, to all classes, and to every man in it, he deserves to be marked especially as *the poor man's curse*!" The unfortunate object of this swift, fierce, explosive series of sentences, might have appropriately referred to the Calista of the old dramatist, for terms to express the workings of his shame and anger:

I have endured you with an ear of fire;
Your tongue has struck hot irons on my face!

Lord Thurlow's answer to the taunt of the Duke of Grafton on his want of noble birth, is a magnificent specimen of personal invective combined with lofty self-assertion. Its effect in the House of Lords was overwhelming, and may have been all the more appreciated by the Talbots, Bedfords, Howards and Devonshires, from the fact that Grafton's ancestor owed his existence to the fact that Charles the Second had a mistress as well as a wife. "The noble duke," said Thurlow, "cannot look before him, or behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? . . . No man venerate the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more—I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon." A burst like this, thundered out in an aristocratic and supercilious assembly, and so forcibly done as to confound at the moment all distinctions of birth, should entitle swearing Lord Thurlow, rough and profane as he was, to a place among the benefactors of the race.

All the instances of personal invective we have so far quoted, not only contain but display passion. Now an orator who wields uncontrolled dominion over all modes of denunciation, is aware that there are occasions which demand a certain poised majesty and repose of accusing statement, so that the most criminal charges shall have the appearance of being

free from all that exaggeration which clings to the utterances of passion. In the renowned opening speech of Burke in the impeachment of Hastings, he has, in the body of the speech, exhausted almost every kind of impassioned invective; but he reserves his greatest effort for the conclusion. Abandoning the indignant humanity proper to him as a man, he almost assumes the position of an accusing angel at the end, where, condensing with deep and stern emphasis the various offenses of Hastings, he urges his laboring words solemnly up to that climax of crime, which cannot be read without a thrill through the inmost soul. This passage is generally known by the version of it in the essays of Macaulay, who, in his article on Warren Hastings, transposes and translates it into *Macaulayese*, so that while it may gain something in liveliness and brilliancy, it loses the peculiar dignity, majesty, and real moral power, impressed upon it by Burke. "Therefore," concludes the orator, after a speech of three days, "therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, and condition of life." It would seem as if Macaulay's ear could not detect the surging undertone of this simple and sublime conclusion, and accordingly labored to give it that point and passionate emphasis which Burke labored to avoid. Poe made rather bad work in correcting the sentences of Macaulay; but that act was modesty itself compared with Macaulay's assuming to correct the sentences of Burke; for the sentences of Burke always evince the plastic hand of his flexible and comprehensive genius, varying in form, method, and rhythm with every variation in his streaming thoughts and boiling passions.

Webster occasionally reaches this majestic dignity and majesty in invective, and impresses it with a might peculiarly his own. His grand allusion to the crime of the Emperor Nicholas in relation to Keesuth, is familiar to all American readers. That passage in one of his earlier speeches, in which he assails the crowned liberticides of the Holy Alliance, is equally powerful and equally well known. But this order of invective, noble as it is, is still, perhaps, not the very highest which human eloquence can reach. There occasionally flashes from great natures an awful invective, shot forth from an impassioned imagination in the rapture and ecstasy of moral indignation, which burns its mark upon our souls more durably than any impress which the

most majestic reason leaves. Our first example will be from Burke. Addressing the lords in the Hastings' impeachment, he exclaimed, "We call upon your lordships to join us; and we have no doubt that you will feel the same sympathy that we feel, or (*which I cannot persuade my soul to think, or my mouth to utter,*) YOU WILL BE IDENTIFIED WITH THE CRIMINAL WHOSE CRIMES YOU EXCUSE, AND ROLLED WITH HIM IN ALL THE POLLUTION OF INDIAN GUILT, FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION." It was at this time known to Burke, and their lordships knew it was known, that the verdict of the court he addressed would be in favor of Hastings; a fact which gives additional force to the tremendous image of infamy with which he concludes. Again, in the House of Commons, in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, he charged the Prime Minister Pitt and his administration, not only with conniving at Indian oppression, but with assisting in it for political objects. There was, he said, "a coalition between the men of intrigue in India and the minister of intrigue in England." Kindling as he proceeded in unveiling the iniquity of the system, and especially in exhibiting the corruption of a certain election contest, "managed upon Indian principles for an Indian interest," he at last broke through all bounds of parliamentary decorum. "This," he shouted, "this was the golden cup of abominations; this the chalice of the fornications of rapine, usury, and oppression, which was held out by the gorgeous Indian harlot; which so many of the people, so many of the nobles of this land, had drained to the very dregs. Do you think that no reckoning was to follow this lewd debauch? that no payment was to be demanded for this riot of public drunkenness and national prostitution?"

Even grander and more rapturous than these, are some of the images of Luther and Milton, in those controversial works in which their imaginations, set on fire by their passions, produced prodigies of invective, so made up of religion and rage, so divinely scurrilous, as to make the reader sometimes hesitate whether he shall applaud them as soarings of inspired souls, or stigmatize them as outpourings of fanatical zeal. Whether strictly justifiable or not, they are assuredly most invigorating, and sweep us along with the force of a mountain-torrent. From Luther we have no space to quote, or we should favor our readers with some remarks of his on Henry the Eighth, which speak to kings in a way that kings had never been spoken to before, and which republican courtesy might be shocked to hear applied to them even now. From Milton, whose prose is unequalled for vitality and splendor in English literature, we cannot resist the temptation of making one extract, as the fit conclusion and climax of all our citations of invective. After asserting for God's church the right to exercise the power of Excommunication, he thus assails those degenerate priests who would make this "sacred censure" a matter of merchandise: "As for the fogging proctorage of money—with such an eye as struck Gehazi with leprosy, and Simon Magus with

a curse, so does she look, and so threaten her fiery whip against that barking den of thieves that dare thus baffle, and buy and sell, *the awful and majestic wrinkles of her brow.*" It is but just to add, that Milton, in his paroxysms of imaginative rage, seems not so much to attack persons as crimes; and though names are attached to his severities, we see no evidence that he realized them to his mind as men.

In these loose remarks on the general subject of invective, we think that we have indicated what it is, if not by critical analysis, at least by illustrative quotations, witty, sneering, sarcastic, ironical, indignant, or denunciatory. We have attempted to show that vigorous thought and genuine feeling are the powers which put meaning into its words, and give them the force to wound. Some quiet, tender-hearted, and obscure Christian people, who can find no pleasure in the infliction of pain, may here insinuate an objection to invective itself, and call it a needlessly cruel method of punishing follies and offenses. But this is to wander from the point. There appears to be now no question even among religious controversialists and benevolent reformers, that to fret, and tease, and pierce, and stab, and hack, with all sorts of moral stilettoes and spiritual tomahawks, is a warlike operation of the mind to be cultivated, commended, and reconciled to the principles of philanthropy and the doctrines of religion. Every American has within him a bill of rights, and among the most precious of these is his right to inveigh. "If my stomach cannot stand gin, it is no stomach for me," said the valiant toper to his warning physician; and we would solemnly suggest that any attempt to represent the doctrine of charity as opposed to the practice of mental pugnacity, will result in the sacrifice of the former rather than the latter, and deluge the land with infidelity.

That there is not much danger of so presumptuous an antithesis between religion and railing being attempted, will be evident to any one who has followed the process of an animated theological controversy, and observed the satisfaction with which the reverend victor held up the scalp of his opponent as proof of his prowess. We all appreciate the bland spirit of that western clergyman, who, after giving an impudent parishioner a severe drubbing, came into church on the succeeding Sunday with a non-resistant sermon, in which, after beautifully inculcating the maxims of meekness and peace, he closed with this astounding information to his audience: "All this, my friends, is very well; but still if any of you attempt to cave in my head, you'll find that I'm thar!" The intellectual application of this elegant and benevolent saying, will be felt by all professors of sarcastic ethics and denunciatory theology. All public personages, therefore, whether politicians, statesmen, penny-a-liners, lawyers, patriots, reformers or philanthropists—all gentlemen engaged in the business of picking the pockets of the people, and all engaged in the business of warning the people not to have their pockets picked—seem to agree, in the midst of their delightful animosities, in stoutly averring, "We do well to be angry;" and accordingly

the only thing worthy of being debated, relates to the best means and methods of doing their anger well. A great reform is certainly needed in this respect, or else the whole cause of invective will be discredited. It would be well to have the subject more attended to in our seminaries of education, where, we are informed, ingenuous youth, gifted with a latent genius for hating and decrying their fellows, are suffered to run wild in mere oaths and vulgarities, instead of having their denunciatory faculties well disciplined; and, accordingly, when they grow up, and become politicians and philanthropists, their style of contempt and execration betrays their want of early and orderly culture. Perhaps it would be well to have in every village some paid functionary who will consent, for a reasonable salary, to combine in himself all varieties of folly and crime, and thus, theoretically bedizenized with infamy, to set himself up as a mark for the whole population to practice upon. It is also of the first importance that a chair of invective be established in all our colleges, filled by a pro-

fessor who combines practical experience of the subject with a knowledge of all the vituperation of eloquence from Demosthenes to Burke; and perhaps the most appropriate subject on which the students should first air their vocabulary, and the most worthy of such an honor, would be the college itself, its professors, its government, and its prescribed course of studies. And if the writer of this unpretending essay can feel that, without drawing down upon himself any of the invective he would cheerfully see invoked upon others, he has done any thing for the great cause he has feebly illustrated, he will have that benign satisfaction which comes from the serene consciousness of having aided, no matter how humbly, in that noble enterprise which is to make the world a more uncomfortable residence than ever before, by giving contempt a subtler venom, sarcasm a sharper point, scorn a more poisonous sting, hatred a more overwhelming vehemence, and invective a more universal dominion. P.

THE WITCH'S WHEEL.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

THE sun was shining o'erhead, at the topmost point of the zenith;
The landscape winked through the haze, the shimmering haze of the noontide.
He cared not a whit for the heat, though it flashed on the water before him,
But lay in the midst of its fierceness, basking at ease on the sea-sand:
Shaggy, and wild, and uncouth, with only one eye in his forehead:
Huge-handed, with fingers like claws, or the fins of a wallowing sea-horse,
Broad-breasted, with sinews all knotted, and covered with hair to his ankles.
And thus did he mumble and mutter, as he thought of his life on the island,
With a voice like the growl of a wolf when he dreams of the prey in his slumbers:

"The climbing surf slopes down its ledge of rocks;
Its waves are coming in, to kiss my feet,
And ripples break along the weedy beach,
Curving around the coves and horns of land.
A stone-cast from the shore the dolphin lies,
With silver fins above the cloven brine;
Along the shore the almy brine-pits yawn,
Covered with thick, green scum; the billows rise,
And fill them to the brim with clouded foam,
And then subside, and leave the scum again.
The ribbed sand is full of hollow gulfs,
Where monsters from the waves do come and lie;
Great serpents bask at noon along the rocks,
To me no terror; coil on coil they roll
Back to their holes, before my flying feet;
The Dragon of the Sea, my mother's god,
Enormous Beteboas, comes here to sleep;

Him I molest not; when he flaps his wing
A whirlwind rises; when he swims the deep,
It threatens to engulf the trembling isle.

Sometimes when winds do blow and clouds are dark,
I seek the blasted wood, whose barkless trunks
Are bleached with summer suns; the creaking trees
Stoop down to me, and swing me right and left
Through crashing limbs, but not a jot care I;
The thunder breaks o'erhead, and in their lairs
The panthers roar; muffled in stormy clouds,
With hearts of fire, great fire-balls rain around,
And split the oaks; not faster lizards run
Before the snake up the slant trunks than I;
Not faster down, sliding with hands and feet.
I stamp upon the earth, and adders rouse,
Sharp-eyed, with poison fangs; beneath the leaves
They couch, and under rocks, and roots of trees
Felled by the winds; through briery undergrowth
They slide with hissing tongues, beneath my feet
To die, or in my fingers squeezed to death.

There is a wild and solitary pine,
Deep in the meadows; all the island birds
From far and near fly there and learn new songs.
Something imprisoned in its wrinkled bark
Wails for its freedom; when the bigger light
Burns in mid-heaven, and dew elsewhere is dried,
There it still falls; its quivering leaves are tongues,
And load the air with syllables of woe.
One day I thrust my spear within a cleft
No wider than its point, and something shrieked,
And falling comes did pelt me, sharp as hail:
I picked the seeds that grew between their plates
And strung them round my neck with sea-mew eggs.

Hard by are swamps and marishes, reedy fens,
Knee-deep in water; monsters wade therein,
Thick set with plated scales; sometimes in troops

They crawl on slippery banks; sometimes they lash
The sluggish waves, among themselves at war:
Often I heave great rocks from off the crags
And crush their bones; often I push my spear
Deep in their drowsy eyes, at which they howl
And chase me inland; then I mount their humps
And chase them back again, unwieldy, slow;
At nights the wolves are howling round the spot,
And bats sail there, athwart the silver light,
Flapping their wings; by day in hollow trees

They hide, and wolves slink back into their dens.

We live—my mother Sycorax and I—
In caves with bloated toads and crested snakes;
She can make charms and philtres, and brew storms,
And call the great Sea-Dragon from his deeps;
Nothing of these know I, nor care to know;
Give me the milk of goats, in hollow shells,
Sweet berries, and the flesh of birds and fish;
Nor want I more, save all day long to lie
And hear the moaning voices of the sea."

THE RIVER AND THE MAIDEN.

BY GEORGE H. BAKER.

From the sunset flows the river,
Melting all its waves in one;
Not a ripple, not a quiver
On the flaming water, ever
Poured from the descending sun:

Seeming like a pathway lately
Radiant with an angel's tread;
And yon vessel, moving stately,
Is the heavenly one sedately
Walking with his wings outspread.

What a quiet! Through the branches
Silently the orioles skip;
Not again the fish-hawk launches,
Silently his plumes he stanches,
Silently the sedges drip.

Other sights, and loud commotion,
Fill this tranquil stream by day;
With a solemn swaying motion,
Wave-worn ships forsake the ocean,
Bound from countries leagues away:

Odorous with their eastern spices,
Rich with gems of the Brazils,
Persian silks of quaint devices,
Nameless things of wondrous prices,
Luscious wines from Spanish hills;

Furs from the aly ermine river,
Ingots of Peruvian mould,
Where the deadly tropic levin
Crashes from the blazing heaven,
Piercing earth with veins of gold.

But amid the sacred quiet
Of this gentle evening-time,
Toil and sin have ceased their riot;
One might judge the awful fiat
Were removed from Adam's crime.

Holiest eve, thy light discloses
Holiest things; for through the shades
Mark I where my love reposes,
Sitting there amid the roses
Like a queen amid her maids.

Through the foliage, green and golden,
Round her head the sunbeams dart,
Haloing her like some saint olden;
And a chapel calm is holden
In the stillness of her heart.

Distant, yet I guess her singing;
Haply some poor lay of mine,
Loud with drum and trumpet ringing,
Or of shameless goblets swinging
In the tumult of the wine.

Wicked ballad! all unsuited
To the genial season's calm,
Harsh, discordant, sin-polluted;—
Yet by her sweet voice transmuted
Almost to a vesper psalm.

See, her steps are hither bending,
This, our trysting-place, she seeks:
All her wealth is with her wending,
In the lights and shadows blending
Round the dimples of her cheeks;

In the eyes that melt at sorrow,
In the wisdom without wiles,
In the faith that will not borrow
From to-day fear of to-morrow,
In a countless store of smiles;

In the heart that cannot flatter
For a breath of flattery,
In the mouth that cannot utter
Halting lie or envious mutter—
In her simple love for me.

Crowd yon river with your barges—
All the navies of the main—
Till the loaded tide enlarges,
Till it bursts its wonted margins,
Deluging the pleasant plain!

Freight them with the precious plunder
Of the lands beyond the sea—
Pearls that make the diver wonder,
All the virgin silver under
The great hills of Potosi;

All the real and fabled riches
Of the haughty Persian Khan,
All the gold that so bewitches,
All the gorgeous brodered stitches
Of the girls of Hindoostan;

All the furs, the wines, the treasures,
Were they at my bidding laid,
Ten times doubled in their measures,
Ten times doubled in their pleasures,
I would rather have the maid!

NORAH.

A STORY OF IRISH COURTSHIP.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

NORAH COONEY sat spinning in her mother's humble cabin. Since daybreak she had worked at the wheel with unresting fingers, but the song with which the girl was wont to beguile labor of its wearying sameness had not once in all those hours been heard in the little room, and the hum of the wheel was almost mournful without that pleasant accompaniment. But Norah had no heart to sing this day; though it was one of the very brightest and pleasantest, though the cabin was resplendent with sunlight(!), there was not a ray to cheer her darkened spirit—Norah's heart was almost breaking.

That very day a letter had come from Tim in America, urging his mother and sister, more importantly than ever, to hasten before autumn set in to that good land of his adoption—that land which, according to his representations, was literally overflowing with milk and honey. And Tim, the gallant, brave-hearted, industrious Tim, had added to his entreaties information which, of itself, was powerful to call a very thoughtful shade to the brow of mother and sister—Tim had married with a Yankee girl! The bride, too, sent word by Tim, that she begged her dear mother, and her sweet sister Norah to come with all haste over the waters, where they would share one home for his sake who was so dear to them all.

Great as was her love for Ireland, Mrs. Cooney had now resolved to obey that call—she would emigrate. Norah had not finished reading the letter when the old woman expressed her determination, her readiness to go to that foreign land. The fact that Tim was prospering there, and that John, the eldest boy, had frequently written to tell of the glorious beauty of the strange land, of the "room and to spare," the work and the pay, now settled her mind on a point that had long been mooted by Norah and herself. John went, a married man, from the Emerald Isle, and as we said, was doing well—but his wife was a fiery sort of individual, and he himself was a different person, altogether, from Tim, the darling boy whom the mother and sister had seen depart from the old home with so much sorrow. All the eldest son's persuasions, if urged to the day of doom, would never have induced them to break that tie of habit and natural love of country which bound them to the native land. But Tim's words were now like magic, and Mrs. Cooney said that another week should see them on the great ocean on their way to him.

There were some reasons why, having decided on emigration, there should have been more grief than joy and curiosity in Norah's heart.

As the day drew near its close, and the light of the setting sun streamed so gayly in at the window, the girl's sweet face grew sadder and more solemn, and more than once the tears, kept back all day, so blinded her eyes that she could scarcely see to go on with her work—yet she would not rest from the labor, so the tears were forced back—and once she tried to sing, but that was a feeble, unsuccessful effort, that, even if it had not been interrupted by the opening of the cabin door, would of itself have soon died a natural death.

The individual about to enter the cabin paused as he opened the door, and preparatory to introducing his person, gave a single rap. It was Felix Lever, Norah knew, for this was the half-familiar, yet respectful mode of his entrance, always, to that cabin. Felix had been Tim Coony's intimate friend, and the only reason that they had not emigrated together was the deep, passionate love of Lever's old grandparents for their native land. In his ardent longing to emigrate the young man had urged every reason for their seeking another home and a better living in the new world, but their attachment to the "ould place" was beyond the reach of argument. Felix might have talked on forever to no purpose. The possibility of going without them and leaving the old people with no one to look after and care for them, never occurred to him; or if the thought did once intrude itself on his mind, he banished it at once and forever—resolving that he would always cleave to the parents of his dead mother, through poverty and hardship, to the end, whatever that might be.

After Tim's departure Felix had fully performed his duty to his neighbor, calling regularly every afternoon when he went home from the work for supper, to know if Widow Cooney stood in need of his help, or "*jist to see had they heard from Ameriky since the last.*"

The sight of this fine fellow, who had been just a brother to Norah since John, and more especially since Tim left, caused an involuntary explosion of all that grief which had been lying so heavily on her heart. Felix paused a moment, quite overcome with surprise at her distress. He had never heard her sob so piteously before—and he had seen her when she was in heavy sorrow too.

Seeing that she did not look upon him the youth gathered courage, and thinking he might in some way comfort, at least help her, if she needed aid, he went in and sat down beside Norah, and just as he was going to venture a word she lifted her head—her foot was gently beating again on the foot-board of the wheel, and her hands busied with the work.

The sudden and unexpected exercise of self-control so astonished Felix that he quite forgot what he would have said, and there was nothing left for Norah but to speak—so she said, but it was with that desperate effort which most of us have made when we feel we must say something at a time when we would give almost the world for power to creep away in silence and unnoticed:

"I'm acting just like a fool—what did you stop to see me do it for?"

"I feared ye was sick, Nory—shall I go find yer mither now?" he answered, rising as if to go. He kept his eyes fixed on her so kindly and withal with such a tender look of inquiry, as if he felt for her in her sorrow, whatever it was, that the girl felt compelled, as it were, to say:

"Stay, Felix, till I tell you, we're going to Ameriky, that 's all."

The *that's all* was spoken with such a trembling, despairing tone, as told that it was the very climax of a stern fate.

"Och, don't be afther saying *that*! do n't be leaving ould Ireland—there be dark days enough without that happening, Norah."

After a silence of some seconds, he added—"Did ye hear from Tim the day?"

"Yis, this mornin'—an' mither *will* go. Tim's got married, Felix, to one o' thim Yankee girls."

"The spalpeen! will he be comin' over here with the like o' her?"

"No—we're going to thim, I said. Find out when the first vessel goes. We must go in that."

"An' leave this cabin, and the nice comfortable things that 's bin yer own year in an' year out, iver an iver so long! Faith an' was n't it for the ould folks I'd be afther going along wid ye, mavourneen. It's not worth much to live away from yees, any how."

She looked up so gladly when he said this, that Felix, who had never in his life dared to speak of marriage with the girl, dared to do it now. And never was a warmer, truer heart offered to young maiden than that laid before Norah Cooney in the self same hour when the necessity of parting was upon them.

"Go, Norah, for ye must," he said; "but tell me afore ye do it, that ye 'll take the thought o' me deep down in yer heart, where none o' thim foreigners will get at it. Give me the token that ye love me, an' that ye 'll be thrue to me when ye get to that great, new world over the sea. It's not much I am to ask the like of you, but I've a thrue love that's better nor the best cabin in Ireland with heaps of *purf* and potatoes! Jist say that ye 'll keep me in mind till I come afther ye, Norah Cooney."

"I 'll say it, Felix, an' I 'll keep the oath—the Holy Virgin forget me if I forget. It's many an' many a time I 'll think o' yees, an' the thought 'll keep the home-sickness away from me heart, which even me own maither, an' Tim that's so dear, could n't keep off, darlint. When ye *can* come, ye will—it's enough, that—don't say no more."

They parted that night with smiles, for the bitter-

ness of Norah's sorrow was gone; and, in a few days later, when Felix's hand clasped hers for the last time, they parted with smiles also—smiles which hid the gushing tears—smiles which, when they faded from the face, went down deeper into the natures of these two, to attend in their hearts the hope that each cherished there. Around that toilsome path which she knew she was to tread in the strange land, that distant land to which they were hasting, a light was glowing that cast no shadow: in the new home which the widow and her daughter were seeking, a warmer fire than any ever made of peat, cast its ruddy light abroad: love! love! what an annihilator of time, and distance, and separation, and hardship it was to that Irish girl! what a cheerful, hope-inspiring friend it was to Felix Lever when he was parted from the dear object of his affections! it cheered him through all the trials which compassed him, and though he could not fight himself free from those trials, he combatted manfully with them, and kept his eyes fixed on the one bright point of the future. He was a fine fellow, that Felix Lever; industrious, though his industry was *not* prospered; religious, and cheerful, and kind always, and if ever poor mortal deserved a blessing, it was surely he.

Norah was a very pretty girl indeed—and Tim, who clasped her so fondly in his great powerful arms when they met at last, was not slow in saying the same to her face—for Tim was a privileged mortal, he always said what was in his mind, and from boyhood he had been extravagantly fond of his sister. Since John and he had left Ireland she was grown very tall—red-cheeked and fair she always was, and her dark hair curled on her neck now as it used to when a child—but Norah was become a woman—experience and love, those mighty developers, had made her so, and neither the Yankee nor the Irish sister-in-law might compare with her in point of beauty.

A hearty welcome did the emigrants receive when at last arrived at their new home, and gladly was room made for the new comers in Tim's little cottage. This brother was not yet astonishingly rich in worldly goods, but his house was certainly an improvement on the cabin where he was born and bred—the neat habits which Mary, his wife, had brought from her father's farm-house, were such as made the most of all the worldly goods which he had been enabled to gather together and endow her with on their wedding-day—and so the cottage had a far more comfortable, pleasant set-off than the cabin had in its best days.

Norah was naturally swift and handy with her needle, and it was not necessary for her to go out to service, for through Tim's influence she found employment enough, as a tailoress, among people of her own station, to keep her constantly busy. And Tim himself, who was in the summer time a gardener, in the winter also became metamorphosed into the ninth part of a man, and plied his needle with a commendable diligence. As to the mother of all, it was arranged that she should spend her time between

the two son's families—of course, for Norah, Tim's house was a constant abiding-place.

So were they settled, contentedly and comfortably in their new homes—and Norah turned to her toil with patience, looking forward to the time when Felix should come and make their household joy complete—he alone was wanting to perfect her happiness. There was nothing, she constantly assured him, for the poor to do, but to come to this good land where work and pay in abundance were to be had—and how he longed to obey her call, and how piously he hushed the longing in his filial piety, I need not say.

There was a cousin of Mrs. Tim Cooney, a young blacksmith, who lived in the same village with them. He was a shrewd, industrious man, who was bent on making money, which, in his wise prudence he laid up; and never did any one look better than he when following his *picturesque* calling. All the girls in H— thought so, and there was not one in his sphere of life who could not have summoned up a sufficiency of love for him to have warranted marriage any day he had chosen to ask for it. But the blacksmith had not fixed his heart on any of his own kin, nor lost his heart to any of his own country; Norah Cooney alone answered to his idea of perfect beauty and worth in woman. He had seen her often in his frequent visits at Tim's house, had been enchanted more than once by her touching song; nothing so lovely had he ever heard as her "Kathleen O'Moore." "The Exile of Erin" was invested with the very soul of music as it came from her lips. From listening to her songs, from watching her quiet ways, her gentleness, her care for the poor mother, her affection for Mrs. Tim, his cousin, for her womanliness in the performance of duty, it was, that Miles Brewer loved her, and thought what a jewel of a wife she would be. But Miles had no courage to tell her of it, and no incident turned up in his converse with Norah that would lead directly to the broaching of that subject. There was nothing left for him but to speak with Tim's wife about the matter, and alas for his hopes, they were completely knocked in the head by the asking. Think of such an answer as this being returned him when at last he broached the subject:

"It's too bad, Miles; but did n't you know it beforehand? Norah left her heart behind her when she came from Ireland, she's engaged to marry some man there as soon as he can come to America."

"No! is that so? Some drunken brute of a Paddy, I'll be bound. Do for pity's sake break up the match, Mary. I *must* have her?"

"What you must *not* do, Miles, is just this. I won't have you calling Tim's countrymen names. I've heard my husband often speak of Mr. Felix Lever, and he never would consent to the match if it was n't a good one for that young angel, as one might call her."

"Now forgive me, Mary! If all Irishers were like Timothy Cooney I wouldn't have had reason for speaking so disrespectfully, but you know well enough what they are."

"It's all the fault of the government," interrupted Mary. "But about this I can't promise to do any thing. 'T wouldn't be right, at all, at all. You wouldn't want me to say any thing to her, Miles, if you were in your senses, but what man in love ever was in his right mind?"

Miles turned away without answering his cousin, for his trouble was very sore. He did not really wish to make disturbance or mutiny in a pre-engaged heart, but I would not affirm that he did not curse his cruel luck over and over again, as he wended his way back to the forge. Fortune, however, had an idea of befriending Miles Brewer, even if Fate did apparently set her face against him. Every month he prospered more and more, till he became quite the model money-maker of H., and, as he lived in a democratic neighborhood, people took a great deal of pride in proclaiming to each other that he began life and labor with scarcely a cent at command.

Three years passed away, and Felix and Norah were separated still, and not only so—there was little prospect of their ultimate reunion. The letters which at first had been so frequent and regular in appearing failed, during the last six months not a line had come. The lonesomeness and sorrow occasioned during the first two or three months by this silence of Felix, gave way at the close of the half year to a settled doubt of his truth. That he was living Norah knew, for emigrants from her native country in abundance had during three months testified to the fact—it was grief even for a moment to harbor such a thought, but even after that thought became a bitter and a settled conviction, the young girl's natural courage and strong will enabled her to bear the grief of desertion with more firmness and calmness than a colder-hearted, weaker mortal could have shown. Blest would she have been, indeed, had one word of assurance come to her in those days that accident, sickness, or poverty had prevented his greeting; but, though the word and assurance came not, though her faith was shaken, though her love returned trembling and fearful to her heart, she had no reproaches, no tears, no boisterous sorrow for other eyes and ears; whatever she may have suffered was locked up within her soul.

Believing that Norah was really deserted, and watching her calmness and indifference, Mary Cooney began to have her own thoughts as to the probabilities of her cousin's success, if he endeavored at this time to make an impression on Norah's heart—and it was owing to her suggestions that Miles Brewer's visits at her house became quite an everyday affair. And certainly, whether she regarded him as a suitor or not, there was a great deal of cordial kindness in Norah's greeting to the blacksmith—there was nothing of the coquette about her certainly, and the gentle-hearted maiden, perhaps, laid the charge of the long, long conversations she held with Miles to an ordinary courtesy and friendliness; be that as it may, Miles and Miles' cousin thought that the way to her affections was now quite clear, and the lover went on with his building, and clung to his industrious habits.

The day came round when his house was finished; and his courage had arrived at the superlative degree, and that day saw the blacksmith, now a very frequent visitor at his cousin's, walking arm-in-arm with Mary, and Norah beside him, down the new street where his building stood in all its grand completeness. It was the finest shop and house in H— decidedly. Miles was very proud of this building; he had expended a great deal of calculation and thought on its arrangements, as well as money in carrying these arrangements out; and very eagerly and eloquently did he expatiate to his fair listeners on the uses and capacities of the whole place. From one room to another he led them, until at last they paused, that is, Miles and Norah, for Mary now took the opportunity to disappear to a pretty balcony leading from an upper chamber, and there, for the first time in his life, Miles Brewer spoke of love to woman. It was a twilight fitting for the tale of constant and patient love he had to tell, a sweet June twilight, so soft and warm, that it alone was enough to subdue the heart; and that story of love could not fall idly on the ear of her who listened to it.

Miles had not counted vainly on the turn affairs had taken in his favor of fate—he did not have to ask for naught. Norah listened with a clear conscience to his pleading, and feeling absolved from all prior obligation, answered him as he had prayed she would. But there were no tears, no smiles on her face as she betrothed herself anew—nothing that betrayed the girl's heart was moved. Norah's love-day was over; her romance had ended, she almost wondered at the agitation of the man beside her; she had taken a new view of life in the past months, its duties and responsibilities had assumed a new shape, the fervor of feeling—the heart-glow, the great hope—*great because undefined*—was gone. Miles Brewer was an honorable, kind, respectable, fine-looking, "well-to-do" man; and what was she that she should turn coldly from him—when she *knew* how that would trouble him—merely for the fond and foolish memory of one who had forgotten her? Norah was a girl of good sense, and so she walked arm-in-arm home with Miles Brewer, his betrothed—and there was great joy in the household that night when they saw how the blacksmith had at last won.

An early wedding-day was appointed, and the intervening time seemed to Norah to have taken wings when she sat down alone in the cottage the evening preceding it, to make some trifling, final preparations. Miles' house was all set in order." Norah herself had helped in the furnishing; and she, with the intended husband, had arranged all the place till it looked quite "palace-like," as the mother said.

John's wife, who lived in C—, had heard a report respecting Norah's speedy marriage, and being opposed to the match, as she had been to Tim's also, and a free-spoken woman besides, she said so much, and caused such disturbance in the family, that Tim had forbidden her the house. John, of

course, took his wife's part, and poor Norah, who had been almost convinced by Margaret that she ~~was~~ committing a vile and deadly sin in giving up all thought of Felix Lever, was not sorry that things had come to such a decided pass—for now she could settle with her own conscience, and compose her mind, which it was, indeed, very needful that she should do—and thus, with a prayer on her lip for poor Felix, she could listen composedly to the soft words of another.

It was while she sat alone in Tim's house, waiting and wondering how it could be that Miles and her mother, and Tim and Mary, could be so late in returning from the fair, which was held that day in a neighboring town, that Margaret Cooney passed in the darkness to the window in the back of Tim's cottage, where, discovering that Norah was really, as a friend had told her, quite alone, she tapped at the door, and then, without any bidding, quietly walked in. Norah was vexed to see her in the village, so far from C—, at that unseasonable hour; she doubted not that the sister-in-law had come to attend the wedding, though in the full consciousness that she would be a most unwelcome guest; much surprised, therefore, was she when Margaret laid her hand on her arm, saying hurriedly and impatiently, "You must go with me."

"I don't know any thing about your musts," said Norah, removing herself farther from her sister-in-law.

"What if I've to tell you something about Felix Lever that you've lied to so meanly? What if I tell ye he's livin' an' come over the great sea to this place, jist to see the girl who is gone an' proved false to him? What if I tell ye, Norah Cooney, that he's been at the death-door with the *feaver*, an' that he's down at my house this minit, and that I've come here for nothing on earth but to hear what ye've got to say for yourself!"

"What! Margaret, that I don't believe ye—that's all!"

"Come along, thin, yerself an' see. No! yer afraid to come! afraid to venture to yer own brother's house 'cause that bothering Yankee has beguiled you; more's the pity! Come along, I say; don't be a fool outright! Oh! if ye could a' seen him cry when I tould him of yees! If ye'd heard him pray that I'd come this distance to fetch ye to him, maybe ye'd not stand there looking at me as if ye was a piece of stone, and not a bit more of heart in ye, I do believe."

"Now hush," said Norah—and her voice was more like a whisper coming from a ghost than any thing else. "Tell me that ye'r speaking truth, and not intending to deceive me. Swear it to me by yer hope in the Virgin, and I'll go with ye to Felix an' it were to the other end of the earth."

"Yis—if it's the last words I iver speak in this world, Felix is down there in C— with John now, an'—there! hear him cars! I promised to go in 'em. We haven't a minit's time. Will ye go—or wont ye?—I must be off!"

Norah never paused a moment to think of the

possible results of that night's excursion. Halting only a moment at a neighbor's to tell them whither she was going, that Miles and Tim might be at rest when they heard it, ten minutes more found her in the cars with Margaret, and on the way to C—, a distance of only sixteen miles.

It seemed rather like a tribunal of justice than any thing else (to both those women as they went their way) to which they were rapidly speeding—and Margaret's eye was as constantly fixed on her companion as though she had, indeed, the conduct of a prisoner in her charge.

Before nine o'clock the next morning, there was a great tumult in the house where John Cooney lived—a greater excitement prevailed than when Norah entered it in the night time, and fell fainting, and with a heart breaking almost with the weight of its recovered love, and sorrow and repentance; wilder than when in that still hour poor Felix listened to her confession, and clasped her to his breast, and pleaded, where no pleading was needed to convince, his sickness and poverty, and *his* trust in *her*.

Tim and Mary and Miles Brewer were there; fearful of much, they scarcely knew *what* however, from the extraordinary circumstance of her nocturnal departure, they had started in the first morning train for C—, and there they were all gathered together, astonished, enraged, and far from speechless. The prosperous Miles was a striking contrast, indeed, to the poor, pale, ill-dressed, and almost despairing Irishman; he looked, too, handsomer now in his wrath than ever before; and noisily, and with a great and quite apparent consciousness of his superiority to the whole group, did he argue the point, that this was his marriage-day, and he 'd not put up with such a low performance; Norah Cooney was his by promise, and his she should be.

They all talked, but to no purpose, till the brothers and Mary finally reasoned Miles into quiet, when Tim said,

"It's agreed now, ye 'll all lave it with Norah.

It's a bad business, we all know—and we're sorry it happened. Felix here is almost like a brother to us; and Miles Brewer is a man to be proud of for any woman in the land. But we'll lave it to her. This is your wedding-day, Norah Cooney—which man shall be your husband?"

There was a deep silence in the little room when he finished his speech; and it was many minutes before Norah lifted her head and spoke. But she had strength at last, and she said, so solemnly, that her hearers were awe-struck,

"If I'd died afore this day 't would have been a happy thing; but I'm punished for thinking falsely of Felix Lever. I gave him my heart. I had n't the right to take it back without he gave me the leave. Miles, I knew him from the time when I was a child; I promised myself to him afore I knew ye was in the world. Oh!—oh forgive me! I can't be false to him now! If he'd take me back to his heart, and thrue, kind thought, I'd be richer nor if I had all the gold in the world. He's of my own country; and, God forgive me! I'd not lave him now for any other, though ye would a' done great things for me; and you are a noble man, Miles Brewer, a better man than I deserve to marry."

A wild struggle went on in the heart of Miles as he listened to that low-spoken, solemn confession; but his excellent generosity conquered every other emotion as she ceased speaking. He came forward, then, and leading Felix from the corner where he stood, weak and irresolute in his grief and his love, to where Norah was, he joined their hands together—but his voice was not clear, nor were his hands quite dry, as he said,

"God has joined—man shall not cleave asunder. Norah, I don't love you the less that I freely give you to him now; but you love him better than me—and it's right you should marry. Boy, I wish you a happy life with her."

He turned away as he finished speaking, and in a moment was hurrying rapidly from the house. Was n't it noble of him?

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

AN IMPROMPTU.

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

I NEVER treasured up this kiss,
And faintly now would it forget,
But with its rapturous thrill of bliss
My heart, pulse, brain are throbbing yet.

Reveling it lies upon my lips,
Imbibing all their dewy showers,
As honey-bee the nectar sips
From out the rosy lips of flowers.

And other thirsting kisses come
To claim their share of nectar too,
But with his little roseate plume
He drives them from his cup of dew.

O, Cupid! take thy kiss again!
Bid it from off my lips depart;
'T is sipping life from every vein—
Its beak is fastened on my heart.

THE OCEAN-BORN:

A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY S. A. GODMAN.

(Continued from page 34.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Grinned horribly a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw,
Destined to that good hour. MILTON.

WHEN the captain of the Fire-Fly again appeared on deck, and, taking the trumpet from the officer on duty, assumed himself command of his vessel, all doubt as to what course he would pursue, in regard to the maiden from whom he had just parted, had vanished from his mind. The tiny spark of humanity, which still struggled for existence within him, again had been smothered by the torrent of his evil passions; and his subordinates felt, as they studied his countenance, that their commander was as supreme over them even in their hardness of heart and wickedness as he was in intelligence and physical symmetry.

Vincent had been absent from his post only a few moments, but they had sufficed to bring the Fairy, which steadily advanced, though slowly, in consequence of her diminished canvas, within long range of the pirate brig; and the captain of the Fire-Fly had not issued an order, when the slaver's bow gun belched forth a cloud of heavy white smoke, and a well directed ball plunged into the water so near the freebooter, that it sent the briny drops in a shower over her deck, and the person of her commander.

"The gentleman's in a hurry to open the dance, Mr. Leech," remarked Vincent, as he coolly wiped the spray from his face, "and he seems acquainted with us too, for he sends his cold iron without wasting time with courtesies. But if luck holds, and it's said the devil takes care of his own, we will make him wish himself out of it in even a greater hurry."

No order as to the movement or direction of his vessel did the pirate even yet give; and the Fire-Fly, still heading to the south'ard, under the same sail as when first seen by her antagonist, gave no external manifestation of her captain's knowledge of the existence of such a craft as the Fairy—though, steadily watching her as she neared him, he appeared busy plotting out the line of action he would adopt. Another shot from the slaver, now within range, which flew whistling over his head, and left a wide rent in the spanker as it went hurtling through it on its course, recalled Vincent to the necessity of immediate action. And much to the satisfaction of his crew, who, crowded to windward, busy with conjectures as to what they would be called upon to do first, were beginning to tire of their inactivity, he called out in a clear and ringing voice—

"All hands, make sail!" and the seamen's wandering thoughts being brought back to their accustomed channels, by having something to occupy their hands, all their mental energies were immediately concentrated by endeavoring to perform their mechanical duties thoroughly.

"Loose top-gallant sails! Cast off the main-sail! Clear away the flying-jib! Let fall, all—and haul away!" were the orders that, rapidly as they fell from Vincent's lips, were as speedily executed by the large and well disciplined crew of the pirate.

"Haul in the lee-braces! Keep her by the wind, quarter-master!" next commanded the freebooter; and in as short a time almost as we have taken to tell it, the Fire-Fly, with greatly accelerated speed, was dashing through the water on a line diagonal to that pursued by the Fairy, and directly athwart her course.

When first discovered by the Fairy the pirate was heading to the south'ard, and the wind being E. N. E. made it free for the Fire-Fly, whilst it was nearly dead astern for the slaver. So that though the pirate gained some advantage by the change of course, the Fairy yet retained the weather-gauge of her.

From the first discovery of the object of their search, intense excitement had taken possession of every person on board the slaver; now, for the first time since she was launched, engaged in a laudable enterprise. The motives that caused this strong, stern, resolute feeling, though as different as the various parties affected, yet served to produce the same result in each—a deep anxiety to test the strength of the formidable freebooter in sight, who seemed so cognizant of his might, confident of his ability to maintain his liberty, and so scornfully regardless of those who were hurrying on with the determination of crushing his power.

With Don Manuel and Don Henrico, an implacable hatred toward the capturer of Garcia, combined with all a father's affection for his only child, and an admirer's love for his mistress, rendered them impervious to doubt or dread as to the result of the approaching conflict. Their anxiety to engage at once, without heeding danger, or submitting to the delays incident to manœuvering for an advantageous position, was so great that it had caused the captain of the Fairy much difficulty to prevent the old Don from usurping the entire command of the brig.

Foster, the captain of the Fairy, was, when his interests were at stake, as brave as steel; nothing daunted, no danger caused him to swerve from his

object where money was concerned. But having no other governing passion than the one absorbing lust for gold—which, covered over and kept out of sight by a thousand schemes and pretexts, rules so many men—he was always cautious, habitually careful, when most excited. The amount he had at issue in the present crisis was a heavy one; the largest he had ever placed at the hazard of a single throw. If he were successful, he gained a great reward from Don Manuel, another from the government, and a beautiful vessel, besides the honor, which, when it cost nothing, he appreciated. If he failed, he lost every thing. His position he clearly realized; and though he had no disposition to shirk the trial, when the issue had to come, he felt every disposition to act as cautiously and guardedly as circumstances would permit. The inexplicable apathy of the pirate was an enigma he could not solve; but, from his knowledge of the character of the man who commanded the formidable craft, so peacefully rising and falling with the swell, within gun shot of a foe, he felt assured some deep laid scheme was concealed behind his apparent heedlessness.

Don Manuel was for running the pirate brig right aboard, and thus settle the matter, hand to hand, in the quickest possible time. The captain of the Fairy, however, was for lying-to, and engaging at long arms-length with the guns. The dispute between them was growing fast and furious, as to which policy they should adopt, when they were both surprised by seeing the brig, which, a few seconds before, had been almost divested of sail, now covered with canvas, speeding toward the southward and eastward.

"He will escape! He will escape! Oh! my daughter! my daughter!" exclaimed Don Manuel, believing the pirate's object was to avoid a combat. Relieved on that score, by Foster, all the old gentleman's impatience and impetuosity returned, and he swore that if the Fairy was not run within grappling distance of the pirate at once, he would blow Captain Foster's brains out there on his own quarter-deck.

Maintaining his equanimity even under these trying circumstances, the captain of the slaver strove to convince Don Manuel of the folly of such a course. But the Spaniard would not listen to reason or argument.

"There, almost within my sight, is my daughter! a prisoner to a vile wretch, who, for what I know, or for aught I can do to prevent it, may be now heaping indignities upon her. And you, for fear of risking your paltry vessel, would have us backing and filling about here as if we were on a pleasure party. Out upon such logic! Away with such reason! Be a man, Captain Foster; run us aboard the foul villains, and let our good arms, our stout hearts, and our just cause, battle for us, and we soon will have that infamous rascal and all his crew in our power," exclaimed Don Manuel—his anxiety for his child's safety, his fear that, despite all his exertions, he would not be in time to save his cherished daughter from dishonor, entirely pervert-

ing his judgment, and rendering him rash and headstrong as a child.

Those who regard effects, with the clear, discerning eye of unbiased intellect, can readily discern errors attributable to the cause, but let their judgments, no matter how clear naturally, become subservient to their strongest and deepest feelings, and they will find that those things they most condemned in others they are eager to do themselves. So easy is it to bear the sorrows that afflict others, to under-rate the misfortunes that afflict not ourselves.

Don Manuel, under different circumstances, would greatly have blamed another for not listening to and heeding the reasons urged against the course he dictated, by the captain of the Fairy; yet now they made no more impression upon his mind than would a bucket of water upon Sahara's thirsty plains, and he swore that it should be as he wished—or blood would come of it then.

Looking around, to take the noiseless suffrages of those on board as to the chances of resisting the Spaniard's command, Foster found, from the expression of their countenances, that all his party would back Don Manuel's wishes; and as they were quite equal in numbers to the brig's crew, the probabilities of any benefit arising from a struggle were so slight that, contrary to his judgment and his inclination, the captain reluctantly consented to follow Don Manuel's plan; warning him and his party, even whilst agreeing, that it could not result happily—reiterating that those who lived until morning would wish they had hearkened to his advice.

The prophecy and counsel of the seaman were alike unheeded by Don Manuel, who only replied,

"Run us aboard of the rascal, Captain Foster, and I'll take all the risk."

Thus compelled, the captain of the Fairy reluctantly ordered his helm a-starboard, and his lee-braces rounded-to; and in a few moments the slaver was again heading directly toward the Fire-Fly.

Vincent, who, so soon as Garcia had spurned his last overtures, had clearly and firmly determined upon the course he intended to pursue; and who, also, thanks to his glass, was aware of the cause of the Fairy's pursuit, and of the names and purposes of many of the persons he had recognized upon her deck, saw with scarcely controllable satisfaction this strange manœuvre of the slaver."

"By Neptune! Mr. Leech," he exclaimed to his lieutenant, "the dotards aboard that craft must think the Fire-Fly's turned into a Spanish *guarda-costa*, and is ready to run away, or be run into, as best suits their humor. Hell catch me, though, if they do not find themselves mistaken. Call the crew to quarters, sir! and man the larboard guns."

These orders were almost superfluous; for the crew, confident that their commander's object was not to run, and certain that a fight must shortly ensue, had gone to quarters, and were at their stations ere the call was made; and, as the pirate's guns were ever shot, so soon as her magazine was opened she was ready to engage.

Could one have looked upon that bright spot on

the southern sea, with interests separate from the fate of the inmates of those two beautiful vessels, how much of loveliness would his physical eyes have beheld, how much of loathsomeness would his mental vision have kenned.

The sun, undimmed by a single cloud, was sending his clear, glad rays, as if to nourish and cherish every thing in and on the placid sea, which, undisturbed by waves, rolling in long, slow swells, reflected back again, seemingly with joy, the glittering light it had just received; and sole representatives of man, or his handiwork, were the two brigs, which, as yet steadily careering on their courses, lent additional grandeur to the magnificent picture.

But man, where'er he goes, no matter in what small force, carries with him the trail of the serpent, and in his wake he ever leaves sin, sorrow and death.

The tranquillity of nature's surroundings, the placidity of ocean, the effulgence of the king of day, were all unheeded by the mortals; who, with thoughts centered upon the present, as if it were the end, thought but of carnage, conflict and revenge—and with all their speed were hastening to mar the beauty of the scene.

Vincent, after glancing at his crew of bronzed and bearded outlaws, and seeing they were all prepared, and but waited his beck to fulfill his utmost wishes, quietly turned to reconnoitre the movements of the Fairy. From the steadiness with which the brig headed for him, from the silence of her men, and the absence of any of the customary civilities extended by men-of-war, even when about to engage, the pirate felt assured that the object of the approaching vessel must be to board him and end the struggle as soon as possible.

"The fools—the fools," he muttered, "not content with bearding the lion, they must thrust their heads into his very jaws. Well, I can take them easier so than otherwise; and, forsooth, my chance for capturing the old Don alive is better thus—and I'll not baulk their wishes."

By this time the Fairy was almost within musket shot of the pirate, coming down upon her, bows on, in a line so straight that, did not the Fire-Fly alter her position, she must be struck amidships. Of course, none of the guns of the slaver, except the bow ones, unless she yawed, could be brought to bear upon the pirate, and Don Manuel's anxiety was so intense to grapple with Vincent himself, hand-to-hand, that he would not permit the captain of the Fairy, as he desired, to give the Fire-Fly a broadside before boarding, for fear of losing time.

The silence on both vessels was so profound, and they had approached so near, that the creaking of the tiller-ropes could be heard from one to the other, and yet neither hail had been given nor gun fired. Suddenly, Vincent sprang upon the weather arm-chest, bringing at least one half his person above the hammock-netting, in full view of his pursuers, and shouted—

"Hard down with the helm! Square away the main-top-sail! Haul over the head-sheets! Steady

so!" And as the nimble vessel, which worked like a pilot-boat, came up into the wind and lay-to, her bow pointing toward the stern of the Fairy, and her broadside bearing pointblank upon the slaver—"Fire!" in a ringing voice yelled the pirate captain, and the loud boom of his six larboard guns, as they sent their messengers of death into the devoted Fairy, replied fearfully to the volley of musketry that had greeted Vincent from the slaver's deck so soon as his person was visible over the netting.

Far different was the effect produced by the two discharges; for the balls aimed at the pirate had gone singing harmlessly over his head and past his person, as if he were wound-proof, whilst every shot from the Fire-Fly's guns had worked a fearful havoc on board the Fairy.

Fired, in fact, within fifty feet, even the wads from the pirate's guns had slain many of the slaver's crew; but Don Manuel, Don Henrico and Captain Foster had escaped untouched. And, ere the smoke from the freebooter's cannon had fairly lifted from the Fairy's deck, the vessels came together with a heavy, grinding crash, and the grappling irons from each fell upon the other at the same time; whilst busy hands, with many plies of stout lanyard, lashed spar and spar in close embrace.

"Kill the villains! No quarter to the pirates! Think of Garcia!" shouted Don Manuel, as, at the head of his own immediate friends, he strove to board the Fire-Fly from the Fairy's bow.

"Down with the thieves! Overboard with the lubbers! Remember the reward!" was heard from the lips of Captain Foster, who, gallantly leading on his crew, strove to obtain a footing on the pirate's fore-castle.

"In to the sea with them! In to the sea with them! Show yourselves, ye Fire-Flies!" Vincent cried in trumpet tones, as at the head of half his men he opposed himself to Don Manuel's party, while Leech and the balance of the pirates were contending with the boarders on the bow.

Chivalrously Don Manuel, Don Henrico, and their companions fought, nerved as their arms were by thoughts of her for whom they battled. But notwithstanding they strove manfully, exposed their lives cheerfully, and rallied each other hopefully, yet all their efforts gained them no advantage; and though now and again one would reach the pirate's deck, it was only to be driven back or thrust over into the ocean.

Vincent, though apparently cool and collected, fought like a famished tiger. Every stroke of his cutlas left a gaping wound, yet the weapon always returned in time to meet the blows aimed at his person, and ward them harmless off. His men, too, seemed urged on by a love for bloodshed, and struck with the ferocity of murderers and the vindictiveness of fiends. So that but a little time elapsed before nearly all the supporters of Don Manuel were forced, wounded and bleeding, back upon the Fairy's deck.

The old Don, stoutly seconded by Don Henrico, still held his own, and, side by side, their backs

against the pirate's bulwark, Don Manuel and his friend were now, all unsupported, desperately fighting against most unequal odds. Quarter Vincent had offered, as his object was to capture, not slay them—but they both indignantly refused his protection, and replied to his offers of mercy with curses.

Determined to take them both alive, if such a thing was possible, Vincent urged his men to a rush, and charging down upon the two brave Spaniards, the pirates bore them to the deck by sheer force of numbers—but not until several of the ruffians had lost the numbers of their mess was the victory gained, for the gentlemen struggled whilst there was room to move a hand.

After Don Manuel and Don Henrico were overcome, it was but the work of a moment to disarm and bind them, and just as this was accomplished, a loud hurrah from the fore-castle of the *Fire-Fly* informed Vincent that his officer's party had also been successful.

Captain Foster had done his best, had exerted himself to the utmost, and had been assisted handsomely by his crew. But the perfect indifference to danger manifested by the pirates, their entire recklessness of life, the *sang froid* with which they fought—as if it were a thing of daily occurrence—proved too much for his men, and when the captain of the *Fairy* fell, covered with gashes, all his followers that were able immediately retreated to their own vessel.

Such was the panic that seized upon the remnant of the *Fairy's* crew, when they found their leaders had been captured or killed, that, had it been in their power, they would at once have sought safety in flight. But so firmly had the vessels been fastened together at the commencement of the contest, that it was a work of no little time to separate them. And but feeble resistance they offered to the avalanche of blood-stained, shouting devils who, led on by Vincent and Leech, soon came sweeping across their craft.

"Quarter to all who throw down their arms and surrender!" were sounds that the *Fairy's* crew hailed with gratitude, as they were peeled forth by the pirate captain. And the sharp ring of cutlasses, pike and boarding-axe, as they were hastily cast away by hands afraid to wield them, proved how pleased the slaver's men were to get off so easily.

Deeply gratified was Vincent at the result of the conflict; he had been most desirous of getting possession of Don Manuel and Don Henrico—and both of them he had, unhurt, in his power.

In far greater proportion was the pain experienced by Don Manuel upon finding that his rashness and headstrong obstinacy, which now he viewed in its proper light, had caused such deplorable results. Could he have done so, he would at once have ended his earthly troubles, by letting loose the flood-gates of his life. Even this was now beyond his control, for both his hands and feet were closely confined, and nothing but his mind, which he wished enthralled, was at liberty to act. The misery he suffered was indescribable, scarcely possible to imagine, for

every deep and tender feeling of his nature as parent, soldier, man, was racked and tortured.

Don Henrico, silently lying near his friend, in like helpless situation, trammelled with cords, suffered scarce less; but his heart was so moved by sympathy for the sorrows of his companion, that his own troubles were nearly unheeded.

Captain Foster, though his distress sprung from causes very different from those afflicting Don Manuel and Don Henrico, was also suffering exquisite anguish. He had lost his all! What more can man lose? To him wealth was every thing, and his brig, his all, was gone forever—and he, even if he escaped with life, would be penniless. So much did these reflections worry the slaver captain, that even the pain of the many grievous wounds with which he was hacked appeared light in comparison to his mental miseries.

And thus it too often is in life; the happiness, the success of one, being built upon the ruin, the sorrow and the pain of others. But the end is not now, and transient joys are no evidence of permanent bliss.

The pirate's as well as the *Fairy's* crew had suffered severely, many of both having been killed and wounded; and busy, the balance of the day and all that night, were those who remained unhurt amongst the *Fire-Fly's* men in attending to their own and the slaver's maimed, in burying the dead, in repairing the damage done by their shattering broadside to the *Fairy*, and in removing from both vessels all traces of the sanguinary struggle.

To the relief and astonishment of his prisoners, Vincent had caused them to be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. Their wounded had received the same attentions that had been shown his own, their dead had been buried with the same marks of respect that had attended the committal of his own killed to that great grave of seamen, the ocean. His own men were even more surprised at the conduct of the pirate captain than were his captives, but his commands had been imperative, and though the surly savages uttered many deep oaths, as they stooped to assist the slaver's men to rise, or bore them below, Vincent's orders were in every case obeyed, if not with good will, at least with good faith.

The prisoners, including Don Manuel, Don Henrico and Captain Foster, were removed to the *Fairy*, on board of which vessel they were confined, with as much comfort to themselves as comported with their perfect security; and the brig and her freight was taken charge of by Leech, the first lieutenant of the *Fire-Fly*, and a large prize crew from the pirate.

And when the sun arose, the morning after the fight, its rays served—as they had done thousands of times before, and will do times without number to come—to gild the pathway of successful might and remorseless vice, as it led in triumph, and with pride, conquered right and vanquished virtue to its doom. The brig, too, as with snowy decks and canvas gently swelling to the summer breeze, they sailed lovingly together over the calm water, with

ject to the same will, how much they looked as if they had accomplished some praiseworthy purpose, or were bent upon some generous errand! But such is life; that which is most fair to look upon seldom merits the meed its appearance so boldly challenges.

CHAPTER IX.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice;
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.

HAYARD.

It was the fifth day after the sea-fight. During all this time Garcia's situation had been of the most unpleasant character; one of all others the best calculated to break the spirit and subdue the constancy if it did not unsettle the reason of the strongest nerved woman—a state of continued doubt, suspense, and dread, with yet nothing tangible or visible to struggle against and overcome.

After Vincent left the cabin, and before the battle commenced, she and Bonita had been removed to the cabin-tier of the *Fire-Fly*, where, safe from danger, they remained during the contest. The noise of the conflict had reached them in wavy murmurs, indistinct, it is true, but still sufficiently plain to enable them to know that a struggle was pending; but with whom, or for what purpose—whether the pirate had attacked some peaceful merchantman, or whether it was an avenger of blood striving to render justice to the freebooters, they were profoundly ignorant.

Garcia hoped and prayed that the latter surmise might prove correct, and that she might be freed from her bondage, even by the swamping or blowing-up of the pirate-brig, and at the expense of her existence—for nothing, save religious scruples, prevented the maiden from courting the embraces of the great assuager of human woes; death, aside from the sin of self-murder, had no terrors comparable to the fears she entertained for the other dangers that encompassed her.

No satisfaction, however, or alleviation, did the battle bring to the Spanish maiden; for so soon as it was over, she, with her servant, whose companionship was all the consolation she possessed, were reconveyed to the cabin. Here they found an unpleasant alteration; the light of day had been excluded by fastening in the dead-lights that closed the stern-windows, and a small lamp suspended from a beam overhead, whose faint rays only served to cast a melancholy, gloomy illumination through the apartment, in itself enough to depress one's spirits, was all the light allowed them. Bonita was forbidden to leave the cabin; their food was brought by an attendant, who, though courteous in his manners, never uttered a word; and thus, confined, ignorant of whither they were traveling, doubtful how long their security of person would last, trembling each moment for fear of violence, or that they would be separated from each other, the mistress and the servant had passed four tedious, tedious days and nights.

This dreadful monotony was interrupted on the morning of the fifth day, by a knock on the door that led to the deck; bidding the person enter—for it was

an idle ceremony, the door being fastened on the out-side—Garcia looked up with a sickening sensation, expecting to see Vincent enter, and be again tormented by his importunities. To her agreeable surprise, instead of the pirate-captain, it was Leech, his first officer, who sought admittance. Respectfully saluting the lady, he informed her "that it was Captain Vincent's order that she should accompany him."

It was folly to refuse; but still Garcia was so loth to leave the cabin, which had afforded her a sort of negative protection, that she could not refrain from appealing to the lieutenant.

"Oh! where am I to go? Have pity upon me," she sobbed, "and protect me, if you are a man! Remember the mother that bore you, and for her sake, if not for mine, tell me what new grief is now in store for me?"

Touched by the lady's loveliness and distress—for Leech, though an officer, was an illiterate man, and consequently had not that flinty obduracy of heart that belonged to Vincent, and is always attached to educated villany, he kindly answered,

"I, lady, intend you no harm; where, or for what, you are summoned I am not at liberty to say. My captain's commands are that you follow me; and it will be worse than useless for you to resist."

"Come, then, Bonita, let us go. When the worst comes, this hideous anticipation will have ended," said Garcia, turning to the mulatto. But the officer motioned the girl back, saying she could not accompany them, that she must remain behind. And now, feeling as if her last earthly stay had been removed, with a suffocating sense of undefined dread weighing heavily upon her breast, and the sobs and lamentations of Bonita ringing in her ears, the maiden, preceded by Leech, left the cabin.

On reaching the deck, Garcia was startled to find that, instead of being at sea, as she expected, the *Fire-fly* was at anchor in a small and completely land-locked bay. The familiar and luxurious tropical vegetation on the shores around, reminded her so forcibly of her lost home, that for a moment, and her heart fluttered wildly at the thought, she imagined that the pirate had relented of his cruelty, and intended returning her safe to her bereaved father. A closer look at the surrounding objects convinced her that the land in sight was one she never before had seen; the sloping banks, covered with magnificent trees, some pendant with feathery foliage, others with broad, fan-like leaves—the birds that fluttered, chirped, and sung joyously in their branches—the houses, indistinctly seen 'mid the vines that covered them—the mirrored surface of the limpid water—the symmetrical vessel that floated upon it near the *Fire-Fly*—the clear, blue heavens overhead—all imaged quiet and content. But it was only the peace and happiness of nature and of nature's works; to Garcia it was an unfamiliar scene that held forth no hope of deliverance—and stupefied by the reaction of her own emotions, she followed the footsteps of her conductor passively, scarce conscious she was possessed of life.

So wo-begone did the maiden look that Leech's heart, hard as it was, moved with pity for her sufferings; and he handed her down the side into the boat waiting for them tenderly, as if she had been an infant. When the boat landed at the nearest shore, supported by the officer, she accompanied him, heedless of where he led.

Thus in a trance as it were—for nothing so deadens the faculties, so benumbs the mind, so stagnates life without stopping the breath, as hopeless grief—Garcia was conducted through the forest for nearly half a mile from the bay.

Leech, her only attendant, had not addressed a word to her; and the fresh air, the exercise, the beauty, though unheeded, and the stillness of every thing around, was beginning to revive the lady, and call back once more her scattered senses, when the path they were following turned abruptly to the right—and a scene so unexpected, so like a vision, so horrible to believe, was suddenly presented to the maiden's view, that, pausing with dilating eyes and gasping breath for a sufficient space to convince her bewildered faculties that it was not some awful phantasy, but a shocking reality before her, without a groan, a sob or sound, heavily she sunk upon the ground; and there she lay, so still, so breathless, that it seemed as if the tyrant death for once had in pity stepped between a mortal and her miseries.

No childish bugbear was it that had produced so great an effect upon the strong nerves and bold heart of the brave Spanish girl, but a scene, such as angels look down upon with blushes and regret, and fiends contemplate with gladsome glee; it was a tableaux, such as the arch-mocker himself would have been proud of—so diabolical was the malice it evinced, so great the skill displayed in making God's beauties of mind and matter subservient to man's fell purposes.

Where Garcia fell, the path she had pursued opened upon a natural amphitheatre in the bosom of the dense woods—an oval space, some hundred paces in its greatest length, covered with thick, short grass, closely shut in by tall trees, as if to fence it off from aught impure. But man had found his way there; and what seemed intended by Deity for a chapel, where creature could offer up orisons to Creator, with nothing to intercept his view of the upper sphere but the imperfections of his vision, was now fitted up with all the appliances, was on the point of being converted into a huge slaughter-pen. The victims were there, ready, waiting—and they were men! The executioner, too, was there, ready, waiting—and he also was man!

Drawn up in a semi-circle, its centre facing a small hut placed just on the edge of the line of trees, stood all the prisoners captured on board the Fairy. In the middle of the line, supported on either hand by Don Henrique and Captain Foster, was Don Manuel; whilst the others of the crew, a sailor and civilian alternately, made up the balance of the fearful string. Their hands bound behind them, their legs fettered together, and a huge pirate, with a cocked ship's-pistol in his hand, standing behind

each captive, showed at a glance the stern object of the noiseless parade.

At the door of the hut, and where he could command the varying features of each victim in the circle, stood Vincent, in an attitude as easy and *nonchalant*, and with a face as smiling as if he were gazing upon a holiday show, or some harmless spectacle with which he had no connection.

The place where the Spanish maiden dropped, was in full view of every person in that dread array; and though their own situations, standing as they were on the very line that divides time's brink from eternity, seemed to leave no room in their minds for thoughts foreign to their own plight, yet a thrill, an electric shock of pity for the sorrows of the girl, shivered along the line of doomed ones, causing it to bend and waver like a ribbon in the wind. Prepared to meet their own fates with calmness, ejaculations of anger and mortification began to arise from the captives at their inability to render aid to female loveliness in distress; but the rough grasps of their guards, and the cold muzzles of the heavy pistols that were pressed against their heads, soon reduced them all to silence, save Don Manuel.

The father had been kept in complete ignorance, as to the situation of his child. Whilst the daughter, until she saw him before her, bound and ready to be murdered, knew not that her parent was absent from his home.

So deathly oppressive were the sensations that came upon the Spaniard, when he first beheld his darling girl, that it required all the pride of his character and the remembrance that his weakness would only afford additional triumph to his sneering foe, to prevent the old man from swooning. But by a strong effort he controlled his feelings enough to maintain his senses, and gave them vent by heaping revilings and taunts upon Vincent.

"Devil!" he exclaimed, addressing the pirate, "you have destroyed my child's peace; now finish your fell work, by ending her life with her father's! or have you just brought her here that the cup of your fiendish malice may be full! that you may revel in the tears of a daughter witnessing a father's death, and feast your eyes with the torments of a father seeing before him as he dies, the wreck and dishonored remains of what was his earthly bliss! Thief! liar! hell-hound!" he continued, "if you have a drop of manly blood in you, I challenge you to loose my hands! and with my feet in shackles, I'll make you feel the force of a father's revenge!" And wrought almost to madness by the poignancy of his emotions, and his desire to punish the author of his wrongs—who stood in front of him smilingly listening—Don Manuel struggled so powerfully to break his bonds, that, though he could not start the stout cord that bound him, he and the seaman who was holding him came forcibly to the ground.

A glance from Vincent, and several sailors hurried from the shelter of the woods, and assisted their companion to place the old man, foaming at the mouth and grinding his teeth, again in an upright position.

Leech, so soon as Garcia fainted, had taken her in his arms and bore her to the hut, where, by the use of brandy—the only stimulant within his reach—he had succeeded in reviving her; and just as her father had regained his feet, she rushed past Vincent—who remained standing, apparently a mere spectator, in front of the cabin—and throwing herself upon Don Manuel's breast, her arms clasped tightly about his neck, she cried,

"My father! oh, my dear father! I am still your own daughter! your own, own Garcia! I am pure, and all free from dishonor; and will ever so remain while life lasts!"

"Thank God for that, my child!" burst from Don Manuel. "Pirate!" he continued, addressing Vincent, "now do your worst; you can kill the parent and the child with the same bullet!"

Instead of replying to Don Manuel, Vincent spoke to Garcia, saying,

"Come, lady, if you have aught to say to that old man, speak it quickly, for his lease of life is of the shortest—he and his companions have but five minutes to live. I am getting tired of this nonsense, and have already wasted more time than I have to lose."

"Spare them! Oh, for pity's sake, spare them! What can their deaths benefit you?" plead the girl, as, leaving her father's neck, she hastened to the pirate-captain, and fell upon her knees at his feet. "For your soul's sake, save them! Think! you are about to hurry them, unprepared, into the presence of the Great King, who, ere long, will judge your actions! Show them mercy, that you may receive it in your time of need!"

Lovely enough to move any thing not harder than the hinges of the gates of hell, looked the Spanish maid, as, with colorless cheeks, lustrous eyes, and long, disheveled hair, she crouched upon the earth, her gaze riveted on Vincent's face, in the vain hope of tracing upon his smooth, smiling, sneering features some gleam of pity.

But all unmoved was the pirate, as far as outward symptom evidenced, by either her beauty or her words.

"For my sake, then, if not for your soul's sake, spare them!" continued Garcia, her anxiety for her father overcoming all other feelings. "You said that you loved me; prove it, by saving my father and his friends!"

A transient expression of gratification, suppressed almost as soon as exhibited, was visible on Vincent's countenance as he answered,

"Why should I heed your supplications, lady? What was the answer you vouchsafed me when a pleader to you? Was my prayer granted? Why, then, should I hearken to yours. But I am not so hard-hearted as you think; it rests with you whether your father lives or dies. As my father-in-law I will spare his life, and give his comrades their freedom for his sake. No other thing shall save them. I have said it, and my purpose is fixed."

"My father! oh, my father! God strengthen me

—what shall I do!" gasped the poor girl, shivering convulsively with excessive agitation.

"Make your choice quickly, lady; two minutes more, and I give the word to fire," continued the pirate, as he closely watched the effects of the mental struggle that was racking Garcia's frame.

"Save them! save them! and do with me as you will!" exclaimed the noble girl; affection for her beloved father, and pity for his companions, causing her entirely to forget self and the sacrifice, worse than death, that she was making.

"You will marry me here, now; and trust to my honor to send your father and his friends home?" asked Vincent.

"Yes! yes! if you will promise to save them," she replied.

"The priest! the priest!" shouted the pirate; and, accompanied by a couple of seamen, as if they had had him in waiting, a Spanish friar, the fruit of some former capture, appeared on the edge of the forest.

With trembling steps the padre approached, doubtful whether it was not to his own death he was being led.

"Marry that lady and I, sir priest," said Vincent, as soon as the churchman was within speaking distance, "and your freedom shall be your fee."

Time and again had Don Manuel called to Garcia, and besought her to cease pleading with the pirate, but to let him slay them all. So great, however, was her anxiety to effect her object and save his life, that she had not heard her father's supplications.

When the priest first appeared, the captives thought he came to give them final absolution, preparatory to their execution; and he had half finished the marriage ceremony before even Don Manuel suspected his object.

So soon as he did imagine the duty the priest was engaged in, the old Spaniard heaped execrations so loud and fierce upon his daughter's head, for disgracing herself, even to save his life, that, had she heard them, the maiden would have drawn back from the rash promise she had made. But she was as in a dream, a waking stupor, having but one idea in the whole world, the hope of saving a dear life—and she heard nor saw nothing—had plighted her solemn vows to love, cherish, and obey the man before her, scarce conscious she had spoken.

Thus was the pirate's oath accomplished. There, as has happened on many another spot, in the glare of day, in the bright sunlight, in the face of surrounding men, was singleness of heart, strength of purpose, woman's nobility, sacrificed upon the altar of filial affection. There, as is not seldom witnessed by the church's blessing, was purity of mind, youthful innocence, and maiden loveliness, harnessed for life to depravity of feeling, full-blown wickedness, and hardened crime. And vice, armed in panoply of proof, added one more to his many victories over defenseless virtue.

Two hours after the celebration of this inauspicious marriage, the slave brig, dismantled of her guns, deprived of every offensive and defensive

weapon, and again, under the charge of Captain Foster, stood out to sea; and as she rapidly disappeared, hard indeed would it have been to have told in which breast lodged the heaviest heart—in that of the father, who, compelled against his will to seek his luxurious home, yet forced to leave behind him, lost forever, the only charm that made life desirable; or in that of the daughter, who, to save a parent's life, had become a pirate's bride, with nothing to console or comfort her in the gloomy present, or more threatening future, but the consciousness of her own rectitude.

Vincent, of all the persons who had lately thronged the shores of that small bay, was the only one who felt a sentiment, even akin to joy; and at what a fearful amount of suffering to innocent numbers had his gratification been purchased.

What conqueror though, from Napoleon to the pettiest Indian chief, ever stopped to count the cost to others of the triumphs they enjoyed?

CHAPTER X.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue;
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.

MALLEY.

Time, of all things known to man, is the only one whose movements ever can be relied upon, about whose progress there is neither uncertainty nor variableness; as he steadily glides on, he takes the same measured stride now that he started with at the commencement of his long journey toward eternity, nothing accelerating his pace, nothing retarding the regular, ceaseless advance of his irresistible motion. To mortals, fanned by Time's wings as he flits along, his pace seems unequal; but the hour that passed so quickly and unheeded over the gladsome heart, was of the same duration, varied not a second's length from the one that appeared an age to the tortured breast. Happy for us that it is so, else would our woes crush us. But for our comfort, the hand that bears the poison, carries also the antidote; and the old man with the scythe, whilst he places the bitter chalice to laughing lips on this side, smooths the troubled brow, and dries the fast-falling tears on that.

Wearily, wearily had a year passed over Garcia since she became the pirate's bride. During all that time no word had she heard from her father or her friends. But patiently, uncomplainingly, without a murmur she had borne her fate—a Christian woman, though a freebooter's wife!

The value of the sacrifice she had made she properly estimated; but though she had saved the lives of her father and his friends at the expense of her all of earthly comfort, yet, with woman's angelic disinterestedness, so difficult for man to understand, in thinking of the boon she had gained for others, she regretted not the equivalent that obtained it. And influenced by that *genuine* religion which vaunteth not itself, but that *really believes* it benefits man nothing to gain the whole world, if thereby he loses his own soul; feeling that the past was irrevocable, the future uncertain, and the present all that was con-

trollable, valiantly she strove to so act that if her happiness was blasted here, it would only be the more entire hereafter.

Vincent loved his wife; but it was, as man's love too often is, a selfish feeling. His heart had felt that aching void occasioned by the need of something lovable; cut off by his pursuits from the virtuous, and virtue's ways, he yet had remaining within him enough of his early sentiments to prevent his mental, inner longings from being satisfied by sensual gratifications; and he was too bad himself, too thoroughly acquainted with the depravity of humanity, when governed by naught higher than ambition, lust, or avarice, to entertain any emotion deeper than contempt for those libels upon their sex—the woman who would voluntarily have shared his lot.

Garcia's greatness of soul, her gentle patience, her enduring fortitude, the pirate appreciated; and though he could not, or at least would not, understand or sympathize with the cause of her strength, he yet was a happier man for her presence. A better man, too, he was since his marriage; for though a pirate still, his wife's tearless eloquence had prevailed upon him to ever spare the lives of those he robbed—and, save in actual conflict, since their captain's nuptials, the Fire-Fly's crew had not committed a murder.

For her husband, the Spanish lady felt no love; he was kind to her, treated her tenderly, and saving he insisted always upon taking her to sea with him, and would not relinquish his terrible trade for her pleadings, he strove to gratify her slightest wish; but a stern sense of duty, a morality that looked higher than the technicalities of law, or the usages of every-day life for its definition, assumed with her the stead of affection; and governed by its dictates, she was, what many men are fortunate enough to possess, yet undervalue until the treasure is lost, in the widest extent of its signification—a wife!

When the pirate-crew first learned their captain had married his captive, they looked upon it as a flaunting jest, that soon would pall upon him—and they passed it silently by. But when they found that, contrary to established custom, he intended to respect the vows he had idly spoken, and caused them to treat Garcia with the same courtesy exacted by himself, they rebelled; and it required all Vincent's authority and determination to drive them into acquiescence with his will. When they became acquainted with the lady's character, a change took place in the feelings of the pirates; the civilities that had been extorted from them by fear of their commander's vengeance, were now proffered as free-will offerings. Were they wounded, Garcia soothed their pains by her soft words and tender sympathies; if ill and suffering, she assuaged their miseries by gentle nursing and womanly attentions. And before she had been amongst them many months, so conciliating is the power of purity and kindness, that the most hardened wretch who trod the Fire-Fly's deck, would not have raised a finger to harm her—looked upon her as a guardian angel.

Severe as were the trials which had already racked

her heart, until she believed its sensibilities must be benumbed, Garcia knew that another grievous sorrow was yet in store for her. She was about to become a mother! And under what disheartening circumstances would she have to pass through that dread ordeal entailed upon earth's daughters as penance for Eve's transgression.

No kind friends surrounded her; no home-sympathies cheered her; no sister, mother, was there to comfort her; and except the affectionate attentions of the poor slave, Bonita, who by every effort that came within the scope of her ability, strove to obliterate from her mistress' mind the share she had had in her troubles, Garcia, so far as her feelings were concerned, was now, in her time of dread and danger, alone on the heaving, angry ocean, with not even a Christian hand to close her eyes, should death claim her.

Vincent, to gratify a whim that his child's first breath should be the salt air, had put to sea when his wife most desired to remain on shore. And now, just as the lady's full time was complete, as if to heap new terrors upon her head, the Fire-Fly was contending against a fierce gale, struggling with the huge waves of the rough Atlantic.

Clouds, heavy and black, like death-palls, scudded across the heavens; the howling wind whistled and sang fearfully, as it rattled through the rigging; and the vessel trembled and quaked, and her timbers groaned mournfully as she was tossed about by the strong waves; and thus, while the storm-king raged in his wildest might, was the Ocean-Born ushered into existence.

There, amid the crash of elements, seething water under, around, tempestuous winds and cursing sailors overhead, was a ray of brightness and purity, direct from Deity, admitted into the cabin of the pirate-brig.

And the spirit of the mother, as she gazed upon her beauteous boy, experienced a sensation of inexpressible relief; for though the vessel was in imminent danger, though the storm increased in violence, no terrors did it bring to her. A fresh and sparkling fount of joy had been opened in her bosom; and she knew that if it were her master's will that she and her innocent babe were to be summoned hence, it would be no loss to her, and the child's great gain. Or if it were ordained that they were yet to live, she felt a foretaste of the pleasure she would find in teaching the soul that had been entrusted to her care, its proper duty. And anticipated the labor of love that would devolve upon her, in shielding her pure one from temptations, in warding off such miseries as she had suffered, from the spirit of her dear Ocean-Born.

CHAPTER XI.

It often falls, in course of human life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Though avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But justice, though her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

SHAKESPEARE.

In life, stern, real, actual life, there is no such

thing as an isolated feeling; a sentiment complete within itself—self-produced, self-satisfied: nor an action, that in its conception or fruition, does not draw within the circle of its consequences, those apparently beyond the limits of its influence. Could the dense veil thrown over man's mental nature, by the crudities and opacities of his animal belongings be removed for an instant, he would behold the harmonious symmetry, the glorious beauty and regularity of that faultless chain of causes and effects—which, forged perfect in its completeness, no link wanting at the creation, reaches through all time, to be continued throughout all eternity. Observing things as we now do, partially, by interrupted glimpses, never getting a glance at more than a small fragment, we persuade ourselves nevertheless, that what we are cognizant of is the whole; and like the antiquary, who from an imperfect brick, endeavors to picture forth the size, dimensions and uses of the edifice of which it formed a part, we, poor moles that we are, strive to square God's justice by our appreciation of our own worthiness. Whilst assenting with our lips to the truths promulgated by the inspired volume, we act as if this present state of existence was not to be followed by another. Our deeds prove, talk as we may, that we prefer an almost infinitesimal amount of happiness here, to an all-sufficing share of beatitude hereafter. Else would not the countries, so strangely mis-called Christian, be the scenes of so many uncharitable acts, the abiding places of so many suffering, starving poor, the haunts of so much moral depravity and legalized rascality. Nor would the world at large, which has been making such rapid progress in intellectual improvement, be yet not one jot or tittle more advanced in moral rectitude than it was a thousand years ago.

Don Manuel differed not from others, and his human nature rebelled fiercely against the cross which it was his fate to bear. He thought it was an injustice that he, of all his neighbors, should be selected as the one to be punished. He asked himself what he had done to merit this severe affliction? Wherein he was worse than others? Had he not always been honest? Attended church, been a good master and a good citizen? And almost tempted to forswear his belief in the integrity of Deity, he concentrated all his hopes, thoughts and aspirations upon the anticipation of revenge.

The Fairy's voyage from the Pirate's haunt—a small island to the southward and westward of St. Thomas—so far as accidents of wind and water were concerned, had been a prosperous one. But never men who had just escaped a sudden and fearful death, landed from vessel with less of thankfulness and more malignancy in their hearts, than did Don Manuel, Don Henrique and Captain Foster, when, after a few days passage they once more found themselves at the old Spaniard's house.

Captain Foster's greatest grief, arising from the loss he had sustained by the seizure of his guns and arms by the pirate, and by his failure to secure the large reward that he fully expected to realize by the capture of the freebooters, was within the reach of

consolation, though the petty disappointment he had met with, seemed to harass him almost as much as the greater and more positive trouble that afflicted his companions. A check from Don Manuel on his banker in Havana, for the full amount of the money he had calculated upon making, in addition to the value of the cannon he had been deprived of, soon restored the captain to a state of comparative happiness.

Money, that panacea to so many of the ills of life, and which though it is necessary to comfort, is yet unable to command it—could not soothe the anguish that oppressed Don Manuel and Don Henrico. Of lucre, they both possessed more than enough, and either of them would willingly have given all they had of this world's goods could they have restored the lost Garcia to her home.

To Don Manuel, without his daughter, every thing, life itself, seemed valueless. She had been all in all to him. His wealth, property, standing in society, had only been dear to him because it enabled him to render more comfortable and happy his cherished and only child.

Don Henrico loved Garcia with the enthusiastic abandonment of a noble nature, certain that the object which claimed its admiration was entirely worthy of the precious heart-treasures lavished upon it. The maiden, it is true, had not given voice to her sentiments in words, but Henrico felt assured from the language he had read in her speaking eyes, that nothing but the peculiar and unexpected situation in which she found herself prevented Garcia from doing justice to his devotion by returning his adoration.

Little wonder then that the feelings of the lover, so rudely robbed of his mistress, were almost as poignant as those of the father so cruelly deprived of his daughter.

No time, however, did the gentlemen waste in useless and idle repinings; but accompanied by Captain Foster, whose services Don Manuel retained at a heavy fee, they set off by express at once for the capital to lay their grievances before the captain-general of the island.

This functionary, touched by compassion for the father's visible distress, and by pity mingled with sincere admiration for his heroic child, immediately ordered all the naval force at his disposal to sea forthwith; offering a generous bounty for the capture of the pirate's vessel, and a still more liberal reward if they succeeded in rescuing Garcia.

The Spanish men-of-war, accompanied by Don Manuel, Don Henrico and Captain Foster, ransacked every island, bight and bayou in the West Indies; untiringly they cruised upon the open sea, along the Main, and in and out through every intricate passage in that labyrinth of islands and sand keys that lies between the tenth and thirtieth degrees of north latitude, for months without success; and though they boarded every thing, not smaller than a cockle shell, they came in sight of—not the slightest tidings even could they gather of the whereabouts of the Fire-Fly.

Guided by Captain Foster, they easily discovered the island where the dreadful marriage had taken place; but nothing found there save a few deserted houses to show that man had ever visited the spot before—no living soul was in the vicinity. In hopes that Vincent, lured by its security from weather and curious eyes, would return to that land-locked bay; a vessel was stationed there to intercept him, but though she faithfully maintained her position until hope became hopeless, nothing did she ever see of the freebooter's craft.

Thus, after months had passed without any intelligence having been gained of Vincent, his vessel, or the lost one, supposing the pirate had betaken his desperate craft to other waters, where his evil fame was not so widely disseminated, the government in despair gave up the pursuit, and the men-of-war returned to their usual employment of taking pleasure trips up and down the coast.

Though government became weary of seeking for the marauder, not so Don Manuel. He swore that while life lasted, or until he either recovered his lost child or slew the destroyer of his and her happiness, he would never relinquish his search for the Fire-Fly.

To enable him to carry his purpose into execution he purchased, and fitted out with small-arms of all kinds and twenty brass cannon, a beautiful clipper-built ship of four hundred tons burden—just twice the size of the pirate's brig. Don Henrico warmly approved of Don Manuel's plan; though the expense of the outfit was large, yet so great was the old man's wealth that it was not beyond his means, and it was only at the urgent solicitation of Don Henrico, and to ease his mind, that his friend permitted him to share the cost of the vessel that was dedicated to the recapture or revenge of Garcia. The Fairy, at Don Manuel's request, had been sold, and pleased to think he would at some time have the gratification of paying old scores off on Vincent, and make money at the same time, Captain Foster took command of the new ship—to make another, and he felt confident a more successful, pursuit of the pirate brig.

The Blood-Hound, so she had been significantly christened, was indeed a splendid specimen of marine architecture. Long, low, with bows sharp as a wedge, great breadth of beam just abreast and a little abaft the foremast, then tapering off until the width across her taffrail was scarce greater than a common sized schooner; with tall raking masts, long square yards, taut rigging, and every thing about her, hull, lower-masts, yards, all painted black, she looked the beau ideal of a cruiser; and her appearance promised that if ever she was lucky enough to get within gun-shot of the Fire-Fly, that notorious craft's days would be numbered.

From the time the search for the pirate had been discontinued by the men-of-war, the Blood-Hound, with Don Manuel and Don Henrico both on board, had been continually at sea; going into port only when compelled by necessity to refit, provision or get information, and then immediately putting out

again to resume her ceaseless, and as yet unprofitable task.

But nothing is more obstinate and obdurate than an old man's passion; and Don Manuel, though he had labored diligently, sought unweariedly and unrewarded for more than six months with the Blood-Hound, felt not the least disposition to give up his fixed purpose; not the slightest inclination to falter in his object—but remained firm in his determination to die at sea or to accomplish his end.

A week had elapsed since the terrific storm in which we lost sight of the Fire-Fly, had swept over the ocean; and the Blood-Hound having again fruitlessly visited the island-haunt of the pirate, heading to the north and eastward, was standing out to sea on a cruise. Don Manuel intending to run across the Atlantic, and if unsuccessful in the passage, then to sail down the whole extent of the African coast.

The weather was delightful; no trace remaining on the smooth water, or in the clear heavens, of the violent commotion both had exhibited but a short week before. The small wavelets that rippled around the gallant ship's cutwater, as she glided on, made a soft and pleasant harmony, that accorded charmingly with the balmy breeze and cloudless sky, and seemed attuned by fairy fingers to win man from his mental miseries. But the harsh tones of Don Manuel's voice, as pacing the deck he conversed with Don Henrico, proved that nature's quietude touched no sympathetic chord in his troubled breast.

"To think," said the old Don to his companion, "that in this fair world, so sweet to look upon, there should be so much foul villainy, and to see, on shore as well as at sea, rascality so often successful, so seldom punished, is enough to make a man who really desires 'to do as he would be done by,' wish that he had never been born. Here, for a year, has that double-dyed scoundrel, Vincent, escaped harmless; and has doubtless chuckled daily over his success. Whilst my angel child, who never had a thought that was not pure, who never harmed a worm intentionally, has been condemned on earth, before death, to the torments of a hell. Where is the justice, where the encouragement to do right, in this?"

"It passes our comprehension, Don Manuel," replied his friend, "but if we acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Ruler, we must believe that there is a wise purpose in it, though beyond our knowledge. It is yet to be seen whether the punishment meted out to transgressors here will not fully equal their deserts. Time is short, but Eternity has no end—and until we pass from this life to a better one, all that we can do is to strive to act according to our consciences, and trust to God's mercy for eventual justice."

"Easy to talk, easy to talk, Don Henrico," continued Don Manuel, "but do you feel it? Can you practice it? Methinks I have seen you as rebellious against Heaven's decrees as ever I have been."

"Sail ho!" shouted by the look-out aloft, pre-

vented Don Henrico's reply; and hastily snatching their glasses, as Captain Foster asked—

"Where away?" they were all soon eagerly scrutinizing a dark object upon the sea, some five miles distant from the Blood-Hound, and on her lee bow.

"Can you make her out, Captain Foster?" in the same breath asked Don Manuel and Don Henrico, as after a long and steady look at the stranger, they found themselves unable to distinguish her build or rig.

"No, not yet; she seems to have two masts, but there is something odd about her top-hamper, that I can't make out. But I'll go aloft and take a better look;" and seizing his glass, the captain proceeded with all haste to the fore-top-sail yard. He remained on his lofty perch sometime before he was able to give any satisfactory answer to the repeated questions put to him by the impatient gentlemen. At last, when Don Manuel and Don Henrico were restless with anxiety and hope—for every vessel they trusted might turn out to be the one they sought—Foster gave food for their wildest delight by crying out in exulting tones:

"Hurrah! hurrah! By Heaven's we're in luck! As sure as I'm a living man it is the Fire-Fly; and under jury-masts at that. Now she can't escape; we've got her at last;" and gleefully the captain descended the rigging and lit upon the deck with a bound and another huzza, which, being echoed by the ship's company, a loud cheer rang over the water, pealed forth by two hundred throats.

High hopes of speedy vengeance, and tender thoughts of again beholding their beloved one, mingled together so confusedly in the minds of Don Manuel and Don Henrico, as almost to render them frantic. Sail was crowded on the Blood-Hound, and shortly, from her deck was visible the splendidly proportioned hull of the Fire-Fly, as with nothing but two short jury-masts, barely sufficient to support a foresail and mainsail, in place of her tall and tapering spars, like a wounded water-fowl, the pirate brig came lagging along on her course.

The gale which had overtaken the pirate, and that had howled such a wild welcome, or presaged such a doleful doom to his child, had also nearly swamped his vessel. All the seamanship, determination, and courage of the captain and the crew had it taken to save the Fire-Fly from being engulfed in the vast, grave-like chasms which the heaving waters had continually opened around her, and into which the wind, as it sobbed and moaned, and then roared hoarsely, seemed striving to force her never more to arise. At last, after the fury of the storm abated, spite of all their efforts, the brig was mastless, nothing but a hull tossing on the vexed vortex: the water-elves had been cheated, but the spirits of the air had seized their share. Having no dock-yard in which to refit, the pirates carried a large quantity of spare spars; but nearly all of them had been washed overboard, and it was with much difficulty that Vincent had been able to rig up the scant jury-poles he was under the necessity of using by the Blood-Hound.

Don Manuel's vessel, in consequence of her greater altitude, had been seen by Vincent long before they made out his docked and diminished spars. From the Blood-Hound's rig, the pirate knew she was an armed vessel, and he thought a regular cruiser. Seeing that the stranger sailed three feet to the Fire-Fly's one, he felt assured it was useless to attempt to avoid her, and so, doggedly determining to hold steadily on his course, and trust to wits that had freed him from many a former peril when force would not avail—but resolved in any event not to be captured—the pirate captain beheld, without trepidation, the heavily armed and dangerous-looking ship bearing down upon him under a press of canvas.

As the Blood-Hound came up near enough for persons on her deck to be distinguished by the glass, Vincent, to his surprise, recognized Don Manuel. When he first saw approaching him the man he had so shamefully injured, clothed with ample power to carry into execution the vengeance that must naturally be rankling in his bosom, the pirate captain for a moment experienced that sickening sense, so hard to drive away, of the proximity and certainty of a punishment known to be richly deserved. But it was only for a few seconds' space that the pirate felt disturbed. Summoning to his assistance the subtle intelligence and remorseless will with which he was endowed, suppressing all his human sympathies and weaknesses, acting but through his mind, he saw that though his brig was crippled, and could neither successfully fight with, nor flee from the approaching ship—that yet, if he was determined to do or die, even now, though the chances seemed so few, he would be enabled to escape harmless from Don Manuel's wrath.

Small thought had those on board the Blood-Hound that by any thing short of a miracle, could Vincent or his crew now ward off the punishment they so long had merited—had so long escaped.

Ranging up almost alongside the Fire-Fly, with crew at quarters, ports opened and tompons out, the Blood-Hound appeared about to attack the brig at once, without a word. Just, however, as the bows of the two vessels were almost parallel, Don Manuel, in a loud and excited voice, hailed:

"Heave to and surrender, you cut-throats! or we'll sink you."

"Sink, and be blasted! Your daughter goes along with us!" Vincent coolly replied to the hail—as, without making any motion toward obeying Don Manuel's command, or paying any attention to his threat, he kept on his way.

So staggered was Don Manuel by the recklessness of the pirate, and by the remembrance of the fact that, though so near her, his daughter was still as completely in the pirate's power as if he had been on the ocean alone, that before he recovered himself enough to speak the vessels had forged by each other, and the Blood-Hound had passed astern of the Fire-Fly.

Calling Don Henrique and Captain Foster to him, the old Don consulted with them as to the course they had better adopt. They all entertained the

keenest desire to capture Vincent, and punish him and his vile associates for the pain and misery they had caused Garcia and her friends, as well as for the thousand other crimes they had been guilty of. But how to attain their end, and at the same time save Garcia, was a question they could not solve. They knew Vincent to be fearless, and entirely unscrupulous; and they were certain he would murder the lady, and perhaps blow up his vessel, before he would be captured. It was therefore with strange emotions that they found themselves, having the physical strength and the inclination to punish the pirates, yet withheld by love for Garcia from carrying their wishes into execution. Situated as they were, however, small choice remained to them; they either had to attack the pirates and vanquish them, with the certainty of sacrificing the generous woman who had so nobly cast herself away to preserve their lives—and this they could not think of—or else make such terms as they best could with the pirate captain, and save the captive lady.

Putting the Blood-Hound about, Don Manuel was soon again within speaking distance of the Fire-Fly; and as the old man hailed, Vincent gathered from his tone and manner that the father realized the disadvantage under which he labored—and the freebooter smiled as Don Manuel said,

"Surrender on board the brig there! and we will give you honorable treatment, and a fair trial on shore!"

"Much obliged to you for your kindness, Don Manuel," sneeringly answered Vincent, "but I am very well satisfied where I am, and would rather be the judge of my own actions."

"Your blood and that of your men be upon your own head, then, you graceless wretch!" exclaimed Don Manuel, betrayed from his coolness by the sneering accents of the pirate; "stand by your guns, my men!"

A single sentence from Vincent, as he asked—

"Have you forgotten your daughter?" called the father back to the actualities of his situation.

"Where is she! where is she, you heartless brute? Let me see her! Is she safe and alive? How do I know you have not murdered her?" rapidly asked the old man.

"She is safe and alive, Don Manuel," replied the pirate, "and it depends altogether upon you, whether or not she remains so. Let us, however, understand each other, and not behave like school-boys, quarreling when they dare not fight. You would, I know, like to hang me and my crew; and you have the force to capture us, if we would let ourselves be taken. So far so good; but, on the other hand, we have no fancy for hempen cravats—they are unwholesome; and besides, I have possession of your child; and though I do not wish to harm her, yet, sooner than be taken—though she is my wife, and the mother of my child—I will blow her, and every living soul on board the brig, into eternity. Now take your choice—your daughter, and leave us; or else fire a gun, and see her and us flying hellwards!"

"Give up my daughter, then, and her child. God

pity her for having had to bear a child to such a wretch! and we pledge our honors to leave you and your murderous gang, to find that fate some other day, your deeds will surely meet!" was Don Manuel's reply.

"You pledge your solemn honors, and swear by the crucifix, that you will offer us no molestation, and grant us a week's grace to make an offing, if I surrender my wife and child?" inquired the pirate.

"We do! we do!" replied, in one voice, Don Manuel, Don Henrico, and Captain Foster.

"Swear it!" said Vincent—and the oath was taken separately by each.

"Now send your boat; but only four hands in her, and no officers;" continued the pirate, as he saw Don Manuel and a full crew about to leap into the cutter. Only the specified number remained in the boat, and with a few strokes they reached the Fire-Fly.

Garcia, who was too feeble to walk, was soon carried from the cabin to the deck of the Fire-Fly—and grateful the lady felt to the Almighty for his goodness in permitting her to be rescued from the horrible life she had been leading. She could not, however, part from the father of her child, though he had caused her so much sorrow, without making one more effort to turn him from the fatal course he was pursuing. Eloquent was the appeal she made to Vincent "for his child's sake, if not for her, nor for his own, nor for his soul's sake; yet for the sake of his innocent child, to relinquish his miserable calling, and seek an honorable living—so that his son would not have to blush, if ever he heard his father's name."

But it was in the presence of all his crew, in sight of his enemies, and whatever were the real sentiments of the pirate's heart—for he little relished parting with the lovely one and the babe, about to leave him for ever—he suppressed all manifestation of feeling, and answered in his usual cold and sneering tone,

"I take it, lady, were the whole truth known, there is but trifling difference between a pirate and many a man who bears a much more honest-sounding designation. One does his wickedness, if so you phrase it, openly, and bravely dares the penalty; whilst the other, slyly performs his rascality—and oftentimes glossing over the greater crimes with smooth and specious titles, if he is lucky and stays within the wide boundary of the law—that net spread by grand rogues to snare petty ones—forsooth, he is an honest man, and deserves a monument! But your friends, I see, are getting impatient; so give you good day, lady, and a pleasant voyage to you!" And this was the parting greeting of the pirate, to

her whose young joys he had crushed in the bud; to her, whose morning of life and hope he had darkened by the storm-clouds of his passion.

Soul-stirring, heart-touching were the greetings that the recovered one received when she reached the Blood-Hound. Her father, in his thankfulness at having once more regained his beloved child, almost forgot the hatred he bore toward the cause of her sorrows; and Don Henrico, absorbed in gazing upon his dreams-object, could scarcely persuade himself that the pensive, thoughtful woman he now looked upon, was the same Garcia he had worshipped a year before.

Bonita's joy at getting back to her master, and free from the pirate brig, was beyond all restraint. By turns she cried, laughed, shouted, danced from joy—hugging the knees first of her master, and then stooping down by her mistress, the excess of her gratification seemed to have turned her head. But the senses of the affectionate mulatto all returned, when her mistress, overcome by the tremendous excitement, pleasant though it was, required her assistance to reach the cabin.

An hour after Garcia had been received on board, the Fire-Fly could barely be seen from the Blood-Hound's deck; and ere night the vessels—one seeking a peaceful harbor and bearing happy mortals to an innocent home, the other, freighted with heartless, crime-stained men, intent on pillage—had entirely disappeared from each other's sight.

The Blood-Hound's run-in was safe and speedy; and Garcia again found herself an occupant of the chamber from which, a short twelvemonth anterior, she had been so rudely kidnapped.

As the lady noted the familiar objects that surrounded her—how thick and fast did the scenes she had passed through, since she had been torn from its shelter, throng upon her. A twelvemonth is but a little while, and yet how multitudinous the events that can and do occur within its limits. All about her Garcia saw was unchanged; the same furniture—the same scenery, the same sky visible through the window—and yet how different the lady knew herself to be, from what she was, when last she had cast her eyes upon those silent mementoes of the past. A short twelvemonth, and she had been a lovely maiden, to sorrow, dread, regrets a stranger; every thing in the present bright, every thing in the future brighter. Now, and the hour-hand of time had made but a single revolution, she was familiar with sorrow, was a woman and a mother; the future had become a dread, and the past she had so bravely struggled through, was too full of painful memories to think of.

[Conclusion in our next.]

LADY IDA.

BY MARY FARQUHAR.

MIDNIGHT in the streets of London! And yet the throng of foot-passengers was almost as great, the rattling of carriages as incessant, as at mid-day! But at midnight the moon rose; and, as if she had charmed the city into repose, in a few hours after there came an interval of quiet, when the plash of the fountains in the parks could be heard; when the cool, soft night-breeze dallied with the leaves of the trees; when the moonbeams streamed down undisturbed by noise and tumult, over palace and church and tower, and long rows of brick and stone houses, and into the miserable and uncurtained abodes of the poor and wretched. So, too, on weary eyelids and wearier hearts it shed the "sweets of forgetfulness," and scattered dreams of many shapes and hues over the slumbers of youth and age, of wealth and poverty. But to one, at least, in that mighty city, it brought no slumbers filled with fair visions; rather heightened with its charmed silence and freedom a waking dream, more exquisite than any that ever the magic night conjured into the brain of the sleeper.

From one of the most princely of those princely dwellings, that make London so mighty, and so luxurious, a solitary light still gleamed. The soft night air stole gently in through heavy curtains, that draped the windows, and bore the whisper of the leaves and the murmur of the fountain from the adjacent park into the silent room. The perfume of the most delicate flowers, arranged in vases of antique form, floated around the apartment, while the silver lamp, suspended from the ceiling, shed a soft yet radiant light over every object there. Perchance the fragrance of the blossoms, the soft music of the night, and the beauty that breathed from every thing around her, stole through the portals of the senses, and gave the essence of their being to be woven into the ideal vision that arose fairer than the fair night before the motionless occupant.

The Lady Ida, only child of one of England's proudest nobles, claimed beauty as her birthright, as well as wealth and rank. The patrician blood that flowed through her veins brought with it the perfectly regular features, the elastic, graceful form, that had made a long line of fair ancestresses renowned for loveliness. 'Tis true the Lady Ida was not thus renowned, for, unlike others of her family, she lacked the brilliant bloom that constitutes with many an essential of beauty. Beside also the fair paleness of her complexion, a certain fixedness of expression gave her face too much of a statue-like repose to make her style of beauty widely popular. We believe the soul always shines *through* the face, though not always moulding the features, and as the fair lady sat thus beneath the bright light, one could almost think that the spirit within had fashioned its

own tabernacle of flesh, and that a close study of those perfect features would reveal the character of the life that shone out of them. One could easily fancy that those somewhat thin lips, that now were parted with a slight, *very* slight smile, could curl in scorn or freeze into unflinching decision, or, as now, express softness and sweetness, but there was none of that passionate tenderness to be seen there that belongs to a more sensual nature. If there *were* passion in her heart, its outlet was not to be sought there. Perhaps the usual expression, of that in others most expressive feature, was a serene repose, as if the current of her being were unruffled by any feeling that could stir the depths of her soul. And so the world, the careless world, and they were partly right too, said she was as cold as proud, and that one might as well attempt to win the heart of the Venus de Medici! But under the lofty, queen-like brow, the dark eyes, whose light waxed and waned with every emotion and thought, belied the proud lips. Those deep, deep eyes could flash with indignation, or gaze into the heavens with rapt devotion, or glow with earnest thought, and melt in inexpressible tenderness and adoring rapture. If one wished the key to Lady Ida's character, one must have looked into the unfathomable depths of those usually serene eyes, and learned what all their changes meant. But rarely did they thus betray the hidden current that flowed on silently but not tranquilly; she had learned to school their glances, till the flattering fools who courted them, or the envious ones that shunned and derided them, had truly some reason to say that she was as fair and cold as a polar night, and that it was as dangerous and vain to attempt to reach her heart as to find the north pole.

And why was this? In natures such as hers the intellect matures before the passions. Ere she had felt the need of love, felt the "*necessity for idolizing*" that exists in every woman's heart, she had learned to criticize the devotion of her suitors; and, if the truth must be told, when a woman begins with criticizing she never ends in loving. There was also another and more potent reason. Her pure moral sense, her consciousness that there was more in life than was dreamed of in the hollow philosophy of the hollow world around, made her shrink from the gayeties and follies of fashionable life, and from those who found in such a life all their aspirations fulfilled. So she made for herself an independent existence; living as much in retirement as her father's rank permitted, she devoted her time to mental culture, to carrying on, with singular firmness and good sense, many benevolent plans for the tenantry on her own and her father's large estates.

And thus she was rapidly approaching that period of life when the freshness and vivacity of youth takes flight, (and a woman likes to throw a haze round the years she has passed,) without ever having been in love! But do not suppose, dear reader, that she did not wish to find herself in that delightful, ecstatic state, in which the poor victim is at one moment standing on the summit of bliss, the next sinking into the abyss of despair, and really unable to tell whether he is supremely miserable or superlatively happy! Yes, indeed, with all the intensity of an ardent, true-hearted, matured woman, she longed for some being to whom she could devote the best part of her life; whom she could worship with all the passion that dwelt in her heart, and reverence with all the power of her mind. A being upon whom she could rest in her hours of weakness, who would lead her ever nearer the true and good, whose tenderness should melt the habitual reserve of her character, and make her soul ever flow out in one full stream of love and joy. But among those whom her wealth and rank attracted, there were none who thus realized her heart's ideal; and determined not to give her hand *without* her heart, she steadily refused to listen to the declarations of her lovers, or the arguments of her father, who was naturally anxious that his only daughter should form a suitable alliance.

Such was the state of affairs until about a year before our story commences, when a mere accident gave a new coloring to her future life. One day, while residing in a remote country-seat of her father's, during the summer months, she happened to take up a London paper, and as her eye carelessly ran over the columns, her attention was fixed by a short poem. It was a translation of one of Goethe's minor poems, and the truth and spirit with which it was done could not fail to charm her pure taste. In successive numbers appeared many other poems, sometimes translations, sometimes original. They were evidently the productions of no common genius, and Lady Ida soon began to look for their appearance with real interest. But, like the rest of the world, she was content to feed on the best that flows out of the poet's soul, without heeding its source. She never thought of linking these poems to a living existence, a breathing, thinking, feeling man, until their non-appearance awoke a curiosity to learn the cause of such a sudden cessation of what had been so great a source of delight. So one evening, in a fit of ennui, she snatched up a pen, and wrote a note expressing her pleasure in the productions of the unknown poet, and regretting the suspension of his labors, addressing it to his signature, enclosed it to the editor of the paper, without, however, giving any clue to her own identity.

Her answer came in a beautiful poem addressed to the Unknown Lady. As my heroine read the lines, an inexplicable feeling took possession of her soul; a dim remembrance floated mist-like before her. It seemed as if those thoughts had been breathed into her mind in some far-off state of being; they were strangely familiar, like music heard in a dream,

whose tones linger still in our memories as we wake. There are moments when the soul exerts its supremacy over every thing outward, and leads us onward, we know not whither, by an irresistible fate; and thus Lady Ida, without a single misgiving as to the consequences, yielded to her impulses, and continued a correspondence with the unknown poet. It is true, she well knew, he could never discover her identity, and thus she satisfied the aristocratic conscience that sometimes troubled her, for daring to leap over the barriers of conventionalism, and commit such a folly as to carry on a correspondence with an unknown person, who, doubtless, was some literary adventurer, as far removed from her sphere in this great world, as a flower from a star. But so it was. The very secrecy and mystery lent a charm to this singular freak. Months passed by, and on the face of the Lady Ida a new expression beamed. There was a light in her eyes, a serenity on her brow, a softness in the tones of her voice, in short, an atmosphere of satisfaction surrounding her, as new as it was delightful.

In her highest and best moods of mind, she felt that in this unknown friend she had indeed found a kindred spirit. Her whole soul was elevated by the thoughts he brought, her best purposes strengthened by his counsel, a new impulse given to life. What before had been but dimly felt was now set before her in glowing light. She felt renewed, exalted, made better. All the heights and depths of a strong, manly, fresh, youthful being were laid open to her; the experience that life passed in a different rank and circumstances had brought, was revealed to her without reserve, and with a perfect confidence in her, that filled her heart with new and beautiful emotions of mingled tenderness and admiration. But in some extracts from her letters she shall tell her own story.

"I know not by what spiritual law it is that my soul thus opens itself to you. Sometimes it seems to me that I must have known and loved you in another world, and that even now you are bending over me from that distant land, drawing me upward nearer to God and Heaven. Why is it that when I think of you my whole soul seems to flow over into words, and the deepest thing in my nature to spring up glad and free, to meet your glance? How earnestly at ball or opera, do I long for the hour when silence and loneliness shall bring you to me. When I can ponder over your precious words, and pour out all that has been so carefully hidden from the cold world into your heart. Then your spirit hovers round me, and stills into a delicious calm my restless heart; it no longer yearns for a human love, for the spiritual communion we hold together is far dearer than the vows of a lover. Then I talk with you, my beloved, of those strange mysteries in our lives by which we recognize our divine origin; then we look dimly forward to where the finite fades into the infinite, till we are led into the presence of Him in whose arms we both repose.

"How different life is since I knew you. Nature

has a new language to me. Formerly I loved her for the calm that she brought me. I could *think* so much better when in her presence. The fairest scene that ever the sunniest day drew out of her boundless store of beauty, only served me as a framework, wherein my reveries wove themselves into a picture fairer than that which lay before me. But now a delightful feeling of leisure has taken possession of me. I have time to examine the beauty that crowds upon my sight. I seek for the meaning of this mighty language, in which God is writing his thoughts. You have taught me to see in nature the symbol and type of the spiritual existence of which man's soul is a part. Nature brings me nearer to you, in the solemn emotions that ebb and flow as I gaze upon her glory, and let into my soul the sense of her divine beauty!

"Existence has become dear to me of late; there is a charm in living that I have just discovered. The commonest enjoyments have become positive luxuries. Methinks *you* are the magician who, by his enchantments, converts the desert that life has hitherto been, into a garden full of shady groves and pleasant fountains.

"I am contented not to behold you; and am unwilling to run the risk of having my actual presence dissolve the spell that unites us. No, I will not even send you my likeness. I forbid you to seek to discover my name or rank; when I am with *you* I have neither. I am a woman, daring to love a spirit that can only be a voice, whose tones make the music of her life. It is true that I wavered for a moment, when you told me that you loved me with all the powers of your soul—that soul that I know to be so lofty! When you pictured to me how lovely life would be passed together, when you told me that the actual world around you had become a dream, the hours spent with me the reality. When you tell me 'that life is insupportable without the hope, however distant be its fulfillment, of some time looking into my eyes, and that death would be welcome if brought by one kiss from my lips.' But ah! my friend, your love is too precious to me. I *dare* not meet you. The first glance might dissolve the illusion on both sides. Ah, no! let us live yet longer, meeting only in the world of thought. If ours is, indeed, as you say, a true spiritual union that nothing can dissolve, why should we meet; could we be nearer each other, if your arms were round me, and I could hear the beating of your heart? How could I live and not have you recognize in my person the being you have loved, and who has given *you only* her heart. No, no, I can never consent. You would cease to love me, *perhaps* I could not love the *man*, as I do his internal self."

The summer floated on with wings of light, and Lady Ida, shortly after the evening on which we introduced her, left London to spend a few weeks with a noble relative at his country-seat. It was nearly sunset when she arrived, and excusing herself from dining, on the plea of headache and fatigue,

she did not make her appearance before the other guests until the evening. When Lady Ida made her quiet entrée into the lofty drawing-room, she found a few guests assembled there, most of whom were acquaintances. One quick glance assured her that there were none there for whom she felt any very great regard; and with a slight feeling of weariness at the prospect of spending some days with an uninteresting set of people, that cast an almost imperceptible shade over her fine face, she allowed herself to be introduced to the only stranger there—a young man, who was conversing in low but animated tones with her hostess, when she entered the room.

"My dear Lady Ida," said her pretty, graceful hostess, Lady Mary M—, "will you not assist me in convincing this heroic young gentleman that the age of romance and chivalry has quite gone by? He declares that there is more poetry in the world *now*, than in the days when gallant knights risked life and limb, to win one glance from their lady's bright eyes. I never saw any one so inconsistent, for you must know he is a poet, and of all persons in the world ought not to entertain such a heterodox opinion." As Lady M— thus rattled on, Lady Ida regarded more attentively than at first the subject of her ladyship's graceful raillery. He was quite young, of medium height, with one of those slight, elastic figures that give one the idea of a free and joyous nature. His complexion was fair, while soft, brown curls clustered over the broad, white brow, beneath which glowed a pair of large, gray eyes. The other features were irregular, and not at all remarkable.

But one never thought whether this young man were handsome or otherwise, for the constant change of expression, the rapidity with which every variation of thought and feeling was mirrored in the eloquent face, was more fascinating than the most perfect and regular beauty.

"You must allow me to hear Mr. Jeffries' arguments in favor of his unusual opinion, before I quite decide so important a question," at last said Lady Ida.

At the sound of her voice he looked toward her, and their eyes met. A sudden sensation thrilled through both, as, for one instant, each seemed to have seen the spirit that looked out from those portals of the soul. He did not reply to her observation immediately. At last he said, with a bow and smile,

"I am sure it would be quite impossible for me to change my opinion with such evidences of its truth before me, however eloquent your ladyship's might be."

"Ah! I see it is in vain to argue with you," laughed Lady Mary; "I shall leave you to see what Lady Ida can do with such a barbarian."

So saying, she turned lightly away, and Lady Ida and her new acquaintance were left alone. The lady was seated near an open window, through which came the evening breeze, bearing the perfume of many flowers from the terraced gardens beneath. As she sat there, the purple curtains

swelling in and out around her form, and half concealing her from the rest of the company, so pale, so tranquil, so beautiful, she might have been mistaken for some creation of a dream, rather than a living, breathing woman. At least so thought he who stood gazing on her face, vainly trying to think where he could possibly have heard that voice before. For those low, musical, but *colorless* tones seemed not all strange to his heart. But he did not long remain silent. With that impetuosity which characterized him, and made always impressive whatever he did, he seated himself opposite her, and thought aloud somewhat in the following strain :

"I have a theory, Lady Ida, to which I desire to make you a convert."

Lady Ida looked toward the speaker, and a soft smile flitted over her beautiful face, and made it at once human and divine in its beauty.

"I think," he said, "that the *voies* is the index of the soul, and not the face. I think we instinctively form our likes and dislikes from its tones, and that the subtlest character may be resolved by this test. Every person possesses an individual voice, as well as face, and men cannot school their tones as they do their smiles."

Lady Ida smiled again at the earnestness of the speaker, and growing bolder, he said, with a slight uncertainty of manner, that only made him more interesting to the self-possessed woman of the world.

"And in the tones of your voice, there is something so familiar, that I felt almost startled when you first spoke."

Lady Ida appeared a little, a very little surprised ; but as she looked at the frank, open face before her, and met the gaze of those only too eloquent eyes, she unconsciously imitated his frankness, and acknowledged that he too did not seem to her the stranger he was. The face of the young man brightened, the eyes grew tenderer and deeper in their expression, as long and earnestly he conversed with the proud lady. And when at a late hour she glided with stately grace from the room, his eyes followed her with a look that told how completely her image was already fixed in the ardent soul of the poet.

Softly floated on the summer with wings of light, and every day brought young Jeffries to Lady Ida's side. In the morning they read or walked together, and the evening saw him bending over her as she sung, or following with his tell-tale eyes, her form as she moved through the noble rooms, conversing with an easy grace, and even gayety, that quite astonished the Lady Mary, who, with some truth, thought a great change had taken place in her fair cousin's character. Daily they met ; the young poet read his poems to a gracious listener, discussed new subjects for his muse, confided his future plans to her. And in her face a new light glowed, and a smile ever hovered in the depths of those dark and tender eyes. And did she forget the friend-lover, whose face she had never seen ? An extract from one of his letters may, perhaps, enlighten us.

"Dearest, why will not you let me see you ? My soul is wedded to thine ; but oh ! I see every

day a face from which *your* soul looks out, but I know it is not *thine* ! Nevertheless, I will be frank, it is in vain that I strive to disconnect you, my ideal, from the living woman, in whose presence I forget every thing beside. Whenever I look into those dark eyes, and read there the evidence of a nature deep, tender, passionate as yours, all the fancies that have heretofore served me instead of your living image, cluster around her, and you—can I say that I forget you then ? No, but you seem to have melted into her. When I read your letters, waited for so anxiously, the sweet thoughts traced on the cold paper are involuntarily set to the music of *her* voice. But this lady, who divides the worship of my heart, that was before I came into her presence all yours, is far, far above me. When I recollect the humble parsonage, the lonely hills, the lowly cottages, whose inhabitants are the only real friends I have ever known ; when I remember that I am not only humbly born, but poor, unknown, only indebted to the whim of a petted child of fashion for the privilege of bending in worship before the shrine of this high-born woman, supreme in loveliness and grace, who, perhaps, if she knew all, *all* my history, would turn away from me too with the same cold smile with which I have seen her repel others ! When I think of these things, I grow dizzy with despair. This Lady Ida—oh, I care not that you know her name—has a passionate, ardent nature, I feel it by a divine instinct. But she is also proud, ay, proud—why should she not be ? She has a right to be proud, if any of God's creatures have a right to be so, whose gifts it is that have given them the claim they hold upon men's worship ! I have read her soul well, and I feel that this fairest one, breathing the moral atmosphere that pervades her rank in life, is not capable of the sacrifice that loving me would involve ; and I—I, too, am proud ! I am proud of being a *man*, and I *will not* bend before the shrine where I must lay my independence, my freedom, as the price of worship. Forgive me, I have no secrets from you, my truest friend, and you will understand from these hurried lines, the tumultuous feelings that are raging in my soul. If you would but let me come to you ! Oh ! could I but weep out on your bosom the mad grief that fills me, when I think of what she is, who has almost stolen my heart from that purer affection which I feel for you, and what I am ! *Let me come to you*, I know how much nearer to God and heaven you are than I ; and that is the very reason I can come to you with such perfect confidence ; for I feel that your pure nature could never have bloomed into such beauty in the pestilent atmosphere of fashionable life. You *cannot* be so very far removed from me in outward rank, that I may not hope one day to win you all to myself.

"I grow calmer as I write you, dearest. I will forget this too lovely woman who has drawn me away from you. This contest between the real and ideal shall cease ; my love for you is a *reality* ; my love for Lady Ida shall fade away in the light of your holier presence. I leave this place in a few days, never more to look on the face that but for you

would have ruined me; and whether you consent or not, I *will* not rest, until kneeling at your feet, your hand in mine, I pledge myself to a life loftier than any I have yet known. With you for my guiding star, what height may I not scale!

"Farewell."

The summer sunset bathed the world in beauty, as Lady Ida sat still in the same position in which she had sat all the long hours since noon. In her hand she held the letter, whose contents had wakened her from her dreams to the reality which that letter expressed. No sign of the struggle within could be traced in the statue-like face. But there *was* a struggle. Lady Ida was more sensitive than she could herself believe to the "world's dread laugh." Before her rose in fearful array, the wondering whispers of friends, the sneers of rivals, the reproaches of titled and haughty relatives. But there were more fearful doubts still. This young poet, with his fiery hatred of the social distinctions that had so much weight with her; this ardent, whole-souled young man, whose genius placed him far above those who yet affected to despise him, would he, should she humble herself to him, accept the sacrifice she offered? He knew now both sides of her character, would he believe, then, that *love* had, indeed, proved omnipotent; and pride—a pride that she felt he would despise—vanished beneath the sway of a nobler sentiment? She knew he was proud; even for *her* love he would not sacrifice his sense of freedom, his social independence. Would he not scorn the wealth and rank that she must inevitably confer upon him with her love? The sun sunk below the horizon, and the full moon sprung up into the clear sky. Lady Ida rose, and standing at the casement, looked up into the glorious heavens. Better and higher thoughts rose, too, in her soul, as she watched the coming forth of constellation after constellation. What was this question of rank in comparison with the equality of all God's children; why should she vex herself about it, when a few short years would snatch both away from the world, where only such things could keep kindred souls apart? Would not her lover feel so too, and with her forget every thing but the passion that could make earth a heaven? Before her rose the image of Jeffries, with all his winning tenderness of manner, the natural overflow of a sympathizing, tender nature; his lofty views of life, and the relations of life, so different from those of others whom she had known; his fresh, child-like delight in the beautiful; his reverence for the good and heroic. She recollected a hundred trifling acts, and words, and looks, by which she had *felt* rather than learned his character. Could she cloud all that young life, deprive him of all to which he clung with such passionate tenderness? There was a quick sense of the pleasures of being in this young man, that gave a zest to every thing he said or did, so that the unobservant thought him all gayety and lightness; but *she* knew that the very susceptibility to pleasure which he possessed, made him even more alive to pain. She knew how such a nature as his was con-

tinually vacillating between bliss and woe; she had *felt* the intensity of his life, and with the instinct that love confers, knew how necessary to him was the repose of her character. Then she pictured to herself the delight of living with and loving one who alone could appreciate the hidden passion, that she felt she could never express; the delight of feeding on his thoughts, and watching and aiding him, as he climbed toward that height which her love prophesied he would attain. Then, for an instant, she imagined herself casting away this youthful, warm heart, that so worshiped her, and beheld herself living alone and loveless, mourning over the wreck of his and her fair life. Then she thought, perhaps, he would despise her, and learn at last to forget her, and find some truer heart on which to lean. As this idea crossed her mind, she turned away from the window, and with an impatient gesture, rang the bell for her maid.

That evening Lady Mary was to give a rural fête in the park and grounds. Lady Ida soon appeared among the assembled guests. Never, perhaps, had she looked so lovely. Her dress was of the simplest kind, not a single ornament on her person, if we may except some white rose buds, that Jeffries had that morning given her, and which she wore in her raven hair. A secret resolve had slightly flushed her cheek, and in her eyes a serene joy gleamed tranquilly. Younger, and, perhaps, as fair ladies were there, but none who could compare with the Lady Ida in that grace and loveliness that rises from the soul into the form and face. Her first look told her that Jeffries was not there, but a second discovered him silent, pale, motionless. He took no part in the general gayety. Lady Ida, on the contrary, was all animation. She did not appear to notice him, but busied herself with arranging for a dance a group of children, and assisting Lady Mary in the entertainment of the guests. All this time Jeffries had kept apart, but though neither seemed to heed the other, not a motion of either was lost.

The night glided on. Every one was agreeably occupied. Lady Ida felt that she should no longer be observed, so approaching Jeffries she said gently, "You alone, Mr. Jeffries, seem not to enjoy this festival."

He smiled coldly, and with a bitterness in his tone she had never heard before, he said, "Amidst this mingling of all ranks I was uncertain to which I had best attach myself, so I have spent the hours in debating the question."

"Well," said Lady Ada, without looking at him, "perhaps I can decide it for you. I feel fatigued—will you go with me to my favorite seat under the Plantaganet oak? I am sighing for a little repose after my exertions."

He bowed, and in a few moments they found themselves out of sight and hearing of others beneath the broad branches of a magnificent oak, through which the soft moonlight fell in broken, wavering figures on the green sward beneath. Silently, each busied with their own thoughts, they had wandered there, and for some time, silently they stood there.

Now the decisive moment had arrived, but she was irresolute. What woman ever acknowledged her love, even when sought, without half-shrinking from the avowal, and was she not about to violate *all* the proprieties of love—and, perhaps, he would scorn her? She looked at the pale, cold face before her—no encouragement was to be found there. But the words of his last letter, that lay in her bosom, “repeated themselves in her recollection.” “Let me come to you.” She knew the struggle in his soul, she felt how agonizing was the suffering that now she too plainly traced in the face, which when first seen, had been so full of life, and hope, and energy. Yet still she feared to break the silence that seemed now almost to stifle her, all the words she meant to have said seemed to have flown away: she was without the power of utterance, and still he stood beside her, almost touching her, yet without looking at her. At last the woman’s nature conquered. That intense silence must be broken or she should die beneath its spell. Tears came to her relief and she whispered his name. He turned, looked into her face, saw those tearful eyes, and then again turned to hide his own emotion. Again she breathed his name, almost inaudibly, and snatching the letter from her bosom and throwing it toward him, said—“I am ready to answer it now!”

But her strength failed her, and covering her face with her hands, she sunk down on the rude bench beside her. She felt stunned, all recollection and thought seemed to have fled. Jeffries caught up the letter, recognized the familiar seal—his own handwriting. The truth flashed upon him, and in another instant he was kneeling at her feet, her hands were gently drawn away from her face, and bowing over them, hot tears were falling thick and fast upon them.

And did Lady Ida ever regret the events of that memorable evening? Did she ever blush to recall

them? Or did Jeffries ever shrink from admitting to his secret consciousness, the fact that to his wife’s rank and fortune he owed leisure that allowed his genius to ripen and mature without being exhausted in an unequal contest with a selfish world? No, Lady Ida only recalled that moonlight night, when her lover first knelt at her feet, to half-wonder that she should ever have feared to make an avowal of her love to one so gentle, so kind, and *who loved her so well!* And Jeffries—he was too noble himself, and too well aware of the real value of wealth and rank, to feel humbled in the thought that he had been raised, in the eyes of the world, from obscurity and poverty! Years circled on, many summers floated away on wings of light to Lady Ida and her husband. They passed much of their time on the continent. Jeffries worked hard in the cultivation of his poetic faculty, and was rewarded by the only real reward that genius ever wins—the intense delight of creating forms of beauty and breathing into them his own spiritual life. And the fair lady wears in her face an expression that can never be counterfeited—the perfect happiness of a *satisfied heart* beams in her eyes, and lives in her smile. She is really now as tranquil as she once seemed. For now there is no want in her life, never a thought or feeling rises in her soul that there is not one who can understand, without words, its most delicate shades. There is an infinite tenderness and sympathy in his nature on which her heart securely rests. Ever to guard her husband from those extremes of feeling to which such temperaments as his are peculiarly liable; to support, to counsel; to be to him the never-failing spring of refreshment that his nature requires—to save him from all those petty annoyances of common life that so vex the man, whose thoughts find their proper home in another sphere—this is her life’s loving occupation! And she is happy!

THE LOVED OF OTHER YEARS.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

When summer-flowers are weaving
Their perfume-wreaths in air,
And the zephyr’s wings, receiving,
The love-gifts gently bear;
Then memory’s spirit, stealing,
Lifts up the veil she wears,
In all their light, revealing
The loved of other years,

When summer stars are shining
In the deep-blue midnight sky,
And their brilliant rays, entwining,
Weave coronals on high;

When the fountain’s waves are singing
In tones night only hears,
Then sweet thoughts waken, bringing
The loved of other years!

The flowers around me glowing,
The midnight star’s pure gleams,
The fountain’s ceaseless flowing,
Recall life’s fondest dreams.
When all is bright in heaven,
And tranquil are the spheres,
To thee sweet thoughts are given,
The loved of other years!

IMAGINATION THE HANDMAID OF TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

BY HENRY C. MOORHEAD.

Enter MIDDLETON, RASHLEIGH and COLEMAN.

Coleman. The grand characteristic of this age is its devotion to the real and practical. The idle visions and fantastic dreams which amused and occupied our forefathers are no longer tolerated; imagination itself is at a discount; and the whole world is or should be dressed in sober drab. The great discovery of modern times (so prolific of wonders) is the simple truth, that Fact is more wonderful than Fiction. It is found that all nature abounds in the marvelous: the wildest dreams of the imagination are daily put to shame by those who merely apply their reason and their senses to the study and observation of Nature. The creations of fancy are, therefore, too childish for the strong heads and ample knowledge of the present generation. It is clear, therefore, that sober reality must more and more supplant the imaginative: and the millennium of the human mind will consist in its entire devotion to truth as it is perceived by the bodily senses.

Rashleigh. Long may it be before that millennium is realized. Who would be willing to accept life on such conditions. It is the gilding of the imagination alone that makes it tolerable. Why, every hour of our lives we find it necessary to escape from the harsh realities which bruise and lacerate our hearts—into the land of dreams, where we can find compensation for our real woes in fancied enjoyment. The tendency you speak of, therefore, can never end in a millennium of happiness to man, until there is a radical change in his nature, or in the whole constitution of things themselves. You may rejoice over this practical tendency of the human mind, but I can see in it only the destruction of man's noblest and most elevating faculties.

Middleton. You have both spoken (pardon the freedom of my language) in the usual jargon of the times. One half the world are rejoicing in the extinction of the imaginative faculty; and the other half are mourning over it. The joy and sorrow are equally uncalled for; and the philosophers who indulge in either sentiment have equally failed, as I think, to appreciate the true character of the present age. Never did the imaginations of men, in any age, run so wild, or soar so high as in this. The difference is, that their dreams are more methodical; the imagination is indulged in reference to more rational objects. What has been said of an individual may with equal truth be said of the present age: *Its* eloquence is poetry enchained by reason. The achievements of the present age as far surpass the wildest dreams of former ages as the flight of the balloon does that of the schoolboy's paper toy. You need have no apprehension that the imagination of man will become impaired so long as it is thus exercised:

and practical men need have no dread of a faculty which is the glorious pioneer in art and science, as well as in romance: which ever has, and which ever will lead genius on to its triumphs.

Coleman. In your view, then, I suppose schemers and dreamers, visionaries, theorists, and all their cousin-germans, are the greatest benefactors of mankind, and should be cherished with especial favor.

Middleton. Such characters, like all others, have their use in the complicated machinery of life. A man who regards his character for sober sense, would often be ashamed to be suspected of conceiving those projects which, when realized, he is the foremost in pronouncing to be the glory of the age. And it is admirable to see how an enterprising man of this class will manage to fall in with the projects of the despised visionary, just at the moment when they begin to assume a tangible shape; and the odds are, that he will in the end carry off all the profits, and most of the glory. He has no taste for unsubstantial dreams, but he can relish any amount of substantial profits. He will join in the sneer against the wild projector, and still more heartily in the acclamation which never fails to greet the skillful handicraftsman who gives the practical finish to the work of genius.

Rashleigh. You speak wisely; and I have not a few such grievances of my own to complain of. There is, for example, my grand project for reducing balloons, which are now but an idle amusement, to practical use. If there were but one grain of imagination in this utilitarian age, my balloons would now be in as common use as locomotives. Just look for one moment—

Middleton. I pray you, my sublime friend, let us remain for the present on *terra firma*. If we allow you to inflate our imaginations just now, we shall be wholly unable to keep down to the level of the sublimary discussions that lie before us. A mountain top may be a very favorable position for contemplating earthly and human objects, but when your balloon soars above the clouds the lower world is necessarily shut out.

Rashleigh. I pray you, pardon me: I should have remembered that the owl is incapable of the eagle's lofty flight. But how comes it that this magnificent age of yours is so essentially unpoetic? Poets—the thermometers that gauge the spirituality of their times—cannot breathe in so gross an atmosphere. The fire that glows in the forge, and drives the steam-engine, and fills the whole land with the din of factories, and the smoke of furnaces, you have in abundance on every hill and in every valley; but that Promethean fire, which alone can illu-

mine the poet's soul, has become a tradition of the past.

Middleton. The true guagers of public sentiment are the conductors of the press in its manifold shapes. And if they are not wholly unskilled in their craft—and for the most part they are men wise in their generation—the present demand for poetry is beyond all precedent. Poets are found in every corner of the land; every village newspaper has one or more of its own; they are multiplying so rapidly that the mere men of prose stand in imminent peril of being soon outnumbered, and altogether driven from the field. Pope's description of Grub street has now a much wider application:

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out.

Rashleigh. And callest thou this heterogeneous mob of versifiers—O, thou Bæotian-eared!—by the sacred name of poets?

Middleton. Admitting that many or most of them are but dim imitations of the true poet, my argument is still stronger than before; for if the poetic thirst of the public is so great as to enable it to quaff such enormous quantities of a diluted and adulterated beverage, it is impossible to compute how much of the true nectar they would consume.

Rashleigh. It is vain to argue with a man who turns one's best considered objections to his own profit.

Middleton. The poet must accommodate himself to the spirit of the age: he must abandon the old forms, and the beaten track, and endeavor to rise to the height of those great arguments which alone can arrest the attention of men in an age like this. The inanimate and frivolous can never reach the hearts of active and earnest men. Why, there is more poetry in the realities of this age than in all the fictions of the past. Alchemy is poetical, and has been made good use of by the poets, whilst they see in chemistry nothing but dull matter-of-fact. But in truth the revelations of chemistry immeasurably surpass the wildest dreams of alchemy. Astrology, too, has furnished abundance of materials to the poets; but what are all its fantastic predictions when compared with the actual revelations of astronomy. Why, the imagination never pierced half so far into the abyss of the universe as the calculations of exact science have since gone: and though these calculations themselves may not be fit materials for the poet's use, yet the vantage ground thus afforded the imagination might fairly be supposed to give it a loftier and more comprehensive range. It is not, however, the greatness of the object alone, but also, and chiefly, the spirit in which it is treated that we are to consider. There may be more value in the gem that adorns a lady's finger than in a huge pile of baser metal. There may be more beauty in a delicate flower, trembling on its frail stem, than in the monarch of the forest, with all its massive strength and spreading branches. The whole range of Nature—all things, great and small, may be made to administer to the poet's purposes. But he must so deal with them, if he would reach the hearts of

men, as to connect them with their ruling passions. Even so the magnetic telegraph, when it shall have spread its meshes over the whole surface of the earth, may be made to vibrate in all its parts by a single touch at any point—however insignificant—of the complicated web: but to produce this effect, the operator must *somewhere* be in communication with the wires, or all his efforts will be in vain.

Coleman. The reign of fiction, however, is rapidly passing away: the practical man and the moralist have equally set their faces against it, and the time is fast approaching when literature will be purged of its idle fancies, and established on the more wholesome basis of fact—the facts of history and the truths of science.

Rashleigh. This also (with submission be it spoken) is the jargon of the times. I have heard it gravely maintained that all the creations of fancy are pernicious—that facts may not even be embellished with the colors of imagination: that strict, literal, dry, hard fact is alone to be tolerated in this millennium of human intelligence and virtue. Should such principles prevail, then will be seen a leaden age, worthy of the leaden heads who have waged such indiscriminate war against all the creations of fancy. The work of suppression of pernicious books must then begin with the *Paradise Lost* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and dare not stop while one rush-light of genius remains unextinguished. He who compiles most hugely will then be the greatest author; and the book into which the largest number of facts has been crammed will be the masterpiece.

Middleton. All attempts at drawing an arbitrary line between the valuable and the pernicious in literature are vain and idle. In this, as in all sublunary things, good and evil are so commingled that you cannot wholly part them. The fiction which aims merely at constructing a wonderful story—which addresses itself entirely to the curiosity of the reader—which weaves a complicated web through one half the book for the mere amusement of unraveling it in the other half—such a work is fit only to amuse grown up children—is but one degree above that favorite amusement of the nursery, the building of cob-houses for the fun of knocking them down again. Here, as in other cases, extremes meet in absurdity. Those who would prohibit all use of the imagination, and those who would rely exclusively upon it, instead of making it the medium for the conveyance of truth, would equally lay the axe to the root of all that is noble in literature.

Coleman. If tales of fiction must be indulged in, let them always be accompanied with some important moral, fairly and distinctly set down at the end.

Middleton. With equal propriety you might say when the painter has finished his picture: Let him write the name of the person or thing he intended to represent fairly and distinctly underneath. But you will say that the skillful artist makes the picture itself speak for him, and indicate its own identity. So it should also be with the writer of fiction. He should impress his moral upon the heart imper-

ceptibly through every page—making his readers wiser and better before they perceive his purpose—under the guise of amusement conveying grave and weighty instruction. This is the only legitimate purpose of fiction. He who writes it in any other manner is a mere idler, or worse. But woe to him who employs this fascinating agent for the conveyance of false or pernicious principles! The man whom you have entertained as your guest, who has sat at your board and fire-side, and has by degrees won access to the inmost recesses of your thoughts and affections, and then betrays you in your dearest interests, is but a feeble prototype of that arch betrayer, the false or impure writer of fiction.

Coleman. It is better to adhere to plain truth. Truth always—

Middleton. Pray, sir, what is TRUTH? Is it nothing else and nothing more than the mere facts of history? Is it to be found only in the characters and actions of men as they are? If so, then literature should be based on these facts. But TRUTH is something far different and far nobler than this. The characters of men, their words, their actions are often false, and almost always soiled by the impurity of earthly passion. To reproduce these, therefore, is to reproduce falsehood, not truth: and he who would set forth pure and unsullied truth must turn from these, and create for himself imaginary beings, who are capable of illustrating it as it comes from the great Author of Truth. Banish all imagination from literature, and you render it incapable of producing any nobler models of virtue than the wretched beings that we see every where around us. Let the principles of strict adherence to facts be carried out to its legitimate consequences, and the records of literature, which would then be the literal records of men's words and actions, would contain more that is low and base, impure and groveling, than all the foul pages that sensual imaginations have ever produced. The man of genius, with the aid of imagination, is able to emancipate truth from the unholy bondage in which she is held among men, and present her under forms which command the love and admiration of all hearts. It is a high and responsible undertaking—is often so performed as to make fiction more corrupting even than fact itself—but let us not therefore condemn him who does it well and wisely.

Rashleigh. What is meant by accumulating knowledge? Does it mean simply storing the mind like a warehouse with lumbering facts? Is it of any material importance to men of this generation what names were borne by the great men of former times, or in what particular year they lived—what king reigned first or second—or how many troops composed his army? Can the living and breathing man of to-day be at all affected by the personal identity of any dim shadow of antiquity—

"What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

Facts are but the scaffolding by the aid of which the Temple of Knowledge is built—indispensable in their place, to be sure, but of no more value of

themselves than any other frame-work. It is important, however, that the student of history should be able to trace the exact conditions of men in different ages and countries: that he should have the means of ascertaining their manners and customs, and the degree of their civilization, and of tracing their progress from infancy to manhood. The book that imparts such knowledge is the only true and valuable history. And hence a book whose characters and incidents are all fictitious may more truly paint the times of which it treats—may better hold the mirror up to nature—may, in short, contain more of what is *really* valuable in historical knowledge, than all the huge folios which dull and exact chronologists have ever compiled.

Middleton. We must also bear in mind the varieties of the human character. Some are all imagination, and some are without a gleam of it. Some love to feast on tables of statistics, and all kinds of dry matter-of-fact details; others delight in the wildest vagaries of fancy. Now how is it possible to apply the same treatment to characters so opposite. When the sick man's stomach craves some forbidden article of food, the wise physician does not prescribe some widely different thing, whose very name would revolt him, but chooses that wholesome article which comes nearest to his wishes; thus by degrees the feeble appetite is led on to a relish for substantial and nourishing food. In like manner, you must deal with the uncultivated mind, if you would not disgust or stultify it at the outset. Some minds, indeed, like some stomachs, will never have a relish for any thing more substantial than broth and porridge; but even broth and porridge—whether considered as bodily or mental food—are better than absolute starvation. But the mind which is at all worth cultivating, will as surely pass from this sickly diet to a more wholesome one, as the infant does from its mother's breast to the consumption of bread and beef.

Coleman. The grand consideration remains, however, untouched; I mean the moral question—is not this whole class of literature essentially pernicious?

Middleton. Morality can draw no such arbitrary line of distinction. It has often been attempted, but has always ended in absurdity. I have seen such an attempt from the hand of a distinguished moralist, in which all works of fiction were prohibited, and all works of argumentation allowed. Now this classification would not only exclude such works as those formerly named by friend Rashleigh, but *Rasselas*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, with all their pure and beautiful brotherhood, and admit Paine's *Age of Reason*, and all other mischief that is dressed in the garb of reasoning. The same grave moralist, with a singular confusion of ideas, recommends the reading of poetry, but enjoins strict abstinence from all plays. A distinction (if it be one) which would allow the ingenuous youth to steep his moral nature in the pollutions of *Don Juan*, but prohibit all contact with the sublime moral wisdom of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. But why should any rational man attempt so absurd a thing as a distinction like this. Is the

imaginative faculty in itself immoral, or does morality lie only in the duller faculties of men? In other words, is she found trailing her garments in the mire of earth, or haunting the regions of the sky? Our way through this life is beset with dangers and difficulties on every hand, through which we are left to pick our way at the peril of wounds, bruises, and ever-impending destruction; and this is not less true of our intellectual and moral, than of our physical existence.

Coleman. I suppose from all this we are to consider you as recommending a diligent perusal of the whole family of romances, tales, novels, and nouvelles of modern times, with all their diminutive kindred.

Middleton. You wrong me every way. I would not have the responsibility of the authorship of all this mighty mass—containing so much folly and corruption, mingled with some grains of wisdom and virtue—weighing upon my soul for all the gold and all the glory ever won by human avarice and ambition. Nay, if any wish, or any effort of mine, could collect all these combustible materials into one huge mountain of rubbish, the earth should quickly display, and the heavens (no doubt joyfully) reflect a great and purifying conflagration. I have been contending for the *legitimate exercise* of the imagination, not for its unhallowed perversions; and you do me a great wrong, when you ascribe to me an indiscriminate defense of works of fiction, as you would him who upholds the religion of the Bible, by confounding his faith with the impious ravings of Millerism and Mormonism.

Rashleigh. I have a project of my own for a new classification of mankind; one that would, perhaps, be more rational as well as more useful than some of those which philosophers have amused themselves with. My first class shall include those who live in the Past; the second, those who live in the Present; and the third, those who live in the Future. The man who lives wholly in the present, is the mere creature of circumstances. His hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, all spring out of the daily occurrences of life. When any trifling calamity overtakes him, he thinks himself hopelessly ruined, and finds no relief for his sorrow until some new success changes the current and fills him with an exultation as irrational and short-lived. When he falls, he lies prostrate until he is lifted up; for there is no elasticity, no power of reaction in his stolid character. He is a man of narrow views, and narrow principles. It is not for him to project great enterprises—to establish systems of policy—to found enduring institutions. He is sharp and shrewd in what pertains to the near and present, but cold and indifferent to all that lies beyond. If he be a patriot, his love of country is chiefly concentrated on his own little neighborhood; if he be a philanthropist, his heart is moved only by those sights of woe that meet his eyes, and those groans which ring in his ears; and if he be a Christian, he is a cold and faithless one—being wholly incapable of that sublime elevation of mind which looks on the joys and sor-

rows, the successes and failures of this life as things insignificant in themselves, and worthy of consideration only in their relations to the life which is to come.

Coleman. And yet, to my dull apprehension, it seems that so long as we continue inhabitants of this nether world, we should condescend to occupy ourselves with its every-day occurrences. But let us now hear you ring the praises of your favorite hero—the man who lives wholly in the future.

Rashleigh. He may sometimes fall, but he is instantly on his feet again. Sorrow may overtake him, but it cannot adhere to him. Like the eager sportsman, he enjoys the chase so long as the game is on foot, but turns away the moment it is run down to some new field of enjoyment. He indulges no narrow or selfish views, but is ever devising plans for the relief of mankind in general, and to promote the happiness of future ages.

“No pent up Utopia contracts his powers;”

and though his projects are extremely liable to fail in the end, he has at least enjoyed glorious anticipations. Though his wild career is often mischievous and destructive, he nevertheless infuses new life into the slumbering energies of men. Even so the steam engine, which sometimes explodes and spreads desolation around it, is yet justly regarded as a mighty and indispensable agent of civilization. In a word, the man I speak of is as necessary to the constitution of human affairs, as the fiery-tailed comet is to the constitution of the universe.

Middleton. Brave words, right bravely spoken! Let your comet have but room enough—that he sweep not quieter stars out of their orbits—and he is, indeed, a splendid luminary.

Rashleigh. The man who lives wholly in the past, is a dreamer of a different order. Accustomed to the contemplation of shadowy outlines, objects most small in themselves loom upon the horizon of his imagination in gigantic dimensions. His imagination loves to hover about ruined castles, fallen dynasties, and buried institutions. To his dream there is no music like the shepherd's pipe, no palace like the patriarchal tent, or savage wigwam, no life like the wild life of the wilderness. Far from helping on the car of human progress, he would gladly stay its wheels, and roll it back somewhere—any where—into the dim regions of antiquity. Unable to accommodate himself to the shifting scenes of life, he is forever bewailing irreparable losses, and obstinately rejecting the healing influence of time, is found, in old age, still brooding over the sorrows of his youth.

Middleton. And yet, out of these recollections of the past, arises the only earth-born wisdom that can be trusted—the wisdom of experience. Past follies, rightly remembered, are hand-boards to guide our future steps; and true repentance is the great purifying sacrifice of the heart. Listen to the words of Alfred Tennyson, who thus in a single one of his delicious little stanzas, expresses a whole volume of wisdom:

I will maintain whate'er befall,
I feel it while I suffer most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Observe how the fond mother, who has lost her heart's idol, clings to the memory of her ruined hopes; for though all such recollections come laden with sorrow, causing the heart to swell, the eye to moisten, and the lip to quiver, their loss would nevertheless be felt as a new bereavement scarce less desolating than the other. Many a dormant nature has first been taught to feel the glow of intel-

lectual and moral life by the sharp chastisements of adversity; and who, thus awakened, ever wished to exchange his new-born powers of thought (albeit sometimes armed with scorpion stings!) for the painless but brutish ruminations of his days of slumber? Whatever contributes to its development, ennobles the soul, and enlarges its capacity for enjoyment. And therefore it is, that in this high sense—the only sense worthy of rational and immortal beings—"Ignorance is" *never* "bliss," nor is it ever "Folly to be wise."

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.

THERE 's wisdom, music, poetry
In the prattle of a child,
When the murmuring fountains of the soul
First well forth, bright and wild.

I heard a girl, a gentle girl,
Thus to her mother say :
"How slow to-morrow is, mamma !
When comes to-morrow, pray ?"

"When you have slept and waked, my child,
Then will to-morrow be."

"So you have said, mamma, yet ne'er
To-morrow came to me.

"I've slept and waked, oft and again,
And still it was to-day.

I've watched and watched for morrow,
But it always flew away.

"You said that when to-morrow came
'T would come so bright and gay;
I woke, and thought—sure now 't is here !
But still it was to-day !"

Alas, too early wise ! I hoped
Bright years ere you would know,
To-morrow spans the dark to-day,
A cheating promise-bow !

It is a fair and fleeting hope,
To gild our misery given;
The only morrow bright and sure
Is that which dawns in Heaven !

THE TALISMAN.

BY W. HENRY STILWELL.

DEEP hidden in the bosom lies
A talisman of magic power,
An heirloom borrowed from the skies,
For man in his first sinless hour.
Inwoven in his secret heart
By some kind pitying angel's hand,
Ere Eden saw him sad depart,
A wandering exile through the land,
This, when all other gifts took wing,
When, of each heavenly good bereft,
He stood a doomed, deserted thing,
From the great moral wreck was left—
Was left to light the lurid gloom
That gathered o'er in his fall,
To burst, to brighten, and to bloom
O'er ruined Eden, Eve, Earth—all—
Awakening joys that ne'er were his

In all their matchless pride and power,
Until all other hopes of bliss
Fled from him.—In that angry hour,
When Heaven resumed the gifts it gave,
And drove him forth, in his despair,
To look upon his future grave;
The self same hand was ready there—
As when it plucked the fruit for him—
SHE touched the gem his bosom bore,
And, though till now its light was dim,
A glory like the cherubim
It, from that magic moment, wore.
And ever, 'mid the wrong and wrath
Of life, there beameth far above
The darkness dwelling on his path,
The glory-gleam of *Woman's Love* !

AN AUTHOR'S VICISSITUDES.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

SOMETIME since I went to spend the day with a friend, and on my arrival I found her surrounded with old letters and papers, which she was busily perusing; and some of them appeared to afford her so much amusement that I begged to be favored with a glimpse of their contents.

Her laughing face grew more merry as she replied, "It is a long story, I can assure you; but I have a great mind to give you the whole history—for I wish to earn a character for amiability, by showing the extreme good-nature with which I can bear to be laughed at. Perhaps you are already aware of the surprising fact, or do I now inform you for the first time, that you are actually face to face with one who has 'been in print?'—*a real authoress*—not a mere imaginary shadow, but substantial flesh and blood!"

I looked at her for a moment, in order to detect the joke which I suspected to be lying perdu amid this waste of words; for, of all people in the world, she was the last one whom I should suspect of having such a page in her history. Perhaps I had formed an erroneous idea of authoresses, but certainly Mrs. Wendinghall, with her beaming face, and wild, reckless spirits, was as different as possible from my ideal portrait of a blue-stockng. She was exceedingly brilliant in conversation, and one could not glance at her speaking face without reading the talent that was unmistakably written there; but I never could have fancied her, pen in hand, actually writing something for the express purpose of having it printed. But I was most eager for the denouement of the mystery, and after another burst of laughter, my friend thus began:

"Yes, I have really been an authoress, or scribbler, or whatever you please to call it; and this morning, while rummaging an old desk, I happened to come across some of my effusions, which brought those days up vividly before me. You seem to have happened-in just at the right time to become the confident of my various adventures and mishaps in the tangled paths of literature; for no one has been so far honored by me before. To begin, then, at the beginning; ever since I can recollect any thing, I remember being a sort of wonder, on account of my supposed talents and precocity. Aunts and grandmothers, and all who visited the family, were surprised at my powers of memory, which I think myself were somewhat wonderful; and whenever I received a present of a book, the donor was rewarded on his or her next visit by hearing me repeat it word for word, until I fairly stopped for want of breath—a circumstance, perhaps, which led them next time to bring their present in some other form. At school I was no less of a prodigy. My lessons were always repeated to the letter, and I shone there

as a bright, preëminent star; while in reality I think I was much nearer a dunce, for I often recited correctly what I tried in vain to understand. We were always learning Ancient History; and at home I bored people with endless accounts of the Spartans and Athenians, while with respect to our own country, I could scarcely tell whether we beat the English or they us.

"At a very early age I began to poetize; and these productions were always heard with the kindest absence of all criticism, and praised up to the skies. I had a sort of rhyming facility, but not the least ear for poetry; and all my effusions were carefully copied into a blank book, which was constantly brought out for the edification of visitors. Now-a-days, when bored to death by an exhibition of some uncommonly promising child's talents, that blank book often rises up before me, like an accusing spirit, and calls for a fresh supply of patience. All acknowledged me to be a genius of the most surprising order, and prophesied that I would one of these days astonish the world with a book the like of which had never beamed upon them before. It would, indeed, have been a curious medley if I had written it.

"But in order to counteract the pernicious effect of so much incense, my vanity often received a painful check from my mother's good sense. She did not agree with the rest in considering me a wonder, and thought my so-named poetry a useless waste of time. She feared that I would be entirely spoilt for all rational reading or pursuits, and seldom praised my attempts in verse. A stubborn matter-of-fact sort of uncle, too, once mortified me most sensibly. I had written him a letter all in rhyme, in my very best vein, in which I compared him to all the combined deities who were models of wisdom, majesty, and virtue—thinking it probable that he in return would present me with an elegantly bound set of Scott's poems. Instead of the expected gift, however, I received for an answer,

" 'My dear Niece,—I cannot say that I feel much flattered by your likening me to all sorts of heathen deities; but I suppose you meant it kindly, and I must take it as a compliment. I beg, however, to resign all claim to Minerva, as she happened to be a woman, unless, indeed, you refer to her assumption of the form masculine, when, as Mentor, she guided Telemachus safely through his troubles, and in that character I am willing to act, and give you a little wholesome advice, which is this: do not spend too much time in writing poetry, for it is apt to make us romantic, and spoil our tastes for all that is useful and substantial.'

"In the first transport of wounded vanity I dashed the hateful letter from me, and burst into a passion

of tears. But I determined to triumph over Uncle John—I determined that he, too, should recognize the talent that charmed all ears. So to the very top of the house, the author's acknowledged province, did I adjourn. I busied myself for a day or two, with a very mysterious air, in removing books and papers to the room selected by me as a suitable spot for the flights of genius; and having arranged things to my satisfaction, I locked myself up from the world, and endeavored to produce something that should take them all by storm. It was summer, and I sat burning and melting on my perch at the top of the house; but alas! the hot sunbeams failed to pierce any crack in my cranium, through which could ooze forth some of the inspiration which I felt confident was stowed away there. No production came up to the elevated standard by which I could judge of their worthiness for the press; and I began to think that Uncle John might be half right after all.

"But 'nil desperandum' was my motto; and perhaps, too, my courage was partly kept up by the delightful mystery attached to my seclusion. People wondered what I could be doing up in my garret, and threw out so many hints of a determination to investigate the premises that, quite concerned for my manuscripts, I locked the door and carried the key with me every time that I descended from my elysium. I might have calmed my fears with the reflection that 'naught is never in danger,' but a young, unfledged scribbler, could not be expected to sit in very severe judgment upon her own productions. So I wasted paper at a terrible rate, and made the much-injured English language play all sorts of undignified antics; while I burned and froze alternately in my mistaken devotion to the muses.

"But as the genius of poetry seemed to have taken his flight, I turned my attention to prose. 'Who knows,' thought I, 'but I may yet earn a reputation worthy even of me, by descending a step or two in my aspirations?' So with renewed hopes I again took up the quill, and applied myself most perseveringly to my task. Having read that Dickens, and Sue, and other great writers were in the habit of taking solitary walks about the metropolis, and visiting the prisons, and other resorts of infamy, in quest of subjects, I, too, started off on solitary expeditions in the suburbs of the city—hoping that the genius of inspiration might chance to fold his wings amid some of the hovels which had now assumed so attractive an appearance. I even ventured to enter these domicils once or twice, in hopes that by manifesting a degree of kind interest I might draw forth the conversational powers of the inmates, and perhaps meet with some touching story of love or injury that would furnish the foundation of a three volume novel. But much as has been said and sung of marvelous events developed in the habitations of the poor and ignorant, I never met with any thing the least romantic, and always found that the manners and sentiments of the occupants corresponded exactly with their dress and position. But my secret rambles in these out-of-the-way places was soon put

a stop to; for having been discovered in a rather disreputable region, I was expressly forbidden to stir hither again.

"At length, however, my hopes and wishes were realized; I had completed a sort of *nouvellette*, after the most approved fashion of love-stories, and having carefully revised and corrected every page, I burned with impatience to let the world know what I had produced. So, having persuaded mamma into the back parlor one day after dinner, I begged permission to read my manuscript. The room was cool and shaded, and I thought that there we should be free from all interruption. My mother, to be sure, never was particularly demonstrative in her love; and I had often regretted that she never followed the example of mothers in novels, by 'catching me to her bosom,' or 'mingling her tears with mine;' but human nature, I thought, could not resist this appeal both to love and ambition, and quite prepared for the most extravagant expressions of emotion and astonishment, I complacently unfolded my sheets. My mother had settled herself in an attitude of forced attention, and with a trembling voice I read the title. I forget now what it was, but I detected a faint, half-suppressed smile that hovered about my mother's mouth; and I thought to myself, 'Never mind, it will assert its own claims before long.' I plunged into the story, and arranged my heroes and heroines upon the stage. The plot proceeded admirably; and, completely carried away with the supposed excellence of my own composition, I followed its development in a state of enthusiasm; and while reading the most affecting passages, the tears came into my eyes and threatened to roll down my cheeks. But remembering that it would look rather foolish to cry over my own story, I managed to keep them back. My auditor neither moved nor spoke; and encouraged by her wrapt attention, I finished the story with tolerable composure. I was not folded in any sudden embrace—I felt no warm tears falling on my face—I looked at my mother—she was fast asleep!

"Poor, dear mamma! It was a warm day, and the monotonous sound had lulled her into a pleasant slumber; as she sat there, with her soft, brown curls resting against the back of the chair, and her broad, white forehead and drooping eyelids looking so pure and fair, her air of meek helplessness almost soothed my angry thoughts. You laugh at it—and so can I now; but I assure you it was a most cruel blow then, and scarcely any thing ever excited me so much as that quiet figure of my sleeping mother. Sleep is 'death's beautiful brother;' and in the midst of my tumultuous feelings, a thought of the sleep that knows no waking came into my mind—and not daring to feel angry with the quiet placidity of those chiseled features, I flew to my study, and wept showers of tears at the indignity offered to the beloved creation of my genius. I felt almost as much affection for it as a mother does for her first-born child; I had toiled over it for days, weary and uncomfortable—and this was my reward.

"Mamma has a spice of sarcasm in her composition, too; and when I afterward entreated her almost

passionately to say *something* in its favor, she remarked that '*it was very soothing!*'

"But do not think, my dear friend, that all my emotions were for this evanescent bubble of fame which had danced before my eyes, because if you do, you will be very much mistaken; my regrets were quite as much for the fortune that seemed to have receded from my grasp. I fear that I could not have had the true inspiration within me to think of mercenary considerations; but with respect to mamma and Uncle John, I feared that their eyes would not be opened to the merits of any production of mine unless I could show that I had received for it something more substantial than compliments; and then, besides, although our means were such as quite to preclude the necessity of my writing for a living, even the wealthiest people will scarcely have money in such abundance that more would not be acceptable—especially if obtained in such a very easy manner as this appeared to me; and I intended with my first earnings to purchase a heavy diamond ring for mamma, that should be cherished by her as a gift from me. Oh, mother! even now I cannot help exclaiming, how could you go to sleep!

"Well, I retired, as I said, to my study; and after my usual solace of crying, the soothings of vanity came to my aid, and whispered that as mamma was not in the least sentimentally inclined, her going to sleep was entirely owing to her want of taste; and I resolved to send it to some periodical without delay. This was to be kept a profound secret; not a syllable of it would I breathe to any one until the tale was really printed in a conspicuous part of the book, while I was introduced to the public as a dawning star in a most flattering paragraph at the head. I had some thoughts at first of dressing up in boy's clothes and taking it to the publisher myself, for I could not make up my mind to intrust any one with the commission; but at last I concluded to make a confident of a brother, who was always my abettor in any scheme of mischief; and having, by his advice, written an accompanying note to the editor, in which I required the moderate compensation of fifty dollars, I considered my fortune made.

"To tell you the truth, sis," observed Joe, in a patronizing tone, after I had read it to him from beginning to end, 'I think that it is all stuff and nonsense; but perhaps the editor is not a very good judge, and so—'

"Adroitly parrying a box on the ear, he departed on his errand, while I, in a state of restless excitement, awaited his return. It seemed an endless time, but he did come at last, and brought the satisfactory news that he had given the parcel to a man, who told him to call again.

"As soon as possible he went; but the editor had gone out of town, and would not be at home for several weeks. What could I do with myself in the interval? I was only sixteen; and to youth delay is always hope—so I looked brightly forward to the future; but I did not see what editors had to do with change of air. At the expiration of the time, Joe

again proceeded to the office—but my sketch had not yet been examined. The editor was at home, to be sure, but his family all had the scarlet fever, while he himself was suffering from an attack of fever and ague; and more and more surprised at every instance that showed editors to be so much like other people, I was almost in despair.

The sketch was sent in July—about the middle of October Joe made his appearance one afternoon with a most suspicious bulging out in one of his pockets. I seized my unlucky sketch, and read on it the portentous word—'*Declined.*'

"I'll tell you what it is," said Joe, 'if you expect to have any eyes left, you had better give up crying about these editors—for if you keep on writing you'll have plenty of the same business.'

"By his advice the manuscript was laid aside, and I began another tale, which I intended for some other periodical. It was decidedly an improvement upon the first, being of a less sentimental nature; and without reading it to any one, I dispatched it to one of the first magazines in the city, edited by a lady-writer of deserved celebrity. There were the usual goings back and forth, and in due time back came the manuscript, with the words written on it—'*Declined—but would like the writer to try again.*'

"There was evidently *something* commendable in it; and almost as much pleased as though it had been published, and the money lying before me, I began a third, which I considered *perfect*; and when it was completed I modestly wrote that if it *should* be declined, I hoped the editor would state her objections. I had not the least doubt about the piece, and when on the third day Joe made his appearance with a long face and the sketch in his hand, I seized it in a transport of indignation, and read on a slip of paper attached:

"We find much to like in 'Amanda's' pieces.' (That was the name I had assumed.) 'What they chiefly lack is originality as to plot, and more force and dramatic effect in their execution. The first is only to be acquired by long practice, for new plots are becoming more and more rare every day—the latter by close study and application. We would advise 'Amanda,' for the present, rather to read the useful and instructive of what has been written, than to increase the already swarming numbers of mediocre writers.'

"The letter was very kind and sensible, but it did not suit me then; while *now* I wonder that such a one could find any thing to praise in my miserable productions. I really think I deserved some credit for my perseverance; for, after a short time spent in bewailing the fate of my third production, I concluded to try a fourth. This was a sort of historical sketch, where the plot was already made; and being gifted with considerable imagination and a certain flowery flow of language, I really succeeded very well. Even Joe admired this; but I determined to afford no one else an opportunity of laughing at my efforts again, and he was the only one whom I favored with a sight of the manuscript.

Where to send it was the next question. Joe was

dispatched to Nassau street on a tour of investigation, and on his return gave flourishing accounts of 'Mrs. Methwaite's Magazine, or the Ladies' Fireside Companion;' a work entirely devoted to the accomplished editress to the enlightenment and improvement of her own sex—to the cultivation of their morals, 'and all that sort of thing,' as Mrs. S— would say. Quite willing to encourage so philanthropic and disinterested an effort, I carefully rolled up my sketch, and sent Joe off with renewed hopes. 'Call again,' was the answer; and after calling about a dozen times, Joe was graciously informed that the editress had my sketch under consideration, and would endeavor to make up her mind about it. The next time, the publisher really thought it might appear after a while; and Joe came home with his face in a glow, as he told me how much money I would receive; but the terms did not by any means meet my expectations, and my expressions of disappointment afforded him considerable surprise. But still it would be a beginning, and I thought that mamma's ring might yet come in time.

"Well, to shorten a long story, the piece was actually published; and Joe came dancing home, holding the book high above his head. I snatched it eagerly from him, and tore open the leaves to read my sketch; but at the first glance I was disappointed. The creation of the piece that was to charm the world would be awarded to some one else—the name I had selected was not to be seen—my beautiful sketch was headed, 'by a new contributor!' Oh! it was too provoking! for although I was really in print, people would not recognize me as any thing in particular. Mrs. Methwaite's writings were all most excruciatingly sensible and rational; and perhaps she thought 'Amanda' rather too high-flown an appellation, or perhaps she feared that the morals of her readers would suffer by their wandering off to the 'Children of the Abbey;' however this was, she had given me no name at all—she might just as well have announced me as 'Miss Smith.'

"But crying would not mend the matter—the injury was now beyond all reparation; and I tried to forget it by reading my sketch. How very interesting it was! How it shone amid the others, like a diamond among pebbles! How all the fifty thousand readers of 'The Ladies' Fireside Companion' would be sending letters to know the name of the writer—how supplicatory notes from all the editors would flock in upon me—and perhaps the Queen of France might even send me a diamond bracelet, as she had Mrs. Sigourney—for certainly I was quite equal to her.

"When my head became steady enough I ran to mamma, and announced to her that I was actually in print! She could not believe it at first, but when I assured her that it really was so, she read the sketch with proud delight—keeping wide awake all the time. The news flew through the family like wildfire; and the noise and din at last reached the ears of Uncle John, who grumbled, and complained, and wanted to know what it was all about. But when he found that it was really the little insignifi-

cant me who had been brought forward with this grand flourish of trumpets, his surprise knew no bounds. He read my sketch, and having pronounced it 'very well for a beginner,' he examined my stockings, to see if there were any holes in them—eat a pudding and pie of my manufacture—and, having told them not to make a fool of me, went back to his retirement.

"The sketch was shown to all who came to the house; and from certain accompanying hints, such as its being written by a person of their acquaintance, somebody very young and timid, etc., visitors were generally pretty sure to guess the author. The book was almost worn out in its travels around the city; the sketch was admired and wondered at until nothing more remained to be said; the most striking passages were spoiled; and I was in a fair way of being completely epauleted. There had never been a writer in the family before, and I was as much an object of curiosity as though I had dropped from the clouds.

"But mamma sent the book to some friends of ours, several very good, wealthy old maids, without mentioning my sketch, in order to see what they would say. We called there a short time afterward, and they expressed themselves delighted with the magazine, and wished to know where it could be purchased—adding that there was *one* article in the number which they should like always to have with them. I began to color up and look very much embarrassed—fancying that the eight eyes of the Misses Mornton were all fixed upon me. Imagine my feelings of wounded vanity when it came out that it was actually one of Mrs. Methwaite's 'exhortations to young females' which had excited their attention, while my piece was not even noticed by them!

"When I returned home, mamma kindly endeavored to soothe my mortification, by representing to me that the Misses Mornton were not capable of appreciating such a piece; and I, very willing to be soothed, soon recovered my equanimity. I really wondered that people did not see something particular in my appearance after being in print. How often I wished to say to people in stores, 'Do you know whom you are addressing? I am the author of *Three Scenes in the Life of Royalty!*' Of course they would be thunderstruck immediately. The income I received was certainly very pleasant and gratifying, but still it would not purchase the diamond ring—and Joe was now dispatched for the money. He came back with the information that Mr. Methwaite, the lady's husband, had gone out of town, and the money would certainly be paid on his return.

"I was highly indignant at this, not conceiving what he had to do with the business; and being somewhat impatient, I concluded to make the publisher a visit myself. One of our numerous cousins, a very respectable maiden lady who delighted to participate in other people's affairs, was quite willing to accompany me; and we two entered upon the expedition. It was a novel adventure to me, and on

approaching the office I began to tremble. The idea of going among a coterie of strange men was any thing but agreeable, and I almost repented my precipitancy. But Cousin Hannah marched resolutely forward, and I followed timidly behind. The door opened, we perceived a long counter filled with papers, at which a middle-aged man of a peculiarly solemn aspect was writing, with a pen behind his ear. He seemed a perfect automaton; he neither looked up as we entered, or gave any indication whatever of our presence; and when Cousin Hannah, with a bow and a slide, inquired if she addressed the publisher of 'Mrs. Methwaite's Magazine,' he merely waved his hand in an impressive manner toward a dark corner, and thither we adjourned.

"The place looked like a large box, in which the solitary individual who inhabited it had been shut up for some misconduct; and he was now consoling himself by humming the air of Lucy Neal. A small, one-sided counter met our view, on which sat a one-sided man in a one-sided manner; his hat was placed one-sided on his head—his mouth was one-sided—and even his eyes had a decided inclination to the left. Scarcely had the words 'Mrs. Methwaite's Magazine' fallen from the lips of my companion, when the individual wheeled suddenly around, and mechanically seizing the last number, of which there were piles about, he exclaimed: 'Certainly, ma'am—cheapest periodical going—back numbers furnished if required—how many did you say?'

"Cousin Hannah in a persuasive manner explained the purpose of our visit; and opening and shutting a knife in the meantime, he replied: 'Ah, indeed! quite another matter. The truth is, we have nothing to do with that part of the business—the editor settles all that. We do the manual labor of the concern, (I quite believed that on a glance at his hands,) and do not meddle with the contributors. Still the piece will certainly be paid for—it was very good indeed—rather high-flown to be sure, but I have no doubt that more from the same writer would be acceptable.'

"Having said this, he wheeled about and resumed his survey of the ceiling—humming at intervals. I had not spoken a word, and, quite disgusted, was retreating to the door; but a prudent thought came into Cousin Hannah's mind, and again arresting his attention, she inquired the residence of Mrs. Methwaite. It was number thirteen in some out-of-the-way street that we had never heard of before.

"We persevered, however, for the adventure now began to be quite amusing, and I wished to see how the editress looked; so by dint of inquiring our way, and threading numerous dirty lanes and disagreeable portions of the city, we at length came to the street specified—but it stopped at number twelve. We looked up and down, but all in vain; we could not perceive number thirteen. We rang at number twelve, and inquired for Mrs. Methwaite.

"'Do n't know any such person.'

"'Editress of the 'Ladies' Fireside Companion,' added Cousin Hannah, confidentially. But no gleam

of intelligence shot across the girl's features, and we proceeded to number eleven.

"Here they were washing windows; and after various exploits of dodging, we found ourselves at the front entrance, where we were obliged to assume a very humble position, in order to avoid the drops of water that trickled down. Happening to cast her eyes upward, Cousin Hannah received a dipper of water full in her face, and we made a hasty retreat. As we went off, I heard a burst of laughter, and the girl who had performed the feat said to a companion: 'House-hunters—I always serve 'em so.'

"At length we approached a row of mean-looking houses, dignified by the name of 'Clifton Place;' and observing that the numbers were entirely different from the rest of the street, we concluded to try number thirteen. The Irish girl who came to the door answered our inquiry in the affirmative, and we entered the small parlor. We were quite surprised that not a book was visible—we supposed that they would almost constitute the entire furniture; and seating ourselves, we awaited the appearance of Mrs. Methwaite. The rooms were the smallest I have ever seen, and a passion-vine extended over the frame-work of the doors between, while the windows were draped with thin curtains—although it was winter.

"The lady entered at length in a calico morning-dress; and she is sufficiently described when I say that she looked exactly like a person who would write as she did. Her hair was parted on one side, and dressed up very high, which gave her unusual stature a still more elevated appearance. Having bowed, she quietly seated herself; and fixing her eyes upon me, waited for us to speak. I felt very much embarrassed, for there was a certain imperturbable self-command about her that annoyed me exceedingly; but I must give some reason for coming, and at length I said—

"'I called to see about that piece published in the last number of your magazine.'

"'Which piece?' with the most aggravating calmness.

"'A sketch entitled 'Three Scenes in the Life of Royalty,' I replied. 'It has not yet been paid for.'

"'Ye-s, we never pay for first pieces.'

"'Not pay for first pieces!' I exclaimed, provoked at her coolness. 'The publisher told us that it would certainly be paid for, and referred us to you.'

"'Not at all,' she replied slowly, 'he had no right to do so; we do the editorial work of the establishment, and have nothing to do with that part of the business—but young authors are never paid for their first pieces.'

"I was so angry at the woman's dishonesty that I could scarcely speak at all; but her perfectly composed manner provoked me still more. There was something particularly aggravating in her 'not at all,' and her very slow manner of speaking; being such a rattle-brain myself, I stood on very uneven ground with her; but I defended my cause with all

the eloquence I could muster, for mamma's diamond ring gleamed in the distance and urged me on.

"That is a settled rule with us," rejoined the lady when, I had paused to take breath, '*I never was paid for my first pieces.*'

"Perhaps they were not worth paying for," trembled on my tongue, but I prudently restrained myself. There was no use in wasting more time, and when Cousin Hannah, to keep up our incognito, said, '*Come, Amanda,*' I needed no second bidding. Mrs. Methwaite remained seated on her sofa, with one finger resting on her cheek—perhaps thinking of a subject for her next exhortation, or practicing an attitude for her portrait.

"We reached home, and the pent-up stream of my indignation burst forth—being further increased by the anger and sympathy of the whole family conclave. But as I looked around upon our pleasant rooms, and mentally compared them with the forlorn place I had just left, I felt more mollified toward Mrs. Methwaite, and finally I began to laugh at the whole affair; revenging myself by drawing as ludicrous a picture of the adventure as possible—and to possess this talent is, I can assure you, a great satisfaction—when you can get no other.

"My garret now became a place of great importance, for I had emerged from my chrysalis a real authoress; and people began to take journeys thither to solicit a piece of poetry, or beg to be favored with hearing some of my manuscript productions. Determined to show Mrs. Methwaite what she had lost, I applied myself with renewed vigor, and produced quite a humorous little sketch, which I interspersed with one or two original anecdotes that could not fail to strike any lover of the ridiculous. Joe having found another magazine, I dispatched it hither, accompanied by a note, in which I expressly stipulated that they should not publish it without paying for it. A long time elapsed before I could receive any answer; but at length the publisher desired an interview with me—and as Joe gave quite a promising account of his appearance and manners, I concluded to go and have a quarrel with him.

"So Cousin Hannah and I again set forth; and having entered the office, we found a pleasant, laughing kind of a man, who looked as different as possible from Mrs. Methwaite's one-sided curiosity. He came forward on our entrance; and as Cousin Hannah observed, '*I believe you requested an interview with Amanda,*' he fixed his eyes upon her, as though he supposed *her* to be '*Amanda,*' and glanced at me as one might look at a well-behaved child. I, as usual, said nothing; but Cousin Hannah drew me forward, and I felt partly embarrassed and partly angry at the stare with which the publisher favored me. My slight figure and demure expression always made me look much younger than I really was; and a certain willful, spoilt-child kind of a manner favored the deceit. I drew myself up and tried to look important, but I felt that I could not succeed.

"Observing that I was not disposed to speak,

Cousin Hannah made an inquiry for my sketch, which had now been there a long time. The publisher replied that his editor was very well pleased with it, and had praised it highly; but there were so many articles on hand that he did not know when it would appear. He then spoke in a very patronizing manner of '*bringing me out*'—not heeding my assertion that I was '*out*' already; and made a long speech, the sum and substance of which appeared to be that I was neither Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stevens, nor Mrs. Osgood. He probably expected me to be crushed and overwhelmed with a sense of my inferiority; and when, in an impatient tone, I suddenly exclaimed—

"Well, and what does all this amount to?" he stopped short and surveyed me with surprise. The dignity which I assumed did not sit well upon me, for he appeared rather amused than angry, and provoked me very much by complimenting me as one would flatter a pretty child. '*He was sorry,*' he said, '*that his editor was out—he would have been delighted to see me.*' He added that '*he was an old bachelor to be sure, and rather crusty besides—but perhaps I might succeed in thawing him.*'

"I gave him to understand by a curl of the lip that I should not undertake the office; and Cousin Hannah, never losing sight of business, renewed the subject of terms. The publisher then began to say that the book hardly paid its expenses, and that people really seemed to think that the poor publishers could live on nothing, or make their dinners off of sheets of paper—apparently looking upon me as the cause of his faring no better. During this tirade I indignantly pulled Cousin Hannah's sleeve and begged her to go. But on noticing the expression of my face, he remarked that it was a pity to spoil it so; and abandoning the subject of his own wrongs, he promised to speak to the editor in favor of my piece. I had taken up a magazine to admire a pretty engraving, and perceiving that it contained the beginning of an interesting tale, he found the other numbers, and tying them all up neatly, handed them to me to take home. I went there to quarrel with the man, but returned very well pleased, with my hands full of books.

"Concluding to be as patient as possible, I amused myself with scribbling other sketches, while waiting for the publication of the former. It appeared at last; and on opening the leaves, there was my name as plain as could be. Giving vent to an expressive observation for the benefit of Mrs. Methwaite, I sat down to peruse my sketch. As I proceeded I became rather bewildered: there was the title of the piece as I had written it, and there was my name at the head, but the words appeared very different; there were many sentences left out which I had put in, and many put in that I had left out. A ludicrous anecdote, which I considered the beauty of the piece, was omitted altogether; and the whole style was stiff, affected, and forced. Each sentence sounded as though it had been carefully weighed beforehand; and instead of the easy, rattling style in which such an article should be written, the

whole seemed labored, and showed plainly that the writer was trying her best to be funny.

"But this was not all; the tone was not even feminine—it sounded just as though an odious man had written it, and an old bachelor too; for in speaking of a contemplated wedding, I said that 'it was fancied to be all done and settled—the preliminaries, honey-moon, and all hurried rapidly over'—and that old witch of an editor tucked in a paraphrase, 'not to forget that most important of all, *the proposal*.' Oh! I could have shaken him with right good will. He spoke somewhere of gout, too, and put in so many coarse expressions, that I was really ashamed of having my name attached to it; and when mamma came to congratulate me, she found me almost in a state of hysterics—sobbing as though my heart would break.

"Just to think," I exclaimed, 'of that old simpleton's daring to spoil my piece so, when he can't write fit to be seen himself! Hear some of his poetry, mother; he puts in all sorts of queer little verses wherever he can find room.'

"Mamma smiled as I read with ridiculous emphasis,

When Cynthia's beams come gently down
On flowrets bathed in dew,
Methinks her beams are like to thee,
The beautiful and true.

"Splendid, is it not? But such was really the style of his productions; and he evidently considered himself a poet. Without waiting for my passion to subside, I immediately dispatched Joe to the publisher with a note, in which I requested him never again to attach my name to any production of his editor's, as I did not think that it would reflect much credit upon me, if one could judge from his poetry; adding that I considered my sketch entirely spoiled, and must decline sending any more unless I could be sure that they would be published just as they were written.

"Joe said that the publisher laughed heartily at this epistle, and then seating himself at his desk, he wrote me the following answer:

"My dear Miss Amanda,"—"his dear Miss, indeed!" thought I;—"I regret that you are not pleased with the editor's alterations in your sketch; but, believe me, I had nothing to do with it, and was quite unaware that he had made them. He is very particular, and often trims up articles to suit himself; but I will certainly tell him that you wish him to let yours alone in future. Do not be too hard upon his poetry, for it costs him hours of close labor—and it really is not so bad but it might be worse."

"I thought that the editor would feel complimented if he could but see this; but the idea of his 'trimming up' was too provoking. He had trimmed until there was nothing left worth reading.

"A short time after, having occasion to take another pilgrimage to the publisher's office, as I approached the door, I perceived that there was some one in the office besides the publisher; and upon a further investigation I perceived a man, dressed in a suit of pepper-and-salt, who sat with his chair tipped in the Yankee fashion, cutting a stick. A hat

considerably too large for him was pulled down over his brows, and his clothes all had the appearance of having been thrown upon him at random. I do not suppose he had his best clothes on, to be sure—and dress makes a great difference with every one. Being peculiarly fastidious on this point, I amused Mr. Wendinghall very much, before we were married, by asking him if he had any second clothes—adding that if he ever wore them, I should soon be disenchanted.

"But pardon me, my dear friend, I am wandering most widely from my text. Where was I? Oh, about that editor. I did not wish to go in while he remained in the office; so, after taking a survey of him through the glass-door, I returned home. I really received the money in due time; and you would have laughed to hear of the various wonderful things to be achieved with the fortune I expected to make. But, alas! for my air-built castles, the magazine was soon after broken up, and both editor and publisher disappeared as suddenly as though they had been carried off in a whirlwind.

"I began to find it quite exciting to do battle with the publishers, and write and receive notes so often; and as my sketches were now quite admired, I continued to write. It was really a great amusement to me—I always had a keen perception of the ridiculous, and any amusing anecdote that I heard, or ludicrous scene that I witnessed, was always turned to account. But do not look so disapprovingly; they were never *friends* whom I dressed up in this manner—only enemies or strangers. For pity's sake, spare me the lecture commencing about doing good for evil; it always reminds me of 'dogs delight to bark and bite.' It is said that to return good for evil is heavenly—to return evil for evil is human—but to return evil for good is fiendish. I find it impossible as yet to get on further in the scale of goodness than being human.

"The ups and downs of Lot Wyman' have been written upon, and I have sometimes felt disposed to write the ups and downs of 'Amanda' in the fields of literature—for few scribblers have met with so many adventures and mishaps. But these misfortunes, I must say, were chiefly attendant upon the outset of my career; do not think that the editors were all like Mrs. Methwaite and the old bachelor; I met with many refined and accomplished gentlemen, and the more I saw of them the more I was disposed to change my sentiments respecting them. I had taken up writing for amusement, and to get mamma a ring; but I tired of it after a while—and when I was nineteen, I found both the ring and—Mr. Wendinghall.

"If you are not already weary of hearing me talk about myself, I will tell you how we happened to meet. I wrote poetry, too, you must know, and these effusions were always of a very sentimental cast. There was hidden away in the depths of my harum scarum character, a little corner of romance, which I often indulged at twilight; and my poetry, I can assure you, would bear criticism much better than that of the old bachelor editor's. Well, it so

happened that Mr. Wendlinghall, being wealthy and intellectual, and not having much else to do, attentively perused my verses whenever they appeared; and finally indited a poem to me through the pages of the same periodical, under the signature of 'Feramorz.' I began to think that this looked very romantic; and my twilight dreams were now sometimes interspersed with thoughts of the young poet. I did not reply to him, for that, I thought, would be rather bold; but I will say that I wished very much to see him. I pictured him as a pale, grave, interesting sort of a youth, brimming over with romance and poetry; and I found him—but I will tell you all about it. He, it seems, thought of me as a delicate, ethereal-looking creature, something like a glimpse of moonlight in appearance, who wore her hair in natural curls, and never spoke above a whisper.

"At a large party, one night, I was very much amused with the lively sallies and brilliant conversation of a gentleman whom I had never seen before; while he, on his part, seemed equally attracted by 'the pretty hoyden,' as he afterward spoke of me.

"Ah," said the lady of the house, as she passed us, 'you two together? That is as it should be—'Feramorz' and 'Amanda.'

'Feramorz and Amanda.' He started and I started, while both read the disappointment traced in each other's countenance. Our enjoyment for that evening was completely spoiled. I went home and cried over my folly, while he walked the floor all night—at least so he says, but I do not much believe him.

"But the next morning he concluded to come and see if I *was* so dreadfully wild; and I thought him not *quite* so laughing as he had been the evening before; after two or three interviews we began to grow quite grave in each other's estimation; and finally, like two great foolish children, we got married—and now laugh merrily at all romance, the world, and ourselves."

At this point of the narrative, letters, papers, and all were going into the fire, but I rescued them almost from the flames; and now, like the ghost of one long buried and forgotten, "Amanda" again appears upon the stage.

A NIGHT WAKING.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

THE silver lashes of the drowsy stars
Droop like the winglet of a wounded bird,
And the full anthem of the wind is heard,
Rushing like Scythian armies in their cars.

Above the indistinct and outlined hills
Great Silence broodeth;—as if some grand thought
Upon a virgin's breast its spell had wrought—
A thought which awes, intensifies and thrills.

Like the dark plumes that thirsty foemen wear,
Arise the shapes of patriarchal trees,
Whose supple limbs are shaken by the breeze,—
Like lion's mains that wrestle in their lair.

Such is the hour that Memory consecrates
For her peculiar purposes—her wand
She stretcheth, and before us stand
All that the mind admires and all it hates.

Thought, like a dauntless eagle, soars away
To revel in forgotten sunshine now;
Or, like a reckless diver, leaves the prow
Of the mind's vessel for a hidden prey.

Faces familiar, beautiful and bright,
Eyes doubly bright and beautiful with tears,
Peer from the mists of long departed years,
Like signal lamps upon the seaman's sight.

Deeds high and lofty, whose rich recompense
Waiteth in Heaven—and waywardness and crime,

Which, if sweet Mercy blotteth not in time,
Will cheat the spirit of its dearest sense.

Oh, wizard strange! oh, weird enchantress! stranger,
As thou dost raise the curtain of the Past,
Teach me to lash my spirit to some mast
That shall survive the shipwreck's awful danger.

Thy mournful accents—would that they were glad!—
Thrill through my heart like music's touching swell,
Or the staid tollings of a funeral bell;
"For mirth too much—for earnest far too sad."

I had an hour—created in my dreams—
"Singled from time and consecrate to bliss;"
But the too rude and dark reverse of this
Withers its buds and frightens back its beams.

Go! Memory, go! and shiver 'neath the wings—
Those damp, black pinions!—of the wasted Past:
One hope is left—perhaps it is the last—
At which my spirit rises up and sings.

If in my garden lives one blessed flower,
If on my heaven one daring star appears,—
I exorcise the fiends of other years,
And know that this is my redemption hour.

Still droop the weary eye-lids of the stars,
But not my spirit—for a vigor strong
Follows the inspiration of my song—
I was a Tantalus—I will be Mars!

THE FIRST CORNET.

A TALE OF THE ORCHESTRA.

I WAS waiting for letters in Paris. The cholera and an unusually warm summer had driven all my acquaintances to the Spas of Germany. A man of ordinary intelligence, however, need not want for amusement in Paris, despite an epidemic and a hot sun. My favorite resort was the banks of the Seine; where, by dint of systematic loitering, and an almost superhuman power of enduring the temperature of a salamander, I managed to see four dyspeptic Frenchmen attempt to pass to another world by water. Two of the suicides precipitately swam to land, at the first mouthful of the cooling element. The other two, from a neglect of their aquatic education, might accidentally have drowned, had it not been for the good-natured washerwomen, who fished them out with shouts of ungovernable mirth, totally at variance with the solemnity of the occasion. Another scene of this kind, which I saw, forever cured me of a taste for drownings. The fifth was a woman—a poor, flimsy bundle of tattered finery—that one might have supposed would float ashore with the other drift and litter of the river. She drowned—although the whole neighborhood was shouting on the quays, as if screams were an infallible preventive for drowning—she drowned, because she meant it. I never shut my eyes and think of Paris without this scene rising between me and brighter memories. The solemn, deliberate way in which the woman lifted her clasped hands above her head, and bowed her withered face to the water, in order to hasten her descent, seemed a horrible mockery of prayer; so awful was the form, so impious the spirit. A few bubbles, a cluster of long, bright hair circled, for a moment, in the eddy above her, and then the thick, oozy river slid on, as if it were as guiltless of human life as the public executioner who sips his *eau sucré* so placidly in the next *café*. In another minute the washerwomen were chattering away over their reeking clothes, the idlers were drawing omens from the chips which they kicked into the current, and a dandy upon the bridge, standing on the very spot from which the poor creature leaped, was pouring into the ear of a blushing girl the beginning of that tale whose end I had just witnessed.

I was returning to my hotel one day, after a fruitless effort to see a small-sword duel, which ended in nothing more deadly than the violent shaking of a pair of cold, damp, white hands—to the credit of the hands be it said, however, that they gradually warmed, dried and colored, as the shaking proceeded, until the two principals—who seemed unable to get enough of this amicable form of manual strife—departed, talking daggers and violent deaths to their horrified seconds, but leaving me a disap-

pointed man. Well, as I said, before the duel cut me off, I was returning to my hotel one day, when I was suddenly stopped in front of a low *cabaret* by the tones of a violin. There is nothing under heaven so poor, so mean, so utterly beneath the contempt of a sensible being, as bad music; on the other hand, there is nothing so priceless, so ennobling, so far above the comprehension of the most subtle intellect, as good music. These are my opinions; the reader can therefore judge what must have been the quality of tones which could stop me as if I had been suddenly enchanted. Every great musician has a style as recognizable as an author's. The style of this performer was certainly of the highest order. His bowing was light, exquisite, and in the *pianissimo* movements, fine, clear and distinct beyond any thing I had heard since the days of Paganini; while there was a depth and richness in his tremendous *forte* passages which, for the effect produced, would have done honor to a full orchestra—horns, drums, trombones and all. What especially struck me was the player's time; it was perfection itself. The most delicate sense could not detect the slightest rhythmical error in the dexterous method by which the violinist passed over a thousand difficult bars, harmonizing and blending them together, without any appearance of that marked and forced manner by which even superior players sometimes atone for their want of ear. I entered the *cabaret*, and found the music was being wasted upon the blunted sensibilities of a knot of *eau-de-vie* drinkers, who, with their hearts somewhat opened by potations, were now and then tossing a few *sous* to the musician. In a retired corner, bolt upright, and moving with the angular precision of a machine, sat the object of my curiosity. He was a long, lean, saturnine Italian, with a scanty stock of gray hair, and a pair of restless eyes, that deadened and brightened, as the music waned or rose, like stars beneath a flying mist. The man was poorly clad, and every where bore traces of care and misery; yet with an appearance of suppressed pride in his composition; for he occasionally darted a look of fiery scorn upon the unconscious revelers, that would have gone some length toward the annihilation of a more susceptible audience. As it was, his glances passed unheeded, and he himself seemed to forget his emotions in the fervor with which he played German, Italian, Spanish and French airs—symphony, opera, ballad and popular music—to suit the caprices of his fickle listeners. His whole being appeared to be absorbed in his instrument; he clung to his Cremona with the tenacity of a drowning man. At the smallest pause between airs, the expression of enthusiasm would fade from his face, like an expiring ember,

and in its place was seen a look of blank and meaningless misery—the very dust and ashes of a consuming intellect. Such contrasts, of sublimity and utter nothingness, I never have seen, before or since, upon the human face. The hilarity of the drinkers was reaching a climax, when the musician arose, with a sigh, let down the E string of his instrument, put aside a proffered glass of brandy with an angry air, hugged his violin to his bosom as if it were a child, and walked drooping through the door. I had given him nothing. Feeling a twinge of shame, I followed him out, and put a five-franc piece into his listless hand. The Italian turned toward me a dead, vacant look, and made a movement as if to return the money; but then, with a groan, slid it stealthily into his pocket, looking at his violin with a deprecating air. "Signor," he said, "we should not receive this money. We saw you in there"—pointing with a shudder of disgust toward the *cabaret*—"and your looks of sympathy, or, what is better, of admiration, were more than enough for us. It is not every day, nor every year, that we find one who understands us." Here he fondled his instrument, as if it felt his exultation and deserved half his honors. "*N'importe*, you have more money than you want, perhaps; we have less than we can live upon sometimes. Adieu!"

"Stay—stay," said I.

He turned toward me haughtily, drawing the violin high up his swelling chest, until it seemed to share his indignation. "No; we have spoken more to you to-day than all mankind has heard from us for years before." He turned from me again, holding his violin as if to hide its modesty from my curious glances.

I followed him. He stopped and confronted me threateningly, shielding the instrument behind his body.

"Before you go," said I mildly, "answer me a few questions. They shall neither be impertinent nor intrusive. I take an unusual interest in you, and would aid you, if you will permit it."

He raised his violin toward me, as if to question me.

"Can you restore rank, wealth, respect, happiness? No! Pass on then; you are but mortal, and we seek no human aid which we do not earn—earn honestly, giving more than we receive." He said this with proud energy, patting his Cremona triumphantly.

I began to doubt the man's sanity. There was certainly something unusual in the manner with which he treated a dead thing of wood and catgut.

"Whom do you mean by *we*?"

He looked hurt and astonished at the question.

"My violin and its player, of course."

A monomaniac thought I; but he may be rational on other points.

"Is your skill a natural gift, self-cultivated, or have you studied under a master?"

"We studied under a master—a great master!"

"Will you be good enough to forget your violin, and speak to me in the singular number?"

"Will you forget your father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children and friends? We are all these to each other," said the musician, embracing the instrument as if he held a whole family in his arms.

"Well, well; pardon me."

"Nay, Signor, I have a foolish habit—perhaps it is foolish," said he doubtfully—"of talking to my violin as to a human being. My reasons for addressing it thus are good; I speak to nothing else. I know not why I stand conversing with you: You have been kind to us—me, to be sure; but—"

A great round tear slid slowly down his cheek.

"Why," continued he, with a shriek of surprise. "I am actually weeping!"

Then there was a low whispering between him and the violin, in which I heard him say, in a tone of humble entreaty, "Be not jealous: after to-day I will be all thine."

I confess that I began to feel embarrassed in this strange company. I glanced nervously at the violin, sharing to no small degree the feelings of its owner. With an effort, I resumed—

"Who was your master?"

"The First Cornet!" screamed he, with a look of terror toward his instrument, as if he had betrayed it to destruction. "The First Cornet!" he repeated; and the words seemed to tear him like exorcised devils—"The First Cornet!"

He appeared to take a morbid delight in torturing himself with these three mysterious words. After they had died away, with receding mutters, into his inmost being, he was calmer; like a man who had done a terrible penance, and allayed his conscience for the time.

"You look curious—you wish to know more? Many have judged the acts of my life, none the motives. Sit down; I will tell you all."

We were in the *Champs-Élysées*. He led the way to a seat, covered his violin tenderly with a tattered handkerchief, and began the following extraordinary tale:

THE MUSICIAN'S STORY.

You think that I have seen more prosperous days.—You are right. You think that I have been happier.—You are wrong. More physical comforts I have certainly had around me; but I cannot say that I was really happier in my prosperity than I am in my adversity. Nay, I cannot even say that I was happier before the commission of the crime, which made me what I am, than I was after I had felt its worst consequences. With me the tortures of unsatisfied passion have been harder to bear than the reproaches of conscience. Happiness and unhappiness are of the disposition; nor can the momentary tickling of a pampered sense, or the gratification of a short-sighted hope, compensate for the dreary monotony of a life which nature has rendered constitutionally miserable. Give a man high aspirations, insatiable desires, and all the world and all the glory thereof shall fail to bring him to that state of contentment which we call happiness. I am ambitious! Yes; even now I would fain hold up my head among

men; but a fatal crime keeps me within its charmed circle, and transforms my fellows into a crowd of beleaguering fiends. The very elevation of my former position has made me notorious; so that I have but to make myself known, to be thrust back into a wretchedness which is increased two-fold by each effort for escape. Alas! alas! how much easier is it to ascend from the meanest origin, than to arise from the slightest fall!

I was conductor of the orchestra in the royal opera of N—. I had fought my way to that station from the kettle-drums. I directed the finest orchestra in Italy, and I was called the first conductor in Europe. Here was enough to have satisfied the ambition of any musician. Honors fell around me thicker than I could gather; but I was miserable. I had filled my heart with a single passion, until it excluded even vanity. This passion was not love; it was something intenser and more terrible—it was hate.

Among my players were two men whom I distinguished from all others. The first a white-headed, broad-featured German, was my Second Violin. He gave me more trouble than my whole orchestra. His style of playing was broad and heavy as his face. Do what I might, I never could teach him a *pianissimo* movement that satisfied my ear. The heart of this man was entirely wrapped up in the orchestra, as a whole; so that it came off with honor, he was oblivious to his own defects. No reasoning could convince him that it was in his power to mar the effect of a performance. Scold him—for I sometimes raved at him—and he would point, with a glorified expression, at some laudatory newspaper article. Flatter him, and he would blush, like a girl under her first kiss, denying himself all claim to individual merit. Yet that man I loved. I would not have parted with his dull, heavy hand to save Bellini from ruin. He, too, had an unbounded respect for me, and a certain curious friendship; but I believe it to have been based upon my position as conductor of his darling orchestra. He could have transferred it to any other man in my office, without a pang. I mention this man, not for any conspicuous part that he played in my life, but because he was the only being like a friend which I ever possessed.

The First Cornet—even now I cannot think of that man without my brain swimming, and a host of inexplicable feelings overwhelming my saner thoughts. These feelings appear now, as they did years ago, to be vague, reasonless and purposeless; yet they fill me with a blind fury, and spur me to some unknown deed, with a force as resistless as the destiny of the ancient Greek. I may attempt to describe the First Cornet to you; but I would not excite in you the emotions which his appearance produced on my mind, to save myself from a worse degradation than the present.

The First Cornet's features were beautiful. One side of his face might have served as a study of severe classical beauty, in which even Raphael could have recognized his ideal. There was all that harmonious melting of feature into feature, that

thoughtful, imaginative, yet tender expression of power in the eye, after which the pupil of Perugino labored in his heads of the Saviour. But the other side of the face—how terrible! The features indeed possessed the same wonderful regularity; but it only added to the horror of the sight. Such an eye as glared from that side of the countenance, mortal never looked upon before. How the deformity was brought about, and how men could tolerate it among them, are mysteries as fearful as the thing itself. The eye—for I have examined it with patient, microscopic care, in the vain effort to fathom its secret—was round, open, projecting; the ball of a blurred, opaque, leaden white, imprisoned within a net-work of angry red veins; and blind—perfectly blind. I have questioned the man who was cursed with it, until he swore, over and over again, that he could not detect the faintest ray of light with his ocular monster. The horror of the thing was not in its mere external appearance however, but in its expressions. They were as terrific as they were various. Each change of light developed a new ugliness; each change of feeling in its owner showed a new phase of infernal passion. Never, during the man's best moods, was there any thing like human goodness in the organ. On the contrary, as he softened, it increased in diabolical pride and defiance; until the concentrated fire of the accursed pit seemed staring through that small lens, and its focus was the very centre of my brain. My persecutions have driven the sound eye to tears—ay, beyond tears. I have seen his beautiful lips convulsed with agony for which they could not shape a sound; yet the deformity would grow merrier and merrier, as his passion rose, until you could almost hear it laugh—a gleeful laugh, such as might horrify you at your mother's funeral—the rollicking, heart-free shout of an infant fiend. I have gloomily studied jests, of the most grotesque and restless humor, and I have made the sound eye twinkle as if it were ready to blaze with contagious mirth; yet the blaring monstrosity would gradually deaden into sullen vacuity, film after film would overspread it, till it seemed dying out into weary nothingness. This matter is odious to describe—what was it to feel!

The First Cornet was a great musician. His playing was almost faultless. Many and many a time has the clear, hearty, triumphant burst of his instrument rallied my straggling orchestra, banded their hesitating powers, and saved me from impending disgrace. His tone, before the painful events which I am about to relate, was peculiar. It was instinct with a spirit of full animal life, a joyousness whose centre was in mere being; such as we see exhibited in children, who are happy because it is the morning of their life, because the dews of heaven are yet upon them, because they have known neither the noonday heat nor the solemn sunset. Care, melancholy, the ills of our mortal state, appeared to have no power over the First Cornet; even his eye, his horrible eye, was banished from his style of playing. Heaven pardon

me for having given the obscene mis-creation power over so holy a thing as music!

The First Cornet I hated with an immortal hate. My antipathy grew with my years, and was strengthened by every act of his, good, bad or trivial. That his deformed eye was the origin of my hatred I have little doubt; but the feeling increased so rapidly that, with the eye as a central point, it soon engrossed his whole being, and pervaded all mine. As my dislike became aversion, and my aversion hate, the eye began to assume a terrible share and meaning in my thoughts. At first it only troubled me, then it fascinated me, next it tormented me, last it aroused my resistant passions, gradually deepening them into insane fury.

Among the audience at the Opera House there was one who, without any personal acquaintance with the First Cornet, was in intimate sympathy with him. The person to whom I refer was a large, red-faced, sensual-looking Englishman, of immense wealth, and therefore of proportionate influence in the city of N—. He attended every performance of the opera, and was accounted a *connoisseur* among the *dilettanti*. His manner of testifying his pleasure, which was grossly animal, was by lolling out his tongue, and rolling his huge, burning face from side to side across the cushion which surmounted the front rail of his box. He sat alone, next the stage, admitting no one to a seat beside him. I could never raise my head without catching a glimpse of his rocking features staring into the orchestra, like one of those grotesque cathedral sculptures representing a soul in Purgatory.

As I have said, there was a close sympathy between the Englishman and the First Cornet. I could not turn to see the eye mock me, for some unlucky false note of the Second Violin's, without hearing a smothered hiss, as of a plethoric serpent, from the rolling head. There was no cornet solo to which the red face did not give a bravo! At length he picked out the First Cornet, from among all the other instruments, and followed it alone. Such persisting zeal I never saw. The First Cornet became every thing to him. People told me he talked of nothing else. The orchestra collectively and individually were forgotten in his devotion. Lastly, he discovered the secret of the eye; and I could see him answering it, glance for glance, with awful intelligence. It became his ruling star. He followed it, interpreted it, and carried out all its suggestions, with the affectionate tenderness of newborn love. Now, indeed, my misery began. The eye had an ally—a powerful corporeal ally—ready to act at its remotest hint. I became furious. I resolved to crush the eye—and its possessor, if need be—cost what it might.

I watched the First Cornet with the cunning of an ambushed tiger. Night after night, through overture, prelude, and accompaniment, I endeavored in vain to catch him out of time. Undeterred by the low hisses of the rolling head, I have hurried on the orchestra, between the Cornet's rests, hoping to slip into his parts unexpectedly. With what exultation

have I watched his sound eye carelessly wandering round the house, while his instrument dangled from his listless hand, as if our business were the furthest thing from his thoughts! How have I reveled in his coming confusion and shame! What new phrases of contempt have I coined for his approaching fault! In this manner would I treat him. Thus would I overwhelm him with sarcasm. Should I stop the orchestra, and upbraid him before the whole house? Should I ruin him past redemption? On these occasions, never mind what might be the First Cornet's actions, I have observed the deformed eye fixed upon me with watchful, scrutinizing patience, not unmixed with an expression of serene contempt, that increased in intensity as he became more abstracted and off his guard; as if that eye saw all my arts, despised them all, and was quietly waiting for the moment of my discomfiture. That moment would arrive. Clear, rich and sonorous, striking the note with marvelous precision and confidence, the peal of the First Cornet would burst in upon the other instruments, casting them into utter insignificance, and bearing the music away as if of right. Then, too, the great red face would roll and glower above me, the blearing eye would seem bursting with outrageous merriment, and my poor brain would ache as if it were rending.

"You play too loud, sir. Your noisy cornet drowns all the other instruments. You must subdue it, or I—"

The words died in my throat, as I stared at the basilisk in the First Cornet's head. It had, by degrees, assumed a look of malignant rage and defiance. The red veins which crossed it were distended to twice their usual size, and between them blazed a lurid light of so sinister a cast that I fairly quailed with terror. I could feel a hot, painful glow, as if radiated from molten brass, scorching my brow and cheeks, as I leant toward the man, completely spell-bound by his appalling look. This is no fancy; for as I turned away I distinctly traced a long, dusty ray, like the beam of an angry sunset, stretching from the eye across the entire room, and lighting, where it fell, a small, round spot upon the opposite wall.

"Good heaven!" I groaned. My heart sunk within me. I was almost conquered. A miserable, sickening fear crept over me; I felt all the hopeless agony of one struggling against some supernatural power. My passions came to my aid. I taunted myself with the name of coward; braced up my nerves for the encounter; and by sheer strength of will, turned myself full on the eye. I had wasted my energy—the look was gone.

"Signor," said the First Cornet, bowing meekly, "I will try to please you. I am conscious that my feeling for music often leads me too far. I am thankful that you think so much of me as to correct my faults."

But even as he spoke, the eye put on a look of imperial superiority, penetrating through and beyond me, as if I formed no obstacle to its world-embracing glance. I choked and stammered. A cloud passed

before my vision. I motioned the man away. He seemed to float about the room for a moment, and when I recovered my consciousness, he had departed.

From that day his style of playing changed. A voluptuous languor, a dreamy spirit of refined sensuality—reminding one of burning spices, and all the profligate luxury of the golden East—took possession of the First Cornet. His tones melted into the orchestral music, with a faint, delicious, liquid fall, as if the player were expiring of pleasure stretched beyond the bounds of nature. The long-drawn, trembling notes of his luscious instrument became insupportable. They inspired the hearer with longings so unholy, yet so enticing, that the soul reeled between horror and passion with the strange swimming sensation which precedes a swoon.

The Englishman was transported. His eyes, half-closed and humid, floated about in listless ecstasy, and his great red face lolled here and there, with the heavy, lagging motion of a drunken satyr's. Now and then his lustreless eyes would open, to exchange a vacant glance with the First Cornet's odious blemish. But there was no sympathy between the voluptuous music and the terrible eye. Its expression was hard, cold, and passionless; a settled sneer of contemptuous indifference was all the regard it paid to music which might have fired the thin blood of an anchorite.

"This will never do. You are reducing the people of N—— to Sybarites," said I to the First Cornet.

The eye danced in jubilee, while its possessor started, blushed, and promised reformation. His style of playing underwent another change. Now he played with the strict mechanical correctness of the German school, but without one spark of feeling.

"This will disgust your sensual Englishman," said I to myself. Not so. The rolling head became erect, its lips were severely compressed, and it jerked about, marking the notes with wonderful activity and precision, as if exact time were the only musical quality it required. Now, too, the Cornet's eye was full of meaning. It actually seemed to talk with its rolling friend; and all their conversation was a cunning plot to pull me down.

Suddenly my eyes were opened—Good Heaven! I was forcing the First Cornet to become the first performer in Italy!

"Why do you not quit the orchestra?" said I to him one day, after a long lecture, to which he had listened with profound respect. "You cannot please me, play as you may. Your tones are execrable—execrable!"

"They shall be changed."

"Each change is for the worse. I beg you will resign without further words."

"Signor," said he, seriously, holding out his cornet, "this instrument is the only support of a bed-ridden mother and a puny sister. I dare not leave the orchestra while heaven blesses me with their presence."

A tear overflowed his sound eye, and dripped slowly down his cheek; but the heartless thing which blasted his face was dancing merrily round

the room in search of amusement. It found employment at last, in sneering at the Second Violin, who was panting, like Atlas, under the score of a new opera.

What could I do? There was the downcast, tearful face, and I pitied it; there was the scornful, devilish eye, and I loathed it. I turned on my heel without a word.

We were to rehearse a new opera. A long cornet solo had been introduced into the overture, by dint of the Englishman's money I understood; for the passage was really an excrescence on the music, having no artistic relation with what preceded or followed it. At the first rehearsal I called angrily for the First Cornet's part. "This solo is a blemish," said I. "We must dispense with it."

"But the composer," suggested the Second Violin. "We can play whatever man dare write."

"In my orchestra I play what I please," said I; and with a sweep of my pen I obliterated the solo. The First Cornet bowed humbly.

"Where nothing is expected, nothing will be missed," said he; but the eye flashed on me a haughty look of mysterious power, which I endeavored in vain to interpret.

The composer stormed, and threatened to withdraw his opera. But I knew my man. He wished his work produced, and would have yielded more than a solo to gain his end. The directors expostulated, entreated. I kept my ground, offering to resign my *baton*, but insisting on the omission of the solo. I carried my point.

For some time before the production of the new opera, the eye had ceased to vex me. It seemed to have retired within itself, full of thoughts and plans, and too abstracted to notice passing events. Occasionally a significant look would pass between it and the head, whose rollings had almost ceased, as if it were intent on some other matter than music: beyond this they seldom went. False notes came from the orchestra, without a mock from the eye or a hiss from the head. I had not been so much at ease for many a long day.

The eventful night of the new opera came. Through the first part of the overture the cornet plodded along in a dull, disheartened manner, that satisfied me perfectly. But the eye began to awake and brighten, as I had never seen it before. There was evidently a coming joy in its path—a joy fully understood by the expectant and motionless head.

We approached that part of the overture from which I had expunged the cornet solo—we reached it. There was a pause in the music. Just where the solo should have commenced, a cornet took up the overture. Whence the sound came, and who was the player, are mysteries to me even now. The music seemed to proceed from no fixed point; the air all around was full of it. Horrified at the prodigy, I sat transfixed and powerless, my *baton* hanging motionless in my palsied hand. I had strength enough to half turn toward the orchestra. The players were gazing at me apparently astonished. The First Cornet himself was wrapped in unfeigned

wonder. He sat with his instrument to his lips, as if waiting for my sign to begin his part, while his sound eye wandered from me to his music-book, and back again, with an expression of total bewilderment. But I caught the fearful eye, looking as calm, indifferent and unsurprised, as the majestic marble of the Capitoline Jove. I made an effort, but motion was impossible. The Second Violin pushed me with his bow; every faculty but hearing seemed torpid—I could not move. So I was forced to remain quiet during the whole detestable solo. Tones such as I then heard, I never deemed a cornet capable of; and by degrees my whole being was completely absorbed in the wonderful music. Strange to say, the playing was in the First Cornet's best style, but infinitely spiritualized, and carried to a point of absolute ideal perfection. There was nothing of earth either in tone or manner. If the First Cornet, in the midst of his greatest effort, should have been transfigured before my eyes, I might then have hoped for such heavenly music—but not till then. The solo died away, retreating like an echo. I awoke. The whole house was hissing and hooting, as one man—and at me too. Had I been under a spell? Was the solo an illusion? Were my helpless condition and the silence of my orchestra the causes of all this? No one but an artist can fully understand the terrible effects of an universal hiss. We live by praise, and condemnation is artistic death. I saw the composer, wild with terror, staring at me from the edge of the curtain. I gnashed my teeth with fury. I turned on my orchestra like a madman. I raved at them, I cursed them, till my throat ached with my efforts. Like men awaking from a dream, they slowly picked up their senses, and fixed their frightened eyes upon me. I raised my *baton*. Such a crash of instrumental music was never heard from the same number of players. "*Forse! forse!*" shrieked I, as the air throbbed with the tremendous sound. Alas! it seemed but a whisper in my ear; and above it all I could hear the thick, stealthy hiss of the rolling head, and the full martial blast of the First Cornet. I had drowned the hissing audience however.

A species of morbid curiosity turned my face toward my enemy. His sound eye was intently fixed upon the music; but—oh horror! the great bearing monster was devouring me, gloating over me, swelling with unutterable pride and glory over my agonies. I saw before me the eye of incarnate Satan exulting above the miserable exiles of Eden. I grew sick with torture, and involuntarily turned to the Englishman's box for relief. The huge red face was rolling as if it were experimenting in some abominable mode of self-decapitation.

How we got through with the first act of the opera I cannot tell. When I stepped from my chair, my feet were numb; I was scarcely conscious of treading upon any thing stable; I seemed to swim in air. My brain was whirling around, without a thought in it—a stone could not have been more utterly devoid of sensation. When I reached the Green-Room I became more collected. The first thing that met me was the infernal eye, probing me to the

very heart. I turned upon the First Cornet furiously.

"What do you mean by this trick, sir—you and that villainous Englishman?"

The First Cornet would have looked astonished, had not his hideous eye winked significantly.

"You know that principle of acoustics—every school-boy knows it. We always appear to hear a sound from the quarter whence we expect it. You have juggled me—juggled me, sir!" I certainly did not know what I said, for my words had no relation to the matter which had well-nigh crazed me.

"I know nothing of acoustics, Signor. I am at a loss to understand your meaning," said he softly.

"Liar! liar!" shouted I.

The First Cornet bounded up like a man possessed. He had the feelings of a gentleman, doubtless. His features flushed, the sound eye flamed into sudden wrath; but the horrible deformity was melting with familiar tenderness; it seemed in the act of bestowing a lugubrious benediction upon me. With his clenched hand he struck me full in the mouth.

I know not how it was, but since my hatred to the First Cornet I had carried a stiletto about me. This weapon appeared to be endowed with life. It crept into my bosom without my knowledge—it fastened itself upon my clothes—it was always with me, and always tempting me. Do as I might, I could never get from my room without it. Put my hand into my vest at any time, and its smooth handle would glide between my trembling fingers. During my frequent rages with the First Cornet, I have felt it writhing and struggling in my bosom like a living serpent. At this moment, while my blood was leaping fire—while every sinew of my frame was tense with passion—while my mind was possessed with the one idea of instant vengeance—the cunning weapon crawled into my very hand.

I glanced at the First Cornet. He stood upon the defensive, his thin nostrils throbbing with anger, his sound eye filled with lofty defiance; but the sightless horror was actually going to sleep—calmly dozing away in most insulting security. Thank heaven it was the last glimpse I ever caught of it! Stone blind with rage I dashed on my enemy, driving my stiletto straight at his fiendish eye. I heard a cry from the spectators—a warm stream spouted up my sleeve—my fingers were sticky with gore, as I clutched at the empty air for support—piercing pains darted from temple to temple—the room was full of strange yellow light, through which struggled thousands of fantastic shapes—my knees weakened under me—blood burst from my mouth and ears—I staggered, and fell to the floor.

When I awoke I was lying in the hospital of a prison. Beside me sat the Second Violin, humming a low air. I fixed my eyes upon him; but it was some minutes before I could speak.

"Where am I?"

My companion started, and looked at me pityingly, giving no answer. The poor fellow evidently felt some attachment to the man who led his dear orchestra for so many years. At the sight of his

familiar face, a crowd of indistinct ideas of operas, singers, music, and all the minutiae of my profession flitted across my brain. When my thoughts took form, I spoke.

"I have been ill?"

"Very ill."

"The First Cornet?"—I remember saying this with great calmness.

"Is perfectly well. It was only a scratch on the cheek, or you might—" He could not continue his sentence. The idea of hanging a man who once held a *baton* appeared too sacrilegious for expression,

"This is bad enough," said I, laughing faintly, as I glanced round the grim walls of my cell.

"Oh yes; it is all an Englishman's work. The cruel wretch swears you shall have no mercy."

I shouted with laughter. The idea of the rolling head knowing enough about mercy, even to withhold it, was irresistible.

"You were ill, crazy—tell me that you were crazy," said the Second Violin, with an imploring look.

"No, neither!" cried I, fiercely. I had a violent aversion to being thought insane.

"Be careful. If you should be overheard, it would go the harder with you."

"I care not."

The Second Violin sighed. My thoughts returned to the orchestra. Like many self-important men, I forgot that "there is no necessary man alive." I supposed that my absence must, as a matter of course, have stopped the opera for a season.

"How do you get on without me?"

My friend's face lighted up with pride. "Admirably," said he, "admirably! Even I am beginning to play the *pianissimo* with effect."

"Indeed! You have another conductor, then?"

"The greatest musician in the world!" The ecstasy of inspiration could not have given greater force to the manner in which these words were uttered. The Second Violin was endeavoring to console me. He had nothing like jealousy in his own composition, and therefore did not recognize it in other minds. A great musician was an abstraction to him, something to be revered apart from the man; and "the greatest musician in the world," was an object of positive worship. He continued,

"After the accident to you, our present conductor led us through the new opera without a fault or a break. There was a triumph for your orchestra!"

"His name?" said I, trembling with smothered rage.

"The First Cornet!"

The last words of his story seemed to lift the Italian bodily from his seat. Eyeing me savagely—his violin brandished, like a battle-axe, in one hand, the other sternly motioning me back—he rushed toward the crowded part of the thoroughfare, and was instantly lost in the throng. I returned to my hotel, turning over my scattered thoughts on monomania, and the jealousies of artists; wondering, meanwhile, how many of the people who passed me were perfectly sane.

THE LABORER TO HIS WIFE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Our love was born in poverty:
His cradle rocked midst doubts and fears;
But still the urchin stoutly grew,
Though nourished with our tears.

Though roses bloomed upon his cheeks
His bright eyes sickened with despair,
But as we nursed the angel-child
We found great beauty there.

At length we kissed away the tears
That had bedewed his rosy cheek:
And then we saw the rays of Hope
Within his bright eyes break.

And since he has to manhood grown,
And dried with smiles the infant's tear,
He proves a very Hercules—
Our strength and solace here.

SIMPLICITY AND EXPERIENCE.

BY DUNCAN MOORE.

THERE 's not on earth a joy so sweet
As that the simple maiden proves,
When kneeling—sighing at her feet
She brings the youth she fondly loves.
She smiles, affects a broken sigh—
And will not know the reason why.

There 's not on earth a pang so great
As that which stabs the trusting fair;
Deserted, crushed and desolate,
Her lover false, her life despair.
She weeps, and heaves the deep drawn sigh—
Now well she knows the reason why.

DEER, AND DEER HUNTING.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF FRANK FORESTER'S "FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.



THE AMERICAN DEER. (*Cervus Virginianus*.)

THIS beautiful and noble animal, formerly so abundant in every part of the United States, from the Great Lakes to the ocean, and from the eastern boundaries of Maine to the southern limit of their vast empire, is peculiar to the continent of America, and differs entirely from each of the three European species, with two of which it has been at times confounded, and even more markedly from all the African and Asiatic varieties.

The deer of Europe, and of Great Britain in particular, from which country we have derived most of our sporting propensities and traditions, and I might add all our sporting nomenclature, consist of three very distinct species. These are, first, the Red Deer, which is now found only in the Highlands of Scotland, with the exception of a few in Somerset and Devon, and the extreme western wilds of Ireland. The male of these is known as the Stag or Hart, and the female as the Hind. This is a magnificent and imposing creature, handsomer even and more stately than our deer, with branched antlers exactly similar to those of our great western Elk, though of inferior size.

Second, the Fallow Deer, the species usually kept in a semi-domesticated state in the parks of the nobility and gentry, both as an ornament to the scenery, and as an article of luxury for the table. This is a beautiful and graceful creature, far less stately than the Red Deer, or

the denizen of our forests, but slightly and symmetrically moulded, and the very *beau idéal* of grace and airy motion. It has flattened or palmated horns, about midway in form between those of the Moose and Cariboo, or American Reindeer, though, of course, proportionally smaller. In color, the Fallow Deer differs materially from all the other species, and is itself by no means uniform, some individuals being almost black, and others nearly white, the majority are, however, beautifully dappled, and some pied, with tints of brown fawn color and yellowish white.

The Fallow Deer is not believed to be indigenous to Great Britain, nor indeed to Europe, being, I imagine, of oriental origin; nor is it found any where in a state of nature or at large; being confined exclusively in parks or chases of more or less extensive range, often including large tracts of forest land; and it has been observed that the wilder the character of the park, and the more broken and forest-like the nature of the soil, especially when it produces heather or fern in abundance, the wilder and more gamy is the flavor of the venison.

The third variety is the Roe, a native of all the wilder and more broken forest regions of Great Britain, both north and south, though they are few in number as compared with either of the other species. They are much smaller than the Red or Fallow Deer, of a uniform reddish

brown color, and are distinguished by small erect horns, with a single prong in front. Of the two last species the male is known as the buck, the female as the doe.

The American Deer in size, color, the branched formation of its antlers, and the character of its flesh, most nearly resembles the Red Deer of Europe, but is clearly distinguished from that animal by some peculiarities in its structure and by the shape of its horns. In the European Red Deer, the direction of the main stem of the antlers is directly backward, all the branches or prongs springing from the anterior side and pointing forward, the lowest on each side, or brow antler, which is the principal defense of the animal against his natural enemies, the wolf and dog, bending forward and downward on the outer side of the brow and eye.

In the American Deer, the main stem at first inclines backward for about half its length, but then turns forward with a bold curve, and terminates in a sharp deflected point, all the prongs, which are sometimes themselves bifid, and even trifid, arising from the posterior side, and arising from it in a forward and upward direction. The only exception to this is the brow antler, a short erect spike, which arises from the inner and anterior surface of the principal stem.

In color the American Deer is generally of a reddish-brown, or fulvous tint, darker above, and pure white on the chin, throat, belly, and inside of the fore-legs, the upper parts being more or less diversified with cinereous gray, or bluish hairs. These become more numerous during the summer, and in the autumn, and during the winter the whole animal assumes a grayer tint. The ears are margined with dark brown, and are white within, the upper side of the tail is of the same color with the upper parts in general, and is white below. The hoofs are jet black.

The female is smaller than the male, and hornless, but otherwise resembles him exactly; the fawns are beautifully spotted with irregular white spots on a fulvous or tawny ground. The male is generally known as the buck, and the female as the doe; though, for my own part, I consider from their greater analogy to the European Red Deer than to any other variety, that Hart and Hind would be the more correct and sportsman-like nomenclature. This is, however, at best but a subordinate matter, and need not be insisted on, especially until the graver and more important errors in sporting nomenclature, among the birds and fishes especially, have been corrected.

The deer has usually but one, never more than two fawns at a birth. In the southern parts of the State of New York these are for the most part dropped in May and June, but further north, somewhat earlier in the year. During the rutting season the males are bold and extremely pugnacious among themselves, although not like the Red Deer capable of attacking men without provocation. The cry of the deer when alarmed is a quick, tremulous whistling sound, accompanied by a stamp of the foot; when mortally wounded they will at times utter a faint bleat like that of a young calf.

In its habits the American Deer is, for the most part, except in the vast prairies of the West, a woodland haunter, as, according to Catalinas, was the deer of Greece and Asia Minor, which, in his comprehensive and picturesque compound he describes as sylvicoltrix, the haunter of the woodlands, and in this respect it differs from the Red Deer of Great Britain, which prefers the difficult and craggy mountain-tops, or the far-extended downs covered with waving heather to the dark pine woods of the Scottish Highlands, or the beautiful oak coppices of Devonshire.

By law the killing of the American Deer has generally been restricted in most States to the months between August and December, both inclusive, but so rapid is the progress of annihilation going on with these beautiful animals that in some counties of New York the only months during which it is lawful to take them, are September, October, and November. All legislation, however, on the subject of game preservation would seem to be hopeless, so long as the whole tone and spirit of the popular mind of the masses is regularly set against their enforcement. Nothing, indeed, is more singular or more to be lamented than the strange perversion of intellect which seems to have come over the whole body of the white settlers of North America, whether of Canada, New Brunswick, the Atlantic States, or the far West, leading them to wage incessant and merciless war on every wild animal, whether of fur, fin, or feather, slaughtering them at all times, and in all places, in season and out of season; when their flesh is nutritive and delicious, when it is utterly unfit for the food of man; when their peltries or feathers are commercially valuable, when they are worthless; slaughtering them wantonly and recklessly for the mere love of slaughter, and often leaving their carcasses to decay in the depths of the forest, until they are becoming all but extinct, as in a few years they unquestionably will, unless sounder views shall hereafter prevail. The willful waste and wanton annihilation of the buffalo in the West; the knocking on the head of the deer, in New York and Pennsylvania, with clubs, by snow-shoe mounted ruffians, during the deep snows of winter, when their flesh and hides are alike valueless—and that literally by tens of thousands; and the sweeping the spawning beds of the salmon with the seine, and persecuting the spent and worthless fish with spear and torch, till they have disappeared from their most favorite rivers in the British Provinces, are all forms of this same wanton, wicked, I had well nigh said fiendish spirit, which is really a characteristic, as I have observed, of the white settler of every part of America.

It is an absurdity to say that the spread of civilization and culture has destroyed the game, for it is a well known fact that game of all sorts increases in the very same ratio in which cultivation increases, if left unmolested in their seasons of reproduction, nesting, spawning, or tending their helpless young, so long as a sufficiency of woodland is left to afford them shelter.

In Scotland, the Red Deer, which are strictly preserved, so far as the prohibition to kill them out of season goes, but neither fed, tended, nor herded, are and have been for years rapidly on the increase; and it would probably be within the mark to say that there are at this instant fifty times as many Red Deer in the small space to the northward of the Highland line, than in all the States between Maine and the Delaware. In the eastern and northern parts of Maine they are still plentiful despite the sedulous efforts of the lumber-men to annihilate the race, and the occasional devastation of the wolves. In the northern parts of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, a few are still to be found, though they are but as individuals compared to the vast herds which were wont to roam those green glades and wild mountain pastures. With the exception of a few on Long Island, in the northern counties, and about the still wild banks of the Delaware, in New York, they are already extinct. In New Jersey, with a small wretched remnant of the once as abundant heath-hen, prairie-fowl, or pinioned grouse, a few straggling deer may still be found in that remote and little traversed region called, from its prevailing growth, the pines, lying along the Atlantic coast. Elsewhere they exist not. To the westward of Pennsylvania, and through

the South, even so far as Texas and New Mexico, through the West to the Rocky Mountains, and Northward through both the Canadas, they are still abundant, and will continue so, it may be expected, for some years to come—in the Canadas and the Southern States especially, where the laws for their preservation are rigidly enforced, and where the greater number of educated men and gentry settled throughout the rural districts, have produced some effect on the mind of the masses as regards the wholesale and useless distinction of game out of season.

The modes of pursuing and taking this fine animal, whether for pleasure or profit, are almost innumerable, but of these almost all partake of the poaching or pothunting system too much to obtain from me more than a mere passing notice.

The first and most generally practiced of these is what is variously called driving, or stand-hunting, in which the shooters are placed on the circuit of a certain tract of woodlands, each one at the debouchure of a deer-path, upon some lake, streamlet, or road which it may chance to intersect, while the interior of the circuit is beat by drivers and hounds, which force the deer from the tract by one or other of the paths; and than this, although it has, I know, its passionate votaries, I can conceive no duller, more poacher-like, or less exciting sport—if sport it must be called,

The standing shivering, or sweltering for hours, as it may chance to be in August or in December, at a runway, perhaps not once hearing the hounds even at a distance from morn till dewy eve; perhaps catching for a moment the volume of their cadenced cry, only to hear it die away in the distance until the crack of a remote rifle tells you that the deed is done, and that not unto you is the doing of it; perhaps, if you have the very best luck of it, hearing the cry come nigher, nigher, swelling momentarily on the ear, hearing the bushes shaken, and the dry sticks crackling under a rapid foot, and then to complete the whole, seeing a great, timid, trembling, helpless beast driven up to within ten feet of the muzzle of your shotgun or rifle, which, after whistling or bleating at him to compel him to stop short in his tracks and stand motionless as a mark for your buck-shot practice you incontinently butcher in cold blood.

Yet a more scurvy mode than this, of deer-hunting, is practiced by night, under the name of fire-hunting, in two different ways, either by floating and paddling in canoes along the margin of streams and brooks to which the deer come down to feed, having a light elevated in the bows upon a plank which partially conceals the person of the shooter—or by walking stealthily through the woods with a fire-pan supported by a staff, and filled with blazing light wood knots, carried before you by an assistant, close in whose wake you crawl along, with ready gun, prepared for secret murder. Seeing the mysterious lights through the glimmering twilight of the woods, the timid deer stands at gaze half curious, half fascinated, until the strong reflected light falling on the balls of his distended eyes, makes them glare out like balls of fire, and enables his dastardly associate to point the deadly tube directly at the centre of his broad fair brow between them, and so to slay him unsuspecting.

Worse yet, indeed worst of all, where all are bad and base, is the practice borrowed from the Indian, who killing not for sport but for necessity, not to gratify the hunter's gallant zeal, but to supply his wigwam with food for its inmates, at all times killed from ambush, and never discharged an arrow but when he was sure of killing—is the practice, I say, of lying in ambush by some salt-lick, or spring to which the deer comes down to drink, and, well concealed to the leeward of his path,

to shoot him down without difficulty, as without excitement.

The more legitimate modes—the only modes to which I think the true sportsman will resort—are deer-stalking, or as it is called still-hunting, in the north—hunting the Hart manfully and gallantly with fleet horses, and a cry of well-matched and tuneful fox-hounds, with the blythe view halloo, and the cheery blast of the key-bugle, with the chivalric sportsmen of the sunny south—and last, not least, coursing him with a leash of fleet greyhounds, or better yet, a leash of the tall, wire-haired, rough-coated deer-hounds of the Scottish Highlands, over the wild and verdant prairies of the West.

The first of these methods is the only one, which the rough, craggy, and mountainous character of the forest-land frequented by deer in the Northern States, which horses cannot for the most part traverse at all, certainly not at speed, will allow the hunter to adopt; and if it lack the maddening excitement of galloping over bush, bank, and scur, taking bold leaps, and striding irresistible over ravine or gully, over fallen tree or rough rail-fence, with the fierce music of the hounds stirring your brain almost to madness, it requires at least so many qualities of skill and science, such quickness of eyesight, such instinctive calculation of causes and effects, such Indian-like power of following the faintest trail, of detecting by the displacement of a yellow leaf, by the disordered foliage of a broken bush, or the broken bark on a frayed sapling, whither and when, and at what pace the object of pursuit has passed that way, that by the consciousness of, and confidence in your own self-power, self-energy, and self-sufficiency to all emergencies, that it must be considered as a sport, and as one of a high and noble order. To these advantages again are to be added the wild and glorious haunts of nature into which it leads our vagrant footsteps—the springs, fitted to be the baths of brighter nymphs than any of those who trod immortal Dryads or Oreads of Delia's train, by which we eat our frugal meal, and with which we qualify our temperate cups—the high and liberal mountain-tops, visited by a clearer and more lustrous sunshine, fanned by a purer and more exhilarating air, than any known to the sleek citizen, to which we climb, led by the fierce excitement of pursuit; and then the ruddy watch-fire silently blazing in the depths of the mysterious wilderness before the bark-roofed shanty, before the hemlock bed, which shelter and console us after the long tramp and the hurried chase—the awakening to the cries of the early birds, in the fresh gray of the awakening dawn, the delicious bath in the clear basin of the mountain-torrent, the woodman's morning meal of trout or venison, cooked by the glowing embers, and eaten with no better condiments than appetite and exercise and health may furnish—all these—all these are the delights which add so inspiring a charm to the North Country still-hunt, and half tempt the dwellers of pent cities to abandon the culture, the luxury, the companionship, and the civilization of gentlemen, for the more congenial toils and more inspiring delights of the woodman's life.

That is an aspiration which all men, who have tasted of the freshness, the originality, the primitive elastic vigor of the woodland life, untrammelled by no formulæ, fettered by no false and absurd conventionalities, a life emphatically of men, desire to taste again—yearn after it, how eagerly, when debarred from it by the hateful necessities of business—and, when they return to it, after years of desuetude, greet it as old men would greet renewed manhood, or exiles restored home. This is the feeling which is so instinct of life, and sunshine, and breezy freshness in the writings of the earlier and more original of England's poets—which prompted one great Roman to cry

mournfully, "*O rus, O rus, quando ego te aspiciam,*" and another to admit half apologetically, as if it were in some sort a reproach. "*Fumina amem et sylvas multosque inglorius amnes;*" and in all breasts a something of this hunter's spirit, under one form or other will burst perennial, until we go whither the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. And a good spirit it is, in moderation, and good to be indulged—and so up with the forest chaunt.

So it is—yet let us sing
Honor to the old bowstring!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the woodman keen!

and health, and joy, and success still increasing to the bold, the fair, the gallant hunter, as all ill-fortunes and most foul reverses to the disloyal pot-hunter, the low and sordid poacher of whatever land he be!

AMINIDAB ATKINS.

A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

A CURIOUS specimen, to be sure, was Aminidab Atkins. Six feet two in his stockings, ("if so be" he had any on,) and from crown to sole as gnarly and unwedgable as though fashioned wholly out of hickory knots; with a huge shock of grizzly-sable hair, resembling a mass of big wires; with sharp black eyes, that, instead of looking afront, seemed fiercely regarding each other; with a large, irregular, bristly and ruddy face, over which, nevertheless, shone a gleam of shrewd intelligence and sturdy honesty; somewhat such was the outward man of Aminidab Atkins. A "right down" Yankee was he of the hill-country of interior New England, and few things were there which, in the lapse of sixty-five years, he had n't "tried his hand at." At the time of my first seeing him, he was chiefly a farmer, occupied in the not *inappropriate* task of wringing bread out of the reluctant soil of certain arable mountain acres.

He had, however, another "gift," which he could not suffer to lie idle. He was what was called a "Free-willer," and "reckoned he had a call to preach." Happening myself, on a certain winter, to be "keeping school" in a certain town, the main part whereof rejoiced in the name of "Tophet Swamp"—a town, by the way, which, for a marvel, could boast neither clergyman, lawyer, nor doctor—I accompanied my landlord's family, one Sunday, to a "meeting," held in a school-house of a town near by. And lo! the officiating minister was the Aminidab aforesaid.

The memory of that day's doings and beings remains, after full eighteen years, as distinct and vivid as it was the day following. That singing (so called) wherein one hundred noses (including Aminidab's) demonstrated what virtue there was in that important feature—those ineffable quavers and shakes, which made the building itself shake, as if in sympathy—how *could* I forget them? And the sermon—never since have I heard its equal or like. His theme was the manna, that "little round thing," (as he repeated a hundred times,) whereby the desert-wandering Hebrews were preternaturally fed. All that long summer day he handled that "little globe," and if those present were not for once full fed, 't was not *his* fault. The manna, he said, was Christ, who was miraculously sent down from Heaven to feed the souls of earth's wanderers, as they journeyed from the Egypt of a "state of water"

to the Promised Land of a "state of grace." Its round shape indicated the Saviour's eternity, since in the East the globe was the symbol of eternity. The parallel was run out into a minuteness of detail that was really wonderful, and showed the preacher's Comparison to be very large indeed.

One peculiarity of Aminidab I am reluctant to mention, but he may claim the benefit of the apology, that every other *man* present did the same thing. An enormous lump of Virginia's weed distended his cheek through every part of the service, and the liquid consequences thereof he must, by moderate calculation, have disbursed one million times during the day. I trust the reader will be merciful to Aminidab and to his historian, in respect of this item.

To a reflecting person Aminidab was a rich subject for analysis, as were all his sayings and doings. Many a shrewd, pithy saying was his, and many a maxim, whereby anybody might profit, not borrowed from books, but struck out by the attrition of a robust intelligence against the experiences of a hard, toilsome lot. (The stones were "dreadful thick" on Aminidab's land.)

On the whole, a benison rest on thy memory, Aminidab Atkins! Certainly thou wert not an Adonis in person. But then that huge, rough hulk of thine encased both the mind and the heart of a *man*. Thou didst fight for thy country's independence, when need was, against foes hard to encounter, and thou didst afterward fight for thine own independence against still more formidable foes, the hard, stony soil and bleak elements of mountainous New England. And in both cases alike thou wert bold, unflinching, indomitable. Thine oratory came not of the rhetorical professor's teaching, nor did a Roscius shape thy gesticulation. But Nature was thine instructor, and she bade thee speak then, and then only, when thou hadst somewhat to say; and that ponderous fist of thine, upheaved and brought down by the impulse of feeling, bore burden not unmeet to the double bass of thy stentorian voice. Thou spakest, not from any authority conferred by the "imposition of hands" of men inferior (it may be) to thyself in worth, but by the right of having something to communicate, which others desired to hear, and were the better for hearing. Who shall presume to say thou didst speak amiss?

D. H. BARLOW.

THE CAVALIER.

WRITTEN BY

W. H. BELLAMY.

COMPOSED BY

CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Published by permission of Lee & Walker, 163 Chestnut Street,
Publishers and Importers of Music and Musical Instruments.

Moderato.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Cavalier'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A crescendo (*cres.*) marking appears towards the end of the system.

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, with lyrics appearing below it: "'Twas a beautiful night, the stars shone bright, And the". The bass staff continues the accompaniment, with dynamics *sf*, *f*, *ff*, and *p* marked. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, with lyrics appearing below it: "moon o'er the wa-ters play'd, When a Ca - va - lier to a bower drew near, A la - dy to se - re -". The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

uade ; To tend'rest words he swept the chords, And many a sigh breathed he ! While o'er and o'er he

fond-ly swore Sweet maid ! I love but thee, Sweet maid ! . . . sweet maid ! . . . sweet

maid ! I love but thee, Sweet maid ! . . . sweet maid ! . . . sweet maid I love but thee.

II

He rais'd his eye to her lattice high,
While he softly breathed his hopes,
With amazement, he sees swing about with the breeze,
All ready, a ladder of ropes !
Up up he has gone, the bird is flown !
"What is this on the ground ?" quoth he !
"Oh, it's plain that she loves, here's some gentleman's gloves,
She's off, and it's not with me,"
For these gloves, these gloves, they never belong'd
to me, &c.

III

Of course you'd have thought, he'd have follow'd
and fought.
As that was "a duelling age,"
But this gay Cavalier he quite scorn'd the idea
Of putting himself in a rage.
More wise by far, he put up his guitar,
And as homeward he went, sung he,
"When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hong Kong for me."
She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong Kong
for me, &c.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It was my first sweet memory when I woke,
This lovely morn, from rosy dreams of thee,
That 't was thy natal day. The pleasant thought,
As then I mused, danced in my heart's deep fount,
As the light shadow of a singing-bird
Dances within the bosom of the lake,
When the young warbler in his morning joy
Is fluttering in the air.

I wandered forth
At early dawn, my sweet and lovely friend,
To muse on thee and look upon the world
Of nature in the dim and waxing light
Of the slow-coming sun. My blessed thoughts
Of thee, deep-thrilling through the sacred spring
Of beauty and of music in my soul,
Perchance diffused unwonted loveliness
O'er all things visible, and gave a tone
Of heavenly sweetness to earth's melodies.
I saw a thousand beauties in the air,
The wave, the greenwood, the blue sky, and thou,
Thou fair one, wast a part of all. I heard
A thousand joyous tones of waking life,
And thy low voice was in each sound, the soul
Of all its sweetness. The bright morning star,
Shining amid the purple of the dawn,
Looked on me with the soft light of thine eyes;
Each holy drop of dew that glowing slept
Upon the violet's bosom seemed thy tear
Of joy or grief; the forest-willows swayed,
The white clouds floated and the young waves danced
With fairy grace like thine; and every stream
And breeze that murmured in my ear had caught
Thy voice's gentle cadence. Nature seemed
As she had borrowed thy own witcheries,
To greet thy birth-day with a beautiful
And fitting welcome.

Dear and distant friend,
Sweet spirit of young joy, I send to thee,
Upon this day, by every gentle bird
And wave and genial breeze and floating cloud,
My deep heart's deepest blessing. Many friends
Who love thee well are gathering round thee now
With their warm greetings—oh! let mine be breathed,
As by a spirit-voice from out the air,
To thy pure soul, when thou hast left the throng
And sought some lone and quiet spot to muse
At thy dear hour of eve. 'T is not alone
A gay and joyous message that I send
This day to thee—ah no! I send a sigh,
A tear, a fervent prayer for thee, a deep
And earnest benediction on thy life,
Such as a father's yearning heart might give
To his long absent child. The morn was bright
And beautiful, and my full heart rejoiced
In nature's glories and in dreams of thee,
But, with the passing of the hours, the clouds
Have gathered o'er the zenith, and a gloom,

A deep, mysterious gloom, as 't were a dim,
Pale exhalation from a sea of tears,
Is settling o'er my spirit. Oh! that this
May be no omen of life's coming ill,
My chosen friend, to thee.

Thy life, bright girl,
Is in its glowing spring-tide; passing time
Has touched thee but to open the sweet flowers
Of thy young womanhood. Thy natal day
Comes not to thee, as mine to me, with thoughts
Of life's fast-fading prime, and yet, my friend,
Thou art a mourner. Thy loved mother sleeps
Where the Ohio rolls its silver tide,
And thy dear father slumbers where the waves
Of a far southern stream breathe out a dirge,
A wild, sweet dirge, around his lonely grave,
Thou art an orphan, and the rainbow-hopes,
That shone in thy young morning, have dissolved
In darkness and in tears, but oh! let not
Thy strong, high spirit falter in life's stern
And bitter trials.

Gentle friend, my prayer
To God is for thy welfare. May this day,
As often as it comes to thee on earth,
Come as an angel. May it always bring
A thousand perfumes on its wings, and chant
In the rich music of a thousand tongues
To thy exulting spirit. Though it comes
In the sad autumn of the fading year,
When melancholy winds through leafless woods
Are mourning o'er the grave of perished flowers,
Oh, may it ever find within thy heart
Those glorious flowers that perish not, but bloom
Brighter amid the chilling tempest. Thou,
Sweet spirit, hast inherited from Heaven
The fearful dower of genius. Oft it proves
A fatal gift, but it may ever be
The fount of deathless joys, of ecstasies
Deep, holy and immortal.

Bright one, thou
Canst bear life's darkest fortunes. If the spring
Of common pleasures perish, and the earth
Is one wide desert, where no diamond wave
Murmurs beneath its palm-tree, thou canst turn
To Heaven's own fount within thy breast, and slake
Thy spirit's burning thirst. There thou canst find
A Paradise unparched by summer heats,
Unvisited by autumn's chilling frosts,
Unswayed by winter's desolating storms,
Where breezes, birds and gushing fountains weave
The hymn of heaven, where myriad roses blow
As bright as if they were the images
Of stars reflected back to their own skies—
A Paradise where gentle angels come
To hold communion with thee, and where God
Walks as of old he walked in Eden's bowers.

FIGHT OF LIFE.

WILD hurricane sweeps swiftly o'er the plain,
And stormy tempests hurriedly pass by,
At his command who never did complain,
But did upon the cross for sinners die—
So storms of life shall fly all quickly past,
And earth receive us in her peaceful womb,
To sleep while Time's long, sinful ages last,

And rise immortal from the darksome tomb—
Then Virtue shall in glorious beauty rise,
Encircled in Religion's sacred arms;
Then shall the good—the only truly wise,
Be free forever from earth's rude alarms—
Unbending, then, misfortune's storms defy,
Fight the great fight of life—in triumph die. W. A.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Post-Lawrence, D. C. L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. Edited by Henry Reed. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. In two volumes. Vol. 1, 18mo.

The object of Dr. Wordsworth in these memoirs is to give a biographical commentary on Wordsworth's writings, stating the time and place of their composition, and the mental moods from which they proceeded. There appears to have been some indisposition on the part of the family to have a biography written after the usual manner. The consequence is that the volume before us, though exceedingly interesting to a lover of Wordsworth's poetry, and more than sustaining the common impression of his nobleness as a man, is comparatively destitute of incidents. Dr. Wordsworth himself, though he has a profound reverence for his uncle's genius and character, and though he manifests an appreciation of portions of his poetry, appears to us to overlook the poet's essential originality and power. Thus in commenting on the celebrated lines on Tintern Abbey, written in 1798, Dr. Wordsworth, instead of taking the ground that they contain within themselves an absolutely new element of thought, and an element which reappeared in all the higher poetical literature of the nineteenth century, contents himself with moralizing on the possible perversions of their meaning.

The great charm of the volume comes from Wordsworth's own letters and memoranda. These give us more than a glimpse of the processes of his mind and the formation of his character, while they prove that few poets have ever existed of greater moral elevation of sentiment and life. The position he early took in regard to the responsibility of a poet in the exercise of his powers, and his duty not to pander to a corrupt taste, is indicated in a conversation which he had with Klopstock in 1798. The latter asked him if he was not delighted with Wieland's poem of Oberon, "I answered that I thought the story began to flag about the seventh or eighth book; and observed, that it was unworthy of a man of genius to make the interest of a long poem turn entirely upon animal gratification. He seemed at first disposed to excuse this by saying that there are different subjects for poetry, and that poets are not willing to be restricted in their choice. I answered that I thought the *passion* of love as well suited to the purposes of poetry as any other passion; but that it was a cheap way of pleasing to fix the attention of the reader through a long poem on the pure *appetite*. 'Well! but,' said he, 'you see that such poems please everybody.' I answered that it was the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level, not to descend to theirs. He agreed, and confessed, that on no account whatever would he have written a work like the Oberon."

No reader of Coleridge's "Friend" can possibly have overlooked that number that contains the observations on the education of the mind, in reply to a communication of Professor Wilson, signed Mathetes. It has been commonly attributed to Coleridge, but in this volume it is claimed as the composition of Wordsworth. There is one sentence which we have always thought to be unexcelled in the prose literature of the century, and it proves that Wordsworth might have reached high eminence as a prose writer, had he chosen to express his thoughts in that form. "We have been discouraging," he says, "of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth—of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plentifully

as morning dew-drops—of knowledge inhaled insensibly like a fragrance—of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters—of images uncalled for and rising up like exhalations—of hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity to make a garland for a living forehead; in a word, we have been treating of nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties through a process of smoothness and delight."

The extracts from Wordsworth's tract on the Convention of Cintra, also give evidence of great prose power, if the expression be allowable. As a poet his genius is now as unquestioned as it ever really was unquestionable. This biography will certainly add to his fame in just the proportion which it adds to our knowledge of him. The notes by Professor Reed are so excellent in tone and style, that we almost wish that to him had been committed the task of writing the biography.

The Book of Oratory. By Edward C. Marshall, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Here is a thick volume of some five hundred pages, in which the ingenious youth of the country may, for the first time, find ample materials to declaim American speeches, full of American sentiment, and not lacking in Americanisms in thought and Americanese in language. Webster, Everett, Calhoun, Clay, Wirt, Dickenson, Butler, Berrien, Hunter, Buchanan, Choate, Clayton, Corwin, Winthrop, Prentiss, Sumner, Mann, Douglass, and some ten or twenty more American speakers, are more or less copiously quoted from; and late orations, delivered since the publication of the last oratorical speaker, are commonly preferred. The result is necessarily a book of inferior quality, if it be compared with volumes composed of selections from the world's great orators. We know that certain excellent pieces have become flat from constant repetition, and also that the usual way to make new Books of Oratory is to practice the maxims of the Eclectic philosophy among the old ones. Mr. Marshall, in avoiding old pieces, has forgotten old orators. Burke, for instance, has numberless splendid passages in his nine volumes which have never been touched by editors of school books; and, in a less degree, the same is true of Fox, Pitt, Erskine, Plunket, Shiel, Brougham, Macaulay, and a score of others. Many of Mr. Marshall's selections from the late efforts of American statesmen are as worthy of their place as any he might find in the books, but there is also a great deal of trash in his volume which has not even the merit of being declamatory. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the volume is not without interest and value; and whether or not it be calculated for schools, we have found that it well rewards an hour's time spent in its examination.

History of Greece. By George Grote. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Vol. 4, 12mo.

Of all the published volumes of this important work the present is perhaps the most interesting and attractive. The chapters on the rise and growth of the Persian Empire, and the whole series of events connected with the Persian invasion of Greece to the battle of Marathon, are

executed with marked ability, and exhibit their subjects in a novel and vivid light. In the chapter on the Ionic philosophers, a masterly dissertation on Greek philosophy is followed by a critical biography of Pythagoras, and an exposition of his philosophy. Mr. Grote's method of interpreting the phenomena of Greek life is eminently original, and he successfully vindicates the Greek democracy from the charges which are usually alleged against it. Nothing can be more triumphant than his defense of the people from the charge of ingratitude to Miltiades. Indeed, most of the commonplaces in the mouths of English and American talkers about Greek politics, he proves to be libels or facts misunderstood. He is as shrewd as he is learned and profound, and the present volume has many a note, in which, after stating some deep German view of an event or institution, he demolishes it in one sentence of penetrating sense. Throughout the work we are continually conscious that we are reading the production of one whose practical experience in political and business life is as available in guiding his historical investigations, as his philosophic method and colossal scholarship. Every American should make this book his study.

The Philosophy of Mathematics. Translated from the Cours de Philosophie Positive of Auguste Comte, by W. M. Gillespie, Professor of Civil Engineering, etc. in Union College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol 8vo.

This volume, for clear, sharp, exact, penetrating thought, is altogether superior to any work on the philosophy of mathematical science we have ever seen. As the title indicates, it is a translation from the purely mathematical portion of Comte's great work on positive science, and however widely thinking men may differ as to many positions in the other portions of that remarkable production, there can be no doubt as to the validity and value of this. Comte, when he comes to questions of history, theology, and politics, appears to us defective in intellectual conscientiousness; for though his understanding is vigorous and comprehensive, and in itself admirably fitted to see objects in what Bacon calls "dry light," its action is directed by prejudices singularly bitter, and a will singularly vehement; and the result is intellectual willfulness leading to unconscious intellectual dishonesty. He is a great hater as well as a great thinker. He traverses large periods of history in a few sentences of audacious generalization, and with general principles thus asserted rather than established, begins his rigorous and remorseless deductions. Instead of evolving principles from facts, he projects principles from his own mind, and forces facts into a seeming conformity to them; and the dazzling originality and deductive fertility of his propositions, make us at first insensible to their doubtful truth in our admiration of their breadth and power. The present portion of his work, however, furnishes no occasion for the exercise of those qualities of his mind which interfere with the purely scientific action, and no person with a taste for profound and imaginative thought can read it without advantage and delight.

English Songs and Other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. A New and Revised Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields, 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume, one of the most elegant ever issued from Ticknor's press, is a new edition of an old favorite of American readers. It contains seventy new poems, as

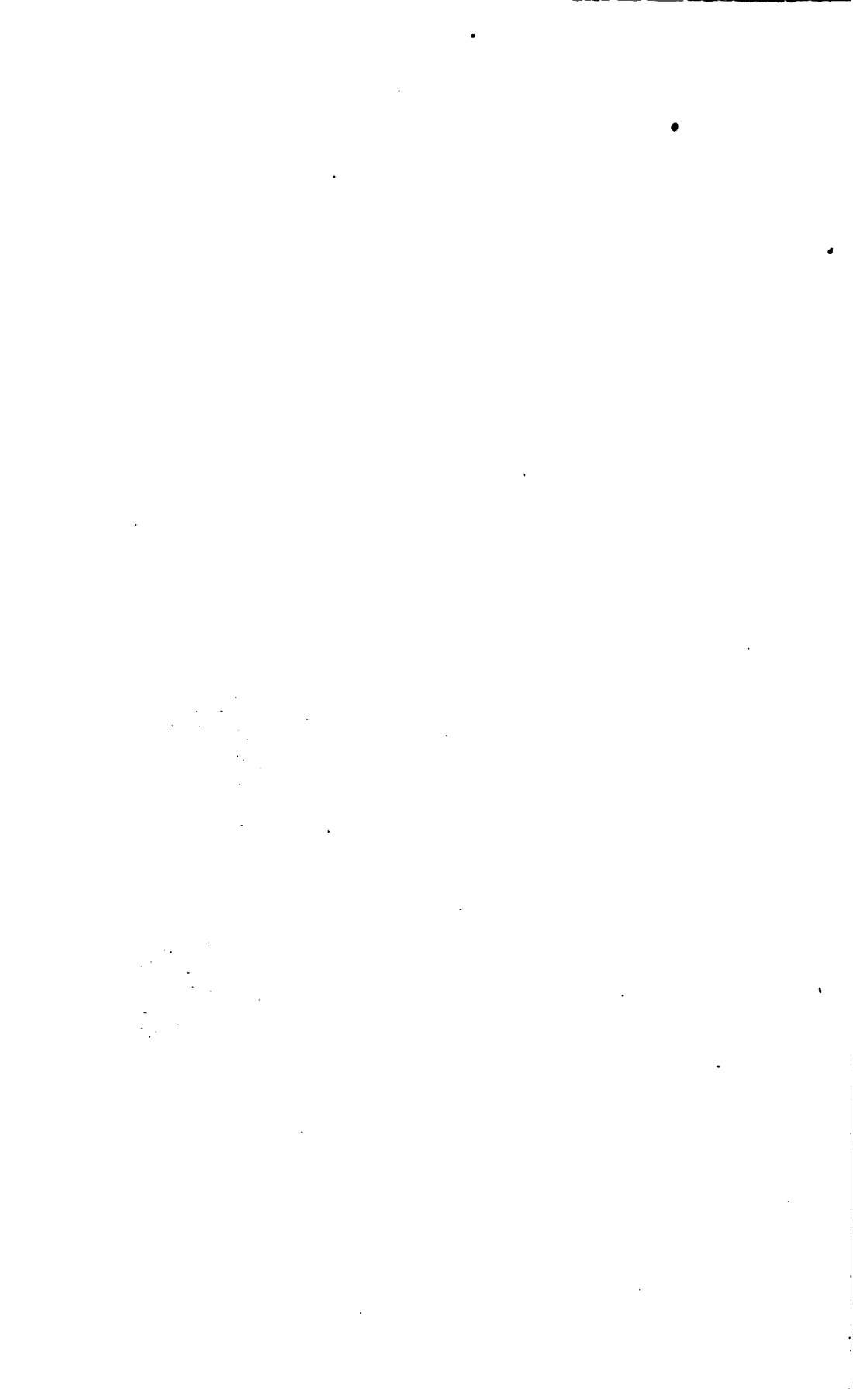
well as a considerable number of additional dramatic fragments; and the additions are worthy of being "annexed" to the original body of verse, being marked by similar excellencies of feeling and fancy. As a song writer, Barry Cornwall is especially distinguished for the ease with which his sensitive imagination shapes the emotion of the moment, communicating the whole power of his mind to the expression of its most fitting mood and evanescent sentiment. There are lyrics in the volume which are the very ecstasy of glee, and seem to come from a heart which has not one sombre feeling; and there are others so impregnated with despair that they sound to misanthropic hearts like shrieks of a congenial soul; but neither the gladness nor the gloom appears to have its root in any fixed and controlling sentiment. This sweet or sad surrender of the whole soul to the feeling and object which momentarily impress it, and its immediate escape after the work of expression is done, is a great gift of genius, and Barry Cornwall possesses it in a high degree of excellence. After the first delight of reading a volume so full of the joy and tumult of imaginative passion as the present, the critical reader has a further pleasure in going over it to watch the variations of thought and emotion from poem to poem, and to observe the wide field of interior experience the author's lyrical rapture has traversed.

The Solitary of Juan Fernandez; or the Real Robinson Crusoe. By the author of Picciola. Translated from the French by Anne T. Wilbur. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 18mo.

This volume, the production of the author of "Picciola"—the most delightful and most popular of psychological romances—is devoted to the life of Alexander Selkirk, and is altogether the most interesting biography of him that we possess. It has all the attractiveness of a novel of adventure, being vivid in representation both of incidents and character, and tracing with clearness and simplicity the effects of solitude on the solitary's mind and disposition. In addition to its merits as a narrative, it teaches with great power the lesson, that man's best nature is developed by contact and companionship with his fellows, and that solitude injures him both mentally and morally. "Delicious is solitude!" says the French Tipper, "but then it is well to have a friend by, to whom one can say that solitude is delicious." Miss Wilbur's translation of the work is executed with care and elegance.

The Gold Worshipers; or the Days we Live in. A Future Historical Novel. By the Author of "Whitefriars." New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Gold Worshipers" are a class of religionists so numerous in all Christian lands, that this novel is sure of a vast circulation if it should chance to be read by a moiety of them. The particular subject of the work is the railroad speculations of England during the reign of King Hudson; and a very lively picture is given of the excitement among all orders of English society during the domination of that potentate of Locomotivedom. The style is vigorous, animated and sparkling with that infusion of irony in the artifice of the composition so characteristic of the ruling school of English novelists; and the whole representation evinces no ordinary talent for satirical description of manners and brilliant though sketchy characterization. Mrs. Sparkleton is a gem of roguish character, not altogether unworthy of the penetrating discernment and plastic brain that produced the Becky Sharp of "Vanity Fair."





THE END OF THE WORLD

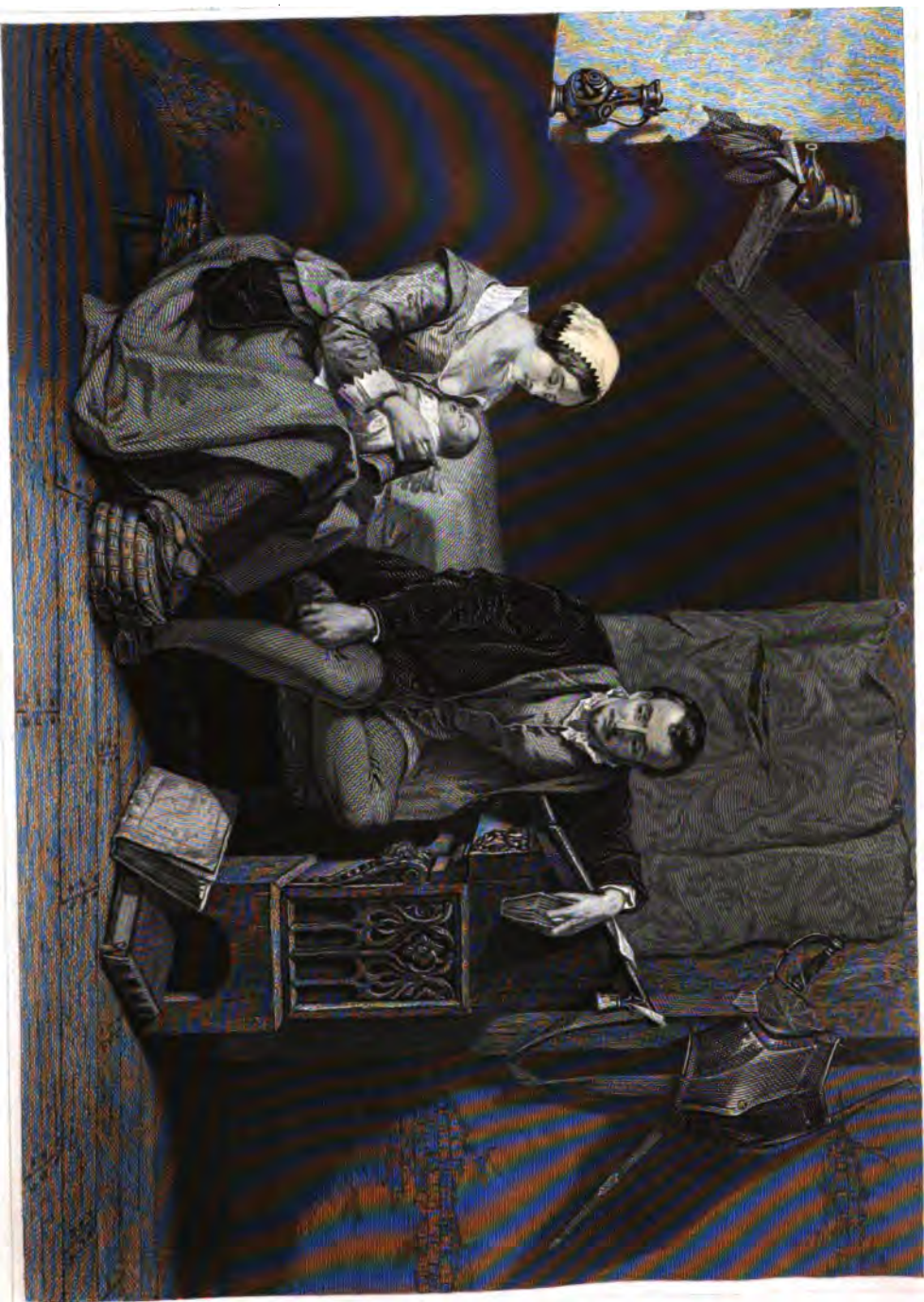
THE END OF THE WORLD, OR THE LAST DAYS OF THE WORLD, AS DESCRIBED BY THE APOSTLE PAUL.





THE GARDEN.

London: Printed and Sold by W. M. & Co. in the Strand.



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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE SALE OF SOULS.

It has always been to us a matter of wonder that, in an age which has treated with such scientific depth and accuracy all questions of commerce, so little attention should have been given to a branch of traffic which is most extensively carried on, and the material of which is owned by every human being. The political economy of Soul-selling has, indeed, no existence as a positive science; and, consequently, though the transactions are both numerous and notorious, they seem to proceed on no settled principles, refer to no definite measure of value, and are conducted on no philosophic perception of the laws of exchange. A certain diffidence in regard to such a stringent discussion of the subject, as would lead to a thorough investigation of its facts and principles, is perhaps natural to the most experienced traders in the article, for every person is so disagreeably constituted by nature that he cannot dispose of himself, even at a great bargain, without feeling a sharp shame reprovingly tingle in his blood; and he is accordingly more likely to conceal the terms of the transaction, than to exhibit them for the benefit of the public. Much as we honor the modesty which prompts such a concealment, we cannot but deplore its injurious results, for it involves in almost hopeless confusion a very important branch of the business of life. The sale of the soul is, with many, their first commercial transaction: and history and biography are full of examples where inexperienced youthful impulse has clinched the bargain at a scandalously inadequate price. In a great many cases, too, this is the original introduction to all those professions in which the commercial spirit obtains and rules, and accordingly it is often the radical and primary element of commerce, to which all after transactions fall into relations. It has long been understood that what are called the prizes of life are held by a certain Personage, whose chief external peculiarity is caught in a glance at his feet; but who, in every other respect, is as pleasant a gentleman as one would wish to meet on a summer's day. He is, however, deeper than he seems; is limited in his means; practices a rigid economy of his expenditure; drives hard bargains; and was never known to pay

more for the article he desires than the owner exacted; It is for his interest that there should be no well-understood market-price for virtue and the hope of heaven, because established prices are the great equalizers of trade, and guard the most ignorant merchant from the cunning of the most intelligent. The soul of a country bumpkin is worth as much to him as the soul of a Don Juan; yet everybody is aware of the cruel inequality in the amount of satanic cash paid for each. The transaction with Don Juan has been set to music by Mozart, and the whole tender race of kid-gloves and white waistcoats have had an opportunity to judge of its processes and results; but relatively excellent as that account undoubtedly is, it still has the rawness of the original legend, without any scientific elimination of its latent laws and practical principles. Another recorded transaction is of German origin, and passed between the Personage we have mentioned and a Doctor Faustus. This is so interesting to scholars, who may be naturally desirous of knowing the extreme limit of their value in the current coin of worldly gratification, that we are happy to indicate an account of it worthy of reliance. We would warn them not to trust the old legend at all, it being so overgrown with monkish moss as to furnish no guiding maxims. The terms of the real bargain were taken down in short-hand by Herr Von Goethe, who availed himself of the occasion to drive at the same time a quiet trade for himself. Faustus, at the time he was visited by the illustrious Personage in question, had discovered that his mind had in it a desire after knowledge beyond the search of its faculties, and accordingly he had become soul-sick, or sick of his soul, and was ready to sell out to his senses, provided thereby he could quench the thirst of his longings in the stream of enjoyment. The very desperation of his case, however, dictated conditions which were his salvation. Following the masterly report of Herr Von Goethe, we find that he held Mephistopheles (an assumed name for an unmentionable one) to this contract:—"If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into being pleased with myself, if thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be

that day my last. . . . If ever I say to the passing moment—"Stay, thou art so fair!" then mayst thou cast me into chains; then will I readily perish; then may be the death-bell toll; then thou art free from thy service." Mephistopheles tried his hand at this problem, and whirled Faustus through some pretty varieties of, to him, hitherto untried being; but there was an indestructible something in the scholar's nature which declined saying to the passing moment, "stay!" The frippery of life could not entangle him, its sensuality could not drown him; and Mephistopheles had the inexpressible mortification to see him slip through his fingers at the end. Thus this, the only accurately recorded sale, proved a sell.

But it must not be supposed that in all, or, perhaps, in these days, in any cases, the soul-seller comes face to face with the great soul-buyer. That personage has agencies established throughout society, and the moment the desire to sell arises in any human breast, an authorized deputy is found in any man's next neighbor. It is, indeed, astonishing to notice in what a summary manner a satanic commission is extemporized. You are conversing with an acquaintance of many years' standing, in whose words and acts you never discovered the scent of any brimstone transpirations; and suddenly, as by magic, when the talk slips upon certain subjects, he stands before you a fully accredited plenipotentiary and ambassador extraordinary of the pit, ready to treat on weightiest matters, and renewing to you his tempting assurances of distinguished consideration. We shall, therefore, in what suggestions we have to make on the subject before us, leave out any reference to the ultimate receiver of the article sold, supposing that all readers will consider him an impersonal force, in the nominative case understood.

The Sale of Souls is a business procedure going on every day, among persons widely differing in age, dispositions, talents and character; to write comprehensively of it, therefore, we are compelled to survey it in many aspects, and to trace its operation in various departments of life. We purpose to give an account sales (errors and omissions excepted) of transactions where the object obtained is sensual enjoyment, social position, money, political elevation, or general worldly success. And first we are somewhat startled by the fact that, in an act of commerce over which selfishness presides, self is the article sold. The peculiarity of a human being consists in his personality; and any man who owns this is ethically held to have a richer possession than the universe can give. Practically, however, it has proved one of the cheapest articles which nature produces; and, in a majority of instances, has less exchangeable value than an acre of corn or potatoes. The cause of this is in some degree owing to combinations on the part of purchasers, but principally to a continual glut in the market. The holders of the commodity exhibit in general no foresight, insight, or common knowledge of the law of supply and demand; but tumble in upon 'Change like a flock of drunkards, and barter away their inheritance with absurd recklessness to the first bidder they

meet. When to this original folly is added the risk to the purchaser of buying damaged goods, or goods which have already been sold over and over again, we need not wonder at that complication of the subject, which renders it extremely difficult for a philanthropist to lay down such rules to "selves" in the market, as will enable them to get their proper price. Nothing is more common than to see the transfer made in early youth, and the "immediate jewel" of the soul squandered away upon the mere nuts and raisins of boyhood; so that when the child arrives at the age of reason, and casts a comprehensive glance over the many prizes within the reach of overreaching, he discovers with ingenuous shame that he has parted with his whole stock in trade. Next in the order of indiscretion is the sale which is made for a few of the *bonbons* of the senses, and self is hurried off for a few bottles of Jersey champagne—which is emphatically "the Devil's wine." A more enlarged view of society soon shows the foolish young sensualist that a judicious selfishness, a short "masterly inactivity" in seizing the poisoned cider, would have given him a chance at least to bid his soul, in the great auction of sensuality, for the choicest distillations of Burgundian orchards and vineyards of the Rhine. Such prodigals of their souls meet one every day in the streets, sucking, with vacant stares, diminutive canes, and troubling the lover of good bargains for mankind with a suspicion that, small as was their price, pity for the sold should be modified with pity for the purchaser. But, perhaps, even when the bargain is for the best things which sensuality has in its keeping, the transaction is of doubtful propriety. It is claimed for sensual indulgence, that it is an universal ready-reckoner of enjoyment; and as it seems to offer the greatest amount of pleasure with the least possible exertion, it is worthy of *self-sacrifice*, or surrender of self to it. "So the ear of Denmark is abused." The truth is that this fallacy was originally forged, and is now industriously circulated, not by those who wish to sell souls dear, but by those who desire to buy souls cheap. The mind is so constituted as to see in the palace of the sensualist nothing but the sty of a hog; and a disreputable opinion clings to sins of the senses, which makes every judicious speculator in morality hesitate long before he invests his soul in them.

Besides, we have quite a ghastly series of records, which should act as warnings against this disposition of selfhood. Among many others, we may refer to the biographies of two noble lords, Rochester and Byron. Rochester made what would be called a fair bargain in early life, and, for a few years, ran quite a picturesque career of debauchery; but the result was shame, misery, death, and a damnable duodecimo volume by Bishop Gilbert Burnet; which last comes near being an argument against all spiritual trafficking whatever, so full is it of groans and devils of an azure tint. Every man of this century knows what a satanic fuss Byron made about his youthful indiscretion, and how the metrical records of his attempts to annul the contract are fully de-

nominated "The Literature of Desperation." We can see him now as he appeared at Venice in 1818 or 1819, haggard, wan, truculent, disdainful, and (literally) devilish handsome—looking like an angel who had sold out!

After these experiments, made almost for the professed purpose of testing the theory we have been combating, it would be insulting to offer, to any man of reading and intelligence, the thing ironically styled pleasure as the price of his soul. We will accordingly proceed immediately to the next article in the world's wares, commonly supposed to have an exchangeable value equal to the worth of a human heart and will; and this is social position. It must be admitted that many soulless gentlemen and ladies whom we meet in society, appear satisfied with their bargain, and contrive to exist very pleasantly without feeling the want of what they have parted with. So far it would seem that an exact exchange of values had occurred, and the transaction, accordingly, to be a legitimate commercial operation; and having nothing to do in this scientific inquiry with any principles but those of trade, we would not dogmatize ethically on the matter, and assert that particular individuals we might name, had been cheated. They have the frippery they desire, and are not troubled with the individuality they have sold. Still we would diffidently suggest that it is the extreme smallness of the soul which justifies the transaction to the economist, and what would be a high price to Brummell would be scandalously low to Bacon. Our criticism refers to individuals who are worth more than they get, and who might make a much better trade if they went to other shops. "Good Society" is a phantom which lures many a man of talents and virtue into a nonsensical sacrifice of self, for the conversation of pigmies, and the sympathy of flats. Besides, it is disgracefully true, that sometimes the sale is made, not for the individual himself, but for his dependents. A merchant, for instance, lives (mornings and evenings) in a splendid house, accustoms his wife and children to a certain style of living, and toils all day, in a hot and dingy counting-house, among centipedes and wharf-rats, to keep up "the establishment." He does not enjoy his mode of living, but his "darters" do. At last comes a panic; he is on the verge of bankruptcy; he sees, in imagination, his house under the hammer, and his daughters keeping infant schools; and just then, in steps a plausible gentleman, who makes him aware that there is other property besides ships and merchandise. He finds that honor, truth, conscience, self-proprietaryship, are marketable commodities; and after some qualms, he sells them for the means of paying his debts, and keeping his position "in good society." He knows that he is a liar, a swindler, and a cheat, and, moreover, has an impertinent something in his own breast, which is continually twitting him with the fact; but he lives in his old house, and his children have the inestimable privilege of concluding that education in laborious indolence, which constitutes the paradise of the dandy and the flirt. Now against such a foolish traffic as this we

enter our protest on indisputable maxims of political economy; and it is not so uncommon as the fair tenants of good society suppose.

To sell out a man's intellectual and moral being for social position we may therefore style a blunder; but can we say the same of the sale for money? Is not this, on the whole, the great commercial transaction of the age, and of all ages? In truth, so much has been said, re-said, and gainsaid on the subject, and respectable and intelligent men differ so widely in their view of it, that it cannot be disposed of by bawling out a few ethical maxims. The framers of moral generalities against selling souls for money, have commonly been men who have purchased the leisure to moralize by going through the very operation they condemn. Seneca is one of these equivocal generators of truisms which have no personal foundation in truth. Cæsar Borgia, Richard the Third, and Captain Kidd, could have written "morals" as good as Seneca's. We shall not, therefore, assert any thing which implies a disrespect for money, as we desire to offend no prejudices by blaspheming the religion of the community—of course, meaning by religion that concrete paganism which really obtains in the life and manners of most civilized nations. We are willing to receive as gospel a shrewd remark gleaned from the conversation of an eminent American philosopher, "that no man is as rich as all men ought to be;" and by thus candidly admitting the worth of wealth we hope to discuss the subject without any suspicion of fanaticism.

But conceding, for the sake of argument, that money is a mercantile equivalent for souls, all thoughtful men will agree in asserting that the consideration should be large and solid, and consequently agree in condemning the bargains commonly made. It is mournful to notice the lack of sagacity evinced by the generality of traders when they come to turn their spiritual commodity into cash. Impelled by a short-sighted avarice, they make tremendous sacrifices of honesty and character for a few pennies, and are doubtless ticketed, on certain subterranean day-books, as bought "*dog-cheap*." To such prodigals we might say, sell if you will sell, but, for the dignity of human nature, exact high prices! To a man of letters, especially, who may be holding off in hopes of a rise in the article, nothing can be more irritating than the frequent spectacle of authors whose souls are literally "not above ninepences"—who will squander honor, truth, perception of character, sympathy with all that is pure and high in ideal being, in short, a writer's whole stock in trade, to the cunning hucksters of ninepenny pamphlets; thus running the risk of damnation in both worlds for the paltriest consideration, when a little judgment might have given them the chance of a life, death and burial in octavo.

"Virtue, I grant you, is an idle boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?"

But passing over the common herd of those self-selling traders who make blundering bargains in the market of souls, let us now survey that cool and judicious class of spiritual merchants, who scrutinize

the whole field of commerce with a subtle and with a comprehensive glance, and pay out their souls in cautious instalments, rigorously exacting their full market worth, and receiving a *quid pro quo* for every elevated sentiment, every instinct of humanity, every grace of intelligence, as they part with it. Such men we occasionally meet in business life; men who have not one atom of soul, but have sold the last immortal grain of it for hard cash. They have received the millions they desired; but have they made a good bargain? The difficulty with their case comes from their having no capacities for enjoyment left after the sale. Coarse, callous, without sympathy, without affection, without frankness and generosity of feeling, dull even in their senses, despising human nature, and looking upon their fellow creatures simply as possible victims of their all-grasping extortion, it would seem as though they had deliberately shut up, one by one, all the sources of enjoyment, and had, coiled up in their breasts, a snake-like avarice, which would eventually sting them to death. Some men find happiness in gluttony and in drunkenness; but no delicate viands can touch their taste with the thrill of pleasure, and what generosity there is in wine steadily refuses to impart its glow to their shriveled hearts. Some men find delight in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, in philosophy, history, science, in the exercise of benevolent and social affections, in observing the forms or in communing with the spirit of nature; but Old Hunks has no sense for these; can no more detect their beauty than a man without the sense of smell can detect the fragrance of a rose; and, seeing in them nothing which should arrest the attention of a shrewd trader, he scorns all who do. As for religion, he pays his pew-tax, and consents to be bored by an occasional sermon of a Sunday forenoon; but his real church is the counting-house, his real Bible is the Commercial List, his real god is gold. Such being the case, we must pronounce the bargain a bad one, and we cannot advise the merchant, who may now be hesitating, to clinch it, and add one more slave to its ignoble army of martyrs.

But, it may be asked—admitting that a gradual selling out of the soul in the tortuous transactions of commerce is an unprofitable operation, is not money made, at one fell swoop, in a lucky marriage, an excellent mode of self-selling? With a cordial sympathy for necessitous young men, and an appreciation of the inherent difficulties in the way of their getting an honest livelihood, we must give a negative answer. It is, on the whole, worse than theft and hack-writing, and should not be practiced by ingenuous youth as long as any other means of overreaching are within their capacities. Without italicizing the brazen falsehood and perjury implied in the act of sale, it has the peculiar unmanliness of being a traffic in impulses. To go through the form of selling the power of loving a virtuous woman, is fatal to the whole of character. If a man cannot disinterestedly love a woman, he cannot love any thing else; it indicates a disposition which would sell country, mankind, and religion, any thing and every thing

which human nature prizes; casts doubt on all professions of principle or love a person might afterward make; and indicates a nature so ignoble as to be incapable even of great vices. Should these considerations, however, have no weight with dandies, penniless and eager for selling out, we cannot too strongly impress on their minds the caution, not to take rumors of great fortunes for facts. In a youthful country like ours, where the very excess of speculation generates thousands of unprofitable enterprises, and a large portion of the nominal wealth of the citizens is in worthless or depreciated stocks, heiresses as well as heirs are difficult of detection. Fathers of families are commonly shrewder than fortune-hunters; and, in a majority of cases, the latter find themselves egregiously taken in, and compelled to work hard all their lives to support wives whom they do not love, and perhaps fathers-in-law whom they absolutely detest. Look sharp, therefore, O disciple of Cupid-Mammon, that thy beloved one has her fortune well invested; demand a schedule of her property, and examine the locality of her multitudinous acres; and if you see Norwich and Worcester estimated at par, and Eastern townships reckoned at so much a foot, break off the match in a burst of honest indignation at her deceit, and carry thy valuable person to a property made up of less uncertain items. "Not whom you marry, but how much you marry," is the real question among the Hon. Tom Shuffletons of every age.

So far our references to the traffic in souls have been confined to private speculators, who trade for the world's lower prizes, and whose actions find no record in history or the newspapers. Let us now mount to a higher and more dignified region, where the traffic is conducted on systematic principles, and where a person has the power of selling not only himself but the people he represents, and of pocketing the price of both. This is a beautiful department of commerce, and one which an economical philosopher lingers over with delight. It is almost needless to state that we allude to the science and art of politics, or the maxims and methods of selling souls to a government, a party, or a mob. The guiding principle of this science has a geometrical precision of definition, and may be thus expressed: The nearest road to offices of trust and honor is by the short cut of dishonor; and "many there be that go in thereat."

The advantage held by politics over all other professions, in respect to the matter under consideration, is the absence of trickery on the part of the purchasers. Every man who is disposed to trade receives the full political value of his heart and brain, his conscience and will, his character and means of influence; and he occasionally has the opportunity of fixing his own price, and selling himself at a premium which is sometimes ruinously high to the buyer. Prices, of course, vary according to the amount of moral or intellectual reputation a man has to sell. There are exigencies in parties and administrations, when a powerful opposition debater, with a great influence in the country, can have any thing which his egotism dictates, can, in fact, take

all the point out of a celebrated epigram by realizing its fantastic conditions :

"The best speculation which the market affords
To any enlightened lover of pelf,
Is to buy Addington up at the price he is worth,
And sell him at that which he puts on himself."

The elder Pitt had repeated opportunities to sell at his own estimate of his worth, and declined them. Henry Fox, his rival in the House of Commons, possessed sufficient intelligence to entitle him to make terms equally as good, had not his moral character and reputation for patriotism been damaged; and therefore when he sold himself to Newcastle, he had to be content with lucrative offices without high official position. Had Pitt thought proper to trade with Newcastle, he would have sold not only his own impassioned genius, but three-quarters of the unrepresented Commons of England, whom that genius had captivated. It is important, therefore, to have, in the game of politics, a large capital of human beings and national interests to trade with, and the more general the reputation for virtue and patriotism, the higher the compensation. The old Irish way was admirable, although our admiration for the trading politicians of that country must be modified by the fact that they had vast materials for the extempore production of patriots, which other countries do not enjoy. The mass of the Irish people were in a state of inexpressible wretchedness, and the government policy was to promote English interests with little or no regard to the welfare of the swindled Celts. Now nothing was easier than for a bright young fellow to operate on the capital which the national misery supplied him with—to storm in the Irish House of Commons until his vehemence and talent attracted the Lord-Lieutenant's notice—and then to exchange the liberty of invective for an office or a pension. A few men like Curran would not trade; and he and others like him are accordingly not found in the list of Irish Chancellors, Chief-Justices, and the like. The privilege of being a minister of justice was purchased by betraying the country; and all lucrative judgeships were held by apostate patriots. Curran said quite pathetically, in speaking of Ireland, "I might have sold her; I could not redeem her."

But the history of English politics affords the greatest number of maxims applicable to all possible forms and modes of political trading; and we would earnestly advise our American aspirants for high or low places, to give their days and nights to the study of the English records, which are, indeed, the very classics of corruption. A modest and moderate politician, who desires merely a snug sinecure, or some two hundred dollars a vote, will find "wonderous great contentment" in the biographies of Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle; but a restless, ambitious, rule-or-ruin statesman, should model himself on Shaftesbury, the subtlest, readiest, most impudent, most audacious, and most intelligent of demagogues. It has been asserted that Walpole disbelieved in patriotism. This is but one of the many libels leveled at that wise and virtuous states-

man. During his administration the opposition was overflowing with vehement lovers of their country; and Walpole purchased patriotism too often to doubt its existence. No man ever paid more ready money for honor, virtue, and truth than he; and it is a base falsehood to impute a skepticism to him which every day of his official life contradicted. Not only were politicians paid for their votes, tongues, and souls, but the period of his long rule was the paradise of hack-writers. Walpole could not see that the public good, or his own political good, required that he should give pensions and places to the eminent poets and novelists of the age, and therefore, philosophically indifferent to their wants, he very properly left them to starve; but bold and ready political pens, prompt in the profundities of party and in the elegancies of slang, he freely patronized. The glory is due to him of having organized corruption into a system, and of fixing a market value to every faculty of mind and every twinge of conscience.

Of the different modes of selling out in the English system, we have space to consider only two—the simple and the complicated. There are not many men of genius among English traders, and accordingly the simple method is the most practiced among them. It consists—if we may believe that light of English divinity, the Rev. Sydney Smith—in going to the First Lord of the Treasury, soul in hand, and saying to that amiable functionary—"how much will you give me for this?" The First Lord, being a gentleman, declines to avail himself of the petty artifices used to cheapen goods; and, after scrutinizing the soul thus brought to his market, accurately estimates the fraction of respectability, intelligence, and influence it represents—states the sum he will pay—insinuates blandly that the treasury is conducted on the "one price" system—and to satisfy the proprietor of the article that he makes a fair bargain, ciphers out to him its exact political value to the administration, over which his or her majesty has called him (the First Lord) to preside. It is said of Lord Stowell that, after making some unsuccessful investments in land, he returned gladly to the funds, and was accustomed ever after to speak of "the beautiful simplicity of the three per cents;" and certainly the method of corruption we have detailed has the same charm of beauty and simplicity. It works very well, too, in a majority of cases, because the First Lord, in addition to the secret service money, has all the offices of the empire in his gift, lay and clerical, from archbishoprics and lord chancellorships to the lowest positions in the collection of the revenue, and can therefore pay full prices for all souls which are offered. But the complexity occurs when the person who desires to sell scorns the honest and equitable bargain proposed to him, and undertakes the task of raising his political value by rushing into factious opposition, and exhibiting the utmost intensity of hatred in order to show the worth of his friendship. Many politic statesmen, celebrated for their conservatism, began their career in "the sedition line;" and after establishing such

a reputation for revolutionary tendencies as to give them a large capital in popular support, compelled the irritated First Lord to come to their own terms, and place them in positions where they too could plunder the public. Indeed, it is of the first importance that every young man of genius, who takes up the business of politics, should understand the most complicated of the Anglo-Saxon methods of raising the price of political honor, in order that he may escape the moderate compensation of the mere jobber in corruption. If he possess commanding talents, popular manners, and an eloquence which sways the masses, he may be sure that the administration of the day will not be willing to pay him even his actual worth. The old campaigners of his party, grasping at ambassadorships, secretaryships, and lucrative offices in the postal and revenue departments, are naturally jealous of aspiring young men who evince a disposition to leap at once to a share in the leadership of party, by the right divine of energy and genius. Now if the penetrating observation of Falstaffe, after the affair on Gad's Hill, be an indisputable maxim, if it be true as that knight affirms, that "young men must live," the only course for them to take is boldly to extemporize honest scruples on some minor political question; proceed to organize their share of popular favor into a capital of dissent; and, boldly denouncing their old associates as traitors and tyrants, to start a schismatical political church of their own. The next election will prove their value by showing an astounding number of scattering votes; and then is the time for them to trade. We have known politicians of this sort who received enormous premiums on their par value, by such felicitous strokes and strikes for higher wages. The English, being an essentially practical people, understand this perfectly. Thus Sir Thomas Wentworth, in the troubles of Charles' reign, began with the popular parliamentary party, and, in the height of his power and influence, sold out to the king, became prime minister, Earl of Strafford, and real ruler of England. To be sure, Sir Thomas came to his end on the gibbet, but then all politicians have to run risks, and he who is scared by such trifles, existing only *in potentia*, is unfit for the august infamy of successful ratting. A true, inbred, self-seeking, self-selling politician, should be as indifferent to a nation's wrath, as he is to its welfare and its curses; should, indeed, pursue his own interest with a steady aim, and allow the community to take care of itself. Why, Lord Foppington could say, in reference simply to the requirements of fashion, that he would not break an engagement at a ball for the salvation of mankind; and if we do not mistake, he buttressed this saying with his exquisite oath of "stap my vitals!" Now is it to be tolerated, that the salvation of mankind should stand in the way of the enlarged and intelligent selfishness of the knowing politician, when even Lord Foppington could brush it aside with such beautiful *nonchalance*? If every one looks out for himself, we are proverbially instructed who it is that will look out for all.

So far we have surveyed only the bright side of the picture, and we must now reluctantly glance at the dark one. Strange as it may appear to many ambitious and indurated professors of practical politics, it is still a fact that there exists in the human breast a sense of honor, which is often acutely lacerated when forced into this sale of the soul by the more intelligent powers of our nature; and there are instances where weak men have been killed by the shame and remorse which succeeded the consummation of the bargain. The most notable instance is that of Charles Yorke, second son of the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and the heir of his mind and legal disposition. Charles was perhaps the most accomplished lawyer of his day; and, after receiving about a hundred thousand guineas in fees and retainers, and establishing a professional eminence which qualified him for the highest honors of the law, his heart began to yearn for the chancellorship. The holder of this office in Great Britain is the Keeper of the King's Conscience, but to reach the bliss of having in custody so precious a moral sense as that, the aspirant has often to go through a preliminary sacrifice of his own. Lord Bacon had done this without much inward disquiet, and why should not Charles Yorke? Charles, however, was a man of stainless honor as well as splendid talents, and his political connection was with the Rockingham whigs. When Lord Camden, the chancellor in possession, a man who had space in his heart not only for the king's conscience but for a larger one of his own, delivered his celebrated tirade against his colleagues, for their foolish and tyrannical course in American affairs, the Chatham and Rockingham whigs took the ground that there could not be found an eminent lawyer in England to take Lord Camden's place, should the administration dismiss him for his honesty and patriotism; and they denounced beforehand the man who should accept the office, as a wretch lost to all shame and self-respect, and a fit object for the scorn of the lowest of mankind. This style of rhetoric, coming from Yorke's own political friends, sorely scared away his ambition; and therefore when Camden was dismissed, and the chancellorship offered to Yorke, he declined the perilous honor he so desired to clutch. The king, however, was determined to have his soul, and obtained it. At a private audience, Yorke was cajoled into the belief that he could accept the office without any sacrifice of principle—the entreaties and promises of the king admirably coöperating with his own ravenous hunger for the place to produce such a hallucination in his mind. With the seals in his carriage he drove to his brother's house, where a few prominent whigs had an informal meeting, and to the amazement of them all informed them that he had accepted Lord Camden's office; and he was proceeding to justify his conduct, when he was interrupted by a torrent of reproaches, in which his brother hotly joined, and found himself suddenly transferred from the class of honest men into the class of rats, apostates and liberticides. Had Yorke possessed the firmness of character proper to his

peculiar position, he would have had the usual consolation of trading politicians. Smiling blandly at the railings of the "outs," he would have gone to receive the congratulations of the "ins;" and, possessed of the most honorable and lucrative office in the gift of the crown, would have despised all that the polite scorn of Rockingham and the thundering denunciation of Chatham could urge against him, as he sat on his long-sought and dearly-earned woolsack. But Yorke was not a man of such hardy, constitutional, imperturbable effrontery. Shocked and grieved in his inmost soul, he went to his home, passed the night in an agony of shame, fell desperately sick, and on the third day of his new honors died, it is supposed, by his own hand.

We might extend these remarks to descriptions of other soul-sales, where the value received is notoriety, or fame, or some other phantom having no visible embodiment; but we must conclude. Throughout our observations we have preserved a temper so cool and reasonable, and have traversed regions sacred to rhetorical horse-racing with a gait so staid and mercantile, that we think we have really earned the right to be a little moral at the end.

This right, however, we waive, and prefer that the facts and principles we have stated should be tried by their intrinsic merits, without being clouded with any vapors of sensibility. Our own opinion, after a candid examination of the whole matter, is decidedly against the common belief, that there is any thing in the world which is equivalent in worth to the value of a soul; and we accordingly believe that all sales, from the commencement of creation to the present enlightened period, have been failures. The balance of popular authority, however, is so much against us, that we hold the opinion with modesty and moderation; and the utmost that we can hope from the publication of this discourse is to furnish maxims which may guide sellers into bargains relatively good. The dignity of human nature demands that a stop be put to transactions where souls are absolutely thrown away for less than thirty pieces of silver; and we hope at least that there will be established among mankind an *esprit de corps*, by the healthy operation of which no man will disgrace himself by cutting under the market price, and selling his selfhood for less than its fair commercial value, as established by Act of Congress. P.

ISOLATION.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

"He showed me a desert, full of quicksands and perils of every kind; and in the midst a traveler who moved onward alone. 'Such is life,' he said."

"ALL, all, alone!" to solve the doubt,
To work our own salvation out,
Casting our feeble hands about

For human help, for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear,
Forgetting God is always near.

Alone, with thought bewildering pressed—
With toil a life-long, weary guest,
And love that will not be repressed.

Alone, alone in utmost need—
With conscience fanning evil deed,
And hearts that break not, though they bleed.

The loveliest face hath never brought

Its finest look—the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought:

And beauty to the highest Art
Slips from the painter's hand apart,
And leaves him aching at the heart;

And Music, borne by echo back,
Pines on its solitary track,
Till faint hearts cry, "Alas! alack!"

And Love bears in his heart a tone
Known unto God himself alone,
He finds no answer to his own.

The wine-press must alone be trod—
The burning ploughshare pressed unahod—
There is no rock of help but God.

THE BEAM ON THE WATERS.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

It was eve, and her planet shone down in the dell,
As I stood by the rock where the mountain-stream fell;
And watched the pale beam, on the wave where it smiled,
So tremblingly true and so meltingly mild:
And I said—like this billow, thus bright from above,
Is the heart that is lighted by woman's true love.
Though rocks and though ruin his pathway may fill,
She shares in his sorrows and smiles on him still.

But a wave, 'mid the rocks, in the rage of the stream,
From its turbulent breast spurned the tremulous beam;
Yet when the spent billows sunk sobbing to rest,
That fond beam returned to its still heaving breast:
When terrors assail us, and wild passions move,
O, thus, ever thus, 'tis with woman's true love.
She is wronged—she is spurned—yet she loves not the less,
But weeps while she watches to brighten and bless!

THE OCEAN-BORN:

A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY S. A. GODMAN.

(Concluded from page 93.)

CHAPTER XII.

Our early days! How often back
We turn on life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!

D. W. GALLAGHER.

WHILST the Ocean-Born remained an infant, Don Manuel manifested no affection for him, took no interest in his welfare; in fact, he strove to imagine that it was not his grandchild, nor the son of his daughter; and had it not been for its mother's sake, the old gentleman would have sent the pirate's child out of his sight, away from its mother and himself, to be nursed by strangers. For the first year or two of its existence, Don Manuel could not separate thoughts of the father from the presence of the child; and at times, the loathing he entertained toward the character of the parent created in his breast almost a disgust for his helpless, innocent offspring.

As time passed and rendered less vivid the old man's realization of the pirate's crimes, whilst it expanded his son from a tender bud of beauty and purity into a bright and glorious boy of surpassing grace and promise, Don Manuel's feelings underwent a change. In the lovely prattler that toddled after him, calling "Grandpa, grandpa!" turning up his rosy mouth for a kiss, the old gentleman forgot Vincent, and only saw before him the child of his heart's-child, his only grandson—and he rendered to him the full share of affection that Garcia's son had claim to.

And the mother, neither wife nor widow, what were her feelings toward the child, for whose father she could neither entertain love, nor respect, nor yet hatred; he who, though living, was to his wife and child as one dead; and whose memory, when dead, would only shame those near to him, if it lived. Wide-reaching, all-sacrificing, deep-seated as a mother's love—that most perfect, most heaven-savoring sentiment that exists on earth—can be, was Garcia's love for her boy. She thought not of the father, but only saw in her child, a seed of immortality, which, though it would germinate, wilt, and decay here, was to be placed in either the garden or the waste of hereafter, as the culture it received from her should determine. Her own hopes of other happiness in life than that of striving to perform her duties faithfully, had fled; and the only ray of gladness that penetrated the sanctuary of her inner woman-feelings, was the affection of her son, and the trust that his life would be a happy one.

When the Ocean-Born reached his sixth year, accompanied by his mother, Don Manuel carried him to Puerto Principe; and there, in the cathedral, with all the pomp and ceremony the church could bestow, had him christened Juan Manchez. Before this event, the pirate's child had only been called by pet names; but after, as if with the name that had been conferred by the priest's sanction, every unpleasant association connected with his grandson's history had been removed from the old man's remembrance, he never spoke of him but as Juan. His affection, too, toward the boy grew more fervent; and Don Manuel centered all the high hopes of a parent's heart, that once he had expected Garcia's nuptials to fulfill, upon the advancement of her child.

Desiring to leave a vicinity where the parentage of the young Juan was too well known, Don Manuel soon after the boy was christened removed to the neighborhood of Matanzas; and here, as no one knew of her fatal marriage, by her father's advice, Garcia assumed the name of Manchez, and passed for the widow of a Spanish officer.

Every thing that money and affection could do was done to make Juan's pathway through life a road strewn with flowers. But a destiny we can neither fathom nor control, warps our efforts to ends we aimed not at; and nor money, nor love, powerful levers though they be, can repress the workings of our natural predilections, or charm from its willfulness the waywardness of youth.

One trait there was in the character of her son that much pained his gentle mother. It was the only thing in his disposition she desired to alter; otherwise he was all she could wish. His mind was brilliant, his person beautiful, his affections warm and tender, his principles good, and his sentiments generous, but within, there was a strong and ever active energy, that would not be satisfied with the commonplace routine of peaceful life. He craved excitement; when a mere child he loved to ride wild horses, to scale dangerous passes; and as he grew older, his whole mind was bent upon going to sea and becoming a sailor.

Against this inclination the mother and the grandfather, both used their most strenuous exertions. They pictured forth in glowing colors, the perils and privations of a sea life; the terrors of the storms, the horrors of the calms, the dangers from wind and water. They spoke of the hardships, the severance of friends, the absence of home and home-comforts; but the more arguments they advanced to show why

he had better remain on shore, the stronger did Juan's anxiety become to go to sea.

He acted kindly in the matter though; he did not say that go he would, but besought them so earnestly to gratify his wish, so ardently pleaded with his mother and his grandfather, that their judgments were conquered by their affections, and they reluctantly consented to the boy's request.

They endeavored, however, to persuade the lad to postpone entering the service until he was older; for when he coaxed them into acquiescence, the Ocean-Born was barely fourteen. But Juan computed time to come with youth's measure, and two years, or even one ahead, appeared to him an age; whilst to his mother and grandfather, who had lived long enough to know that years fly on eagles' pinnions, and are gone almost before you can realize their presence, the thoughts of their pet leaving them, even after the expiration of four years, was painful.

Having gained his first point, their assent on any terms, the boy knew that the same means continued, would prevail upon his doting relatives to comply with his other wish—to enter the Spanish navy at once; the warrant he received a few months after the completion of his fourteenth year, showed that Juan's calculations had been correct.

With the blessings and prayers of his mother—never before separated from her child—and who saw him start with many fearful forebodings, accompanied by Don Manuel and Don Henrico, the Ocean-Born started for Havana, to commence his career upon that element where—though he was ignorant of the fact—he was tossing when first he saw light.

Don Henrico, of all those interested in Juan's welfare, was the only one who experienced no regret at the youth's departure from home. Having a natural sympathy for the service, in which he had passed many years, he thought Juan would be as well off at sea as if he were elsewhere; and besides, Don Henrico believed his own ends would be advanced by the boy's absence. The love the Don had cherished for Garcia, before her seizure by the pirate, instead of diminishing or growing dull from age or rebuffs, had increased in volume and deepened in intensity.

Don Henrico's first passion for the lady had been more excited by her personal grace and symmetry, than by her mental accomplishments. The splendor of the casket had so attracted his attention, that he neglected to estimate the value of the rare gems it contained. Since Garcia's return to her father, closely had Henrico observed her conduct; and the fortitude, patience, and resignation with which she had borne her trials, the unwavering sweetness of her disposition, her unwearying charity, the gentle dignity of her manners, her even enhanced beauty—for her sorrows had purified, not cankered her feelings, and etherealized her expression to almost angelic loveliness—so captivated Don Henrico, that he felt if before he had loved the maiden, he idolized the mother of the Ocean-Born; and though he knew all the peculiarities of her position, he strove by every art in his power to win her for himself.

When Don Manuel removed to Matanzas, Don Henrico could not bear the separation from her who was his day-dream, his night-vision, and he also located there; and though for fourteen years he had been unsuccessfully endeavoring to persuade Garcia to marry him, yet, with a constancy confirmed and strengthened by disappointment, with a hope that would not despair, he still looked forward to the blissful day when he would be able to call her his own.

Before and since her residence at Matanzas, many offers had the lovely lady received from cavaliers, high-born and wealthy—to all of whom she had returned a quiet refusal, without assigning any reasons for her conduct. But to Don Henrico, who had known her so long, had loved her so faithfully, and toward whom her young heart, in its freshness, had experienced the first and only yearnings it had ever felt for man, she was more communicative, though not less firm and positive in her denial.

"In the first place, Don Henrico," she said, "the argument you urge, that my marriage with Vincent, so far as any claims he could have upon me are concerned, would in law be a nullity, is nothing—of no force. I am aware that the certainty of suffering the penalty his deeds would award, could he be captured, would prevent his ever seeking me. But my vows I plighted to him whilst he lived; and I regard that person as ignorant of the value and power of a moral obligation, who does not consider it binding, who does not hold it sacred under any and every circumstance. So that what you ask, even if no other obstacle intervened, is impossible."

"Promise me, then, dearest lady, that when you are certain Vincent has passed away from life's turmoil, you will hearken to my supplication, and I never will again mention the subject, until you are at liberty to act," exclaimed Don Henrico, his spirits animated by the prospect of even distant success.

But his anticipations of even eventual triumph were chilled, as Garcia continued,

"Oh, Don Henrico, you mistake me altogether; I thought the mention of one insurmountable barrier would satisfy you, and prevent the necessity of my having to pain you by urging other reasons. Hearken to me, my kind and well-tried friend, with patience, and believe that I highly prize your disinterestedness, feel truly grateful for your kindness and sincerity; and only regret that I cannot conscientiously assent to your desires. Seek some other's love, Don Henrico; you are wise, have a name known in the world, are wealthy; and ladies, bright and fair, and young, whose hearts have never been seared by misery's fire, whose affections are fresh and strong, will be proud of your attentions, glad to wear your title, share your fortunes. But I—I can never love as your wife should, love you; and though no one can esteem you more sincerely, bear for you a more perfect friendship, yet naught more than a friend, a lasting and a true one, can I ever be to you, friend of my early days; and so, for the peace of both, never let us recur to this painful matter again."

Notwithstanding the absence of encouragement in her words, and though her manners remained unchanged, Don Henrico persuaded himself that when her son was away from her, his assiduous attentions would produce an impression upon Garcia, and cause her to relent in favor of his suit. But it was the same with the lady after her boy's departure, as it had been before; and when, four years having elapsed, the handsome Lieutenant Manchez, a favored youth promoted for gallant deeds performed, returned on a visit to his home, Don Henrico felt that his courtship had not progressed an atom—was more hopeless than before. Still he would not relinquish what had now become the object of his life, determined, if he could not win the only woman he had ever seen who was all he conceived a woman should be, that he would complete his pilgrimage in solitude. Overjoyed were the mother and the grandfather, at the safe return of their loved Ocean-Born, who had fulfilled, as he grew up, all the promises of his childhood. Combining the physical beauties of both his parents—the high intellectual forehead of his father, the expressive and lustrous eye of his mother, the fair skin of the one and the delicate smoothness of the other, the grace and pliancy of motion of the Spaniard with the stature, strength, and symmetry of the Anglo-Saxon, added to quick mental parts and a kind heart, Juan was, indeed, a son well calculated to fill a mother's heart with pride. With the keenness of a watchful parent's anxiety, Garcia criticised her son's every act and speech; and she was rejoiced to find that, thanks to God's blessing upon her careful instructions, the force of character, and power of will and energy, that, unrestrained, had caused his father's moral ruin, had only tended, being properly directed, to the child's advancement in honor and virtue.

Feasted, fêted, complimented by neighbors and acquaintances—for he was heir to great wealth, and on the road to official preferment—Juan spent several months at home before his furlough expired; and as his mother parted with her boy for the second time, though she knew that nothing in life was certain, that the temptation resisted to-day, may gain victory on the morrow, she was less troubled with anxiety for the future of her child, than she ever before had been.

Had Juan been the son of a husband he himself had chosen for his daughter, Don Manuel could not have loved him more enthusiastically, been more proud of him; and every thing that his money or influence could do, the old man did, to hasten his grandson's steps on the road to rank and station.

CHAPTER XIII.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home. CORROU.

A flood of bright light, from myriad waxen tapers, was streaming through the many windows of a noble mansion near Matanzas. Brilliant though the illumination was, the effect produced by the effulgent

beams of the full tropical moon, as sailing along the clear ether, it sent its rays of silvery sheen over the luxuriant garden; touching palm-tree, orange-flower, rose-bush, with its glittering peacilings, and causing the dew-spangles, as they quivered on leaves moved by the soft wind, to sparkle like countless diamonds, was still more charming. Strains of harmonious sweetness, from skillfully fingered instruments, mingling with the lightsome, merry laugh of joyous maidens and gleesome youths, floated on the night-air. In the house, groups of lovely ladies and chivalrous gentlemen—beautified more by the radiant expression of contentment and happiness, that showed from their eyes, and wreathed their lips in gladsome smiles, than by the costly gems and rich attire with which they were adorned, crowded the apartments. Whilst here and there was to be seen the venerable white head of some old man, or the thoughtful, placid face, of some mature matron, who seemed watching over the welfare of the care-free ones surrounding them.

It was a fête at the residence of Don Manuel, given in honor of the Ocean-Born, who, at home once more after a three years' absence, had just attained his majority; and at the same time, thanks to his grandfather's exertions to back his own deservings, a captain's commission in the royal Spanish navy.

Don Manuel, as he gazed fondly upon the young captain, and saw him, dressed in the full uniform of his new grade, the handsomest among the handsome, the most joyous of the joyful, felt that the measure of his happiness was full, and the grandfather forgot that the past had ever caused him a pang—that the future could bring him a woe.

As the loving glance of the mother followed the movements of her son from place to place, she experienced a complicated sensation—mournful, yet pleasant—gratified, at the same time anxious. More than delighted was Garcia at the behavior of her child thus far in life—in nothing was he blameable. But she remembered that every thing had been prosperous with him; his path had been freed, so far as mortal agency and watchful love could free it, from temptations and excitements to wrong doing; and she wondered, whilst trusting in God's mercy for the best, what would be her son's course, should disappointments, trials, and sorrows come upon him.

No doubts of the unknown to-come troubled Juan, for those who have never suffered evil, never anticipate its advent; and the Ocean-Born, just at the only unadulteratedly happy period of life, with powers of enjoyment at their acme, unblunted by too frequent exercise, or dulled by accurately understanding the value of earthly joys, satisfied with himself, feeling all the dignity of manhood, without any of its cares, in the midst of those dearest to him—beauty, wit, light-heartedness around him, was the very personification of perfect contentment. The few-years he had lived, had been composed of golden-hued months, that brought each a heavier tribute of satisfaction to his heart, without exacting fee or reward; and judging of the future by the past, as we naturally do, the young captain thought but of

a continuance and increase of the happiness the days fled had furnished.

Another reason, too, had Juan for forgetting on this evening that earth was not heaven—that pleasure was not everlasting. The love of his heart's first love had been returned; and the beautiful maiden leaning upon his arm, had a short hour before, under an almond-tree, in the dim moonlight, plighted to him her troth, and as his ravished ear drank in the most precious words man ever listens to, he thought the bright stars above were pledges of their purity; the fragrant perfume from blossom and bud, that encompassed them, a faint sampler of their sweetness.

Fair, and coveted by many, was the prize Juan had drawn in life's lottery; for Catalina Gonzales, the lady of his choice, was young, rich, lovely—the belle of Matanzas. Where graceful forms abounded, hers was remarkable for its elegance. In a land distinguished for the brilliancy of its daughters' eyes, Catalina's were unequalled in their brightness; and Juan, as he gazed upon her, invested her with every mental charm and moral perfection he could imagine, and believed that he had secured a talisman in her affection that would turn from him harmless every pang that life could bring.

Various, however, are the aspects assumed by the same object, when viewed from different points; and the mother and the son, the woman and the lover, as they scrutinized Catalina's character, endeavoring to reach the invisible causes through the visible effects, arrived at conclusions concerning the lady widely at variance.

When the ball had ended, and Juan, with all the frankness of a confiding child to a devoted parent, hastened to impart to his mother the secret of his success and happiness, sure of receiving her sympathy; he was surprised to find her listen to his story without manifestation of pleasure, and still more astonished was he, when she endeavored to persuade him that he was deceived in the value of the jewel he deemed so priceless. His mother told him—and woman ever is the surest judge of woman's motives—that the eye he thought so matchless was indebted for its fire to a powerful mind influenced by pride; that the charming figure which moved so gracefully, was the dwelling-place of a spirit energetic and indomitable, but also ruled and governed by a single passion—the same pride that lighted up her eyes. Garcia admitted that her son's beloved was fair, was witty, accomplished; but she denied that Catalina possessed woman's greatest charm, most estimable characteristic—that gentle, tender, self-sacrificing disposition, without which half her beauties are blemished.

But the arguments of the mother had no weight with the son. Juan thought, as children are apt to think, that his parent was mistaken, did not do his chosen-one justice. His mother pleaded with him, and besought him to pause carefully, reflect solemnly, ere he intrusted the happiness of his whole life to the keeping of one she believed incompetent to the charge; yet the youth, though he replied respect-

fully and regretfully, retained unchanged his original opinions of Catalina.

Seeing that her son's determination could not be altered, Garcia offered no further opposition to his wishes, and assented, though not cheerfully, to his marriage; for she felt as she acquiesced, that now the evil from which she had so strenuously striven to shield her son, would ere long overtake him; and her heart trembled at the thought, though it was out of her power to prevent consequences beyond her control. Juan, though he strove to banish the unwelcome thought from his mind, had to acknowledge, in disagreeing with a mother never before disobeyed, that his first grief had come upon him, just, too, when he flattered himself that he had reached the culmination of his happiness.

On the morrow, the gay smiles and pleasant words of his mistress drove from the Ocean-Born's remembrance the unpleasant feelings that had oppressed him after leaving his mother—the thought that one so lovely as Catalina could not but be all that was loveable. Ardently he plead with her to let him appoint an early day for the solemnization of their nuptials, which he desired to take place at the soonest practicable period. Overcome, apparently, by his importunities, with a seeming disinterestedness, that in Juan's eyes proved the sincerity of her attachment, the lady permitted him to name the earliest day compatible with his duties—as soon as he returned from a cruise he was obliged to start upon in a few days—and that would occupy six months. During this interval Catalina informed her lover that she designed paying her last maiden visit to her relatives in Porto Rico, so that they would both return home about the same time. Again the future assumed to the Ocean-Born its accustomed rosy tints; and with pledges of mutual fidelity, and vows of eternal constancy, sealed by a fervent kiss and a long embrace—it was beneath the tropics—the lovers parted.

When Juan, for the third time, left his mother and his home, it was with the hope of being gone but a brief while, compared to his former absences; and with the expectation of being happier than he ever before had been upon his return.

The sadness, so much graver than usual, that sat upon his mother's brow, when she bade him farewell, appeared careless to her son; and as he laughed cheerfully at her forebodings, and in his health, and youth, and joyousness, looked so free from care, Garcia almost chid herself for casting a damper upon his hilarity. But after Juan had gone, the gloomy impressions, that appeared the shadow of some unseen but advancing misery, so weighed upon her spirits, so oppressed her, that a flood of tears burst uncontrollably from her eyes; and it required all Garcia's faith, great as that was, in the goodness and mercy of God, to restore her mind to its habitual state of patience and resignation.

Reaching Havana, the young captain, proud of his new ship as a child of a fresh plaything, took command of his corvette; and with a fair wind and good

weather, started in high spirits on a cruise along the Main and through the Windward Islands.

CHAPTER XIV.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Ocean-Born's first cruise as a commander was as fortunate as he could have desired; fine weather, a good vessel, and an orderly and efficient crew, made it a mere pleasure trip to him. The days he numbered, ay, even the hours sometimes he counted, that yet reared themselves a barrier between him and his anticipated wedding; but, when they seemed to lag, thoughts of the happiness that would accrue after their expiration hastened their flight. Heading homeward from the Windward Isles, Juan drew favorable auguries of the new voyage he was so soon to embark upon, from the pleasant nature of the one so speedily drawing to an auspicious close. How little guaranty is there, however, in the joys of the past, or the pleasures of the present, for their continuance in the future.

The corvette, running down the north side of the island, bound for Matanzas, was within a few days of her port, and the blue line of the Cuban shore, as it loomed up in the distance, caused Juan to feel as if his hopes had already reached their haven. His thoughts wandered away from things visible, and with all a lover's curiosity were endeavoring to imagine the greetings he would receive when he met those he loved—what Catalina would say—how she would look—and whether she would be as glad to meet him as he would be to greet her—when he was called back from the ideal to the real, by the report of a vessel in sight, whose movements were unintelligible.

It was early morning, clear, with a stiff breeze from the north and eastward, and as it was directly ahead of him, the corvette quickly made sufficient way to enable Juan to get a distinct view of the strange sail.

He made her out to be a full-rigged merchant ship, with all sail set; but the fact of her tending first one way and then another—now all full on one tack, then all aback on the other—was something he could not readily account for. With much curiosity and some anxiety—for the course he was pursuing his betrothed would necessarily have to follow, and he was not certain she had yet reached Matanzas—Juan watched the eccentric manœuvres of the ship, until, getting close enough to distinguish objects clearly, he saw that her braces were all loose and unrove—her yards flying about with the wind—and he knew that she must be deserted.

On nearing the ship, the young captain found his surmise to be correct, for only the mournful sound made by the heavy canvas, as it flapped against the masts, answered the hails from the corvette. Why a sound and seaworthy craft, in mild weather, near

land, should be abandoned by her crew, was an enigma Juan was so impatient to unravel, that calling away a cutter he hastened to board the ship himself.

As the boat approached the ship, dark, purple lines, that savored of blood, were seen trickling from her scuppers and staining her side; and urged on by fearful anticipations, Juan speedily climbed up the ladder that hung dangling at her gangway.

In the seven years he had passed at sea, Juan had seen many disagreeable sights, had taken part in several engagements—but when he got high enough to glance over the bulwarks, down upon that deserted vessel's deck, a scene so painful, so much more awful than he expected, broke upon his vision, that it was with difficulty he prevented the sickness that came over him from causing him to fall backward into the cutter he had just left.

Blood—blood—blood—was every where, upon every thing; on the deck, on the bulwarks, on the combings of the hatches—which were open—and flowing sluggishly, in a clotted, oozy stream, along the scuppers—whose orifices its coagulum had closed. Death, too, was there in its most appalling shape—violent, sudden, unlooked-for death, that leaves its victim neither time to utter a prayer for forgiveness nor murmur a petition for mercy. Men, or bodies that must have contained the souls of men—for the wounds that covered the lifeless remains showed they had fought gallantly—were strewn from the fore-castle to the taffarel. But the large pile of dead lying near the companion-way to the cabin—with heads crushed, arms lopped off—all stark and stiff—showed that there had taken place the last and most desperate struggle: and the Ocean-Born—as, followed by his men, he leaped down on the planks, slippery with the ensanguined current that had floated so many brave spirits into eternity—felt a sailor's sympathy for the fate of the murdered ones, for he knew they had been slain by pirates.

The vessel was an American—the Petrel, of Boston—Juan conjectured outward-bound; and his anxiety was relieved concerning his betrothed—though his compassion was excited to a distressing degree by the sight of those so cruelly butchered. Carefully he examined every corpse on deck, in the vain hope that the work of destruction might have been carelessly performed—that breath might yet remain in some of the wrecks of mortality around. But the pirates' brands had left him nothing to do—all were dead; and, with a heavy heart, the young captain descended into the cabin, to see if any living thing was there.

As he and the two men who accompanied him were about stepping into the cabin, they were startled by a deep, fierce howl, so expressive of both rage and pain, that, sounding close by, it caused them to pause for a moment irresolutely on the threshold. But the large, black Newfoundland dog that had uttered the fearful noise—and who, poor fellow, with his back broken, was crouched in a corner, almost incapable of motion—so soon as Juan fairly entered the apartment, and before the captain

had discovered him, changing his angry tone into a short, sharp yelp of pleasure, the dog dragged himself out into the middle of the floor, and Juan recognized, to his unspeakable horror, in the wounded animal a faithful and favorite pet belonging to his mistress.

So sudden was the shock, so miserable the thoughts that accompanied it, that the Ocean-Born staggered back as if a fiend had arisen in his path; and then, shouting "Catalina! Catalina!" he frantically commenced searching the state-rooms for his betrothed. A small hatchway opened into the cabin-floor—it, the pantries, every nook and corner he searched—but a small book with his mistress's name written in it, which served to confirm his worst fears, was all he could find that appertained to her he so loved.

Catalina had been there; was now in the possession of pirates! and only prevented from losing his senses by remembering that she probably was yet living, that possibly he might save her, or at any rate avenge her, Juan rushed on deck.

Thoughts of revenge, doubts, dreads, fears, usurped the place of the hopes and teeming visions of bliss that had been occupying his mind a brief hour before; and he began to realize the uncertainty of life, and the fleeting nature of earthly joy. The Ocean-Born's second trouble had come upon him, and with a force and crushing power that rendered it singly equivalent to all the pleasures his happy life had afforded.

Making his way back with all speed to his own vessel, and as quick as he reached it, taking a telescope and ascending to the fore-royal yard—too anxious the duty should be well done to trust it to another—the young captain took a close and keen survey of the ocean on every side, hoping the pirates were yet in sight. Nothing, however, could he see but the hazy line of the horizon, where the blue clouds and the blue water appeared mingling together. Another sweep of the glass, more carefully made, discovered, far in the north-west, a small speck, visible for an instant and then out of sight. Only eyes rendered supernaturally sharp by intense emotion could have distinguished that little spot on the far off water; it might be a gull, or delusion—but riveting his gaze upon it for a moment, Juan was confident it was a sail. Taking its bearings from the compass at the topmast head, the Ocean-Born descended to the deck a being influenced by feelings new to him—determined, stern, almost savage.

An officer and crew he sent on board the Petrel, with orders to bury her dead, and afterward take the vessel into Matanzas; and then, with sail piled upon sail, until her hull was scarcely perceptible beneath the mountain of canvas it was supporting, the corvette's bows, driving the foam in cataracts before them as they swiftly parted the water, were pointed in the direction of the spot he had discerned on the distant horizon.

Though the wind freshened, and it was as much as they could do to carry their loftier sails, and though the corvette traveled at a rate she never be-

fore had equaled, she moved so much more tardily than his desires, that to her captain his vessel appeared stationary in a calm.

Incessantly was Juan's glass directed toward the quarter in which he had seen that dark point; but hour after hour passed ere the speck was visible from the deck. At last, the look-out aloft reported that he believed the object of their pursuit was a schooner. In another hour the look-out's supposition was found to be correct; and what had at first appeared a speck, and then a seeming cloud, was found to be a topsail schooner—but still miles distant.

Oh, how the Ocean-Born prayed for a gale, that would compel the craft in sight to shorten sail, so that his heavier vessel could carry on and come up with her. But the wind, instead of increasing, rather decreased; and it was nearly sunset before the corvette gained enough upon the schooner to see that she was a heavily armed, low, long, rakish clipper, too little like an honest vessel to be any thing but a pirate.

Juan's hopes began to rise again, as soon as he was assured he had not followed on the wrong scent, and that he had in view the reprobates who held his mistress captive—only four or five miles separated him from them; and deep and dire was the vengeance he swore against them as soon as they came within his grasp.

The powers of the air seemed adverse however to his wishes; and as the sun went down the wind also died away, until not a breath ruffled the surface of the water. The sails of the corvette banged sluggishly against the masts, as the vessel rolled with the waves, without moving her a foot; and there, almost within striking distance, the chaser and the chased were riding up and down with the swell, without the one being able to approach the object of her pursuit—or the other having the power to widen the distance between herself and vengeance.

Greatly was Juan chafed to find himself so baffled, when the pirates seemed in his very clutches. But his fears for Catalina's safety were too vivid, his dread of the schooner's escaping in the night too keen, to allow him to wait quietly until the wind should enable him to attack the pirates' vessel with the corvette, and he determined to attempt the capture of the schooner with his boats.

Stating his intention to his crew, he called for volunteers; and was gratified to find every man in the ship anxious to accompany him. Selecting one hundred and fifty of his best hands, as many as the seven boats belonging to the corvette could carry; about nine o'clock the little flotilla started on an expedition as dangerous as any man ever undertakes. The young captain's every feeling was so absorbed by sympathy with Catalina, that doubts as to the issue of the undertaking never entered his mind; and his men, influenced by their commander's confident bearing, rowed cheerily and fearlessly toward the pirates.

There was no moon, but the night was cloudless, and the light from the countless stars was sufficient to enable Juan to make out the loom of the schooner,

whenever he rose on a swell, and after on hour's pulling the boats were almost upon her.

The Ocean-Born had just been able to ascertain that the schooner's nettings were all triced up, when a heavy and well directed shot from the pirates, that splashed into the sea just astern of his own boat, warned him that the schooner was not to be taken by surprise—that his approach had been discovered—and that he would have to board under fire from her guns, and in the face of her desperate crew.

"Give way, men! Give way, with a will! Death or victory!" shouted the young captain, as, heading the attack, his own boat, closely followed by the others, was urged swiftly toward the pirate schooner, whose cannon were now pouring upon them a heavy and deadly shower of grape-shot and canister.

So fatally aimed were the freebooter's guns, that ere the assailants could reach the schooner's side, though the tough ashens creaked with the force of the rowers, at least fifty of the corvette's men were disabled. But nothing daunted by the fate of their comrades, emulating the conduct of their fearless leader, the rest of his party, with shout and imprecation, cut their way through the pirate's netting and threw themselves upon his deck. Here they met, hand to hand, in deadly struggle, her savage and lawless men. Whilst Juan, tending toward the schooner's stern, came in contact with him whom, from his uniform, and skillfully wielded weapon—which as yet had found no equal in the fight—he supposed the captain of the pirates.

Long and stubborn was the contest between the youthful, active leader of the boarders and the somewhat aged, but iron-sinewed, commander of the schooner. Both were cool and collected, and fought with a mental concentration of purpose, and unyielding determination of will, that distinguished their encounter from the conflicts around. Stroke answered stroke—steel met steel—thrust and parry followed each other for some time with equal fortune—and it was doubtful with which would be the victory, when the sword of the pirate, as he raised it to guard his head, broke short off from the force of the Ocean-Born's blow—and ere he could draw from his girdle the pistol his hand immediately sought, Juan leaped upon him with the bound of a panther, and bore him, overpowered, backward to the deck.

Outnumbered by the corvette's men, the fall of their leader so disheartened the pirates that they cried "quarter!" And the loud shout that rang through the night-air for miles acquainted those remaining on board the man-of-war with their friends' success.

As soon as the pirate captain was secured, Juan hurried into the schooner's cabin, in search of his mistress. To his great joy he there found her, safe and unharmed—except by the almost mortal terror occasioned by the thrilling events she had witnessed during the last fifteen hours. Cordial and plenteous were the expressions of affection and gratitude that Catalina lavished upon the Ocean-Born, and as he hearkened to them and gazed upon the beautiful

face and sparkling eyes of the fair speaker, he felt that the gratification of knowing he had been the means of saving her from pain, was more than compensation for all the miseries he had suffered on her account. The black gloom-fog which had overspread his mental horizon vanished like morning mist, and the young captain's future, brightened by the rising sun of hope, assumed again its former rosy hues and appeared joyous as ever.

The wind, springing up about midnight, enabled the vessels to approach each other, and all the schooner's crew were transferred to the man-of-war, upon whose berth-deck, carefully manacled and guarded, they were placed, until they could be delivered up to the authorities on shore, for trial and condemnation.

The morning after the engagement, as the corvette, accompanied by her prize, hastened toward Matanzas, the young captain's emotions were as rapturous as youth, gratified ambition and successful love could form in a warm and generous bosom; and the fondness with which Catalina listened to the images he drew, of their future, showed how proud the lady was to possess so gallant a lover.

The merchantman sent in by Juan reached Matanzas ere he did. So that the citizens, when they saw the lofty corvette coming into harbor, followed by the rakish schooner, knew at once that it was the pirate and her capturer.

Salvo after salvo of artillery pealed forth, and loud rang the bells of the city, to do honor to their young captain's triumph; whilst the guns of the corvette boomed out an acknowledgment of the compliment. But the Ocean-Born felt, as, stepping ashore from his gig—accompanied by Catalina—the shouts and hurrahs of the multitude rang in his ears, that a word of encouragement from the fair being by his side, or a glance of approval from the gentle mother who nursed him, was worth more than all the clangor of a hundred mobs.

Leaving Catalina at the residence of her father, without tarrying to receive the thanks with which the lady's relatives would have loaded him, Juan proceeded at once to the residence of Don Manuel, a few miles in the country—to greet his mother and grandfather.

Arrived at home, beholding the gratification beaming on the face of the old gentleman, and the tender true love in the eyes of his dear mother—hearkening to the praises and congratulations of those he knew to be pure, disinterested and devotedly fond, Juan felt as great an amount of contentment and happiness as man on earth can ever know.

But then—for our sorrows ever draw near to us, deep hidden in our joys—when his every wish seemed gratified—his mistress rescued, his love returned—his mother and grandfather well and happy—his ambition more than satisfied—then, when to imagine a wo was nearly impossible, a huge avalanche of trouble was just ready to fall upon the head of the Ocean-Born with overwhelming force. He that had borne prosperity so well—could he withstand adversity?

CHAPTER XV.

Adversity, sage, useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best,
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below. *SOMERVILLE.*

Juan never passed happier hours than those he spent at home the day he returned from his first cruise as captain. In the society of his mother, grandfather, and that old and tried friend, Don Henrico—who had hastened to congratulate the young hero as soon as he learned of his return—the moments flew by as moments can only fly to those blessed with health, hope and happiness. But life's duties ever step in to prevent life's joys from satiating, and the young captain, much against his inclination, was compelled to leave his peaceful retreat early on the following day, to hand over to the civil authorities the pirate prisoners, who were yet on board the corvette.

Accompanied by Don Manuel, Juan proceeded to town—stopped a few moments at the home of Catalina—where his grandfather remained—and then went on board of his vessel, to discharge the stern task of transferring fifty of his fellow-creatures to the hands of those who would lead them first to prison, and then to execution.

As the prisoners were paraded on deck, preparatory to being sent on shore, the young captain felt so much pity for their situations that he was ashamed of his own tender-heartedness. He knew them to be guilty—oh, how guilty—of crimes without number. But as he looked and saw them men—living, breathing men, and most of them in the very prime of manhood—it seemed to him that it would be more in accordance with the spirit of the Great Law Book—which civilized governments pretend to take for their guide—for a Christian people to give the poor wretches, who had been unable to restrain their lawless passions and animal appetites, an opportunity of repenting of their crimes—whilst restrained so that their influence could not be prejudicial to society—instead of thus rudely snapping the thread of their existence, and ushering them all-unrepentant, unprepared, uncalled for, into the awful presence of the Supreme Judge.

It may be that the interest Juan felt in the leader of the bucaniers caused him to sympathize more than he otherwise would with the rest of his band. Something there was very different in the bearing of the pirate captain from the manner and carriage of any of his crew. He was a fine-looking man, perhaps not more than forty-six or forty-seven years of age; but constant exposure to external and internal storms—those mental tornadoes that ravage man's frame as the material hurricanes do nature's works—had furrowed his brow and bleached his hair until he appeared sixty. His eyes, piercing, clear, undaunted, retained all the fire of youth, only they had a cold, hard, fixed look, as if they were merely windows to the mind, through which the heart never gazed. A sneering expression, too, was upon the freebooter's countenance—as if he viewed his own and his crew's situation as a thing of no un-

expected occurrence, that had to be, and it therefore was useless to waste an emotion about it. To the Ocean-Born the captain of the pirates appeared to be a man intelligent, brave and fearless; yet the feelings he entertained toward him were of curiosity mingled with respect, more than of pity. For the pirate acted as one who was governed by an intellect keen, shrewd and subtle—but devoid of soul; too indifferent to the present, too callous of the future, too intelligently evil, to exact pity—yet too basely wicked, too free from human dreads and sympathies, to command admiration.

But Juan's duty was peremptory; and sending the prisoners to the quay, they were received by a large military escort, and, surrounded by a throng of shouting rabble, were marched off to prison. Whilst the populace, with that strange perversity that makes man rejoice over his fellows' sins and misfortunes, appeared more gratified at the sight of a half hundred of their brother wretches hand-cuffed, and on their way to felon's cells, than if it had been some holy procession, commemorative of noble deeds.

The pirates and their guard had not left the quay many minutes, when a small boat, bearing a single passenger, put out from the landing and was rowed rapidly toward the corvette. The passenger was Don Manuel, who, as soon as the wherry reached the man-of-war, and he had received permission, hurried on board and inquired for the captain.

Something there was of excitement visible in the old man's face, that showed strong feelings were agitating his breast, and Juan, alarmed at the troubled expression of his grandfather, as he met him at the cabin-door, inquired anxiously—

"Are you ill, my dear sir? Has any misfortune befallen you? Walk in—walk in!"

"Heaven have mercy upon you, my poor boy!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as he recovered composure enough to speak—"your life has been bright, and I, in my folly, thought that its future promised more happiness than—"

"Has any accident happened my mother? Is Catalina well?" interrupted Juan, his voice tremulous with agitation.

"Both are well, my child."

"What then, my grandfather, can have disturbed you so strangely? Tell me quickly; I am a man, and hope I have fortitude enough to bear any thing but the loss of those I love," replied Juan, as, with pale face and eager eyes, he waited for Don Manuel to answer.

But the old gentleman, instead of speaking, sat down upon a sofa, and leaning his face upon his hands, pressed his eyes, as if striving to shut from his sight some disagreeable spectacle. Whilst his grandson, burning with impatience, yet having too much veneration for his grandfather to hurry him to impart the fearful intelligence, stood nervously waiting. After the lapse of some moments the old man, motioning the Ocean-Born to a seat by his side, said:

"My dear, dear boy, you have been deceived regarding your birth and parentage. It was done with the best intentions, but between parents and children

candor is the only thing that never reacts painfully, and the truth, with all its stunning force, must now be told! The leader of that pirate crew, who has just been consigned to prison, is your mother's lawful husband—your own father!"

"Great God! It cannot, cannot be!" shrieked Juan, as he sprang to his feet—and then seizing his grandfather's hand he continued: "Oh! say that there may be some mistake! That there is hope, even a single ray, that it is not so! My father! A pirate! consigned to prison and a felon's death—by his son's hand too! It cannot, cannot be! It is too horrible to believe!"

Soothed by his grandfather, Juan again sat by his side; and fixedly, without moving, he listened, whilst the old man narrated the history of his mother's early trials and sufferings—her abduction—her marriage—her rescue. Though twenty-two years had elapsed since he had seen the author of his daughter's wrongs, Don Manuel said that he no sooner beheld the leader of the pirates, as they conveyed him through the street, than he recognized in him the Vincent of former days, the blighter of his early hopes, returned to mar his present peace.

Link by link had Juan followed the narrative, expecting to discover some flaw that would enable him to entertain a doubt of its authenticity. But when his grandfather had finished, so complete was the story in all its parts—so miserably clear and connected in its details—that the Ocean-Born felt its truth in all its terror.

Habit maintains its ascendancy when reason swerves, and Juan, influenced by the teachings of his mother, though his heart seemed bursting, his brain on fire, said to his grandfather—

"Let us pray for grace to bear this grievous trial; for of myself I have not strength—its weight has crushed me."

And there, in the cabin of the corvette, the youth, just entering upon the threshold, and the old man, just ready to leave life's theatre, bowed themselves before the only Power who can strengthen man's weakness, and asked for fortitude to bear a sorrow that the young, fresh heart and the old, seared one, alike found too great for their endurance.

After their supplication, both arose externally calm; but deep grief accomplishes in seconds what time's slower hand requires years to perform—and though Juan appeared tranquil, his feelings had become almost as old as his grandfather's—gray hairs were visible amid his locks, that in the morning would have rivalled the raven's wing for glossy blackness—life never again would seem to him as it had in days of yore—the kaleidoscope of youth had been removed, and the Ocean-Born saw that life was real, stern and sorrowful.

The excitement consequent upon the painful task he had to perform, combined with the sympathy he felt for his grandson and daughter, was more than the feeble frame of Don Manuel—now past his seventieth year—could bear; and Juan, when he reached home and led the old man to his chamber, feared that the grief which oppressed his grand-

father would be more than his frail body could react against.

Hastening to his mother, the Ocean-Born unfolded to her the fearful facts he had learned; and Garcia's heart bled for her boy when she found that all the efforts she had made had not prevented "the sins of the father from being visited upon the child;" that the sorrows she had hoped to shield him from had found her son, spite of her maternal watchfulness. But with all a mother's love, all a Christian's trust in God's goodness, she strove to comfort her boy, and to persuade him that whatever is, is directed by the All-Wise for just and salutary purposes, though we may not be able to perceive it.

After a long interview with his mother, Juan felt easier, if not happier; and the mother and the son determined to visit, that same evening, in his prison, the father and husband so unworthy such a wife and child.

The young captain's influence prevented his mother and himself from finding any difficulty in gaining admission to the pirate's cell; and Vincent, confined in a small, dank dungeon, chained to a heavy iron bar, beheld and recognized her whom long years before he had so rudely torn from her home, so savagely compelled to marry him; and, as in days gone by, a soothing influence, emanating as it were from her presence, softened the almost adamant pride in which his feelings were encased—and whilst Garcia remained, the pirate was lost in the man.

The Ocean-Born, what a lesson did he learn, as there, in that small den, he, for the first time, beheld his parents together. The perpendicular cold stone walls, the rough unyielding rock floor, the hard tile-ceiling of the cell, reminded him of the world and its charities, as man finds them, when, unaided by living friends without, or those never-failing friends, good principles within, he comes in contact with either. His mother, as the light from the torch fell upon her placid features, and eyes full of tenderness and sorrow, but showing forth the purity of the soul behind them, weak in her sex's frailty, but strong in her heart's integrity, was a living exemplification of what God's grace will do for man's weakness. And his father, as there he stood with strong energies, vigorous intellect, immense muscular power, all rendered unavailing by fetters voluntarily forged by himself, was a proof of the helplessness of man's might, unaided by Divine right.

The gratitude Juan felt at having one parent so reproachless, somewhat tempered the misery he experienced at possessing another so censurable; but the thought of his having been, however unintentionally, the means of bringing that crime-blackened father to the gallows, was awful.

Vincent, when he learned the object of their visit, was grateful for the motives that prompted their effort, but begged both Garcia and Juan not to endeavor to have his life spared.

"I am tired of life," he said; "I have been weary of it for years. But now, when I see what I might have enjoyed; when I look at you, Garcia, and feel

that some such angel as yourself might have loved me for my own sake; when I look at that youth, whom I will not disgrace by calling son, and think, that had I acted as I should have acted, as I was taught to act, I might, in the face of the world, have had such a child to call me father, and then know how I am situated, how acted—life disgusts me; I long to get rid of it! When I think how much I have abused my advantages, how sinned against my fellows and myself, I am anxious to leave a world where naught blesses me, where I have blessed no one."

"No, no!" Vincent continued, as Garcia was about to speak, "speak not of me, nor for me; else the world, with its thousand ears, may learn some hint of your own and that gallant youth's connection with the felon—and you be disgraced forever."

"We care not what the world says," spoke Garcia and Juan together; "we desire to gain you time to repent and make your peace with your Maker, ere you are summoned to the final tribunal."

"I am too old to repent," replied the pirate. "My life, lived to the utmost, would hardly suffice to name the crimes I am guilty of, much less repent of them. No, leave me, and tell me not of mercy nor of pardon—I don't deserve it, and I don't expect it. Already I feel the pangs of hell, in knowing the loss I sustain, in being the husband of such a wife, the father of such a son; yet neither daring to claim the regard of the one, nor the respect of the other! Before you came, I thought no more of death than of a long sleep. But now, oh! terror! terror! I dread to die, realizing the sins I have committed; and hate to live, aware of the joys I have cast from me. Therefore, leave me; else will I be unmanned and turn craven; and think no more of me, save in your prayers."

Finding their longer stay only rendered the unhappy man more miserable, Garcia and the Ocean-Born withdrew, leaving the pirate alone, but not solitary; for his brain was teeming, his cell appeared to him crowded with the ghosts of the throngs he had murdered, who seemed jeering him, as he stood chained and manacled.

Despite his request, the mother and the son used their utmost exertions to have Vincent pardoned, or at least to have his sentence mitigated to imprisonment. But all their influence and eloquence was in vain; and the pirate-captain was condemned to death. They also sought Vincent's permission to visit him again, but could not obtain his consent—so that Juan, to know him, saw his father but once.

Those who saw the pirates executed, said, of all the crew, the leader seemed most hardened, most careless of death. So long does pride, with a strong grasp, maintain the mastery over every other sentiment, in those who have submitted to his dominion—and Vincent, smothering his better feelings, had died without a prayer or confession, apparently without compunction.

On the same day that Vincent was hurried from life's stage, Don Manuel, who had been ill from the first discovery of the pirate's identity—also died; but

a far different death—one full of hope and Christian confidence.

To Juan, his grandfather's removal seemed the very capstone of his miseries; he who so lately had nothing but happiness in anticipation, now believed that the measure of his sorrow was full, that there was no room for another blow—but he was mistaken. The breath had hardly left Don Manuel when a servant brought the Ocean-Born a note; a glance assured him it was from Catalina; hastily breaking it open, in the expectation of finding it a ray of light on his horizon of gloom—it only proved the crowning stroke of his misery. She whom he so worshiped, whose affections he had calculated upon retaining if all else left him; she whose love was to be to him a talisman—also had deserted him; and coldly stated in a note, that "in obedience to her father's commands, she must relinquish all acquaintance and communication with his father's son." Garcia had solved Catalina's character aright—pride, all pride.

Now, indeed, did the Ocean-Born sink under the weight of his woes. His father a pirate—a condemned and executed felon; his mistress false; the friends that had treated him most cordially, now barely speaking—for it had leaked out he was the pirate's son; and the Christian world is ever harsher toward misfortune than to crime. Juan, hurled from the heights of human happiness to the depths of human misery—as innocent of the causes that led to the one as he was free from the agencies that produced the other—had not strength to meet the shock; and a brain fever supervening, his life promised to last but a little while longer than his happiness.

But one great blessing was yet possessed by the stricken youth—his mother yet remained to him; by her kind nursing the physical malady was stayed in its progress; and when the Ocean-Born recovered his bodily strength, thanks to that mother's holy teachings, fervent prayers, he had also regained his mental courage.

CHAPTER XVI.

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yet even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

MILTON.

In a large and comfortable, but staid and sober-looking house, situated in one of the most private and quiet streets of the city of Puerto Principe, there is now living an elderly lady, who, though never mixing in fashionable society, is universally known by the inhabitants of the town as the *good* Señora Manchez. Those of her own class, for she is rich, respect her for the practice of those virtues which, though they themselves scarce imitate, yet command their admiration; whilst the poor and distressed, who ever find in the lady a soother of their mental miseries, and a kind reliever of their physical wants, regard the Señora as a saint worthy of canonization. Indeed, except the lady's own son, a priest, whose fervid eloquence and active charity, self-denial, and earnestness in the great work of salvation, is the

wonder of the community; no one in that section is so generally beloved as the sweet, placid, benevolent lady of that staid and sober-looking house.

Few visitors are habitually received at the quiet mansion—for its mistress thinks time too precious to waste in idle gossiping; but the privileged, gray-haired mulatto ever greets with a smile a handsome old bachelor, whom she titles Don Henrique, when he makes his regular weekly call; and the hearty, cordial manner with which the gentleman always salutes the servant, "Bonita, my old girl, how are you?" is cause sufficient for her smiling welcome. At rare intervals, too, a bluff, sea-faring sort of personage, whom the black styles Captain Foster, pays

a long visit to the lady of the house; but the Señora's constant companion, when his duties call him not away, is the priest, her son.

Between the two there seems to exist a bond stronger and more perfect than commonly subsists between mother and son—and so there is—the fellowship of suffering, sorrow, and trials passed through and overcome in addition to their natural ties. The lady—it is Garcia—and the priest is the Ocean-Born, who, having learned the certainty of only disappointment here, have found pure happiness in making things temporal subservient to things eternal, and look forward with hope for their certain reward on that happy day when they both will be *heaven-born*!

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

My heart is full of tenderness and tears;
And tears are in mine eyes, I know not why;
With all my grief content to live for years,
Or even this hour to die!
My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
My love is dead, or worse than dead can be:
My friends drop off, like blossoms from a bough,
But nothing troubles me—
Only the golden flush of sunset lies
Within my heart like fire, like dew within mine eyes!
Spirit of Beauty! whatso'er thou art,
I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power:
It is thy presence fills this charmed hour,
And fills my charmed heart:
Nor mine alone, but myrinds feel thee now,
That know not what they feel, nor why they bow;
Thou canst not be forgot,
For all men worship thee, and know it not:
Nor men alone, but babes with dreamy eyes,
New comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!
We hold the keys of Heaven in our hands,
The gift and heir-loom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
Transfigured on the light that streams along the lands!
Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies
With winged sandals shod,
The angels come and go, the messengers of God!
Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart;
It is the childish heart:
We walk, as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore!
Not Heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope of years!
From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
With childish feet I trod thy temple aisles;
Not knowing tears, I worshiped thee with smiles,
Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!
By day and night, on land and sea and air—
I saw thee everywhere!
A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mist enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content;
The rivers wove their charms;
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame:
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined:
The wants of Beauty other wants create,
Which overflow on others, soon or late:
Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
Her thin, pale cheek forever leaned on thine:
And Music, and her sister Poesy,
In exultation shouting songs divine:
But on thy breast Love lies, immortal child!
Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild:
The more we worship him, the more we grow
Into thy perfect likeness here below:
For here below, as in the apheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty Love!
Not from the world around us do we draw
Thy light within: within the light is born,
The glowing rays of some forgotten morn,
And added canons of eternal law:
The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
The sculptor's statue never saw the day:
Not moulded after shapes of mortal clay,
Whose crowning work still does its spirit wrong:
Hue after hue divinest pictures grow;
Line after line immortal songs arise;
And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes:
And in the master's mind,
Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
That echoes through a ring of echoing caves
Capriciously to sway the listening ocean waves!
The mystery is thine,
For thine the more mysterious human heart:
The Temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
The Oracle of Art!
Earth is thine outer court, and Life a breath:
Why should we fear to die, and leave the Earth?
Not thine alone, the lesser key of Birth,
But all the keys of Death!
And all the worlds, and all that they contain
Of Time and Life and Death are thine alone;
The Universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the throne,
Where thou dost sit the universe to bless,
Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal Loveliness!

DEBORAH SAMPSON.

THE HEROINE OF '76.

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M.



THERE are many incidents recorded in the history of the Revolution, in which acts have been achieved, and courage of the most daring character displayed, by females, which would have done honor to the stronger sex; but in the life and character of the extraordinary woman before us, history is without a parallel.

Like Joan d'Arc, we find an humble girl of seventeen inspired with an ardent patriotism and resolution to stand forth in the defense of her injured country, offering her services in the garb of a *continental soldier*; determined to aid in the struggle for freedom, or to perish a noble sacrifice in the attempt.

Deborah Sampson was born at Plympton, a small village in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the 17th of December, 1760. She was the granddaughter, by the maternal side, of William Bradford, for many years Governor of the Colony of Plymouth.

At the time of the marriage of Deborah Sampson's parents, her father was a respectable farmer; but through losses and misfortune he became so reduced as to be induced to make trial of a seafaring life, and having made one voyage to Europe which proved to be tolerably successful, he started on a second, but, alas! it proved to be his last, the vessel was wrecked, and Mr. Sampson with several others were lost.

The mother of our heroine, by her industry and

economical management, kept her family together as long as she was able after her husband's decease; but sickness and other misfortunes obliged her to give the children into the hands of kind friends who had offered to take charge of them.

Deborah was only five years old when she was adopted into the family of a lady of the name of Fuller, who promised to take charge of her education.

She had not been more than three years in her new home, when, to her great sorrow, she lost her benefactress by the epidemic then raging, the small-pox. Her mother now removed her into the family of Mr. Jeremiah Thomas, of the same town. The lady of Mr. Thomas perceiving in Deborah a great propensity for reading and study, gave her every opportunity to indulge it. She remained in that benevolent family till she attained her sixteenth year, when she was released from her indentures, and became her own mistress. She then engaged herself to work in the family of a farmer one half the time, in payment for her board and lodging, the remainder was spent in school.

In a very few months she was regarded as a prodigy, her proficiency being so rapid.

She was notorious for her frequent interrogatories relative to natural history, especially the cultivation of plants, which became conspicuous in her early years, and which, from the delicate effect it frequently has

on many of the softer passions, induces us to notice it here. This appears to have been the case with her inquiring mind; she has often been heard to express her astonishment when she has found one of her companions most anxiously perusing some novel or romance formed on some love-story. She has often said that her mind was never more effectually impressed with the power, wisdom and beneficence of Deity, than in the contemplation of his works. These traits we may venture to affirm are some of the primeval exertions of those endowments which are so peculiarly characteristic of rectitude and worth, the leading principles of life.

The operation of affairs in the colonies at this time began to wear a gloomy aspect, not only affecting the minds of men, but appearing most sensibly to interest the females. Deborah Sampson never passed a day without inquiring the state of affairs, and seemed to enter into those inquiries with a spirit of indignation and astonishment.

The distressed situation of the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and particularly those of Boston, after the passing of the Port Bill can better be imagined than described. Deborah, though not an eye witness of this distress, was not insensible to it; her mother and sisters were residing there, and she was continually hearing of the unprovoked insults of the inhabitants by the enemy, and the probability of their soon being in a starving condition. These startling relations filled her patriotic soul with an enthusiasm which strengthened and increased with the progression of the war, and fixed in her mind the accomplishment of the object after which she aspired. She had frequent opportunities of viewing the American volunteers as they marched from one post to another; every time added additional stimulus to her determination; and the time had now arrived to carry into execution those plans which had long been maturing in her chivalric mind. During her residence at the farm, her employer had permitted her to keep a few chickens, from which indulgence she had saved her a few dollars.

She now determined with that small sum to purchase some material which she could convert into a suit of male attire; and accordingly procured some fustian, and when secure from observation made it up into clothing suitable for her purpose; as each article was finished she hid it in some secure place till the whole was accomplished.

She then made known to her employer that she was going where she could be better paid for her labor, and, tying her new apparel into a bundle, left the house to enter upon a new and to her a most hazardous enterprise.

On the morning of her departure from the farmhouse, she rose before the sun, and retiring to the shelter of the nearest wood, assumed the garb in which she dared the most dangerous exploits. She took her course toward Taunton, in hopes of meeting with some one who was going directly to headquarters. She reached Taunton soon after six o'clock the same morning, and the first person she unwelcomely met was a near neighbor of her late

employer. This was at first like an electric shock to her, but he passed on and did not recognize her. She proceeded on to Bellingham, knowing there was a recruiting party there, and engaged herself as a continental soldier during the war. The general muster master was doubtless glad to enroll the name of a youth whose looks and mien promised to do honor to the cause in which he was engaged.

She entered her name as Robert Shurtleffe, and became one of a party who were ordered to Worcester, to join the company of Captain Thayer of the Uxbridge regiment, to which she then belonged.

A fair authoress relates an incident which occurred during her stay at Worcester, which will not be considered out of place in this memoir. She says—"The regiment not being ready to depart, and Captain Thayer being much pleased with the appearance of his new recruit, gave him a home in his family. While in the house of Captain Thayer, a young girl, visiting his wife, was much in the society of the young soldier. Coquettish by nature, and perhaps priding herself on the conquest of the blooming recruit, she suffered her growing partiality to be perceived. Robert on his part felt a curiosity to learn by new experience how soon a maiden's fancy might be won; and had no scruples in paying attentions to one so volatile and fond of flirtation, with whom it was not probable the impression would be lasting. This little piece of romance gave some uneasiness to the worthy Mrs. Thayer, who could not help observing that the liking of her fair visitor for Robert was not fully reciprocated. She took an opportunity of remonstrating with the young soldier, and showed what unhappiness might be the consequence of such folly, and how unworthy it was of a brave man to trifle with the feelings of a girl. The caution was taken in good part, and it is not known whether the courtship was continued, though Robert received at parting some tokens of remembrance, which were treasured as relics in after years."

The company being ready they were ordered to West Point, to be detached into their proper companies and regiments. It fell to the lot of Robert to be in Captain Webb's company of light infantry, in Colonel Shepard's regiment, and in General Patterson's brigade. On the second day after their arrival they drew their accoutrements, which were a French fusée, a knapsack, a cartridge-box and thirty cartridges. Her next business was to clean her piece, and to exercise once every morning in the drill, and at four o'clock, P. M., on the grand parade. Her garb was exchanged for an uniform peculiar to the infantry of those times; it consisted of a blue coat, lined with white, and white wings on the shoulders, and cords on the arms and pockets; a white waistcoat, breeches or overalls and stockings, with black straps about the knees; half-boots, a black velvet stock, and a cap, with a variegated cockade on one side, a plume tipped with red on the other, and a white sash about the crown.

The martial apparatus, exclusive of those in marches, were a gun and bayonet, a cartridge-box

with white belts. They did not remain long at West Point before they received orders to join another part of the army then lying at Harlem near New York. As the infantry belonged to the rangers, a great part of their business was scouting; which they followed in places most likely for success.

After remaining at Harlem but a few days, they were ordered to White Plains, where they, in turn, kept the lines, and had a number of small skirmishes; but nothing uncommon occurred in either of those places.

Early in July, Captain Webb's company being on a scout in the morning, and headed by Ensign Town, came up with a party of Dutch cavalry from Gen. Delancy's corps, then in Morrisania. They were armed with carbines and broad-swords. The action commenced on their side. The Americans withstood two fires before they had orders to retaliate. The ground was warmly contested for a considerable time; at length the infantry were obliged to give way till a reinforcement arrived, when the enemy made a hasty retreat. Our fair soldier says she suffered more from the intense heat of the day than from the fear of being killed, although a soldier at her left hand was shot dead, and three others wounded very near her. She escaped with two shots through her coat, and one through her cap.

During their stay at White Plains, Generals Washington and Rochambeau removed their main armies to the southward; and orders were soon received that the part remaining near New York should immediately repair to Williamsburgh, Virginia. They accordingly marched to the city of New York, and embarked in ships to Jamestown, where they landed and marched the short distance to Williamsburgh and joined the main troops. On the next morning after their arrival, General Washington reviewed the armies on parade, when general orders were read to the soldiers; after which General Washington, placing himself immediately in front of the ranks, said—"If the enemy should be tempted to meet our army on its march, the general particularly enjoins the troops to place their principal reliance on the bayonet, that they may prove the vanity of the boast which the British make of their peculiar prowess in deciding battles by that weapon."

After which the American and French commanders each personally addressed their armies.

Our young soldier happened to stand within ten yards of General Washington when he made the above remarks, and in after years she has frequently remarked that, "he spoke with firm articulation and winning gestures; but his aspect and solemn mode of utterance affectingly bespoke the great weight that rested on his mind."

The soldiers were before mostly ignorant of the expedition upon which they were going, but from the information received by the affectionate addresses of their leaders, every countenance, even of many who had discovered a mutinizing spirit, wore an agreeable aspect, and a mutual harmony and reverential acquiescence in the injunctions of their commanders, were reciprocated through the whole.

The phalanx composed the advanced guards, and was commanded by the Marquis Lafayette. Our heroine was one of this company, and by reason of the absence of a non-commissioned officer she was appointed to supply his place. After these preliminaries had been adjusted, they took up their march toward York-Town. They came within two miles of it, about sunset, when Colonel Scammel, the officer of the day, brought word for the armies to halt at that point. The officers and soldiers were strictly enjoined to lie on their arms all night.

Such language (strange to say) seemed perfectly familiar to our fair soldier; it did not even excite in her a terror: although it was a prelude to imminent danger.

Anticipating no greater danger than she had before experienced, although she foreboded a great event, she acquiesced in the mandates of her officers with a calmness that might have surprised an inexperienced soldier.

Next morning after the roll-call, they were reviewed, and went through the quick motions of loading and firing blank cartridges by the exercise of the broad-sword. They formed in close column, displayed to the right and left, and formed again. The grand division then displayed, formed by platoon, and were ordered to march in the best order; which soon brought them in sight of the enemy's works. The next day Colonel Scammel, while reconnoitering, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner, by a party of horse in ambuscade.

York-Town being now strongly invested by the allied armies, they began to form their lines and prepare their works; the French extending from the river above the town to a morass, where they were met by the Americans on the right, and their hard labors began.

For more than a week were they employed throwing up their works, sustaining frequent and heavy cannonading from the besieged.

This came near proving too much for a female not yet twenty years of age; but, being naturally ambitious, she was unwilling to submit, although her hands were in such blisters she could scarcely open or shut them. Many apparently able-bodied men complained of their inability, and were relieved; this, instead of being an example for her to follow, proved only an incentive to her exertions, and she was resolved to persevere as long as nature would sustain her efforts. On the ninth day they completed their intrenchments, when a fierce cannonade and bombardment commenced, which lasted all night without interruption. Next morning the French opened the redoubts and batteries on the left, and a tremendous roar of cannon and mortars continued that day without ceasing.

Our heroine had never before seen the main armies together; but now, brought into view of them, and led on to a general engagement, she describes the ground as actually trembling beneath her from the tremendous firing from both sides, which had been kept up for a day and a night. She describes the night scenes as solemn and sublime to the highest

degree, perpetual sheets of fire and smoke belching as from a volcano, and towering to the skies.

Two bastion redoubts of the enemy having advanced two hundred yards on the left, which checked the progress of our forces, it was proposed to reduce them by storm; and to inspire emulation in the troops, the reduction of one was committed to the Americans and the other to the French.

A select corps was chosen, and the command given to Lafayette, with orders to manage as he thought best. Our heroine was one of those who marched to the assault with unloaded arms, but with fixed bayonets; with unexampled bravery attacking on all sides at once, which, after some resistance, the Americans were complete victors of the redoubts of the enemy. As they were leaving the fort, one of the soldiers clapped our heroine on the shoulder, exclaiming, "*My lad, you are somewhat disfigured behind!*" Not knowing what it meant, she at that moment took no notice of the remark till an opportunity presented, when she found the left skirt of her coat hanging by a string, which must have been the effect of a broad-sword, or a very close shot. Matters now appeared to be coming to a crisis, and nothing less than inevitable ruin, or an entire surrender awaited the British commander; he, however, on the 19th of October, after three weeks' storm, accepted the terms of capitulation.

Our young soldier was within sight, when the British commander presented his sword to the illustrious Washington; and in her relation of the scene has often remarked the magnanimity which Washington displayed through the whole of this trying scene. His country was saved! Thus was the grand pillar of war shattered to its base, and an ample foundation laid for the establishment of peace secured to a free people.

After a long and tedious march to the head of the Elk river, as well as a disagreeable voyage by sea, we find our heroine in her old quarters at West Point. On the arrival of the troops, a colonnade was ordered to be commenced, on which she worked against the most robust and expert soldier till the whole was finished. As soon as she found more leisure, she determined on writing to her mother, for at times she felt unhappy at the distress her long absence, or supposed death, must have caused her. The following is a verbatim copy of the letter now in existence.

May, 1782.

DEAR PARENT,—On the margin of one of those rivers which intersects and winds itself so beautifully majestic through a vast extent of country of the United States, is the present situation of your unworthy but constant and affectionate daughter—I pretend not to justify, or even palliate my clandestine elopement.

In hopes of pacifying your mind, which I am sure must be afflicted beyond measure, I write you this scrawl. I am in a large but well regulated family. My employment is agreeable, although it is somewhat different and more intense than it was at home; but I apprehend it is equally advantageous.

I have become mistress of many useful lessons, though I have many more to learn. Be not troubled, therefore, about my present or future engagements; as I will endeavor to make that prudence my model, for which, I own, I am indebted to those who took the charge of my youth. Heaven grant that a speedy and lasting peace may constitute us a happy and independent nation; that I may once more return to the embraces of a parent whom I love.

Your affectionate daughter,

DEBORAH SAMPTON.

The perusal of the above original letter will prove that Deborah Sampson was not without a mind superior to many she was obliged to make her associates; and that morality and virtue was her talisman under which she was to surmount the greatest difficulties. The business of war at all times is nothing less than devastation, rapine, and murder; and in the war of the Revolution these principles were never better exemplified. Hence the necessity of scouting, which was the common business of infantry, to which our heroine belonged.

A request was made by two sergeants and herself for leave of their captain to retaliate on some refugees and Tories for their outrageous insults to the inhabitants beyond their lines.

He replied—"You three dogs have contrived a plan this night to be killed, and I have no men to lose." He, however, reluctantly consented, and they beat for volunteers. Nearly all the company turned out, but only twenty were permitted to go; near the close of the day they commenced their expedition. They passed a number of guards, and went as far as East Chester undiscovered, where they lay in ambush to watch the motions of those who might be on the plundering business. They quickly discovered that two parties had gone out; and whilst they were contriving how to entrap them, they watched two boys who had been sent for provisions to a private cellar prepared in the wood. One of them informed them that a party had just been at his mother's, and were gone to visit the *Yankees* who were guarding the lines. Concealing from them that they were Americans, they accompanied them to the cellar, or cave, which they found well stored with provisions, such as bacon, butter, cheese, crouts, and jars of honey. They made a delicious repast on the spot, and afterward filled their sacks with as much as they could carry.

Dividing into two parties of ten each, they sent out sentinels, and again ambushed in a place called in Dutch, *Vonhoits*. About four o'clock the following morning they had a sharp skirmish with some Tories, shots were sharply exchanged, but on approaching their enemy sufficiently near, they found horses alone—their riders had fled.

Our heroine mounted an excellent horse, and with her party pursued the enemy to the edge of a swamp; here they begged for quarters, and were let go. They soon came up with another party, about thirty in number, who seemed inclined to give them some trouble. Shots were exchanged for some few minutes, when one of our party was wounded, which

made it necessary to retreat; at this moment the dauntless young soldier felt a severe blow just above her knee, and exclaimed to her comrades that she was wounded, but not of any consequence, but at the same instant she thought she felt something unusually warm trickling down her neck, and putting her hand to the place, found the blood gushing from the left side of her head freely. She said nothing, as she thought it no time to talk of wounds, unless mortal. Her boot, from the incision the ball had made, was filled with blood.

She told one of the sergeants that she was now so wounded she could ride no farther, and begged they would leave her in the woods where they were at that moment; to this her comrades would not listen, but took her before one of them on his horse. A thousand thoughts at once darted through her mind, as she had always thought that she would rather die than that her sex should be disclosed to the army.

They at length, after riding in this painful state for six miles, came to the French encampment, near what was called *Cron Pond*. She says it was to her like being carried to a place of execution. They were conducted by an officer of the guards to an old building, at that time bearing the name of hospital, in which were a number of invalids, whose very looks made her blood chill in her veins. The French surgeon came and prepared to dress her head, she said nothing of the other wound she had received, she requested the favor of more medicine than she needed for her head; and taking an opportunity, with a penknife and a needle, she extracted the ball, using the same precaution which the surgeon had for her head. She remained in this hovel for three weeks, and by strict attention both wounds were perfectly healed, one without the knowledge of any one but herself.

In the spring of 1783 peace began to be the general topic, and was actually announced by Congress. In the month of April, General Patterson selected her for his attendant and aid, as he had previously become acquainted with her heroism and fidelity, and on the 19th of the same month cessation from hostilities was proclaimed, and the honorary badge of distinction, as established by Washington, conferred on the brave soldiers, of which our heroine was one of the recipients. The general became daily more attached to his new attendant, and treated her more as an equal than a subordinate; her martial deportment, blended with the milder graces of her sex and youth, filled him with admiration. General Patterson, with a detachment of 1500 men, was ordered to Philadelphia for the suppression of a mutiny among the American soldiers. Having some affairs of her general to arrange, she did not go till four days after, when she rode in company with four gentlemen through the Jerseys and part of Pennsylvania. In passing through one of the villages in Jersey, at the hotel where they were to remain for the night, there happened to be a ball, the young soldiers were invited to join the party, where the youthful appearance and good manners of our heroine made her the lion of the evening. Little did she

think that her winning manners would that evening make a tender impression on one present, who would subsequently reveal to her the emotions she felt on her account. They were detained at this place two days on account of a duel between Lieut. Stone and Captain Hitchcock, when the latter was killed.

On their arrival in Philadelphia, she found the troops encamped on an eminence about half a mile from the city, where they had been dispatched on account of an epidemic at that time raging there. She had not been here many days before she was selected as one of its victims, and removed to a place called a hospital, provided during the raging of this malady. Death itself could not have presented a more gloomy aspect; and to her it seemed not far distant, as multitudes were daily carried to their last home. She was placed in a room with two young officers of the same line, both of whom soon died, and left her alone to ponder over her wretched situation. Her disease seemed increasing, and at last she became so low, that the attendant, believing she was dead, had summoned the sexton to perform the last office. At this moment one of the nurses coming in wetted her lips with cold water, which once more rallied the small remains of nature, and she gave signs of life. The nurse informed the physician that Robert was still alive; he approached her bed, and putting his hand into her bosom, was surprised to find an inner waistcoat tightly compressing her breasts. Ripping it in haste, he was still more astonished, not only in finding life, but that Robert Shurtliffe was a female in the attire of a soldier. He had her removed immediately into the matron's apartment, and from that time to her recovery, treated her with all the care that art and experience could bestow. The amiable physician had the prudence to conceal this important discovery from every breast but the matron's.

Our heroine slowly recovered and became a welcome guest in many wealthy families, still known only as a continental soldier. We must be permitted to digress for a moment to relate an incident without which this sketch would be bereft of one of its most attractive features. During their stay at the village in Jersey, and attendance at the ball before mentioned, our heroine became acquainted with a young lady from Baltimore, who was on a visit in that place. This lady was the daughter of a gentleman of wealth, and possessed considerable fortune in her own hands. At the ball our fair soldier was her partner in the dance, and it so happened that they met several times during the short stay of the soldiers. At first the young lady attempted to check the impulse as the effect of a giddy passion, but at length suffered it to play about her heart unchided.

She followed the gallant young soldier to Philadelphia, and hearing he was then in the hospital, suffering from the epidemic then fatally raging there, she dispatched a messenger with a basket containing some choice fruit, and the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—Fraught with the feelings of a friend who is, doubtless, beyond your conception, interested

in your health and happiness, I take the liberty to address you with a frankness which nothing but the purest friendship and affection can palliate. Know, then, that the charms I first read in your countenance brought a passion into my bosom, for which I could not account. If it is from the thing called Love, I was before mostly ignorant of it, and strove to stifle the fugitive, though I confess the indulgence was agreeable. But repeated interviews with you kindled into a flame I do not blush to own; and should it meet a generous return, I shall not reproach myself for its indulgence—I have long sought to hear your residence: And how painful is the news I this moment received, that you are sick, if alive, in the hospital.

Your complicated nerves will not admit of writing; but inform the bearer if you are in want of any thing that money can purchase to conduce to your comfort; if you recover, and think proper to inquire my name, I will give you an opportunity; but if death is to terminate your existence, then let your last senses be impressed with the reflection that you die not without one more friend, whose tears will bedew your funeral obsequies. Adieu.

Some have been charmed, others surprised by love from an unsuspected source, but our heroine alone can describe the effect and perturbation such a declaration had on her mind; she humbly returned her gratitude, at the same time saying she was not at that moment in want of any thing with the exception of health.

In the evening she received a basket containing more choice fruit, a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and two guineas; the like favors were very frequently repeated during her illness. But she knew not in whose bosom this flame was glowing, or whose heart contained so much worth.

Her health now being nearly restored, she was at times exceedingly distressed, fearing that a discovery had been made during her sickness.

Every zephyr became an ill-fated omen, and every salutation a mandate to summon her to a retribution for her imposition on the male character. The physician, who had been so tender and kind to her during her severe indisposition, was now waiting a convenient opportunity to divulge to her his suspicion of her sex. He often found her dejected; and as he guessed the cause, introduced lively conversation. He took an opportunity to introduce her to his daughters, who were much pleased at the attentions and gallantry of so handsome a young soldier, little suspecting that their gallant, on the strength of whose arm and sword they had depended, was a female.

After she had prepared to join the troops, the doctor, availing himself of a private conference, asked her if she had any particular confidant in the army? She replied, "Not one!" and trembling, would have disclosed the secret; but seeing her confusion, he waived the conversation. After joining the troops, General Patterson, with two other officers, having occasion to visit Baltimore, took her with them.

On the next day after her arrival, she received a note requesting her company for a few moments at a certain place. Though confident she had before seen the writing, she could not conjecture from whom it came. Prompted by curiosity, she went to the house as directed by the note, and being conducted into an elegant drawing-room, was struck with admiration on finding alone a beautiful young lady of about seventeen years of age. After the usual compliments on both sides, the young lady very frankly but delicately confessed herself the author of the anonymous letter, and rehearsed her sentiments with that unreservedness which evinced the sincerity of her passion, and the elevation of her soul.

This confession was the strongest evidence that the young lady possessed all she had declared; her effusions flowed with that affability, prudence, and dignified grace which might have fired the breast of an anchorite—inanimate nature itself, would have waked into life, and even the superstitious cowed friar might have revoked his vows of celibacy, and have flown to the embraces of an object exhibiting so many charms in her eloquence of love. Deborah remained in this school of philosophy for two days, promising to visit her young friend frequently. General Patterson and his brother officers, having some business with General Washington, proposed making a hasty visit to Mount Vernon, our heroine begged that she might accompany them, in order to give time for reflection on which way to act in this, to her, most trying affair, and next, as she used to say, to take the last look at the illustrious chief whom she so ardently loved. Having returned to Baltimore, she, according to promise, paid a visit to her attached friend, feeling as she thought, sufficient resolution to divest herself of the mask, or try in some way to divert a passion which she feared had too much involved the happiness of one of the choicest of her sex. After thanking her kind friend for her generous esteem, and many evasive apologies—that she was but a stripling soldier, that, had she inclination, indigence would forbid her settling in the world. The innocent girl replied, that sooner than a concession should take place with reluctance, she would forfeit every enjoyment which was only in her power to bestow. But she added, if want of interest was the only obstacle, she was quickly to be possessed of an ample fortune in her own right; and finally intimated her desire that she would not leave her. Touched with such a pathetic union of love and beauty, our fair soldier was thrown off her guard, and her feelings gave vent in a flood of tears. She told the lady she must go to the North to arrange some affairs, and apply for her discharge, and in a few months would return, when, if she could conduce to her happiness, she should be supremely happy. Thus parted two lovers, more *singular*, if not more *constant*, than perhaps ever distinguished the soil of America.

Immediately after their separation, the young lady sent a messenger after our heroine with a present of twenty-five guineas, six linen shirts, and a watch,

which is still in the possession of the descendants of this extraordinary female. The officers, with their attendant, Robert, had arrived in Philadelphia; the following day General Patterson sent for our young soldier to his apartment. He was alone; and calling her to him, thus gracefully addressed her: "Since you have continued nearly three years in the service of your country, always vigilant and faithful, and, in many respects, distinguished yourself from your fellows, I would only ask—does that martial attire which now glitters on your body conceal a female's form?" She was overwhelmed by the interrogatory, and fell on her knees before him; the good man raised her up, and pressing her to his bosom, presented her with a letter, saying, "Here is your discharge, obtained the other day at Mount Vernon from our beloved father, the illustrious Washington; and here is a sum of money to defray your expenses to your family; your unrivaled achievements deserve ample compensation; return to your friends, and assume that garb which you laid aside to aid in the struggles of your country."

The young soldier stood before him suffused in tears, but earnestly requested, as a pledge of her virtue, that strict inquiry should be made of those with whom she had been a messmate.

This was accordingly done, which proved perfectly satisfactory to her officers, who, with the men, were thunderstruck at such information.

Thus ended the military life of Deborah Sampson, the continental soldier of seventy-six.

Her mother being still living, she returned to her home as an asylum from the calumny which necessarily would follow such a singular life, and to assume a course of life which only could be an ornament to her sex. Shortly after her return she commenced teaching school, which continued for four years, when she subsequently married Benjamin Gannett, a respectable farmer of Sharon, Massachusetts, by whom she had three children. She lived to a great age, her husband, who outlived her, obtained a pension during the remainder of his life, by an act of Congress, entitled "An act granting half pay to widows or orphans, where their husbands or fathers served in the war of the Revolution." During the presidency of General Washington, Deborah received a letter, inviting Robert Shurtliffe, otherwise Mrs. Gannett, to visit the metropolis, and during her visit there, Congress passed a bill granting her a pension and certain lands as a bounty for her services in the war of the Revolution as a continental soldier.

No pains have been spared to place these historical facts in their proper light; they have been compiled from Congressional documents, and information from the descendants of the illustrious soldier, therefore they may be considered as authentic.

TO A BEAUTIFUL AUTHORESS.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I LONGED to see thee, gifted one,
For fame, in accents warm,
Had told me of thy loveliness
Of mind and face and form;
But oh, I did not think to meet
Such charms as I have met;
My dreams of thee were very bright,
But thou art brighter yet.

When Plato lay, in infancy,
In slumber's soft eclipse,
'Tis said the gentle honey-bees
Came clustering round his lips;
And thus, as on thy lips we look,
So eloquent and warm,
A thousand sweet and winged thoughts
Around thee seem to swarm.

A spell is in thy dark, bright eyes
The wildest soul to tame,
Dark as the tempest-cloud, and bright
As its quick glance of flame;
And, gazing in their earnest depths,
I see more angels there
Than fancy to a dreaming seer
E'er pictured in the air.

Young Genius his own coronal
Around thy forehead wreathes,
And high thoughts are the atmosphere
In which thy spirit breathes;
Thy soul can read the mysteries
Of cloud and sky and star,
And hear the tones of Eden-spheres
Borne sweetly down from far.

For thee the soul of poetry
The universe pervades,
It glitters in the light, and dwells
All softened in the shades;
The young waves murmur it, the dew
Reflects it from the flower,
The blue skies breathe it, and the air
Thrills with its mystic power.

Press on, bright one, press proudly on
To win the laurel crown,
And set thy living name among
The names of old renown;
Press on, press on, and thy bright fame
Will never, never die,
But, like the ivy, brighter grow
As centuries pass by.

"MEMORY'S PICTURES."

BY ALICE B. WHEAL.

Yet in these ears till hearing dies
Some slow set bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked from human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er
Eternal greetings to the dead,
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu! adieu!" for evermore. *In Memoriam.*

THE manuscript was written in a delicate, trembling hand, and blotted with tears, but he pressed it to his lips, his brow, his heart, before he opened it. Then the pure white ribbon was severed, and he uttered a low cry, half pain, half surprise, as a long tress of glossy dark-brown hair escaped, and fell into his outstretched hand. Ah, how often the dear head from which it had been severed had been laid, in the confidence and purity of a first strong love, near his heart, while his hand smoothed back the waving bands of hair that hid the light of those soft but earnest eyes! And now!—

"They have left me alone, and think I am sleeping"—it commenced—"but my thoughts are with you, Edgar, and I cannot resist the impulse that has impelled me to commune awhile with one who has been the companion of my every thought, sleeping and waking, for many, many years. I have been wondering to-day if you would not like to know some of those thoughts that sweep over me restlessly—if it would not be a pleasure to you, when I am gone, to read all that was in my heart. And yet if I do this I must be truthful, and that may bring you pain instead—but thou knowest—thou knowest that I could wound but to heal.

"It has been a delicious summer-day. In the hot and busy city where you are toiling, with the hope strong in your heart of making to yourself a home over which I am to reign—vain hope—and yet I will not let them take it from you now, for I know it supports you in this last year of toil!—there, you cannot recognize the slumberous calm of such hours as I have passed. The curtains are put back, so that I can look far over hill and mountain. A few light clouds have rested on their summits through the day, and I have watched the deep shadows that have passed over the lovely valleys which they inclose, leaving them all the brighter when the sunshine made them glorious again. Then nearer, the river has been rippling quietly along, and I can fancy the fantastic tracery which the rich foliage casts upon its calm surface. The lawn sends back to me its faint perfume of new-mown grass, a few white roses are still clustering around my window, and the honeysuckle you have helped me to train swings daintily its long tendrils in the breeze that now and then comes so refreshingly to whisper to me of all

these beautiful things. Can you see it, dear one, as I would paint it to you?"

Ay! for his hand was more unsteady than that which had penned those lines!

"Yes, is it not a very beautiful world! and yet there have been moments—may God in his mercy forgive me for them!—when it was all dark and desolate, and I prayed to be taken hence. Should I murmur now when my petition has been heard?"

"I do not. Strange as it may seem to you in the possession of strong health, in the power and vigor of your manhood, with so much of ambitious hope opening before you—I am content to pass away from all this loveliness, for I know that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" the glories that await me in that other home. The bitterness of death has passed. Shall I tell you what it has been to me? The thought of your sorrow when the truth is told you, and you know that I am passing away. But then it has been revealed to me, in the yearning of my anguish, all that will soften the stroke. This is not what I intended to tell you to-night, and now the pen drops from my hand. To-morrow then.

"Again a cloudless day. So calm, and my soul is calm; how merciful is my Great Physician, who has given to me a painless repose of mind and body. This is not what I had imagined of death. I had looked for doubts and struggles and repining!

"Do you wonder that when my thoughts linger on the earth they turn instinctively to you, or that every link in the chain of circumstance that has bound us together is reviewed a hundred times. Let me give you some of the memories that haunt my waking moments.

"It was summer, as now, when we first met. Do you remember it, Edgar? I was so happy, so very happy, that day. Just fifteen, a child in heart and life-knowledge, a woman in deep and overflowing affection. Ah, it was a little thing, a boyish freak of yours, that made me turn to look at you when surrounded by those college friends, your laugh rang out so clearly in the crowded hall. I know that my face was flushed with school-girl triumph, and you glanced up at that moment, and I met your mischievous, kindly eyes fixed on me with a look of inquiry. Your sister told me who you were. She was very proud of you, and entertained

a willing listener with anecdotes of your popularity, your spirit, and your loving heart. It was many hours after that I spoke to you first, but we met as old friends, for we had held long conversations in those stolen glances; how did it chance that you turned from the speaker as surely as my eyes rested upon you? That long day, so crowded with new and happy emotions, drew to a close. The crowd passed gayly from before us. My school-mates, in their pure white dresses and wreaths of wild flowers, how beautiful they were, so young and light-hearted, and full of hope. Then the old hall, with its deep green wreaths, hiding the rude architecture, the sunset streaming in from the tall windows, the low sighing of the pines that had seen more than one generation pass into life's busy scenes, just as light-hearted, just as careless of the future as were we. Here in my home I sometimes listen for the deep chant of those northern pines, that harmonized with the wild, strange moods that even then would enthrall me at eventide. Well! you came at last. You did not know that my heart fluttered beneath that snowy muslin robe—a child's robe, with a simple sash of blue—how well I remember arranging it in the morning, with a feeling of vanity, I am sure it was, that I had never recognized before. It was a day of new emotions!

"But there was more enchantment when the moon came slowly sailing over those giant pines, and flooded the whole earth with a golden radiance, that rarely tempers its cold light. 'The children'—we were called so then, and I never had resented it before, were left to talk with each other, while our grave parents discussed the never-ending subject of modern education, all for our improvement and advantage no doubt, never heeding the rapid advances we were making in their very presence. But we talked gayly and flung random shafts of wit, that had no bitter, poisonous sting to rankle, and then the lights grew softer, and we sang out under the clear arch of heaven. Your deep, deep voice! I hushed my own wild song to hear it. Those were simple ballads, but they had the power of subtlest music then to thrill the heart, and we were all of us very happy, though tears were in my eyes when the melodies died away in the long aisles of that dark wood. So we parted.

"Two years more of school-girl life, and you had chosen your profession. We did not hear of each other. You had quite forgotten me, I thought at least, and I nursed no sickly fancies. But sometimes when the restless yearning for love crept over me—and how little they understood my fitfulness then—I would go far, far into that old forest; and I have lain for hours upon the soft mosses, by the brook that sang through it, and looking up to the soft blue sky—so far beyond—I have wondered if any one would ever understand all my strange thoughts and bear with them. I have shed hot tears upon the white violets and the arbutus that withered their delicate petals—I have clasped my hands nervously, and sobbed and moaned as if some great

sorrow had fallen upon me, and then—do you wonder I love the pines?—the deep anthem which they ever sing to heaven reminded me of your voice, and the sunshine of your smile.

"When did I meet you again? You have not forgotten it, I am sure, coming to the lonely country-house, to pass a week with a shy, half-invalid visitor. It was a dreary morning. There were heavy snow-clouds and a moaning wind, although it should have been spring-time. I heard them say you were expected, and I set down the cup untasted that was raised to my lips. I could not sing with my cousins that morning—there was any thing but melody in the airs I attempted to play for them. Your sister was troubled, for she thought me ill again, and how tenderly she compelled me to go to my room—arranging the pillows with her soft white hands, and talking of you the while. How you would amuse me when you came—that you had so many home accomplishments. Oh, if it was night, for she had not seen you herself in many months. Then she drew the curtains—I remember the light streaming through their crimson warmth, making her so very beautiful. Afterward her voice—for she read a favorite poem—grew lower and lower, and I slept. It must have been many hours—for when I woke it was quite dark in the room, except the fire-light, and I lay in a delicious dreamy state—half waking, half sleeping—until my heart thrilled as to some dear, half remembered melody. It was your voice—so deep—so clear! I drew my breath quickly to listen. You were speaking to Laura, dear Laura, and asking for me—I was sure of that, although I heard no word. Then the library door closed, and she came through the room to me, and bent down and kissed my closed eyes.

"When the lights came, they said I had a feverish flush, and must lie quietly—but I was very strong, and had not felt so well for many a day.

"How kindly you took my hand, and arranged the cushions of the low sofa; you tried to amuse me by recalling our first acquaintance, and spoke as if I were still the child. But you had altered very much. The first glance told me that. The thick, clustering hair about your white temples—the manly figure, the firm, compressed mouth! But your smile was the same—your voice was unaltered, save a richer cadence. It is no effort of memory to recall that evening."

He laid down the manuscript—he had not dreamed before how early and how unwaveringly she had loved him. It was but for a moment, and again he read on, that simple but earnest confession.

"I will not weary you with the minute lights and shades of the beautiful picture which slowly, slowly passes before me. The long strolls, in which we talked of all things that were pure and good, and I learned to know your heart, as I had read the kindness of your smile. The natural spirit of devotion in my soul was fostered by your high, hopeful words; I saw a harmony in the works of our Creator that had never been visible to me before. I felt the duties of life open before me, and by glimpses I saw

the constant aspiring of your nature to benefit the wronged and the oppressed, the ardent desire of doing good to all within your sphere. Many fancies became realities as I saw them mirrored in another soul, and then I felt that you could understand the sealed book of my heart. One by one these seals were unclosed, and the page unrolled before you; and yet you called me 'sister,' and thought of me as a child, I said to myself.

"Then came that day of days, that bright May morning, when, entrusted to your gentle care, I was to see the beautiful lake we had often spoken of, and you had described so eloquently. Let me think of it—dwell upon it—earth's brightest day, as earth is now passing from me. There is the broad blue sky, all storm-clouds have disappeared, the warmth of the sunshine is as beautiful as its brightness. The first green foliage, with its exquisite enameled tinting, brightened the hedgerows; the little village lying before me, as I came up the lane to meet you, with scarcely the sound of the hammer to break the repose of all. The quaint farm-houses—the moss-grown eaves—the cattle lying quietly upon the hillside—the blue smoke curling upward—the low tinkle of far-off bells! You did not see me at first, but stood leaning against the old gate, the fresh wind lifting your heavy hair, your eyes bright with health, and hope, and—love. Yes—love. I knew, I felt it all as you turned to welcome me; as you lifted me tenderly to my seat, and called me 'Maud' for the first time.

'That word which from your lips seemed a caress.'

How quietly we drove along—alone—for the first time in days; alone, with the sunshine, and the soft breeze, and the dewy leaves. Neither of us spoke for miles; not until we reached the clear blue waters of the lake, and saw them rippling and breaking in mimic waves upon the smooth green sward, or further on through their fringe of flags and sedges. Then you know we spoke of our favorite Tennyson, who tells of

Water lapping on the crags,
And the long ripples washing in the weeds.

We noted how strangely harmonious was the poet's thoughts with the words in which he had conveyed it. And then we said 'all this is *too* beautiful.' I looked at the far-off blue hills, and said with you 'too beautiful'—there was an echo there, and it faintly murmured, 'beautiful!' Then more silence save for the low voice of the breeze and the lapping of the gentle waters. Did I, or was it you who recalled those lines that have since been mingled with all my reveries,

There is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

But how fearfully ominous came the preceding thought—

The sunniest things throw sternest shade.

What tempted me to utter that! But we soon forgot it. We were talking of sympathies, you know—and how much there was in thought and principle between us; and then you turned so suddenly, and my

heart beat so fast, while a mist of tears gathered in my eyes as you said,

"And what is the definition of entire sympathy, Maud? How does it chance that I alone have read your heart?"

"Could I answer? No; not when that heart was throbbing, throbbing—and my hand for the first time was clasped in yours. But I prayed, Edgar, in that stillness, prayed so trustfully that we might see life's path plain before us. Then came that long fringe of drooping willows. An hour before I would not have believed that the sunlight could have been brighter; but oh, its glory then, dearest, best! my heart thrills now with the recollection of that gush of light, and love, and hope!

"How changed were all things on our return. I wondered that they did not at once perceive the access of life, both outward and spiritual, that I had gained; my eyes drooped insensibly as I spoke to them, lest they should discover my secret; and how I longed to be alone, where I could recall every word, every tone, every glance of that happy, happy day.

"There is a sunrise picture. You have not forgotten, when we stood on that old battle-ground to watch the first faint rays of dawn, and as the sun came slowly from the dull heaving ocean, its rays flashed over those lowly cottage homes, and you turned to clasp me to your heart and say 'such shall be our dwelling. All that life hath of beauty and purity shall be gathered there; and we will pass in undisturbed serenity to our heavenly home.'

"Again arose that silent, struggling prayer. 'Father, not my will but thine.'

"And you said, 'How calmly you think of these things, Maud.'

"But I smiled a seemingly happy smile. 'Ah yes! though, like that beautiful lake, there are ripples to catch the sunlight!' So we strolled seriously, thoughtfully onward, and that morning's sacrifice was the prayer of our betrothal, uttered by your lips as I knelt beside you, hands enclasped, and eyes upraised to the same heaven, and the same God. Then for the first time your lips touched my brow, a sacred seal to that most solemn rite, so full of awe and tenderness.

"And now I turn from all this beauty and lightness to darker lessons of life, to the heavy cloud that obscured the horizon of so brilliant a future. I felt the change that passed through your mind long before there was any outward token. But I said it is separation that brings me these brooding fancies. I could not read the poets marked by your pencil. I could not sing the songs you loved in the twilight hours; my voice died away in a heavy sob, and I felt crushed and nerveless before the weight of a coming misfortune. At last the restless mind had its too sure effect upon my health; I had been ill again when your fatal letter came. Forgive me that I recall this. Forgive me for all the pain it will bring, mine own love.

"If there had been a reason for the silence which

you asked for in the future, for recalling the vows so solemnly plighted! Oh! if in that dark hour of doubt and mistrust your own frank, generous nature had spoken, then I could have borne all, and been true and patient for that very distant future. I could have shown you that wealth and fame were not what I coveted, I would have gloried in the confidence thus reposed, and in strengthening you for life's struggling toil! But no, only the fiat of separation, which I crushed in wild, hopeless agony.

"I cannot tell you how those midnight hours were passed. I have no distinct recollection save dull throbbing pain of head and heart, but when the faint light of morning came once more, my pillow—my handkerchief, which I had often pressed to my lips to stifle the moans I knew would alarm the household, were dyed with a deep crimson stain, and I had not strength to call for assistance. This you have never known—how could I tell you the dreary void which life became in that one night's sorrow. All day long I concealed from them what had occurred. I would not allow their attendance. I gained strength to close the windows to the light of heaven. I could not bear the splendor which I had ever associated with you. My mind was a chaos of maddening thought; and it was not until the spirit of consolation breathed upon its horror that I could recognize the answer to my prayer. *'Not my will, but thine.'*

"I remember the moment that better thoughts came to me, when, as I heard the chime of the Sabbath bells, I recollected that it was holyday, and these words from our beautiful communion service seemed borne in their tones:

"Hear also what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

"Then, and not till then, did I feel that entire repose in the infinite wisdom and goodness of that friend of friends which gave me strength to forgive your cruel words; to take up the cross of my sorrow, and walk humbly in His footsteps.

"I cannot describe to you the dreary, aimless feeling with which I returned to life. No study could interest me, there was none to encourage and cheer me in my solitary pursuits, for I thought of all that had animated me in the rapid progress of the first few weeks. Oh! it was so hard to accept life, when all hope was dead. But once did I resume the pen that had heretofore been only the medium for the expression of happy thought. Here are the few feeble lines, as nerveless and unsteady as those I am now tracing. They are the truest record of that bitter past; but you see, like all else attempted, they were left unfinished.

There are moments when the spirit
Sinks, too faint for human aid;
When all hopes we may inherit,
Are in dust and ashes laid.
Voices dear to which we hearkened
Into utter silence fall;
And the very sunshine darkened,
Streams more faintly on the wall.

Happy they who then can borrow
Comfort from a higher life,
And from some diviner sorrow
Call a calmness to their strife;
Who can hear a voice from heaven,
Bidding all their anguish flee,
"Since no earthly help is given—
Heavy-laden, lean on me.

Ye who labor, I have loved you
As you toil for other's good;
By their baseness I have proved you,
By ingratitude withstood;
Once for man my tears fell faster,
Reaping scorn for my reward;
Asks disciple more than master,
Or the servant than his Lord?"

"Forgive me if they seem harsh—they have never appeared so to me until now; they have been thrown aside among my papers for months, and are blotted with tears.

"To that night—those crimson stains—I trace the languor that has been slowly wearing my life away. I did not think the effect so serious, and none of those who hover about me now dream amid their tenderness how long, long ago the fatal arrow sped. I tried to be brave and cheerful—tried to be happy in the fulfillment of household duties, though sometimes my very soul sunk within me as the past with all its light and shade forced itself upon me. But never did I forget you in my morning and evening prayer, as I asked Heaven's choicest blessings upon you and yours.

"And now once more to happiness. Ah! how overwhelming the joy of that reconciliation, when I saw that you had but been true to a false principle of duty, and a tenderness that would not suffer me to share the privations and care of a humble lot in life. If I had but learned that, it would have been enough—any thing but the thought that you could be untrue to the nobility and purity of the opinions I had heard you defend a hundred times; that you could lightly cast aside so holy a vow as that of our betrothal. But the exquisite happiness of that perfect reunion! and then, in the ecstasy of that hour, I knew that my wild prayer of death had been answered, and for the sin of that rebellion, I was but permitted to glance toward the promised land!

"I should have told you then, but I shrank from breaking the many fond illusions of your loving heart, ay, even from the acknowledgment to myself that thus I was to see life's close. There was another dark trial, another wild struggle before I could with sincerity utter the prayer of old. I had thought God's will would have conformed to mine!

"But as I have told you, 'the bitterness of death is passed!' the thought of your first grief is the only pang which remains.

"I cannot read over what I have written; if there is any thing which brings you pain, forgive it. It has been the occupation of many an hour of weakness and loneliness. It has been a pleasure to think that your eyes will rest upon it when I am gone. I have been wondering to-night whose lips will console

you for my loss—whose form will be encircled by your arm in days that are to come—and what eyes will look up to yours with fond earnestness when mine are closed and sealed in death. Ah! sometimes think of me, then—sometimes remember the old love, and the sin of my passionate worship! You have never, never known the strength of my devotion! Edgar! will not my voice be sometimes a remembered cadence when she sings to you the dear ballads we have loved, or murmurs the caressing words you have first heard from my lips!

"But this is more than selfish weakness—remember that I bless you wherever your choice may be fixed; tell her to love you as you deserve to be loved—to cherish you as the lost one would have done—to comfort you through all pain and loss; but oh! if life should be all brightness, do not in the intoxica-

tion of success, forget the home to which I am hastening—that life's noblest aim is beyond earthly happiness—that I may yet be your *friend* in eternity, where both shall be welcome to our Father's House!

"I am much weaker to-day. I can scarcely guide my pen. Will you not come before I pass away?

"Do you remember those beautiful lines we have so often read together?

I will look out to his future,
I will bless it till it shine;
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto other eyes than mine;
Sunshine gild them,
Angels shield them,
Whatever eyes terrene,
Thou be sweetest his have seen.

"Death is near me—and not you!—

PRAYER FOR A POET.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Upon a bed of flowery moss,
With moonbeams falling all across,
Moonbeams chilly and faint and dim,
(Sweet eyes I ween do watch for him)
Lie his starry dreams among,
The gentlest poet ever sung.

The wood is thick—'t is late at night,
Yet feareth he no evil sprite,
Nor vexing ghost—such things there be
In many a poet's destiny—
Nay! that wretched fast or prayer
Pained and long hath charmed the air.

Softer than hymenial hymns
The fountains bubbling o'er their rims,
Wash through the vernal reeds, and fill
The hollows, all beside is still,
Save the poet's breathing, low and light—
Watch no more, lady—no more to-night!

Heavy his gold locks are with dew,
Yet by the pansies mixed with rue
Bitter and rough, but now that fell

From his shut hand, he sleepeth well.
He sleepeth well, and his dream is bright
Under the moonbeams chilly and white.

The night is dreary, the boy is fair—
Hath he been mated with despair?
Or crossed in love, that he lies alone
With shadows and moonlight overblown—
Shadows and moonlight chilly and dim,
And do no sweet eyes watch for him?

Nay, rather is his soul instead
With immortal thirst disquieted,
That oft like an echo, wild and faint
He makes to the hills and the groves his plaint,
That oft the light on his forehead gleams
So troubled under its crown of dreams.

Watch no more, lady, no more, I pray,
He is wrapt in a lonely power away!
Sweet boy, so sleeping, might it be
That any prayer I said for thee
Could answer win from the spirit shore,
This were it, "Let him wake no more!"

THE COQUET.

BY DUNCAN MOORE.

I LOVE little Mary to madness
I've told her a hundred times o'er,
From all I have hidden my sadness,
Yet all seem to know I adore.

How is it the world should discover
The secret I closely conceal;
And she alone know not I love her
Though I daily my passion reveal?

CAMPAIGNING STORIES.

NO. II.—THE CAPTIVE RIVALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALBOT AND VERNON," ETC.

PART I.

Now was the noon of night; and all was still,
Save when the sentinel paced on his rounds,
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. SOUTHERY.

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brow
The cold, round moon shines deeply down.
Siege of Corinth.

It was about eleven o'clock at night. The moon, which had been struggling for two hours with wreaths of mist and floating clouds, at last broke through the murky veil, and poured a flood of light over the craggy ridges of the *Sierra Madre* into the valley of *Aguascalientes*. The sky had been threatening rain; and the dark canopy which covered the scene at sunset, had even begun to discharge itself in thin, misty showers. But a strong wind had sprung up from the south, and breaking into fragments the low-lying masses, had carried them over the *sierra*; and now, excepting a black band along the crest of the mountains, which the moon strove in vain to penetrate, the firmament was as clear and as calm as the bosom of a mountain lake.

The plain stretched away toward the south and west, without any visible boundary; and though, a short time before, the shadows of the clouds—cast upon the darkened earth by the yet invisible moon—had ranged themselves in the fantastic forms of a rocky barrier, the rays of the luminary were now no longer intercepted, and the view extended, till the earth and sky met at the indistinct horizon.

And now came faintly out the features of the landscape. But the dead level of the valley was broken up by the illusions of moonlight; the gnarled and stunted bushes grew to giants of the forest, and the clumsy cactus, with its round, unsightly leaves, assumed the shape of "acrobatic pyramids"—a score of heads and shoulders borne up by one small pair of legs. And every head was nodding in the night-wind, while whispering voices crept along the land, as from a host approaching stealthily. Occasionally, as fragments from the cloudy wreaths broke off, and slowly sailed across the moon, fluting shadows chased each other over the plain; and mingling with the moon-rays—visible only on the darkened sides of trees and shrubs—dim flashes of lightning, from the clouds upon the ridge, flickered faintly along the ground—while low and distant thunder rumbled on the ear incessantly. The storm had broken on the plain beyond the mountains, toward the north and east; and its far-off sounds but served to make the silence audible.

But the trees and shrubs were not the only objects silvered by the moonlight.

The plain was bounded on the north and east, as we have said, by the ridges of the *Sierra Madre*. At the point of intersection, a break, or rather a depression, indicated the locality of a rugged "*passo*"—leaving the valley at its extreme north-eastern limit, and leading, by a succession of gentle ascents and slopes, to the plain beyond. To this the eye was guided by a broad road, approaching from the south, and traversing the plain at about equal distances from the two converging ridges. Some ten miles from the pass it crossed a little mountain-stream, whose limpid waters were now glittering in the moonlight; and along the banks of this, on both sides of the road, were pitched at least eight hundred tents! A canvas city, on whose snowy roofs the quiet moonbeams played as gracefully as if no sound or sight of war had ever broken on the desert stillness! But the sun shines and the rain falls "upon the just and the unjust;" and the holy calm of a moonlight night descends as soothingly upon the soldier's tent as on the habitation of "the man of peace!"

It was the column of General Wool, hastening up from *Parras*, upon an urgent summons from General Worth, who was in daily expectation of an attack from a vastly superior force. They had marched all day, from early dawn; and when night, accompanied by a storm, began to approach the earth, had temporarily pitched their tents upon the banks of this little stream. The soldiers were fatigued, as well they might be, for they had marched more than twelve leagues under a broiling sun; and night had scarcely fallen, before each had thrown himself upon his blanket and was buried in dreamless sleep. The camp fires went gradually down, and one by one the candles were extinguished; even the lights of Captain C—, who usually improved the precious hours of night in the gentlemanly game of "Brag," burnt only long enough to light the worthy officer to bed; and by the hour of "Tattoo," silence reigned over the camp, unbroken even by the jingling of silver or the rattling of dice!

They were not *all* asleep, however, for on the four sides of the encampment bright fires were burning; and between them, placed at intervals of fifty or sixty paces, were, slowly marching up and down their posts, long chains of sentinels. Not one uttered a word; and without looking closely, you could have been apprised of their presence only by the grating of their shoes upon the hard, dry soil; for, before the moon came out from behind the clouds, they moved so stealthily that they might easily have been mistaken for the nodding cactus or

the waving palm. But the moonlight brought them out in dim relief against the gloom beyond, and glinted sharply from their polished guns and bayonets; while the lightning, playing silently upon their brazen trappings, imparted hues of blue and purple. A haze, like powdered silver, hung about the tents; and myriads of shining points, like particles of diamond-dust, swayed here and there upon the noiseless breeze; while ever and anon, the fire-flies glanced, like streaks of yellow lightning, through the atmosphere.

There is a glory in Night, unknown to

"The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful Day,"

when she displays her parentage, as the "eldest child of Love," and asserts her mild dominion as the

"Empress of silence and the Queen of sleep!"

Night is beautiful everywhere; but in no clime is her beauty more subduing, her serenity more spotless, than upon the elevated plains of Mexico. And never, even there, was she more glorious than when she threw her mantle over that slumbering host!

Around the guard-fires were assembled weary soldiers, just relieved, or patiently awaiting, each his tour. The night was somewhat chilly—for the month was January—and even after the warmest day in June the air among those mountains is often raw and piercing. The heat of the fire was therefore not ungrateful; and, besides—though comfort do not require it—a cheerful blaze is a pleasant thing. It conduces to good-fellowship; and, of all the virtues, this is most highly prized among the tenants of a camp. The guard were, moreover, forbidden to sleep; for they were in an enemy's country, and might even now be watched by that enemy's scouts. The only resource, in such circumstances, is to gather round the fires, and lighting sundry very old pipes, gossip over the movements of which we know nothing. So the two "reliefs," not then on duty, were puffing at their pipes around the guard-fires, and talking wisely—even critically—about the various orders, countermarches, and mysterious movements, which had consumed the recent weeks.

Around the fire of the rear-guard the discussion was particularly solemn; for there an unwonted number of pipes obscured the air with volumes of the fragrant smoke, and the wisdom of the council was, of course, the more profound. In the grave and discriminating circle, moreover, there were two or three seedy old fellows, who "had seen service;" and one of them—with a glaring red face, and quite a protuberance on the end of his nose—who, as he said with a rather heroic air, "had been in Florida," was listened to by the maiden soldiers round him with the reverence given by youthful braves in an Indian council to some ancient sagamore. One of the young men, indeed, who was noted for his vain and insubordinate spirit, did ask the sage, when he spoke of "Florida," if he had been one of "Gentry's men;" but the man-eating look of the veteran, and the indignant frowns of his horrified companions, caused the rash youth to shrink back abashed at his own temerity.

"Boys," continued the fiery-nosed oracle, patronizingly—when the inconsiderate juvenile had been "put down"—"I was in Florida, as I was saying, and I think I ought to know something of military matters, and such like—ought n't I?"

"Ay—ay! indeed you ought!" they all responded—including the rash but discomfited sceptic—for, like many in civil life, he thought it more prudent to be on the side of the greater number.

"Well, now it's my opinion," he resumed after this satisfactory response—taking the pipe from his mouth at the same time, and blowing a cloud of smoke through a small hole between his lips, producing thus the form of an ostrich plume—"that 'Old Santy'* is a sharp fellow, but Wool is still sharper; and if 'Dot-and-go-one'* comes up this way we'll wool him to his heart's content! Won't we?"

"That we will!—that we will!" said the "boys," with a laugh. "But, corporal, about this forced march?"

"True—true—well—yes," slowly answered the knowing corporal, gaining time to collect his thoughts, and keeping his audience in suspense as long as possible. "Well, it's my opinion that we'll find 'Old Timber-toes'* somewhere about Monterey, and Worth beating him over the head with his own crutch!"

"A loud laugh followed this elegant sally, and the corporal, having established his reputation as a man of humor as well as wisdom, proved the latter quality by not hazarding his triumph; and springing to his feet, he walked toward two young officers who sat somewhat apart.

"Is it time to turn out the 'third relief,' sir?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jerry," answered the taller of the officers, and Jerry returned to the fire.

The officer who replied was a tall, well-built young man—of perhaps six-and-twenty—with dark complexion; a somewhat curly black beard growing over the lower part of his face, and a clear, dark-gray eye. His mouth was partially concealed by his moustaches; but his voice was mellow, round and full. He was commandant of the guard, and wore the shoulder-strap of a first lieutenant in the infantry. His companion was shorter and younger, and, by the paleness of his face and the thinness of his hands, seemed but recently to have issued from the hospital. He wore moustaches and whiskers, like his superior, but they were light and silky. He had blue eyes, and hair almost flaxen; but his features, though quite handsome, were strong and manly; and his figure, though slight, gave token of both strength and activity. Unlike the elder, he had unclasped his sword-belt, and was now running the point of the scabbard thoughtfully up and down a little channel, which he had worked with it in the sand.

They evidently had under discussion some subject interesting to both; though Harding, the elder, manifested only what his young companion thought a

* Familiar names used by the soldiers to designate Santa Anna.

friendly interest in his concerns. The silence continued for some minutes after the interruption by the corporal, and was then broken by Harding:

"Well, Grant," said he, "go on with your narrative. I know all about your being unable to travel, etc., for I took you to the *hacienda* myself—though, unfortunately, I saw nothing of the Señora Margarita."

"You know her name!" exclaimed Grant, in surprise.

"Did you not mention it?" asked Harding, musingly.

"No—I called her only the Señora Eltorena."

"Well, never mind," said Harding, indifferently. Go now and order out the third relief, and then we'll talk further."

Grant proceeded to obey, while Harding rose from the ground and walked apart.

"So, then," he muttered, "she is there, and I did not know it! I was in the very house, and yet was ignorant of her presence! There is some cursed fatality in it!"

He stamped his foot angrily upon the ground, and pacing rapidly along the line, only halted when he was beyond the light of the guard-fire, and was hailed by one of his own sentinels. He then turned, and, walking as swiftly back, reentered himself upon the ground.

"So it is," he murmured bitterly between his teeth, "with every man who wastes his opportunities! Truly said the Arabian, 'Three things come not back—the sped arrow, the past day, and the neglected opportunity.' But—"

We will not pursue his meditations; but, while Grant is marshaling the guard, for the performance of which duty our story must pause, we will state in a few words the events and circumstances which Harding was so bitterly regretting. He had been traveling in Mexico, during the years 1845 and '6; and, having come to the country well provided with letters, he had been received into one of the highest circles in the city. There he had met a young lady—the daughter of a Spanish gentleman by an English wife—and being very impulsive and susceptible, had been captivated by her exquisite beauty and admirable character. Among other places, he was invited to a country-seat of the family, and while there had succeeded in winning the affections of Margarita, and the confidence and approbation of her mother. But the Señor Eltorena was not at home, and, though Margarita had enough of her father's Spanish blood in her veins to have eloped with him at once—though a dread of losing her, and impatience of delay, induced him to make some such proposition—and though it was not decidedly rejected—honor prevailed, and he determined to await the old gentleman's return. This was the "neglected opportunity," which he was so bitterly deploring! For, on his way home, the Señor was thrown from his saddle and killed!—an event which, of course, delayed the projected marriage.

In the meantime hostilities commenced between Mexico and the United States, and Harding found it

necessary to embark rather hastily for New Orleans. He endeavored to persuade Margarita's mother, who had expressed a wish to see the United States, to accompany him with her daughter. But that lady informed him that her plans were now changed, that she designed to take Margarita to England, and that he might consider his "partial engagement" with her at an end! He was too much stunned, when this cool announcement was made, to return a suitable reply; and before he had recovered his self-command, the lady had sailed out of the room, taking her daughter with her.

He lingered in the neighborhood several days, though in imminent peril of a long imprisonment; but Margarita was too closely watched to give him an opportunity to see her, even for a moment. Being unable to delay longer—for the Mexican police were already on his track—he at last took his departure—cursing all womankind in general, and English women in particular. With some difficulty, and by a circuitous route, he reached the States, in time to join a regiment of volunteers, with which we find him marching, nine or ten months afterward.

"And now," he muttered, while his fellow-officer was inspecting the "relief" about to march, "she has, according to his account—and it is very probable—fallen in love with my pale-faced friend, Charley! nursed him until she has become *interested* in him! and *interested* herself until she thinks it quite romantic to love him—damn him!"

But his meditations, which were becoming quite audible, were cut short by "Charley's" return; and as the latter made his appearance, Harding felt a strong inclination to rise and confront him with his drawn sword. He restrained the impulse, however, recollecting that Grant was not to blame for Margarita's perfidy, and having a faint suspicion—which, with most men, is quite as strong a motive to self-control, as any sense of right—that, by giving way to his impulses, he might make a fool of himself! He was well acquainted with the Spanish, moreover, and reflected that, if he wished to quarrel with Grant thereafter, he could easily find a less ridiculous pretext—remembering the Spanish proverb, which he repeated aloud—

"*Si quieres dar palos a su mujer, fídelo al sol a beber.*" "If you wish to quarrel with your wife, bid her bring clear water into the sunshine;" since he, who is in search of a pretext, can find it even in the moths which the sunlight reveals in the clearest water!

"But I'll hear the rest of his story," he said, after a pause.

"What are you talking to yourself about?" asked Grant.

"Nothing—nothing," Harding hastily replied.

"Sit down, and let me hear the sequel of your story."

Grant resumed his seat, and with it, his narrative. But, since he was a little romantic, and, of course, rather diffuse, we will not repeat his words. Let this summary suffice: About fifty miles north of

the point where he and Harding were seated—on the road leading from Monclova to Lake Parras—on the march between these two points, he had been attacked by fever, and soon becoming unable to travel, was left at the first *hacienda* which the column passed. Here he was nursed with great care by two or three women, young and old—and particularly by one Margarita Eltorena, whom he described most enthusiastically, and under whose care he could not choose but recover rapidly. He gained strength—and so also did his gratitude to Margarita—(he never mentioned the *old* women)—and was quite sure, from sundry plausible indications, that his tenderness was reciprocated by the lady. Harding ground his teeth almost to powder, as he related and dwelt upon these “signs of promise;” but Grant was too much absorbed by his pleasant recollections to notice this, and went unsuspectingly on.

One day, about a week after his first walk in the open air, he met Margarita in the garden; and without pause or hesitation threw himself at her feet, and, as he expressed it, “poured out his accumulated gratitude and love!” He had just arrived at this point of his story, and Harding was momentarily expecting to hear a confirmation of her treachery, when the narrative was most inopportunistically interrupted! They had heard a sentinel’s challenge, but were too much absorbed to observe the reply, and now came the warning—the most unpleasant that a guard-officer ever hears:

“Turn out the guard, officer of the day!”

Both young men sprung to their feet, while before the mind of Harding, who was the responsible officer, flitted sundry visions of reprimands and arrests, should any of his men be absent or asleep. Strict discipline had made this duty a very nervous affair, especially among the volunteers; and the consciousness that his interest in Grant’s narrative might have rendered him a little derelict, at once drove from Harding’s mind all anxiety about the proceedings of the pretty Señora Margarita. The guard was, however, mustered in good order, before the formidable officer approached the fire; and Harding was proportionably relieved when he gave the customary order to “carry arms,” to find the full number in the lines.

“Dismiss your guard, captain,” said the officer; and, when the order was obeyed, he continued, “As soon as you hear the *reveillé*, you will call in your sentinels and march to the camp. A rear-guard is provided for to-morrow; and you may, therefore, dismiss the men to their companies and consider yourself relieved.”

“What time do we march?” asked Harding.

“At one o’clock,” replied the officer. “Where is your lieutenant?”

“Here, sir,” answered Grant, stepping forward.

“Take a file of men and come with me,” said the superior; and accompanied as he had directed, he rode slowly away to visit the other guards as the “grand rounds.”

Harding was left alone, pacing thoughtfully, though

still impatiently, to and fro in front of the watch-fire; while his men, satisfied that they would not again be disturbed, spread their blankets upon the ground, and went quietly to sleep. Several of them were snoring most melodiously, even before the sounds of challenge and reply had died away toward the right-flank guard. But for this, the silence would have been as deep as if no human being had breathed the air of all that valley; for there was no other sign of life, save the dusky figures of the sentinels, moving like ghosts in the moonlight, and the thoughtful lieutenant, whose shadow of gigantic proportions was cast far into the darkness, as he passed and re-passed the waning fire.

What were Harding’s thoughts we can only conjecture; but that they were far from pleasant it required no penetration to divine. His brows were knit as if in anger; and there was a certain fiery decision in his irregular pace, which gave his bearing a significance correspondent to the heavy brow. He halted from time to time, and turning his ear toward the north, seemed to be listening attentively, but impatiently. He was, in fact, awaiting with some eagerness the return of his young friend, Grant; for though he had little doubt that Margarita was false, he had a strange desire to hear a full confirmation of his fears.

At length the sounds—“Who comes there?” “Grand rounds,” etc., came floating on the night-wind from the left—very distant at first, and then gradually approaching. The rapidity of his pace increased, and he stopped no more to listen, until he heard Grant’s voice in reply to the hail of the nearest sentinel. He halted then, and was bracing his nerves to hear the remainder of the young man’s story, when his ear caught the first notes of a lonely bugle, faint at first, but swelling on the air until they shaped themselves into the strains of the *reveillé*, and floated in unwelcome charms over the slumbering camp. This ceased, and its mellow music died away on the air; then, the stirring roll of a single drum was heard; and this was followed by another, and another, until the call was echoed back from every regiment. The camp-fires, which had burnt down to dull embers, now began to blaze again; and from the guard, the dusky forms of soldiers could be descried moving listlessly about them, while a hum, as of a gathering crowd, came faint and low upon the breeze. Anon, the sound grew more distinct—new fires were lighted—the forms about them became more numerous—and at the end of ten minutes, the whole host was awake, and the encampment brilliantly illuminated.

Harding at once called in his men, and marching them to the camp, dismissed them to their quarters.

“Harding,” said Grant, as the men dispersed, “you and I have had no sleep to-night, and before the day is over we will feel the want of it; suppose we ride off among the *mesquits*, after the column gets in motion, and lie down till daylight. We can easily overtake them before they halt.”

The elder hesitated at this proposal; but, on reflecting that it would give them an opportunity of

conversing undisturbed about the affair which lay nearest his heart, he dismissed his objections and acceded.

In half an hour the messes were assembled about the fires, unceremoniously disposing of a breakfast, which consisted principally of very strong and very hot coffee. In ten minutes more this was dispatched, and the men were busy rolling up blankets, collecting camp-kettles, and loosening pins, preparatory to "striking tents." The mules and horses were harnessed to the baggage-wagons, mess-chests were packed and closed, cigars and pipes were lighted, and a pause ensued. Suddenly a drum was heard on the extreme right, and the sound was taken up and passed on toward the left by the drummers of each regiment. As the sound ceased, every tent came suddenly to the ground, and, as if destroyed by magic, the canvas city was no more! The baggage was thrown hastily, though artistically, into the wagons—the wagons moved off and ranged themselves in a line upon the road—stacks of arms were broken up—guns were shouldered—companies mustered—rolls called—regiments formed—and another pause ensued; but it was short. Another drum was heard, taken up as before—regiments were wheeled into columns of platoons—the music moved to the front—equestrians mounted their horses—"Forward!" and away they marched to the sound of drum and fife—leaving the camp-fires burning alone in the desert.

A blazing fire, with pleasant faces around it, is a cheerful thing; but in a solitary place, where there is no companionship, it adds a thrill to the loneliness, any thing but agreeable. It is this unnatural stillness—the contrast between what we expect and what we see—that gives a deserted camp such desolate significance. Even in entering a comfortable room, when a bright blaze lights up its gloomy precincts, but around which there are no lively figures to enjoy its cheer, our sensations are chill and comfortless; and the flickering shadows in the darker corners, though the only company we have, are such as we could gladly spare. How much more melancholy, then, must such a scene be in the wilderness, where the scant presence of humanity but adds a darker shade to the gloom of utter loneliness! Where no voice greets us, save the voice of silence; where we can see no face, save such as our fancy conjures from the dying watch-fires!

Harding was not romantic—nor hypochondriac—nor sentimental; but when, after the column had marched away, he rode up to the fire, around which his messmates had so recently been seated, the gloom, inseparable from such a scene, rendered him thoughtful and melancholy. He listened to the slow-receding sounds of martial music, as they rose and fell, now swelling full upon the ear, anon becoming faint and distant, till the fitful breeze no longer bore them to him; and then, raising his head, he gazed abstractedly about him. The fires were burning low again, and the shadows were creeping stealthily and slowly back upon the ground from which the light had driven them. Along the lanes and alleys, between

the shrubs and stunted bushes, broken occasionally by a shapeless cactus, but streaming onward through the vista, light still penetrated; but the rays seemed crumbling into darkness, or receding toward their source; and even while he gazed the circle of its influence was perceptibly diminished.

He turned his face toward the south, and started in surprise. He thought he saw some one moving cautiously from cover to cover. He turned his horse's head that way and galloped to the place; but on gazing in every direction, could discover nothing. Attributing the appearance to the mountain shadows, he rode back to the fire, and the moment afterward was hailed by Grant, who came up from the opposite direction.

"I find the night-air chilly," the latter said; "though, I suppose, if it were not so, I should fall asleep."

"Would not the thought of Margarita keep you awake?" asked Harding, coldly.

"Possibly," the other replied, springing to the ground and approaching the fire; "but it will not keep me warm."

"A man, whose blood has been thinned by illness, makes but a cool lover," said Harding, in a tone which sounded much like a sneer. Grant was too sentimental to laugh at the remark, though he answered gayly enough—

"I suppose you think love an affection of the blood, then; but if I were forty miles beyond that range of mountains, I think I could disprove your theory."

"Could you reach *Piedritas* by traveling that distance?" Harding asked, with some interest.

"Yes—if I knew the passes," Grant replied. "But get down, and I'll finish my story."

Harding complied, and taking the end of his *lariat* in his hand, as his companion had done, he allowed his horse to crop the scanty herbage, while he took a seat by Grant's side on the ground.

"You left off," he said, as he seated himself, "at a very critical point. You had her hand, I believe, and were expecting her to throw herself, sobbing, into your arms!"

"I was not quite so sanguine as that," said Grant, quietly; "though she certainly received what I said favorably. But just as she was about to reply—"

"You were interrupted," suggested Harding.

"Yes. There was a certain Frenchman on a visit to the *hacienda*—indeed, I believe he owns some *ranchos* in the neighborhood—and he, moreover, has some impudent pretensions to Margarita's hand. I had just raised my arm, to anticipate her favorable answer, by placing it about her waist—"

"Humph!" said Harding, with an impatient start.

"When whom should I see, coming along one of the alleys, but this beggarly count!"

"What do they call him—De Marsiac?"

"Yes—how did you know?" demanded Grant, in surprise.

"I knew him in Mexico—What does that mean!" he suddenly exclaimed, interrupting himself, and springing to his feet. His horse, having gradually approached a large cactus, had started wildly away

from it, giving the peculiar snort with which that animal manifests a sudden fright, and now stood, with glaring eye-balls, limbs quivering, and nostrils distended, but a few feet from the fire.

"He has seen a wolf," said Grant; "they are always prowling about a deserted camp."

"'Zack' is not afraid of wolves," said Harding, approaching the steed, and kindly caressing his neck. "It is more probably some prowling Mexican."

"He ought to be less afraid of them," said Grant, "than the wolves; though I believe they are equally dangerous."

"Hold this *lariat*," said Harding. "I'll soon see what it is." And striding rapidly toward the cactus, behind which the object of fear to the horse seemed to be lurking, he drew his sword and sprung around it. But there was nothing to be seen! He walked some distance farther, peering behind the shapeless masses, and endeavoring to penetrate the increasing gloom. But the wind had shifted within an hour, and bringing back a part of the clouds from the mountains, had so obscured the moonlight that he could see but a few yards. He stood still and listened, but could hear nothing. At last, though not satisfied, he returned to the fire and resumed his seat.

"It must have been a wolf," said Grant.

"Perhaps so," answered Harding. "But go on with the story; what did the Count de Marsiac say or do?"

"Nothing—he came within a few paces of us, and then turned down another walk. But Margarita rose and insisted upon returning to the house—"

"Humph!" said Harding again—though this time evidently better pleased than before.

"On the way," continued Grant, without noticing his exclamation, "she told me that her mother had determined to marry her to De Marsiac—that they had been on the point of sailing for England, when the blockade of the Gulf by the Americans delayed their departure; and that the plan had been permanently deranged by advances from the count—so that, instead of going to London, they came to San Luis, and thence to Piedritas. It seems that the count is very wealthy, and is a man of good rank; which, in the eyes of Margarita's mother, are great advantages."

"And probably in the eyes of Margarita herself," said Harding, bitterly. "But his rank is somewhat doubtful; and as for his wealth, I happen to know that the greater part of that has been acquired in a swindling *Monté-saloco*, which he owns in the city, and where he sometimes deals in disguise. I saw Valencia lose two thousand ounces, on one of these occasions, in less than ten minutes—for Marsiac was handling the cards himself. But proceed."

Grant held up his hand to enjoin silence.

"Do you hear no sound?" he whispered.

"No—what was it?"

"I thought I heard the jingling of a sabre on the gravel; but perhaps I was mistaken."

They both turned their ears toward the point in-

dicated, and listened attentively for some moments; but no sound broke the stillness, save the moaning of the wind along the desert, and the champing of their horses, as they quietly cropped the scanty grass.

"Watching and solitude render the imagination very active," said Harding—and Grant resumed.

"Whatever be the real rank or wealth of the count, the Señora Eliorena is determined that her daughter shall share them—though I am sure Margarita would prefer some one quite different."

"Humph!" said Harding once more.

"But," continued his companion, "she is compelled to receive his advances for the present—though unwillingly, I am certain—on account of her mother's sanction. When I get back—which I hope may be soon—I think I can relieve her—"

He was suddenly interrupted. His horse started away from the cactus, snorting wildly with the same fright exhibited by that of Harding's. The latter sprung promptly to his feet, and rushed to the place, with his sword drawn and ready to strike. But he was disappointed again—there was nothing to be seen!

"There must be a snake here," he said; but on bringing a brand from the fire, he could find no such thing.

"This is confounded strange!" he exclaimed.

"Hist!" said Grant. "I heard that sound again!"

"So did I," said Harding, throwing down the brand and beginning to coil up his *lariat*. "Get ready to mount," he continued, in a whisper, "and be as cool as possible; we are surrounded by enemies! When you are ready, give the word and and spring to the saddle, and we'll set off at a gallop toward the south-east. Be careful," he guardedly added; "don't let them perceive that we are about to be off—I see a fellow watching us from behind your palm, and two others over here on the right."

"Let us examine the bushes out this way," he continued aloud; "we may find some explanation of this mystery." And leading his horse slowly past the cactus, he walked off, followed by Grant into the gloom beyond.

"Are you ready?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes."

"Then mount and follow me," he said, placing his foot in the stirrup, and springing to the saddle.

But it was too late! The enemy were already upon them! Harding gathered up his reins, and sinking his spurs into his horse's flanks, breasted him at a stout Mexican, who attempted to seize his bit; at the same moment he struck right and left with his sword, felling two others who approached him on either side. But he had hardly recovered his guard, when a *lasso* was thrown over his head, pinioning both his arms, and he was dragged violently to the ground! Grant had not been able to reach the saddle, and was already secured. A score of *rancheros* sprung from behind the clumps of cactus, or rushed out from among the *mesquite*; and before they could have counted them, our friends found themselves disarmed and securely bound. The leader—a tall, dark man, in a rich *serape*—now came

forward, and spoke to his followers in a low voice. Harding recognized him at the first glance!

"*De Mariæ!*" he exclaimed, in surprise. But the leader turned away, and disappeared in the darkness. The moment afterward, however, he returned mounted, and gave some brief and rapid orders to

his men. The prisoners were hastily placed upon their own horses—two men took the bridle of each—and guided by occasional, but momentarily increasing flashes of lightning, the party set off at a gallop, toward the north.

[*To be continued.*]

ODE TO THE SEA.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

VAIN would it be
To summon from the grave Time's first-born year
Thine age to tell, oh, hoary Sea!
Or vainer still to question thee;
For in thy voice alone I hear
ETERNITY! ETERNITY!
Before ethereal light's first dawn—
Ere earth's primeval day was born—
The evening and the morn—
"God's spirit moved upon the waters' face:"
Had they eternally in darkness rolled—
Filling the universal space,
And unto reigning Night their mysteries told?
Oh, how omnipotent that voice
Which from the land divided thee—
Which said, "Here stayed let thy proud billows be!"
And how did they rejoice
When light from ebon darkness first
In its full glory on them burst!
How did thy caverns, yawning sea,
Reverberate with hoarse astonishment
When breathing life was through them sent—
When fanny tribes there glided gracefully,
Exulting in their native element;
Or spouting monsters first were made,
That all the watery realms as monarchs sway'd!
Stupendous mountains from thy shore upreared—
Majestic rivers were through valleys sent,
And mighty cataracts thundering went
O'er rocks, whose jutting peaks like towers appeared;
Mysterious forests moved unto the wind,
As sway to unseen powers thy waves,
And diurnal as thy secret caves
Were labyrinths under arching boughs entwined:
Ay, all created things were great as "good,"
And yet, on all, save thee,
Was "the BEGINNING" written—while the flood
Spoke audibly its own ETERNITY!

And beautiful were hills and vales,
And lakelets sleeping 'neath the cloudless blue,
And groves stirred gently by the summer gales,
And flower-enameled fields of every hue;
But nothing in the six days' work was made
In wonderment to equal thee—
Thou pre-existent sea!
In which all charms of nature were displayed,
Each reigning in God's chosen time—
The beautiful, the tranquil, the sublime.

Creation now is old—
Ages on ages since its birth,
Like thy successive tides, have rolled,
Sweeping off nations from the earth;
But chronicled on history's page
Is every buried age;

Whilst thou, unchronicled, dost never deign
To keep with time a reckoning, peerless Main!

What are to thee
The millions that have perished in thy flood—
The navies that have dyed thy breast with blood,
Remorseless sea?
The broken hearts that weep upon thy shore
For lost ones, which in vain their tears deplore—
For treasures that thy depths will not restore?
What is the wealth of life, or shining dust,
That venturous man to thee doth trust,
When once in reckless wrath
Thou challengest the winds of heaven?
They to thy monsters' jaws are given,
While on thy trackless waves they leave no path.

Thou, overwhelming Sea!
That unto the bereaved a terror art,
Dost plaintive language speak to me—
Softening my inner heart;
I hear an under-tone—
A low, complaining moan,
From far beneath the surface sent
Between thy bursts of boisterous merriment:
Such music ever on thy shore
The poet's soul may hear—
Tones thought-suggesting lingering in his ear;
Or scenes of beauty, changing evermore,
His sight entrance,
As sunset's glance
Crimsons thy far-stretched surface o'er;
Or as fair Morning's opening eyes
The waters tinge with saffron dyes;
Or Dian's beams across the wave
A pathway of pure silver pave:
And oh, when in their stormy majesty
Thy free, wild billows tower above control,
How the sublimest sense of poetry
O'erpowers the soul!

Thou solemn, ever-sounding Sea!
Still, as I linger at thy side,
I hear that word, ETERNITY,
From every swelling tide:
God only knows thy ancient date—
He keeps the records of thy fate;
And though thou heedest not man's trump of fame,
And with one wave
Canst wash from off the sands of time his name,
And hide from sight his grave;
There is a trumpet that will summon thee
To yield thy hoarded dead, sepulchral Sea!
And when the angel of all time shall stand
"One foot on sea and one on land,"
Thy waves will tremble to their farthest shore
As sounds his oath that "*Time shall be no more.*"
Turin, Italy, March, 1851.

CALLORE.

BY CAROLINE CHERKERO'.

A LADY sat and read :

"Whatever judgment after-thought may pass on my confession, I know that when you read these pages your heart will be with me, and that it will not, in any moment of perusal, really and harshly condemn. If it does, throw the letter at once aside, and give all thought of me to the winds : for if I cannot stand reproachless before the tribunal of your affections, I could *wish* to be nothing to you henceforth.

"You call me to account—you ask an explanation of my past—for you have to decide between me and my accusers, those accusers being your nearest friends : you do right in asking this much, and I will answer as plainly—without attempting the palliation of any circumstance of my life that it may be necessary for you to know.

"If you were with me to-night, Marien, you would not wonder that I set about this sad work with a calmness that might prove to another than you an entire ignorance, on my part, of the issues that will attend it, or result from it. The unutterable beauty of the heaven and earth, as they are glorified now in the clearest and most solemn moonlight, have brought a Thought to me, and a Spirit is near—and I do not tremble when I know that she sees that thought.

"Fifteen years ago I loved as the young love, passionately, yet not ignorantly. Callore was but a child when she was sent to my father to be educated by him. I have never since seen a creature so beautiful as she was then : young as she was, there was an angelic grace in all she said or did, that won sincerest admiration and affection from those with whom she lived. Knowing, as I did, that this grace was the human utterance of her spirit-beauty ; seeing in her, as I did, the gentlest and loveliest of all God's creation, is it a wonder that I learned in our intercourse, boy though I was, to almost adore her ? And it was no childish passion—it was a genuine love, strong and enduring, the richest offering of my heart for her. I told Callore of this before she went away from us. I was just entering on the study of my profession then, and a consciousness, prophetic, of ultimate independence, gave strength and force to my words—but such weight they did not need. When I left my happiness to the decision of that young girl, I knew I was not deferring to the fancy of a child—her answer would be that of a true woman. Callore's heart had awakened—it was all as I hoped—it was her first love—she had no wish to conceal it—it was *my* first, but for you, Marien, my only love—I am proud to declare it !

"During the twelve-month that followed, I visited my betrothed but once. Her home was a long dis-

tance from the village where I lived ; it was not a dangerous or tedious journey, but one that with my small means could not often be afforded. I found Callore's parents in miserable circumstances—in the past months her father had met with repeated losses—his business was closed—he was beggared. They welcomed me with hearty joy to their fire-side—they promised that she should be mine so soon as I was prepared to provide for our support. The blessed impressions of that visit lasted me long ; in after days its very remembrance caused me anguish almost insupportable.

"When I set out on my homeward journey, the grief of parting was annulled by the ambitious fancies that filled my brain—by the brave and new determinations I took with me from her presence. Some verses of mine which had been recently printed had met with attention, and elicited the approbation of critics. The unhopd-for success had encouraged me to continue these efforts quite frequently, and a stray thought of fame and fortune now and then dazzled my brain. When I parted with Callore, I resolved to make more decided efforts in this way—if they proved successful I would then use my pen as a means of support, would abandon the design of living by my distasteful profession. My friend herself had encouraged the plan. Unaware of my authorship, she had read my verses, had spoken to me of them, and repeated sentences of them with an enthusiastic admiration that transported me with joy. It was owing chiefly to her instant and proud appreciation that I began first to think really seriously of authorship.

"In a few months, to me they went winged with light and promise, I had published a volume of my poems. I was never in my life so happy as when I sent a copy of that work, in manuscript, to her. I thought how she would read the pages—how she would linger fondly over those songs which were addressed to her, by words which had a latent meaning, that would meet her eye alone ; how her tears would fall as she closed my work and thought of what a true dedication it was to her ! how she would live, one day at least, in the pages, and in *that* day have no thought but of me !

"While I listened to the congratulations of others I impatiently waited for her acknowledgment : the reward for which I most longed was her praise—one sweet word of approval from her lips was worth all else, more grateful than the encouraging words of critics, than my mother's kiss, than my father's honestly expressed satisfaction. You understand how natural this all was, Marien ! You who know how divine a thing is love—you who know how much more precious is the praise springing from

the warm, loving, and beloved heart, than that awarded even by the clearest intellect.

"I had my reward—my impatient spirit was put at rest full soon. A letter came—but *she* did not write it: her approbation was expressed, but in the words of another. They had wronged and deceived me—they had married Callore! Yes—to a man who could afford to re-establish her father's fallen fortunes, to maintain her in splendor! The blow stunned me: by reason of its very heaviness, I could not at first understand, or conceive, or *realize* it all. I lived as one in a terrific dream, when some undefined horror takes possession of the soul, from which he awakens with an involuntary 'thank God!' I was in a state of frenzy, which, while it admitted the performance of all my usual duties, left me bewildered only to myself. I had no need to question, to disbelieve: positive knowledge left me nothing to hope for—all was before me, from the nothingness that remained after bereavement to the same, the glittering, but worthless fame that was within my grasping. That was a bereavement indeed, one of which I could not in those days, nor ever, until now, speak to another. I could not bring myself to so profane Callore, I could not endure that others should associate her name even with unworthy thoughts. I *knew* that she was tried beyond me—that the wrong inflicted on her was greater than on me.

"Was not this a thought insupportable? that she had been *sacrificed*—that she had been sold? It was too much.

"The only prayer I offered in those days was that she might find consolation, that she at least might be at peace—it was the only desire of my heart. As time passed on and the pressure of the blow was removed, I began to slowly recover from its stunning power—then my sole wish was to look on Callore once more, and learn so from her own lips, what I felt she alone could tell. I had now abandoned my profession: the pride of intellect took full possession of me; for poverty or for riches I cared not at all, I was only determined on becoming a master-mind of the age. Even before aware of my irreparable loss, ambition had begun to greatly strengthen within me—that, as well as love, became a motive and an incentive. The one was a vanity, the other a delusion: what a madman did the two impulses make of me when I knew that Callore was lost to me!

"Three years passed away—then I went to the capital. The determination I had once made of immediately seeking Callore had never been acted on: I had not even once heard of her since that announcement of her marriage was received. But my other resolve was in the meantime carried out. I had established myself among the men of letters.

"It was with much pride that I accepted an invitation which was made me to lecture in the city where the mighty men of the nation were gathered, and I resolved, before I went to —, that from the position I should there occupy, I would speak to those helmsmen truths which were not often uttered

in their hearing. My plan was thwarted, the very day after my arrival in the city I was confined to my room, to my bed, sick and delirious. From that long and dangerous illness I recovered at last, feeble in strength, and doubly wretched: my sickness had been one continued and distressful vision—the sorrows of all the past had fallen upon me anew—I lived them over, I bore them afresh—they were more grievous than at the first, they had lost the novelty, had settled into a dreary consciousness of reality.

"I intended to go quietly from the city as soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, having entirely given up the idea of lecturing. The day previous to that which I had fixed upon for my departure, a friend, who had devoted himself to me during the weeks of my sickness, was with me, persuading me to appear that evening as his guest—the close of the session was drawing near, and he had made preparations in his beautiful home for the great ball of the season; I pleaded every imaginable reason for declining, but he would not admit one, and so I was compelled to comply.

"I was there—and it almost seemed as though that night had been ordained as a triumph-night to me. I say it without vanity, without a wish to impress you, but merely as a simple fact: the compulsory neglect of my public engagement, my severe sickness and narrow escape from death, with prior reasons, made me an object of the peculiar and most kind attentions of lovely women and noble men. It was after midnight, and I was about retiring, at a time when the great proportion of the guests were engaged in the dance: just then my host approached me, accompanied by a lady and gentleman, who had requested an introduction. . . . Shall I go on! That lady was Callore, *my Callore!* and the old man, was it not enough to make one weep, that old man, older far than her own father, was her husband! I could not control my amazement when I gazed upon her face, as the name was announced—my eyes were riveted on hers when I clasped her hands—my voice—it was in her heart when I spoke. We met, but for this recognition, as strangers—not a word that betrayed our communion of the past was spoken as we conversed together, but there was a language that had meaning which none but us could know. Alas! that it was not a dead language to us. Callore looked much older than she really was, but beside him how youthful! and how marvelously beautiful she was! Her sorrow had chosen for itself an expression which none in the wide world save myself could understand—if she had wept much, her eyes had not dimmed with the tears; they were full of an expression I had never seen in them before—but we had never met as now, before—it told me, and that paleness of her cheek told me, as her eyes fixed on me, on *him*, and on the gems that adorned her person, on the magnificent robe she wore, the story of her bondage, of her slavery, and in the bitterness of my spirit I could have cursed them who had so wronged her and me!

"Callore had gone much into the world since her

marriage-day; I could read that in her manner, in the mingling of exquisite grace and womanly dignity, in her entire self-possession during that oasis-moment of our interview. The man, her husband, her *owner*, once expressed a few words relating to the poet before him, meant for compliment—she never strove to echo their sentiment, but, as while he spoke my eyes sought hers, I saw her ineffectual efforts to appear calm and indifferent—she mastered her emotion in a moment, and then was passing away with a gentle inclination of the head at parting. It was all.

"I stood spell-bound, watching her as she went—and I felt well assured that as much of anguish had pierced her heart in that interview as was dwelling then in mine. The miserable past was our present again, and the future, shorn of all glory-hues, was as dark, as hopeless, as our blighted youth had been. I did not after this venture to write to Callore—I sent no message—that undefined thought which was not really hope, but merely expectation, that thought which had kept me free from any engagement of a similar nature with other women—that thought which I knew had soothed her while she wore her heavy gilded chain, was dead to each of us. I say *us*, for I felt and knew it even then, that as it had been with me, so was it with her. We had been in our early youth as twins with one heart, we could read each other through, even in a moment of casual meeting—though we might be enigmas to the world it was not possible that we should be such to each other. Though not a word of our past had been spoken in that interview, it was all intelligible for both of us—our years of separation were unsealed with the first look interchanged.

"We did not, after this, meet again. I went immediately from the city to my own home; I could not risk the trial of seeing her even once more. I felt that would be a trial more than I could bear. With somewhat of courage, after this, I resumed my labors; my ambition had received a new spur—my work should prove a consolation to her as well as to me—I would immortalize our hopeless love. In this labor I was interrupted; I received a letter, the first and the last, from Rufus Calcraft's wife. I enclose it. Marien, if you would have yet other proofs that *you* are now all in all to me—how shall I present it? *Could* I offer proof more conclusive than in laying before you the secret which a broken heart whispered to me?

"'Were it not that sentence of speedy death is passed upon me, I would not dare to write you; I would not do so even in this extremity, could I otherwise depart in peace—in peace, *Walter*! What a sound have those words for me—do I err in saying for *us*? They are like the gush of living waters, and the shade of palm-trees in a desert. That the best happiness of our life has been wrecked, that we have lived for years as once we had not believed we could live for a day; is it not idle in me, a dying woman, to declare it? That night when we met at last, when *he* spoke the flattery which must have been hateful to you, I closed my lips—I *would* have flung myself abjectly before you, but that I had suf-

fered as you had, but that I had been wronged as you. I could not bring myself to say what all the world had said, and so I was silent when my heart was fullest; by right I should have stood beside you. *your own*; and while the world uttered its praises, it would then have been mine to whisper of love. Remember—(I should not bid you remember, you who I know have never forgotten)—think of the days when we were one; think what it must have cost me to have fettered my lips that night; think how I must have schooled myself to have been able to go, and that calmly, from you, knowing that it was forever, *Walter*!

"'There has been one book that I have studied more devoutly in the past than even that priceless volume which has bidden me 'be patient, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh,' that book of your inditing, which reached me on my marriage-day: I laid it in my bosom, I wore it there while my voice was joining in the marriage service, it was there till it had found, every word, a place in my memory—it has been my only treasure, *Walter*.

"'I have been ill since that night when we met; they have told me to-day that I shall not recover, that I have not long to live, and therefore I write, for before I go, I would leave with you a memorial, a word that shall prove to you it was *not* the love of riches—it was *not* the fear of poverty—it was *not* the pride of wealth—it was *not* want of the fondest devotion for you that bound me to another. I scarcely know how all was brought about, I only know that I listened to the desperate prayer of my father, and married. I am thankful in this hour that I never reproached him for the advantage that was taken of paternal authority, that I never have reproached him for it; oh! my beloved, I needed not to reproach one, who, after that tie was consummated until he died, never forgave himself. I work no injustice—I do no wrong to my husband in writing thus to you. He and I have lived in entire peace together—have been faithful and forbearing toward each other. I believe he will sincerely mourn my loss. But I am not *his* in this hour, *Walter*; my duties with him are ended; it is in justice to myself, as well as to you, that I write a farewell to you. Death may call me away this night; I do not shrink from the thought that he may find me speaking thus to you. I am conscious that the spirits of the just are round about me; that the eye of Him who has upheld me in the past weary years in his great mercy, is upon me, and I know it is no sin to write thus to you, and to say, Heaven bless you—when they are the last words I can say to you—I, who should have been *your* Callore.'

"But one wish, one determination resulted from this letter, which I read with the wildest grief; I must see Callore before she dies; I must hear from her lips such words as she would have spoken to me in her last hours, had she been mine. I *must* hear her voice once more. And so I went to the town where Calcraft lived. Four days after the 16th, the date of her letter, I stood in the hotel of —, at nightfall, asking my host of

Rufus Calcraft's lady. He told me that she was dead—that she died on the 17th, and had been buried that very morning of my arrival!

"Again that sudden, strange calmness which had once before left my brain clear in a moment of bitter trial, came over me—it was chilling, like the breeze of autumn. I was free to act and think, and bold to do. I ordered a supper, and partook of it; I rested from my journey, and in an hour, the moon was just rising then, I strolled away to the burial-ground. I had been there before, once, long ago, when I made my first and only visit at her home. Callore went with me to the grave-yard then, and both of us stood long—how well I remember that—before the monument which Calcraft had just then placed at the grave of his wife; and while we stood there, *she* told me the story of the departed woman's life. I was going to Callore's home now; and how can I tell you of my thought as I went? I believe if you had looked into my mind, you would have seen in it settled madness, sober despair—but this lasted only while I walked slowly to the burial-place; when I stood in the grave-yard and looked upon her freshly-sodded grave that was close beside the tomb of Rufus Calcraft's first wife—is it needful that I should tell you how love and grief quickly mastered that calmness? But my tears at last were checked, my sorrow silenced, my grief was awed before a resolute purpose, and I turned away, determined to fulfill it. Late in the night I passed slowly through the town again. There was the brightest moonlight, like this night's, which called back the fresh memory of it. I went by the majestic house where the widower lived—where Callore had lived, where he was sleeping in his decrepid old age, while she, the young and beautiful, was banished away to a dark and silent house. I was glad my Callore could have no more dreams. I went by the church where we had prayed together long ago, when I, unknown and poor, was permitted to regard her as my future wife. The gate stood open, but I needed not to enter—I was going to meet my bride at another altar! I passed on deliberately, but directly, till I entered the grave-yard; in the central portion of this ground stood a weeping willow, whose branches trailed upon the ground—in its shadow was Callore's grave. I had brought with me some tools, and I never hesitated a moment after I reached the place, but at once commenced using them—and I remember that I sang while at work, a song which we had once sung together.

"It must have been as much as two hours that I toiled there before I reached her coffin; I worked with the strength and energy of a maniac, and when I had reached the vault—I cannot tell the rest! I have no recollection of it; but this I know, Callore was living! I had roused her from a slumber that had else been death; I had given a home among the living to her whom the old man gave a grave!

"She sat beside me in the shade of that willow, and I remember that I said, 'your husband buried you, your marriage is annulled—it cannot be resumed—you are mine at last, Callore!' and, as per-

suaded by a perfect and solemn conviction that I spoke the truth, she whispered in reply, 'You have given me life—I give that life to you; for I believe we have a right to unite with one another—it is a providence that you came here.'

"God is my witness, there was no passion in this annulling, this uniting decision, though I knew that the coward heart would shrink from a union so proposed, I felt there was no sin in it; because there was no precedent for such a procedure, was it *therefore* a crime? When she, whose soul was the abode of purity and holiness, could look upon me as she did then, could bless me in the name of our Heavenly Father, and give me her hand in token of submission to my will, do you think that she did it with a consciousness of wrong-doing? Do you believe that I clasped her to my breast, blessing Him whose mercy had restored her to me, with the least of that sense of sin and guilt that would have forbidden my asking His grace to be with us on our future pilgrimage? You, *you*, I know, do not believe it—your heart is not so contracted by mingling with the worldly; you are not so selfish, so cowardly, so weak as to believe it.

"I remember that we went away before the morning came, and sought a distant shelter—that afterward I provided the way and the means for her escape; I remember how we crossed the ocean, and in another land were *lawfully* married.

"A portion of this story is what you have heard before; it is what has expelled me from your presence till I could speak to you of all.

"Oh, Marien! I have yet another memory to unseal. I give it to *you*—it is the last I have kept back from the world. You are now my world, and I love you, or would not give it you.

"I remember a day, the deepest shadow that lies on earth this night looks, as full of light, compared with the darkness of that time—a day when Callore was finally laid breathless, speechless, cold, in a grave dark, and deep, and desolate, as that from which I rescued her. Our wedded life was very brief, but it was beautiful—a twelvemonth of joy that ended in overwhelming woe—for then she departed.

"I came back to my native land. I was greeted among those who loved and honored me once with suspicion; no proof of what was laid to my charge existed; but my sudden departure from my native land, and Callore's vacant grave, awakened suspicion. But it was scarcely defined even in the minds of those who in consequence of it became my bitter enemies. Calcraft was dead, he had cursed me with his dying breath, and I, too, could have cursed the world which had condemned me unheard, if the spirit of my guardian Callore had not been ever near me to save me from the sin.

"I have revealed to you all the mystery, your gentleness has won it from me, when I had thought no human being ever could unseal my past. And another reason has brought me to sue for your love. I have seen in your features such an image of my loved and lost—I have heard in your voice such an echo of her gentle tones—I have read in your noble,

your beautiful spirit, such a response to, nay, such a re-living of the spirit of my Callore, that I am forced to live and to love on, when I had only thought to die, or to live and to hate my kind. My youth has passed forever—my name is a theme for contumely; I have nothing but my love to offer you who are in the glory of your youth, your beauty, and your innocence. As your own guardian angel shall dictate, answer me."

It was a night of tempest—a night of rain and thick darkness, that Marien Leonard wrote her answer; how full was her heart that night of a sorrowing and despairing love. As few women are ever bound was her heart-life in his keeping. His manner, his words, his unhappy fate, that letter even, had more and more attracted her heart toward him, until she made at last to herself that acknowledgment that was full of terror and dismay, she loved him! It was very strange, indeed, how this should happen. There was apparently enough of the beautiful and the good about her young and lovely life to attract and win Marien, how was it that the storm, the darkness, should have charmed her instead?

Yet had she resolved to renounce him—yes, though after this was done, she felt that all would be over with her in this life, and perhaps forever would be over. And to tell him this she was now forcing the tears back to her heart, calming herself to think cold and cruel words—nerving her soul to bid him an eternal adieu.

Singular was it. Even while Marien sat resolutely thinking on this decision, the very inclination to weep passed; the bright glow faded from her young cheek, leaving it like marble, the quivering lips pressed together with the courage of an almost fierce will, the moist eyes gazed steadily forward, as though they would *look down* all things, and so she took up the pen she had at first abandoned in despair—and thus she wrote:

"Walter, I am yours. Your 'confession' (why make us of a word so humiliating?) is before me. I have read it again and again, and I believe with you, most firmly believe, that the tie which ultimately existed between you and the angel Callore was justly assumed. I believe that you were *led* to her

grave, and not that a mere common human grief sent you there. I believe that after you gave her a resurrection from the grave, she was yours; that inasmuch as he had buried her, the husband had thenceforth no claim upon her, she *was* dead to him. She was virtually divorced, and in your mutual love you did right to take counsel of each other, and not of the world, for you were the world to her, and she as much to you. I am proud to receive your love—I am grateful to you for it, and that I can return it; I *was* in doubt, in hesitancy—can you believe it? till my hand took up the pen to write, I was about to say, in God's name go, and let us never meet again. I was nerving myself to this when a voice, a conviction as from her in heaven, came to strengthen me in my belief that our marriage is an honorable, and will be a happy one. At the moment that you will, I am your wife."

Alas! at the moment that he willed she *was* a bride—of death!

If her "strength of passion" slew, or the preventing providence of God led her away from earth when the mad poet would have won young Marien, let the reader judge. Only this I know, that in a distant land there are three graves together—Callore and her twinned-spirit, Marien, and Walter, sleep there side by side. Around *one* of those names, Fame, with a gentle hand and sorrowful tears, has laid a wreath of glory, and its shade falls lovingly on the memory of the women whom he loved.

When, on that night which should have seen his bridal, he waited for her and she came at last; when he saw her droop, and swoon, and die there at the very altar, they said it was with such perfect calmness as might argue his having foreknown all how it would be, that he bore her in his arms away from the astonished and frightened witnesses.

Again he was on the wide ocean, and another bride, dead Marien, was with him. He rested, he stayed not, till he had laid her in a grave beside his Callore; and ere long the hands of strangers had given him a rest, as I have said, with them; they will rise together at the judgment. May they in Paradise forever dwell in peace, for *not* unimpeachable is that harsh sentence which the world dared pass upon them!

ORB OF NIGHT.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

QUEEN of the stars! proud empress of the night!
Great governess o'er earth's unbridled deep!
Whose waters, at thy mandate, banish sleep,
And skyward mount to meet thee with delight!
The poet sings of thee, as smiling o'er
City and meadow, forest, rock, and wild,
Enameling seas with silver and with gold.

Seen from afar, how fair! But when thy shore,
Through astronomic glass, we gazing see,
In fearful grandeur, molten rivers flow,
Red craters, too, in unrelenting glow;
Wreck, waste, and ruin wrought continually—
With borrowed brightness dost thou nightly shine,
But yet, forever parched, no envied lot is thine.

THE THREE MISSES GRIMBALL.

(A FRAGMENT FROM MY CRIMSON PORTFOLIO.)

BY A. J. REQUIER.

If the community of Airydale could, in anywise, be likened to a nosegay, the three Misses Grimball might be easily supplied with appropriate comparisons. The stately Maria would find a perfect similitude in the lofty dahlia, which, without any pretensions to fragrance, rises conspicuous over the rest of the flowers, from the back-ground of the bunch; the lean-looking Ann could not but own her resemblance to the prim little snow-drop, which, propped up on its slender stalk, vain-gloriously gives us a glimpse of itself, behind the royal purple of the first; and the poor, fat Sarah Elizabeth must needs content herself to rank, beside the servile shrubbery, with the large white rose at the bottom of all, which the dahlia scorns, and the snow-drop seems to look down on, and which humbly heightens, by a contrast fatal to itself, the beauty of the whole bouquet. They were the daughters of an ancient citizen of Airydale, whose younger days were said to have given that antithetical promise of respectability in old age, with which kind-hearted nurses have consoled parental disappointment, from a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Be this as it may, his conduct in youth, however irregular, foreshadowed what actually came to pass; and, at sixty-two, a better behaved old gentleman could not have been found in all the surrounding country. It was at this venerable period of his life that I had first the honor to behold him. He wore on his head a high black hat, which time had touched with the hues of autumn, and which was so thoroughly thread-bare, that there was great room left for malicious debate, as to whether, in its palmiest days, it had ever been covered with fur. His nose protruded in the form of a parrot's, being crooked, chin-ward and sharp in its outline, and was, altogether, so uncouth a feature that his brow had long since retreated, in terror, to a covert of crispy gray hair, which grew on the top of his head. Beneath his nose was a queer little mouth, that looked as if some ill-natured fairy had, in one of its youthful attempts to whistle, doomed it to continue in that unnatural situation, and to *pucker* on forever.

A zigzag sweep of outline, a black bombazine coat, a bright yellow vest, and a strip of soiled ribbon for a neck-cloth; small-clothes which were long enough for decency, but, in walking, occasionally betrayed a pair of white woollen stockings; these complete the description of this odd old man, who, if the reader will imagine him, constraining his meager legs into a brisk walk, on a cold November morning, a Dutch pipe, no longer than one's little finger, projected at an angle of forty-five degrees from his lips, uttering volumes of smoke, that every

fresh gust of wind whirled about his head, and then carried off, like streamers, behind, he will have before him an image of the ludicrous, such as frequently broke upon my waking vision in my rambles through the streets of Airydale. Nor were the three Misses Grimball unworthy of so remarkable a sire. Their filial appreciation of his strange peculiarities and the fame they had won for the family, displayed itself in sedulously cultivating those portions of their own characters in which the germ of hereditary eccentricity was supposed to dwell. Maria fell into the singular delusion that all who approached her were smitten with her charms. Ann contracted an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the active Mrs. Gadabout, by which rumors were circulated

"Of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war"

in all the domestic circles of the neighborhood, dashed with births, marriages and deaths, and occasionally mingled with mysterious hints of such terrible importance as the willful omission of the rich Mrs. Cruet to put sugar in her coffee, for three months previous to the recurrence of her annual tour to the waters; the falsity of the statement which the giddy Mrs. Dobson was constantly making, that her youngest was subjected to frequent ablutions, when the fact notoriously was, as all the servants would testify, that the child's face was washed only once in the week; the startling suspicion of a monstrous birth, together with the assurance that, on Friday last, at a still hour of the night, just as the chamber-maid was putting another tallow-candle into the candlestick—for the Chubbys did burn tallow, in private, and it was useless to deny it!—Mr. Chubby had said, in a solemn voice, to his lady, "Angeline, why don't you?" and she had replied to him, "Mr. Chubby, I do." By this means, the village was relieved from the horrors of monotony, and kept in a state of the liveliest excitement. So much so, that, in the few weeks I knew it, a minister of the gospel shook his fist at a justice of the peace; the sabbath-school was disturbed by a loud colloquy between two respectable young females; an action of slander was commenced in the Court of Common Pleas, and an attorney's clerk was carried off, in a green plush-velvet vest, to the lunatic asylum. Even Sarah Elizabeth, meek and lowly as she was, was not altogether devoid of distinguishing traits. Her subordinate position in the family circle, and the lofty airs which her sisters assumed, in their intercourse with her, not to speak of the household drudgery with which she was burdened, like an Eastern dromedary, "from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof," had so

effectually checked her higher aspirations, that she soon devoted herself to the development of those Christian graces which her trials so loudly demanded. This frame of mind, however, while it imparted the fortitude which her lot required, and filled her with pious resignation, rather increased the cares she was called upon to endure. Maria took umbrage at a meekness which so sharply contrasted her arrogant pride; Ann found out that she could not be made a conductor of news; and between the two—Scylla on one side and Charybdis on the other—the poor girl was driven a wreck through her home. Maria cut her short when, at distant intervals, she ventured on the use of her tongue; Ann, too, leered at her, with her crabbed gray eyes, or took occasion to do up a stinging remark; and she felt, day by day, more deeply convinced that her fate was like that of the rug on the door-step, and that she was born to be trampled on. Her lot seemed cast in a similar mould with that of the baron's youngest daughter in the nursery tale. Like her, she was forced to undergo privations; like her, she was denied the pleasures of the parlor, and excluded from companionship with those who should have delighted in doing her affectionate offices; like her, she lived in a lonesome kitchen, and her only apparel was a russet gown, soiled and torn. Nor was there room to hope that the realities of her daily life would be changed for brighter days, by the unexpected interference of a fairy in disguise. That her rags would be suddenly transformed into a luminous garment of pearls and gold; that a pumpkin, from the little back-garden, would, for her sake, at the bidding of magic, become a coach-and-four, fit for royalty to ride in; that two smart footmen, in gay cocked-hat and lace, would start into life from the mice which disturbed her slumbers; and, least of all, that a stray glass slipper would exalt her into a princess.

I cannot better close this inadequate sketch of the three Misses Grimball, than by relating a diverting scene which a waiting-maid, who had been banished their household, took occasion to betray. It is due, however, to Mrs. Gadabout, the bosom-friend of the family, to say that its minuter details and nicer shades of coloring were all introduced by herself; nor can I forbear, in passing, to do that gifted female the justice to declare, how she carried that department of the fine arts, which consists in embellishing the truth, to a perfection I have never seen equaled. Indeed, I have heard it confidently asserted, by those who knew her best, that she was incapable of speaking the simple truth; and every sentence she had uttered, from her childhood upward, was a brilliant little fiction. I am the more disposed to think so, because her intimate acquaintances never believed her; and I once knew a hysterical young lady to be suddenly taken with a paroxysm of tears at a storm which she fancied was raging out of doors, upon her merely remarking it was a sunny day. But the talents of Mrs. Gadabout, however enticing a topic, must not be permitted to seduce me from the Abigail's tale. I will, therefore, proceed to narrate it.

It was in the spring of 1845, that the village of Airydale was suddenly disturbed by the arrival of an extraordinary personage. He came in, 'twixt twilight and dark, perched on a four-wheel wagon, laden with boxes and various drapery, in the midst of which he rose superior to them all. His head was covered with a cap of thick fur, and his body enveloped in a spacious overcoat, which were both united at the chin, so as almost entirely to conceal his person from observation. Indeed, it was said, by those curious persons who most minutely observed him at this time, that nothing could be seen, between the cap and the coat, but a nose, so supernaturally vast in its dimensions as to resemble the handle of a pump. The whole place was in a ferment, while he left the great thoroughfare and approached the inn. Mrs. Gadabout's window-sashes went up in a trice! Snaffle, the lawyer, darted out of his office-window, and flew, with the velocity of a flying-fish, at the strange conveyance. Troops of idle urchins, in rags, followed in the rear of the wagon, peering about it and shouting at times vociferously. It was in this style that the stranger arrived at the inn; where he quickly alighted, and, whispering a word, on the steps, in the ear of the landlord, vanished from the eyes of the crowd. Nothing could be learnt of him. It was in vain that Snaffle took the innkeeper aside by the button, and spoke to him in terms of confidential security. It was in vain that Mrs. Gadabout sent three particular messages to the landlady, in the course of three quarters of an hour; the wife was as close as her husband. In vain that Snaffle, baffled in his first attempts, bribed three of the servants, after supper, with counterfeit coins, to ferret out the stranger's name and occupation. Nothing would avail. Facts could not be ascertained. The village was going mad. What was to be done? It was in this critical conjunction that the fancy of that remarkable people came to the rescue. A rumor began to circulate, at eight o'clock of the night, that the figure in the wagon was not a man, but a tame bear, which a showman, artfully concealed in the bottom of the vehicle, exhibited for a livelihood. At nine, that when the conveyance was turning out of the swamp, in the neighborhood of the village, the bear had grumbled, and shaken his tail; upon which the keeper had whipped the bear—upon which the bear had eaten the keeper—upon which the keeper had died. At ten, that what was mistaken for the nose of a human being, though of extraordinary proportions, was, in fact, a part of the showman's body, which the monster was devouring; and, at eleven, the editor of the Airydale Trumpeter might be seen, with brows knit into an agony of thought, diligently scrawling, by the dim light of a flickering candle, an article headed in conspicuous characters—

"Terrible Catastrophe!—Bloody Encounter between a Man and a Bear—Bear Triumphant—Monster gloating over his prey—Suspicious Wagon—Small Horses—Dark, Awful and Mysterious Tragedy!"

Such were the blood-congealing rumors which

flashed, with the rapidity of the electric wire, through the streets of Airydale; throwing sensitive young ladies into fits of nervous excitement—sending persons of tender years horror-stricken (and supperless!) to bed—and occasioning many ancient dames closer to contract the fire-side group, with timid glances at imaginary bears on the wall, and to discover in the forms displayed by the falling cinders, in the red-hot coals, auguries of deep significance. But of all the tortured spirits which filled the town that night, none was more keenly alive to the torments of uncertainty than Snaffle, the lawyer. He tossed upon his bed restlessly; wearied himself into morbid wakefulness by a thousand explanatory suggestions; saw the fur cap and muffled coat incoherently mingled in evanescent dreams; and, at last, started up wildly, with a loud scream, at six in the morning, from a panoramic vision of the Day of Judgment—fiends with horse-tails—the servants he had swindled running him through with pitchforks, and Mr. Culpepper, his last client, in the act of devouring him, without benefit of clergy. By this time, however, the bubble had burst; the mystery was over. The wild-beast had turned out to be no less a person than Mr. Gideon Gammon, a gentleman with a retreating forehead—thin, white hair—small light-blue eyes, that twinkled maliciously under frontal projections of the size of eggs—a diminutive mouth and chin—a nose like the scroll of a barrister; and the whole face lit up with that very peculiar pink which observation and experience have alike conspired to associate with the use of French brandy. The occupation he exercised was that of a traveling agent for several rail-road companies; and the partially hidden boxes piled on his wagon, whose contents had so much puzzled the brains of the villagers, were full of maps, charts and estimates, of various dimensions, which he used to illustrate the vast advantages these dawning corporations presented to the country. This commonplace solution of so awful a mystery was spread abroad early the next morning; and some malicious people have asserted that the failure of the Trum-peter to make its regular appearance on that day, was owing to the fact that sufficient matter could not be put up, in so short a time, to supply the place of the leader necessarily omitted. In short, I have it on the authority of Mrs. Gadabout—who stoutly denied the fact—that a few of the papers were ignorantly struck off by the pressman, and circulated by one of the newboys, in which the leader alluded to appeared at full length, propped up on innumerable points of ejaculation; which, when Mr. Peachblossom, the editor, discovered, he seized on the small boy in question, with signs of violent emotion, and proceeded to make him acquainted with those delicate sensations which the application of birches is so eminently fitted to inspire. The commotion which had shaken the community on the previous night was no sooner beginning to subside, than another convulsion succeeded to it. This last, however, was of a much less alarming nature. With the disclosure of the name and capacity of the

stranger, it had also been announced that he would be prepared to lecture before the inhabitants of Airydale, on the evening of the same day, at candle-light, in the court-house, when schemes of aggrandizement, such as had never been offered to the speculating public within the memory of man, would be submitted for their consideration. This advertisement, thus made, at once revealed the prospect of a pleasant reunion to the beaux and belles of the town. The stores were besieged during the whole afternoon, by troops of young damsels, whose gay decorations but slightly prefigured the splendor of their intended attire for the night. Servants, with baskets, might be seen tripping in haste through the streets; laundresses groaned under snow-white burdens, which they carried poised on their heads; the school was let out an hour before its time; and every thing indicated that the people of Airydale had pitched on that memorable night, to make an exception to their habits of personal cleanliness, which would shine, a living example, to the rising generation.

The sun had just hid his luminous disk in the west. The warm light which lingered, here and there, on the green foliage, was gradually fading. Shadows were deepening on the fields and woods; and the first stars shone out faintly. Nearly every house in the village was lighted; some below, others above—some on the right wing, some on the left, and others again throughout. Like all the rest, the habitation of the Grimballs was illuminated. It was a tall two-story dwelling, and the light was burning aloft. In the room from which it proceeded, the three Misses Grimball had just commenced a process of soap and silk, designed to incite to hopeless emulation the Grimballs of all future times. The chamber in question was large and spacious. At one extremity was a fire-place; at the other a wooden chest of ponderous proportions, which had recently been thrown open. A meagre pier-table completed the stock of furniture that the apartment contained, on which stood a broken pitcher, and, overlooking which was attached to the wall by crooked nails and other ingenious contrivances, some roughly connected fragments of what had probably once been a mirror, which still maintained a local habitation after having lost its name. Through this room the three young ladies flitted to and fro incessantly, clad in loose white gowns, which made them resemble spirits. Presently the lofty Maria took her place at the glass, and commenced striking her cheeks with a ball of white chalk, in a manner highly creditable to her powers of endurance. Ann followed at her heels, and sought, by peering over her shoulders, to catch a glimpse of her own ravishing form; while Sarah Elizabeth betook herself, as if by instinct, to the huge wooden chest at the other end of the room, and began a revolutionary disturbance of its contents, compared with which the labor of those guilty virgins, whom fabulists report to have been fated to pour water unceasingly through perforated tanks in the ancient Pandemonium, is altogether a charming and rational amusement.

"I'll thank you, Miss Ann," said Maria, turning

impatiently upon her sister, and waving the chalk-ball menacingly aloft, "I'll thank you to stop looking over my shoulders into the glass. Your face is hideous enough to look at without the intervention of art. Besides I do n't wish the mirror (yes, reader, she called it a mirror!) to be smashed to pieces," she added, with a significant sneer.

"Oh, certainly!" said Ann, retreating a few paces, and seeming disposed to grant the request without further ado. "Oh, certainly! I'm chalked enough now. Do n't you think so, Sarah Elizabeth?" she continued, in a tone of much irony, addressing the fat girl absorbed in the chest; "look at me, do; I hope I do n't quite look like a whitened sepulchre."

Maria abruptly abandoned the glass, and came racing toward the speaker, the threatening chalk lifted still higher in the air. "Do you mean to assert, Miss Grimbball," she cried out, "that I look like a whitened sepulchre? I wish to know, Miss, from you, whether you dare to insinuate that I am in any respect, sepulchral?" and she grasped the cosmetic as she spoke with a fervor that almost crushed it to pieces.

"Of course not!" said Ann, leering at her with her crabbed little eyes; "of course not. May I not ask Sarah Elizabeth what I look like, without your getting straight into a passion? Why, Maria, you surprise me—to be sure you do!"

"That's neither here nor there!" said Maria, sullenly, but something appeased, taking the direction of her former station, and plying the chalk anew with unabated vigor. But Ann was not to be thus subdued without some effort of retaliation. This, however, she did in her peculiar way. She never ranted; her voice seldom rose above the tone of ordinary colloquy; but her small, dull eyes had a sidewise glance of timid contempt, which, when joined to a certain quiet malignity of demeanor, stung like a hornet. It was in this manner, she now proposed to attack her formidable sister.

"Dear me!" she said, venturing to approach her after the lapse of a few moments, "why, Maria, you do look well. Yes—y-e-s!" she continued musingly; "a little too pale for Mr. Saddletree—but then who cares for him? not you, I'm sure!"

Maria said nothing; but all the chalk on her face could not conceal the flush of displeasure which quickly passed over it.

"And they *do* say," pursued Ann, delighted at the effect of her words, "they *do* say—lend me the hair-brush, if you please (to Maria)—they *do* say—Sarah Elizabeth! why don't you find the stockings?" (to the fat girl rummaging the clothes-chest despondingly)—

"I wish *mine* directly!" chimed in Maria, with symptoms of a gathering storm.

"They *do* say," finally concluded Ann, "that Mr. Saddletree intends to court Mrs. Cruet's niece."

"That I do n't believe!" cried out Maria, vehemently.

"Well, to be sure it's not very fully ascertained; but then—people do know a thing or two that can't, and isn't to be, and never was denied!"

"Hah!" ejaculated Maria, some people are so smart?"

"Dear me! that's true; they are not to be trusted; such scandal-mongers!" said Ann, sympathetically; "yet—what a body knows a body knows, and a wise head keeps a silent tongue;" and with these oracular words, she uttered a laugh that came from the bottom of her mean little heart, and which fell like a blight on the pride of Maria. The latter could no longer contain herself, and sharply turned on poor Sarah Elizabeth, as an outlet for her overflowing soul. "Stockings, Miss Grimbball!" she cried out in a paroxysm of anger, "stockings! I have said to you twice—stockings! but, mark me, Miss, the spirit of the angel is not to be pushed too far, and I now tell you, for the first and last time—pink-saucer!"

The victim of household wrath, thus violently invoked, turned a piteous look toward the ceiling, and then went on contending with the clothes. It was curious to note the revolutions which every fresh movement of her arms created in the chest. Gloves, tarnished and worn, of every variety of hue, came mingled with linen, and slippers, and lace; pieces of carpeting and scraps for quilts; ribbons faded and worn, plumes shorn of their glory, and shawls, ready to fall, like the mantle of the prophet, on the maid in the regions below; rosettes for the neck, pomatum, in sticks, for the hair, cologne water, tooth-brushes, and a host of other elegant commodities, promiscuously huddled together, which might justly be regarded as falling under the same head with those indefinite attractions of the play-house and concert-room, condemned, without a hearing, by common consent, and from time immemorial, as "too tedious to mention."

Ann became fearful that she had gone too far. It was her aim to exasperate Maria by well-timed infusions of suspicion against the fidelity of her lovers, without, however, pursuing these provocations to that dangerous point, which would involve her in an rupture with her sister. She accordingly joined her on that common ground, where they never failed to agree, and began forthwith to abuse Sarah Elizabeth.

"Just one hour looking out a pair of cotton stockings! on my word—gracious me! that's too bad. The girl is demented—mad as a march hare! Maria, your pink-saucer will never be found!"

"But I say it shall!" shouted Maria, exploding again. "I have sworn it in my wrath, Miss Grimbball," she continued, "sworn it! and the pink-saucer must be found."

Down went Sarah Elizabeth deeper into the chest, and up rolled the clothes, right and left, above her.

"That was such a pretty serenade Mr. Flip gave you the other night, Maria," continued Ann, after an interval of apparent calm on the part of her sister.

"It did put me out with the man, though," she proceeded, cautiously and maliciously, "to hear that just after leaving our door, and singing that beautiful song about "Lovely Maria," and the birds and flowers, which was all plainly meant for you, he should have gone to that artful little piece, Kitty

McCrea, and done the very same things over again. I suppose you have heard it all, though, it's so common!"

"No, I never have heard any such thing, Miss Grimball," said Maria, in a decided and angry tone. "Cornelius Flip's intentions, at least, are not to be mistaken," she added, with a triumphant wave of the hair-brush.

"Well, I'm sure that was my notion until the other day," retorted Ann.

"And I beg leave to inquire," asked Maria, her eyes indignantly flashing upon her sister, "why it is n't your notion now?"

"Oh, nothing," muttered Ann, turning away from the speaker; "but there's no accounting for taste; and, for my part, after that I'll never trust any man again. Goodness me!" she ejaculated, approaching the poor girl at the chest, "to think that Sarah Elizabeth has actually torn your fancy frill!"

This exclamation had scarcely escaped her lips ere Maria was beside her more unfortunate sister. She had reached the wooden chest with one bound, and stood revealed to her eyes in all the majesty of her fiercest mood, with her fists clenched together, and so obtruded into the latter gentlewoman's face that it seemed as if their owner were desirous of favoring her with the most propitious opportunity of determining their peculiar odor. Nor was this an unmeaning symbol, as her words immediately disclosed.

"Smell them, you wretch!" she screamed out, at the top of her voice; "smell them, Miss Grimball! if it was to be the death of me, I'd tell you, smell these dumplings! I said to you, stockings—I said to you, pink-saucer," she continued, elevating her voice till the building rung again, "and I now solemnly say to you—frill! frill, Miss Grimball—frill, for your life!"

"Maria," interposed Ann, with affected mildness.

"How dare you speak to me!" interrupted Maria, turning upon her with the ferocity of a goaded lioness. "How dare you speak to me, Miss! You think I care for Mr. Saddletree?—do you—do you, though?" Here a slight chuckle might have been heard, as if from below-stairs, the door of the chamber being ajar; "and you think I care for that foolish fellow, Flip? oh, do you—do you, though?" here followed another chuckle, apparently from the same quarter, and a little louder than the first. "But I'll tell you, Miss," she continued, more excited than ever, "that all the Saddletrees and the Flips in the land were not born to be the happy possessors of charms like these!"

Here a loud laugh, which seemed to have broke through all the restraints of polite suppression, resounded from below, succeeded by a shuffling of feet and the sudden closing of the door which opened upon the public road.

In a moment, as if by the influence of magic, the most perfect silence reigned throughout the apartment. Sarah Elizabeth had fallen into the chest; Maria was hid under a heap of bed-clothes, which the former had thrown out and victoriously trampled

in her combat with that capricious repository; while Ann, with her crabbed little eyes, twinkling more maliciously than ever, was doubled up, near a corner of the room, in a posture which, for its artificial contraction of the limbs into the smallest possible space, would have done honor to any gymnastic performer of the country.

How the scene terminated we have never been told; but, by dint of diligent research, we have succeeded in ascertaining that the laughter below-stairs proceeded from the two gentlemen whose names bore so conspicuous a part in the angry contentions of the sisters, and who had called with a view to gallant them to the lecture. The discarded waiting-maid delights to describe how, immediately after the occurrence related, the three Misses Grimball suddenly slunk from public observation, and how, for the space of three months at least, their intimate acquaintances were deeply apprehensive that "the places which knew them would know them no more forever." But, after the lapse of time mentioned, these gloomy apprehensions were entirely removed. Again the stately Maria flitted, in all the splendor of shot-silk gown and gairish parasol, through the streets of Airydale; again succeeded Ann, a step or two behind her sister, as of yore, peering about her queenly neck with her small beady eyes, like the cut of the squirrel and his hickory-bole, in the primitive pages of the Primer; and again, poor Sarah Elizabeth sat dejected and forlorn, in the lonesome kitchen, near the little back-garden, and bore with saintly forbearance, the arrogant pretensions and despotic sovereignty of her sisters. I have, however, been recently apprised by one of those well and generally informed persons, for which all villagers are so much renowned, and who has somehow contrived to establish relations of correspondence with myself, that the unfortunate young lady in question has at length been rewarded for all her trials with a good husband. The postscript of the epistle in which this news is set down, and which is written by no less a person than Mr. Snaffle, the lawyer, is so characteristic, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing it. It is stated in these words:

"P. S. Squire Greenbottle's old gray mare is no more; some say of old age, others for lack of food. It is useless to say that I incline to the latter opinion. It is now positively ascertained that Mrs. Gadabout did circulate the slanders which she infamously ascribed to me, while you were in the village. Sarah Elizabeth Grimball is married to a good-natured sort of man, possessed of a small plantation and some fat poultry. I am compelled to tear myself away from you, no less than *three strange vehicles* having just come into the town. I have observed them from my office window. Ah! there goes another! What can it all mean? I must be at the bottom of this *at once*.

"Yours in great haste,

"Individually and professionally,

"SAMUEL SNAFFLE."

I will only remark, that the device impressed upon

the seal of this letter, and which appears in large on its back, is a crane-like bird, whose lengthy beak has, with more curiosity than cunning, been forced into a tall, thin jug, from which it seems impracticable to withdraw it with safety. In the hope that

my friend, Mr. Saffle, will profit by his own coat-of-arms; and that he may never be so unfortunate as to illustrate, in his personal experience, the fable it so happily expresses, I bid the three Misses Grinball and my amiable readers, Adieu.

THE FORESHADOWING.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[The following narrative, affecting as it is in its incidents, only adds another to the frequent proofs, that "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." It was related to the writer by an Irish domestic, who resided, at the time of its occurrence, very near the scene of the catastrophe. She related it with all the warmth and enthusiasm which characterize her nation, dwelling much upon the beauty of the sweet young creature who was the heroine of her story, and upon the benevolence which was her peculiar characteristic, and which made her almost idolized in the cottages of the peasantry, as she was beloved in the homes of the great. The earnestness of the narrator bore with it a conviction of her truth; and at the close of the tale she added—in her simplicity, and in her belief that the boundaries of her own green isle were those of the universe—that she "thought *all the world* had heard it." The event transpired in one of the western counties of Ireland, and the main incidents are given as they occurred, with an alteration of names merely, and with the addition of some little embellishment, in order to throw it into a form suitable for the pages of a magazine.]

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a cloud on the brow of Sir James Dillingcourt, as he descended to his library at an earlier hour than usual; and his abstracted look and heavy tread betokened a more than ordinary degree of mental excitement. The expression of his countenance was not that of anger; rather it might be imagined that some heavy calamity had fallen upon or was impending over him. The servants looked at one another in dismay as he passed silently through the hall; and none dared to intrude upon an abstraction so deep, so gloomy withal in its aspect, as to impress one with a degree of awe, and almost of fear. The door of the library closed heavily after him, and he paced the room for many minutes with a rapid stride and with his arms folded upon his breast.

"It is folly," he at length said, "to allow myself to be thus moved. The most superstitious could hardly yield himself more entirely to the vagaries of an idle fancy. It was but a dream; and why can I not persuade myself that it was so, and not be unmanned as I am."

Unconsciously he continued to pace the floor, and at length threw himself into a chair and abstractedly seized a volume which lay near him. His eye rested upon the words, but an hour had flown by and not a page had been turned, while every faculty seemed absorbed by some ever-present thought. In despair, he threw the book from him, and at the same moment the door was softly opened by his daughter Bertha—a sweet girl of seventeen—attired for a morning walk. As his glance fell upon her, his brow contracted, as if a thrill of agony had passed through his frame, and with a half-suppressed groan, he clasped his hands over his eyes, as if the sight of his child had brought some vision of horror before him.

"Father! dear father, are you ill?" exclaimed Bertha, throwing her arms about his neck in sudden alarm. "Why have you risen so early, and what is the cause of this unusual emotion? You are pale too; pray tell me, father, has any thing occurred to distress you?"

"Nothing—nothing, my daughter. A sleepless night and feverish dreams have made me restless, so that I have risen somewhat earlier than usual." He attempted to smile, as he kissed her cheek, and with a manner which forbade further inquiries, added—"but, my daughter, what calls you out at this early hour? The dew hangs yet heavy on the grass, and the morning air is too damp for you, my child."

"Never fear for me, father; my walk will not be long; I am going only to visit poor Mary Lee. She has been sinking more rapidly for the last few days, and yesterday she sent her little brother, to ask me to come to her early to-day, for she had something to impart to me, and wished to see me alone."

"Ever bent on errands of mercy, my sweet child! God bless you! for you are a blessing to us all." There was an unwonted fervor in his manner as he drew her toward him and kissed her brow, as if some fearful apprehension had taken possession of him, which rendered her dearer than ever to his heart. She started and gazed wonderingly into his face, while a tear dimmed her clear blue eye, and she said tremulously—

"I wish my dear father would tell me what has happened to disturb him."

"Nothing, my precious child. Now go, but do not let poor Mary's secret detain you beyond the breakfast hour, for our guests will miss your sunny face." Again he tried to smile, but the effort only threw a deeper shadow on poor Bertha's brow, and she went forth with a heart less light than that with which she had entered.

It was not long before her mother, with a hurried step and perturbed manner, entered the library. "I have come to you," she said, "in compliance with Bertha's request; she tells me that you are disturbed; pray tell me the cause, James, and let me share it, whatever it may be." She drew her chair beside him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"She is right," he replied, "believe me, Mary, some horrible wo is impending over us. God alone knows what it may be, but that some heavy, some bitter calamity hangs, like a sword suspended by a single hair, above our heads, I feel as surely as if it were all revealed before me now. You may call it folly, superstition, what you will; and I have tried hard to think it so, but the awful conviction is ever present to me. It has been revealed to me in a dream, every circumstance of which has passed away from me; but the impression left upon my mind is of a vague, an undefined, a shadowy vision of horror. So intense was the agony it awakened, that I sprung from my bed, and when I awoke I was standing in the centre of the room, with the perspiration starting from every pore, my hands clenched in my hair, and as my eye fell on the mirror near me, it gave back to my gaze such a picture of frantic horror as I trust never again to look upon. My hair stood upright upon my head; my face was livid and ghastly, and my eyes almost starting from their sockets. You slept profoundly, and I would not disturb you. Strange as it may seem to you, I cannot recall one feature of that awful dream; but when, restless and wretched—for I could not throw off its dreadful influence—I descended to the library, in the vain endeavor to banish it from my remembrance, suddenly our darling child entered, and in a moment some mysterious influence seemed to cluster about her, and to connect her with all the horrible agony of that haunting vision. Gracious Heaven! what is the awful doom that awaits my child!"

"My dear husband, surely this is unlike yourself, to be so moved by a mere dream. Horrible as it was, reflect for a moment that it was *only a dream*. Come, come, free your mind from this impression, it is mere weakness. Sir Charles expects you to join the fox-hunt to-day, and in the excitement of the chase you will forget these gloomy forebodings."

"It is in vain, Mary; I cannot join our guests in the sport to-day. At breakfast I will do my best to be cheerful; but this day I must pass alone. Above all, do not let our child suspect what I have told you."

A belief in revelations to us by dreams, visions, or premonitions of coming events, although regarded as an indication of mental weakness and superstition, is more prevalent than most of us are willing to confess; and few among us are proof against the impressions which are sometimes made upon our minds by such occurrences. And why, let us ask, should it be deemed a weakness? In the olden time, when the patriarch's dreams excited the bitter jealousy of his brethren; and again, when the "Mene—mene—Tekel—Upharsin" appeared on the

palace wall of the Babylonian monarch; and, later still, when in the Isle of Patmos were opened the great seals to the spiritual eye of the inspired Evangelist, it pleased the Almighty so to reveal the events that were to come. And why may we not suppose that, as a warning, or a preparation for that which may befall us, He is still pleased, at times, to make such revelations to his children in the visions of the night? For ourselves, we see no weakness and no folly in the belief that the ministering angels who "watch and duly ward" are sometimes sent to us, on their errands of mercy, in the hours of slumber; and oh, if they be those who have loved us here, is there not satisfaction and unspeakable happiness in the thought?

CHAPTER II.

Meantime, Bertha went forth on her errand of love to the dying girl, and the freshness of the morning air, the song of the birds, and more than all, the elasticity of her own joyous spirit, soon restored to her the happiness which was for a moment clouded. Lightly she went on, scarcely brushing the dew from the bending grass, and occasionally stopping to caress her pet lap-dog which was the companion of all her rambles.

"Why, Bessie, you are more frolicsome than ever, this morning," she said, as she stooped and patted the shaggy head of her favorite; but Bessie bounded from her, rushed wildly over the smooth grass of the extensive lawn, and the next moment, with her snow-white hair all damp with the dew, she returned and sprang, panting and leaping about her young mistress, as if beside herself with joy, and beseeching her to join in her frolic.

"Bessie, Bessie!" exclaimed Bertha, as she caught at her dress and her hand, in her hilarity, "this is boisterous mirth, indeed;" and as she attempted to take her in her arms, she sprang again from her and bounded away into a grove of beeches at some distance. By this time she had arrived at her destination, and as she knocked at the door of the cottage which was the home of poor Mary Lee, a shade of sadness fell upon her sun-bright countenance. The sick girl was lying, feeble and languid, upon her little bed; she had evidently been long awake, and awaiting with anxiety the coming of the gentle girl, whose sympathy had helped to sustain her in her protracted sufferings.

"I am sorry, Mary, to learn that you are worse," she said, as she advanced toward her; "and I am afraid that this is too great an effort for you. You have had a sleepless night I see."

The sufferer turned with a grateful smile to greet her visitor. Yes, she had suffered much in body; but there was a weight upon her mind, of which she wished to relieve herself, and she was thankful to her, that she had come at her request. Bertha seated herself beside the low bed of the invalid, and took her thin hand in hers.

"Your hand is wounded, Miss," said Mary, as she observed a stain upon it. "You have scratched

it perhaps, in gathering those beautiful roses; for beautiful as they are, they will have their thorns."

No, Bertha replied, she had brought them for her from home; but Bessie was this morning in one of her occasional frolics, and was rather more hilarious than usual. She remembered that her sharp tooth had touched her hand, but had not thought of it afterward. She wiped off the blood, said it was but a slight scratch, and then encouraged the sick girl to speak of her troubles. It was the last favor, poor Mary said, that she should have to ask of her, for her hours were waning fast; and then, as a faint blush overspread her wan cheek, she confessed that she had one strong tie to life, which she had prayed for strength to sever. She had a friend who was very dear to her, and whose lot she was to have shared, had it pleased Heaven to spare her longer. He had been unfortunate, and was without employment now, would she but use her influence with her father to obtain for him a situation on his estate? That would make her happy, and she could lie down to her last rest in peace, for all other cares had ceased. She had learned the lesson of submission during the long and weary hours of her illness; which were hard to bear at first, till she had been taught where to look for strength. Now her spirit was at peace. William, she was sure, would, for her sake, watch over the last years of her father and mother, and would be as a son to them; and if Miss Bertha could aid her in the fulfillment of her last wishes, she should carry down to the grave her memory, with a gratitude which words could not express. Her request was received as she had expected, and Bertha promised her best endeavors in her behalf.

Weak and exhausted as she was, the poor girl drew toward her the soft white hand which had so often been laid soothingly upon her brow in her hours of suffering, and pressed it fervently to her lips.

"May God reward you," she said, "for you have been as one of His good angels to me, coming from your home to watch over me in my illness, and always bringing sunshine into my little room. To the last hour of my life, I will pray God to bless you."

Bertha remained for some time at her bed-side, and read to her from the sacred pages, which were her ever-increasing solace, until her mother returned from her morning's occupations, when she took her leave and hastened home, wondering all the while where Bessie could have gone in her frolicsome mood, and looking for her as she went. But Bessie did not return that day, or the next; and search was every where made for her in vain. Some mischievous person, it was feared, had destroyed the shaggy favorite, who was deeply lamented by its mistress.

The days and even the weeks passed on, and no tidings came of Bessie; meantime, Bertha obtained for poor Mary Lee, the boon which she so earnestly coveted, and received in return her tearful thanks for this new proof of her kindness toward her humble friend.

The guests at the hall were full of mirth and hilarity, and the days passed away in rambles on foot, and rides and drives through all the finest scenery which that portion of the country afforded. Sir James joined them occasionally, and their merriment sometimes elicited a gay sally from himself; but it was observed by all that his natural and hitherto uniform gayety was gone, and that he kept a more than usually careful and almost apprehensive watch over the safety of his child; ever hovering near her, as if to guard her from some impending danger. Something which they could not account for, and about which they dared not inquire, seemed to weigh heavily upon his spirits.

The third week had passed away since Bessie's disappearance, and as the twilight of a lovely day was closing in, Bertha stole away from the friends, who had learned to love her deeply, and hurried to the bed-side of the sick girl, who still lingered, though still declining, and whose face ever brightened at her approach. Her visit was somewhat shorter than usual, in consequence of the lateness of the hour; but, promising poor Mary to see her again as early as possible, she returned to the circle where her gentleness and sweetness of disposition had made her a bright particular star "which threw its beams on all. So is it, that goodness lights not alone the bosom from which it emanates, but sheds its soft radiance over all that come within its charmed circle. Alas! little dreamed they—the inmates of the cottage—who watched her light and airy step as she flitted from them, like a ministering angel departing from the scene she had blessed, that never more should her foot-fall be heard upon the threshold of their humble home; that the light of her young life was doomed to set, ere the poor invalid over whom she had watched should take her farewell of this world. And afterward they loved to recall every circumstance which then transpired, and felt as if—though herself unconscious of it—she had come at that hour to take her final leave of them on earth.

CHAPTER III.

That evening there was a flush upon Bertha's cheek, lending to the eye an unnatural lustre. She was excited—gay beyond her wont. Many guests were assembled at the Hall. Beauty and wealth, the gifted and the proud, filled the brilliantly-lighted apartments; but fairest of all was she, the cynosure of all eyes, as she gracefully trod the mazes of the dance, and received the homage of all hearts. The parents only watched with anxiety the heightened color and the strange brilliancy of the eye. Many afterward recalled the kind and gentle words which she had uttered on that fatal night, and loved to think of her as she then was; she who, like the sun, had put on her brightest robes at her departing.

The hours flew by; one after another the guests who were not inmates of the house, took their leave; the lights were extinguished, and silence reigned throughout the spacious mansion. When all was still, the door of Bertha's apartment was softly opened

by her mother, who noiselessly approached her bed-side, to see if all was well with her child. She was in deep slumber; the same flush was upon her cheek, and a slight degree of restlessness was observable; but by no means sufficient to excite alarm; and impressing a kiss upon her brow, without awakening her, she crept back to her own room. An hour had scarcely passed away, however, and she was just sinking into a quiet sleep, while every other eye beneath that roof was sealed in slumber, when all were aroused by a shriek that echoed from room to room, and filled every heart with dread. Some, springing from their beds, believed that some horrible dream had visited them; others declared that it was not within the house; but while they reasoned, as yet half unconscious, again and again it came upon the ear; so strange, so unearthly was the sound, that it had scarcely died away, before the doors in every direction were opened, and the great hall was filled with anxious and inquiring faces. "What is it?" "Where is it?" were questions asked on every side, but none could answer. There was a moment's breathless pause, and every faculty was strained to listen; again came upon the ear that horrible cry, and the parents simultaneously exclaimed—

"My child!"

"Our Bertha!" and rushed to her apartment, from whence the sound proceeded. But oh! what pen shall dare pourtray the scene that met the eye of the frantic mother, the heart-broken father, the bewildered and terror-stricken group of guests and servants that thronged to witness the awful spectacle. There stood the beautiful girl who a few hours before had attracted every eye, and was the idolized of every heart, "the observed of all observers," her hands clenched wildly, her eyes dilated, blood-shot, almost starting from their sockets; her beautiful hair disheveled and streaming over her shoulders; her face pale as her night-robe, and the white foam pouring from her mouth.

"Father—mother!" she shrieked, as they appeared at the door, "I am mad—mad! Do not come to me—away—away!"

She clung with a desperate and frantic grasp to a chair which was near her, while she glared upon them with the awful gaze of the victim of hydrophobia, and with another heart-rending shriek, sunk exhausted and foaming upon the floor.

It was too much for the agonized parents.

"Great God!" exclaimed the father, "was it this—this, that I have foreseen!" while the poor mother fell senseless into the arms of the friends who were near her. She was borne to her apartment, and powerful opiates were administered, which kept her in a state of unconsciousness. Physicians were summoned in every direction; but for her—the child of many hopes, the idolized, the worshiped—for her, all hope was past! No medical skill could avail. The venom had infected the warm current that rushed through her veins, and writhing in the agonies of hydrophobia, which no pen can paint, a few hours must terminate her young career. The

poor victim was bound at her own request, and the physicians stood around, overpowered with the thought of the inefficacy of their skill to avail them at this awful hour. The wretched and almost frantic father walked the floor of a distant room, that he might nor hear the moaning and occasional shrieks of his idolized child, but he could not look upon her agony. The rector of the parish was with him, endeavoring to whisper comfort to the bereaved and heart-broken man.

Physicians and attendants alone were assembled in the darkened room of the dying girl. The former especially, looked on the sufferer as if they had never before felt the utter inefficiency of all mortal aid. Presently two of them drew apart from the rest and held a whispered consultation; the others successively followed.

"There is no hope," said one, "and all that remains is to shorten her misery and terminate this awful scene. God knows how dreadful the alternative seems to me, yet in my heart I believe there is no other."

Some minutes more passed in consultation, and then the family physician, a man of keen sensibility, was deputed to open their proposal to the agonized father and to obtain his consent. It was difficult to fortify himself for the task, but with an inward prayer for strength, he fulfilled, with as much delicacy as possible, the painful duty. The suggestion was received with a cry of anguish which went to the hearts of all who heard it.

"Oh, my friend," he said, after a moment's pause, "if you cannot—cannot save my child"—here was a burst of sorrow which seemed to rend the very heart-strings—"I consent; perhaps this is best—O God, sustain me!" He covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

The clergyman, overcome by the scene, threw his arms about him, and whispered, "He can and He will, my friend! resign yourself wholly to Him!"

The physician pressed his hand silently; for a moment buried his face in his handkerchief, and then brushing away his tears, hastened back to the poor victim. A vein was opened, and the current of her young life-blood flowed forth like water. Ere long her struggles ceased. The sorrow-stricken father was summoned; he bent over his sweet child, and pressed his lips to her cold forehead. She opened her eyes, fixed them upon him in a long and earnest gaze, in which was concentrated all the affection and tenderness which had characterized her life, and then—closed them for ever.

The body of poor Bessie was found a few days subsequent to this event, in a neighboring thicket, shot through the heart. She had attacked with all the rage of hydrophobia, a young peasant, who had preserved his own life by destroying the well-known favorite. She was buried near the grave of her young, beautiful, and ill-fated mistress.

And desolation fell upon that house; its sunlight and its joy were gone forever. A blight had fallen upon the hearts of its inmates, for "*the hand of God had touched them.*" To the bereaved mother opiates

were administered until the funeral ceremonies were over. They were solemn and impressive; for a calamity so peculiar and so awful, called forth the deepest sympathy—and for miles around all hastened to the scene of this dreadful catastrophe. A line of mourning carriages extended as far as the eye could see, nodding with heavy black funereal plumes, and following that which bore the remains of the young and beautiful, to her last resting-place. As a symbol of her innocence and purity *that* was decorated with plumes of snowy-white, and the coffin was thickly strewn with white flowers.

They laid her down to rest; and in their period the spring and summer flowers grew up and bloomed around the place of her slumber; but, to the hearts of those that loved her, blighted by the winter of their sorrow, no spring-time and no summer could return. The mother never rose from the blow which had prostrated her in that hour, when her only one, the idol of her heart, had become a tenant of the grave. Perhaps she had forgotten, in the period of her triumphant happiness, that her first and holiest affections were due to Him who had given that idol to her arms, and made her what she was; and therefore was the beautiful, the beloved, torn from her bosom, to prove that even she was mortal; and that her gentle spirit might hover over the desolate one, and win her to her own bright abode.

A few brief months, and the mother slept beside her child; and the father, alone and desolate, trod the now silent halls of his once happy home. The joyous foot-fall which had greeted his coming, and the soft caress which had ever attended his departure thence, he could never welcome more. He was *alone*, and darkness, thick and palpable, shrouded him in its gloom. But there came a time, though the interval was long and weary, when the veil was rent, and the captive spirit felt the warm beams of the light in heaven; and with it came the conviction that the arrows which had pierced him were sped by the hand of Love! and that, through the still open wound, the offering of a broken heart had gone up in sacrifice. Again he went forth into the world, with a tear for every sufferer, and sympathy and love followed his steps. Often was the story of his calamity repeated by the groups of peasants who watched him as he went, followed by a servant bearing flowers, to the graves of his beautiful and beloved. It was the dearest office left him now, to scatter the fragrance and beauty which in life they cherished, about their quiet home, as an offering of affection to the departed; and to follow their example, by strewing comfort and happiness in the paths of the weary and the heavy-laden.

JULIA GRANDON.

A COQUET'S HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

I SHALL never forget the effect which the beauty of Julia Grandon had upon my young imagination. I say imagination, for its action upon my mind or heart was slight; but her appearance, and the carelessness of her demeanor, had the effect of exciting my fancy to a most unusual degree. She had the look of one heart-broken, evidently finding no relish for any of the daily scenes of life. I remember, as if 't were yesterday, when I first saw her at her father's house. The sun was just sinking below the blue waters which formed the western horizon. It was an hour fitted for contemplation and repose, but Julia appeared to shrink from thought, and she seemed to hail my coming as a relief from the ideas that would intrude into her mind whenever repose and solitude favored their advent. Her younger sister I had long known, and as we entered and I was introduced to the family, I was surprised, and, with sophomore vanity, delighted at my reception; for she came forward and with outstretched hand received me. Soon we were in the full tide of conversation. She spoke with great volubility and earnestness. The trivial topics of the day were soon thrown aside, and we dashed into a spirited discussion of more abstruse topics. A looker-on

would perhaps have wondered at the manner, as well as the subjects which we debated. There was none of that lightness and frivolity which ordinarily characterizes the conversation of young persons. I was but a sophomore in a neighboring college, and she scarcely twenty. No attempts at wit, no ghosts of murdered puns were recalled from the mouldering ashes of the past. Our talk stirred the depths of the topics we had under our consideration.

Conversation resembles the flowing of a mighty river. At its commencement, when it first trickles from its rocky source, its transparent waters brighten the little pebbles over which it flows; and its tiny ripples, as they dash along in their precipitous course, sparkle with each ray of light, and gladden the heart of the beholder with their brilliancy. Anon, the broad channel is contracted, and the streamlet increasing in depth as it advances, and gathering strength and volume on the way, with difficulty presses through its narrow banks. The rapidity of the current is lessened, the glowing ripples are gone, but in their place is depth and vigor. No longer turning aside to play with shining stones or dance with the sunbeams, profoundly and quietly it passes on, overcoming all obstacles.

Religious dogmas soon became the subject of controversy, and especially the claims of the Romish church, for which she was exceedingly strenuous. Some hours thus passed away, and I left, if not as cordially at least as earnestly as we had met, promising on a future day a continuation of this tournament.

The topic was never resumed. I saw her often afterward, and had thus an opportunity to witness and mark her extreme beauty of person, but the charms of intellect, which she possessed so eminently, were never again so fully laid open to me. I would like to describe her beauty to you, though not skilled in portraiture. She was somewhat above the medium height, of symmetrical form, with a fall of the shoulder that Praxiteles would have gladly copied. Mental excitement had somewhat detracted from the natural roundness of her person. Her face was one of great beauty, classically Grecian in contour, with a fine expense of forehead, with a dark hazel eye, and an olive skin, through which the rich blood might occasionally be seen mantling to her cheek. The massive braids of her black and glossy hair were twisted in careless grace around her head. She was personally a magnificent woman. Such might have been Zenobia.

Beautiful as it was, that face would not have entirely pleased Lavater. It had an unpleasant effect upon me. The eye wanted softness, and the mouth was deficient in a something that I felt should have been there. I never, while conversing with her, thought that she was speaking her real sentiments. I always doubted if she had that faculty which gives to women all the peculiar charm which characterizes them—the power of love. She excited nothing higher than admiration in my heart. Her own was an icicle, and generated no warmth in the breasts of any—for love begets love. Beside this, she had an overweening desire for power and admiration. To rule was her great desire, to be flattered her only delight. These qualities made her a finished coquette; and never was one better equipped for such a career. No expense had been spared upon her education, and she seemed to acquire information and accomplishments almost without a thought.

I have given you this prefatory description, in order to show to what results such brilliant powers may be brought, and the inevitable consequence of a mind, however powerful, if wrongly exercised, and the sufferings of an ill-regulated heart. The incidents that I shall mention actually occurred under my own observation, as I have stated.

Julia Grandon was early a coquette. At fifteen years of age she might have been esteemed mistress of the art. Her indulgent parents, proud of the extreme beauty and intellectual strength of their eldest child, allowed her to act as her fancy willed. She was constantly surrounded by those who ministered to her vanity, and who bowed uselessly at her shrine. She dismissed none, but received the protestations of all, and gave encouragement to all, so that each, though doubting where he really stood in her affections, yet was convinced that he was pre-

ferred above the rest. Thus years rolled on, till a few months before the time that I was presented to her, as already described. One by one her suitors had left her, but new ones had pressed forward to fill their places. Grown more skilled in managing, she had somewhat increased her train of admirers. Several young men of character, education and fortune had been induced to make the useless offer of their hands. "She would be happy to retain them in the number of her chosen friends," was all that they could obtain for an answer. Already had she begun to count on her fingers the number of her heart-offerings, while waiting with impatience for some flirtation of more interest; for she had begun to tire of the monotony—when fortune announced a new-comer on the stage.

Rumor had brought to her ears the exaggerated reports of one who combined in his person more beauties, excellences and high powers than are usually bestowed upon whole societies. Physically speaking, Frank Bellingham was not strikingly handsome, and yet there was something in his simple personal appearance, distinct from any graces of carriage, which never failed to attract even the careless observer. In height he was of that altitude which is the almost universal accompaniment of mental energy. The bodily requisites for physical force seem to be inconsistent with intellectual development. Very few of the distinguished men of the world—those who have made their mark upon time—have been of large frame, or of remarkable muscular powers. Indeed, might not the converse be found true? Like the tall and rank grain which delights the eye of the ignorant observer, alas, not that of the husbandman! the bearded head shows but few ripe kernels. Light and active, he was a proficient in all manly amusements, and no one was esteemed a better partner in the sportive pastimes of the drawing-room. Music, of all the graces of the mind, interested him most, and the plaintive ballad or sentimental love-song seemed to receive its greatest excellence when sung by his manly and educated voice, taught by an exquisite taste to swell with rapture, or die away, in accordance with the pathos of the scene which it described.

I should give but a very imperfect description of our hero should I stop here. Accomplishments were but the ornaments of a firmly erected edifice, which had been for many previous years erecting. The best of instructors had poured into his capacious mind the wealth of science and history, and in that laboratory all had been systematic and arranged ready for use. At the time when he is introduced to the reader he was pursuing the study of medicine at the — Hospital, and unraveling the mysteries of that noble and elevated science, with so firm a hand and so appreciative an eye, that his future success was prophesied as a thing of no doubt.

Since I knew this man I have believed in the marvelous reports which history has given to us of the "Admirable Crichton," which before I had strongly suspected were fabulous. Dr. Bellingham, as he was styled, possessed the power of acquiring

knowledge of all kinds with wonderful facility. His memory was comprehension itself, and this, not of a single subject, as is often the case—dates, facts, poetry, all were equally surely remembered. A practiced eye and hand for painting, nice musical ear, and a ready wit—is it strange that his fame rang throughout the city—that his society should be eagerly courted—that he should be, for his education had nurtured the mind and the body, while the heart was neglected—a flirt?

Julia had heard the current reports, and had jeeringly replied that "she should admire to see this male phenomenon. Pray tell me, is he in the museum? To an intimate friend she had boasted that she would bring him to her feet, if she ever chanced to meet him."

This bravado was carried to his ears, and not long after a mutual acquaintance brought them together.

The influence which music exerts over its followers equals, if it does not surpass, all other kinds of animal magnetism. The beautiful chords of a Beethoven or a Mozart, find sympathetic unisons in the hearts of every lover of music, and a similar feeling animates the hearts of every hearer. It is this first step that is dangerous. Meet but on one common spot, one neutral trysting-place, where sympathy, like peace, exists, and strife will probably soon cease.

It was a charming evening in May, of one of those delightful days which, though rare enough, are those which give this month the names of beautiful, genial, and a reputation which it is not very careful to deserve. Mrs. Clarence Fisher on this memorable occasion gave one of a series of musical parties which had been the most *recherché* affairs of the season. It was a matter of course that to such delightful evenings all the *élite* were desirous of attending, and the company was large. Many of the professional musicians were also there, and the best music was the order of the evening. Julia Grandon was its star. Though not naturally a creature of impulse, she depended very much upon excitement. She needed some stimulus to push her forward, and to bring out her powers. Perhaps it was the large company there gathered applaudingly around, possibly the effect of the presence of so many professional persons, always so critical, too often unjust, that excited her. Be this as it may, she never sung better. She had finished a splendid cavatina from Auber's *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and had just commenced the feeling ballad from Wallace's opera of *Maritana*, "Scenes that are brightest," when Frank Bellingham entered. Concealed by the door, he listened with delight. There are few songs capable of more expression than this. It seems a melody of the heart, and while beautiful to an untaught ear, and even sung by an unskilled performer, it is capable of absorbing the powers of any one, however great, and delighting the most critical.

Accustomed to praise, she looked around as she finished the last stanzas, for her usual meed, but her eye first met the beaming face of our hero. In a moment, the customary introduction was over, and

in rapturous delight he praised the song. "The bird is attracted already," she thought, "and soon this invincible Amadis will be fast bound in my toils." Poor girl, she little thought that Greek met Greek; she little foresaw the unfortunate future in store for her.

For many weeks after this, Frank Bellingham was a frequent visitor at the residence of Julia. The musical parties that were frequently occurring, gave the pretext for visits that finally became almost daily. Hour after hour did they spend by the piano, practicing the pieces for the next *soirée*. Vocal duets, or those for the piano or harp and flute, absorbed much time. Though the ostensible offerings was to Apollo and Euterpe, Cupid, by stealth, obtained a large share of the gift. The numerous intervals, the preparations were too propitious not to be improved.

Of all dangerous situations for any one, far more so for the susceptible, is the place at the piano. There is a communion of sentiment established immediately. The voices are striving for harmony and blending together in unison. The same air is respired by each, and in its passage seems laden with contagion. The accidental and occasional touch of the body, or the intermingling of fingers as they meet upon the keys, are as noticeable in their results as if they were the poles of an electrical battery.

But by the side of the piano they might be daily seen, and upon it a fresh bouquet of choice flowers as frequently was present, that every sense might participate in this universal jubilee. It was strange, that though these flowers were always present, they never drew a remark from him in regard to them; and though she sometimes said how dearly she loved flowers, and bending over them, seemed to drink in their sweets, she never stated that an unknown friend sent them to her, or that their first coming dated from the morning after their first meeting at the musical party. But did not this prove how full were their minds, how numerous their topics of conversation, that they neglected so fruitful a topic, or rather one so flowery? At any rate—was it not curious?

"It is not always May," and these budding promises were destined to be blighted before the season for blossoming had arrived. Julia had, imperceptibly to herself, gone on, till she was startled at perceiving that she was fatally involved in the snare that she had intended to spread for another.

How happily had passed the days and months—so fleeting and transitory! And still she was happy. No doubts yet troubled her mind. At last she had found the one of all others that was worthy of her affection. She forgot her original purpose, and seemed ignorant of the cause of their first meeting. She felt happy and secure. The trouble had always previously been to interest herself, not others. No shadows obscured the future; and her beating heart was not hushed when it whispered—I adore him. The frequent meetings were still continued, and the flowers from the mysterious giver daily perfumed her apartment.

And how fares it with Frank? Has he returned

unharmful from the lists? These were queries which perhaps even he might not easily answer. That which had commenced from rivalry, from pique, had grown to be of more interest than was anticipated. But what were the ultimate consequences of her few hasty words we shall see in the future.

Frank had early perceived the growing earnestness of Julia's manner, and had endeavored to increase her opinion of his excellence. He spared no effort to ingratiate himself in her affection, and at times thought that he had succeeded. Doubts soon came, however, whether she was not luring him on, as she had many before, and if she should not soon play the coquette to him also. And this doubt was, perhaps, the only reason which prevented him from loving also. Girls little dream how important is uprightness, or they would not practice those arts of coquetry which are so disgusting to every one. Frank was greatly charmed with the beauty of her classic features, their ever-varying expression, her graceful form. He felt the influence of her mind, and the bewitchingness of her conversation, when in those sweet hours of converse in which they often indulged, in maiden meditation, fancy free she unveiled her intellect's rich treasures to him. "Would she were mine," were his often repeated self-communings, as he walked home after an evening thus intoxicatingly spent. But the possibility that she would ever be his never crossed his mind. "She loves me not, she is but playing a part with all the skill of a distinguished actress. It is professed amusement for her. It shall be no more for me."

"But is it not possible that she may really love me, and that apparent play is a very reality?" he sometimes soliloquized.

"No. It is but the promptings of my own vanity," was also his reply. "And more, should it be so, I should doubt the fact. Suspicion must always accompany the professions of a flirt. Further still, my wife, like Cæsar's, must not only be true to me, but this must be beyond all doubt.

We can imagine the reasonings of Frank Bellingham, the stifling of his own feelings, and the consequent coolness with which he continued during the season to play the part assigned to him in the game. He had a strong hand, but when the spectators, who were deeply engaged in watching its various steps, were at a loss what was next to be done, Frank had by a *coup-de-main* baffled all their calculations and expectations, and had secured to himself the victory.

We will trace a little more particularly the proceedings. Julia and Frank had attended together a concert on the evening of Thursday, in the fall subsequent to the period at which our narration commenced. On Friday morning a rich bouquet, most carefully constructed of flowers, which, while breathing sweet odors, at the same time expressed forgetfulness, transitory love, farewell, was placed upon her table.

Julia regarded not the hidden meaning of these tell-tale messengers till many days after she turned to them, as the last trace of one to whom she had un-

consciously and unwittingly given her unsought heart, and whom she now never beheld.

Since the concert she saw Frank no more. He was not ill, she knew; others had seen him casually in the street. She vainly strove to comfort herself with the belief that his approaching examination for his medical degree confined him; for surely good manners would suggest the propriety of his gradually dropping an acquaintance so intimate. In vain did she endeavor to think of a reason for such behavior on his part—some carelessness or neglect of hers, some unintentional offense or injury to his feelings. But no, her self-examinations and her inward communings served only to show to herself how entirely she was his, how utterly miserable she felt.

Months passed away, and during their slow passage came no solace. Of him, the idol of her affections, nought came to her ears but the reports of occasional visitors, some uttered in ignorance, some from careless mirth, and others from sheer malice and envy.

The bow too long bent loses its vigor and becomes useless. Julia felt that her mind was giving way under the prolonged and unceasing tension, and she sought for diversion. She could bear no longer the society of her old associates, the places even which she had visited before, especially those which were hallowed by his society were unbearable. More particularly the Sabbath seemed gloomy, for the day was associated with his presence. The pew had his place, and he no longer was there to turn for her the pages of the Prayer-Book. To avoid these unpleasant remembrances, she chose the by-streets for her walks, and the small and unfrequented churches for her place of Sabbath attendance.

By accident she one Sunday entered a small church, which she soon found was of the Roman Catholic denomination. A church of this faith she had never before attended. It was a day of unusual exercise with them. The bishop of the diocese was present at his annual visit. The unusual form of worship, contrasting so strongly with the simplicity of our purer faith, is well calculated to strike the eye and be remembered on leaving. The forms, too, are not without their actual utility. The dull and ignorant brain requires something that will impress itself upon them without their personal trouble. The bereaved mind is benefited, for it needs to be withdrawn from contemplation of its own miseries. This it is unable to do of its own force, and seeks for that which will, by presenting new pictures and objects to the eye, drive away the trouble from the heart. Julia felt deeply interested in these unknown rites. They solaced her by their novelty, but she imagined it to be from their spirituality. The bishop rose as one having authority, and addressed the audience on the excellence of the church. Those who have listened to the distinguished ecclesiastics of the Romish church in this country, know well their power. Every word seemed to poor Julia to be inspired; and when the service ended, she was convinced that Catholicism was the balm of Gilead that was to heal all her woes.

With the impetuosity which characterized her disposition, she sought early the next day an interview with the bishop at his own house. He received her gladly, called her a brand plucked from the burning, urged her on in the path she was desirous of pursuing, and in scarcely more than a week, unknown to her parents and friends, Julia was baptized and admitted into the bosom of the church that opened wide its door to the beautiful convert from the fashionable and heretic world.

But in the quiet that succeeded this moral and religious resolution, "that peace of mind that passeth all understanding" came not; and some new excitement must be sought-for for relief. On Sunday she engaged to take the charge of the music at a poor church in a neighboring town, and after a few weeks' labor she was enabled to play upon the organ, whither she might be seen wending her way through snow and sleet, as well as burning sun, with an apparently unextinguishable ardor.

But soon in this, too, came monotony, to be added to fatigue and leisure, to bring its sad train of thought. Proselytism then began to be her duty; and she never ceased to urge the faith upon friend and foe, ever ready by argument, such as woman's is, to defend its greatest absurdities and evils. Some, from her former gay companions, she induced to array themselves against their friends, and to embrace a doctrine with the original imperfections which ages have been employed in sifting out and discarding.

The peace of their own household she also disturbed; for by prayers, and entreaties, and threats, and fears, she prevailed upon her younger sister to rise at an early hour and hasten to the cathedral, where also she was baptized and admitted a Catholic.

Great was the wrath excited in the breasts of the worthy parents by this act; but this feeling was turned to sadness when they learnt that their daughters had left the city, and taken the white veil at the convent in Georgetown. The new convert staid but a short time, and returned to her home; but Julia, after her year's novitiate, took the black veil, that bars out forever its wearer from the world. We can follow her no further; and we cannot know whether she found in the privacy and retirement of the cloister that solace which she sought. Let us at least hope that she is in peace; and as we listen to the rich voice chanting at the vesper hour, and hear the rolling peal of the organ, as it responds to the richly-robed priest, let us forget the errors of the impetuous coquette, and see only the sufferings and the virtues of the music-teacher and future Lady Superior of the convent—the heart-broken Sister Agatha.

As for Frank, we need not follow him through his varied career, whether on the unhealthy shores of Africa, as surgeon in our government vessels in pursuit of the slaver, serving his country in more important stations, or in the retirement of his own study. Wherever he is, in whatever pursuit he is engaged, his mind at times seems wandering from the labor before him. The buoyant light-heartedness which characterized his younger days has fled forever. Years have rolled by since the scenes narrated were enacted, and few there are that remember them; but the lesson has not been forgotten by me, a mere looker-on, and its instruction remains for you, reader, to take to yourself, as well as for me, the importance of uprightness, and the danger of trifling with the holiest of the affections—the trace of divinity within us.

"HOPE ON."

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

"Hope on—bear up forever."

HOPE on, O Heart! even 'mid thy fears—

The *gift* may yet be thine,
Though "hope deferred," through weary years,
Hath made thee 'plain and pine.
Though clouds are dark above thy head,
And shadows dim thy way—
Drear disappointment round thee spread—
Oh! yet bear on thy way,
Through pain and penury— toil and care—
Bear up thy heart against despair!

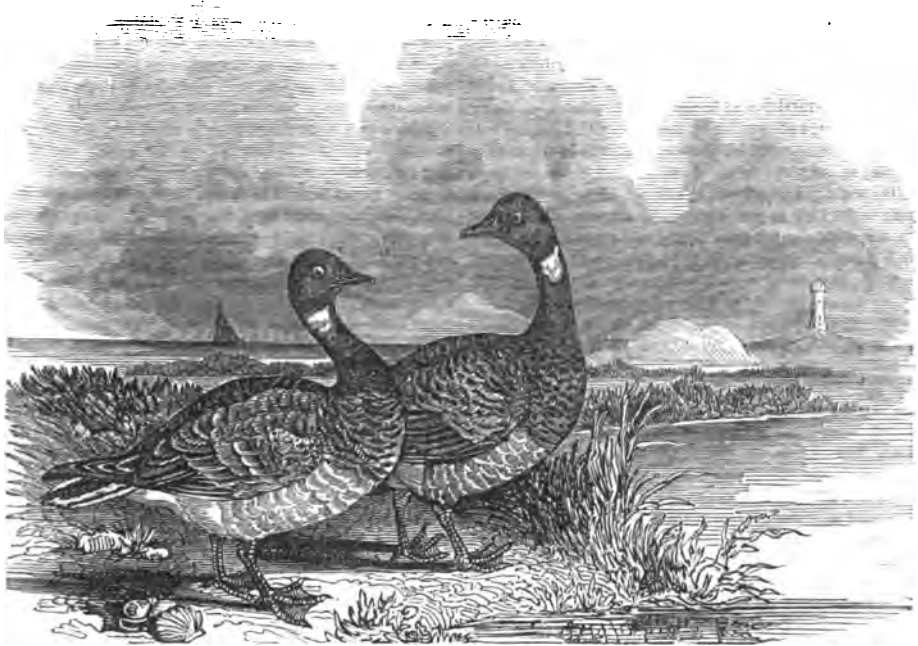
Hope on! though friends and kin forsake—
Though slander hurl her dart—
Do thou a firmer purpose take
To keep thee pure, O heart!
Dark Malice and mean Envy dare

Assail with Upas-tongue,
But Innocence is strong to bear
The weight against it flung;
And in this Faith—through every ill—
Learn thou to "suffer and be still!"

Hope on! it is not *always* night—
The morn *must* break at last;
When thou shalt hail as clear a light
As o'er thy youth was cast.
Thou hast the *promise* still—O, then,
Poor wrong'd heart, hope on!
And for the sake of what *hath* been,
Thy *rest* shall yet be won.
With truth undimmed within thy breast,
Bear on—and leave to God the rest!

BRANT, AND BRANT SHOOTING.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF FRANK FORESTYER'S "FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.



THE BRENT GOOSE; THE BRANT. (*Anas Bernida*; *Le Crasant*.)

THIS beautiful and delicious wild-fowl, like several of its congeners which breed within the limits of the Arctic Circle, is common to both continents of Europe and America, and is with us in the northern Atlantic states perhaps the most numerous, and certainly the most esteemed, whether as an object of sport or an article of food, of the varieties of this family, which are common upon our coasts. To the Canada Goose, or Wild-Goose, as it is more usually termed, *Anas Canadensis*, it is universally, and not undeservedly, preferred; although in my opinion the former is itself entitled to a far higher place than is generally assigned to it among the water-fowl of America. The Snow-Goose, *Anas Hyperboreus*, and the White-Fronted Goose, *Anas Albifrons*, are so rare that opportunities seldom occur of testing their comparative excellence. In England I once tasted the latter fowl, and found it scarcely distinguishable from the Grey Lag, or common Wild-Goose of Europe, *Anas Anser*, which in my opinion is inferior both to the Canada and the Brent Goose; and though I have heard the Snow-Goose highly lauded for its delicacy and juiciness, I believe we shall do no injustice to any in declaring the Brant, *facile et nullo discrimine princeps*.

It is worthy of remark that the habits of this bird are greatly different in England and in this country, inasmuch as there they are stated "to spend the winter months in the rivers, lakes and marshes in the interior parts, feeding materially upon the roots and also the blades of the long, coarse grasses, and plants which grow in the water." Here they are entirely marine birds, frequenting the outer

estuaries of the large rivers, the land-locked lagoons or sea bays, which lie between our outer beaches and the shores proper of the continent, for so many degrees of latitude along our Atlantic seaboard, and never, so far as I know or have heard, entering our rivers proper, or being killed in any fresh inland waters. So strongly is this peculiarity marked in the Brent Goose, that when they leave their feeding-grounds to the northward, compelled by stress of climate in winter, for lower latitudes, and again when they take their departure for the Arctic regions, impelled

creandæ*
Proles amore, gravique cupidine nidificandi,

"they collect," says Wilson, "in one large body, and making an extensive spiral course, some miles in diameter, rise to a great height in the air, and then steer for the sea, over which they uniformly travel; often making wide circuits to avoid passing over a projecting point of land. In these aerial routes, they have been often met with many leagues from shore, traveling the whole night. Their line of march very much resembles that of the Canada Goose, with this exception, that frequently three or four are crowded together in front, as if striving for precedence."

To such a length is this terror of the land passage carried by the Brent Goose, that no doubt can be, I think,

* By the affection for the young which they are about to rear, and the urgent desire of nidification. *Lucretius on Brent Geese*.

reasonably entertained that, in order to avoid it, they make the whole of their vast migration, to and fro, from their breeding-places hither, and *vice versa*, in direct contradiction to the custom of their congeners, the Canada Geese, which travel from point to point, in direct lines, directed by an instinct certain as the compass, and traveling the boundless wildernesses and vast inland waters of the northern territories, and the cultivated regions which intervene between those and their winter haunts on the seashores of the Atlantic, with unvaried speed and unerring sagacity. A pretty certain proof of this is to be found in the fact, that on the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and in the small rice lakes adjoining them, although abounding in their favorite food, the eel-grass, and frequented in myriads of millions by the Canada Goose, on the breaking up of the ice in spring, and again at the setting in of winter, the Brent Goose is unknown both to the Indians and to the white settlers; nor are they known about the yet more northerly forts of the Hudson's Bay Company—short of the Bay itself, where they abound—who regard the Canada Goose as one of the principal, if not the chief article of their subsistence.

The breeding place of the Brent Goose is very far to the north, though not so far as that of the Wild-Goose, which is supposed, not without reason, to rear its young and pass the brief days of summer of the Arctic Circle in the regions of the Pole itself, while the Brent has been found on its nests in Labrador, to the northward of Hudson's Bay and in Boothia Felix. Here, fearless of the ambushed gun, and the murderous battery, it revels during a few short months in those to it delightful solitudes, occupied with the charms of love, and the cares of rearing its young. It does not, however, tarry long in its northern asylum, as it is usually looked for in the Long Island waters, and at Barnegat, Egg Harbor, and other shooting stations on the Jersey coast, early in October, and has been seen so early as the 20th of September. Its stay in these places is uncertain, depending very much on the nature of the season, often remaining, if it be open weather, during nearly the whole of the winter, while on the contrary, if the bays are frozen early, it at once towers aloft and takes its way southward. It seems, however, to come southward continually by successive partial migrations, until the freezing of the feeding-grounds compel it to march southwardly.

The food of the Brent is principally the eel-grass, *Zostera Marina*, wherever that favorite dainty of all the aquatic tribes is to be found in plenty, and a broad-leaved, bright green marine plant, called by the country people sea-cabbage, which adheres to the stones on most of our beaches. After these it never dives—although it is remarkable that when wing-tipped it is the most dexterous of the family, often going a hundred yards or upward under water, and being therefore regarded as almost impossible to kill, if not shot dead outright. At low water it wades about incessantly, tearing up its favorite vegetables by the roots, but neglecting to eat them until they are floated away with the rising tide, when it does not take wing, as most wild-fowl, but floats away idly in long lines with its companions, in pursuit of its now floating dainty, and fares sumptuously on the proceeds of its previous industry. They are not unpugnacious birds, being often seen fighting among themselves, and beating the ducks away from their feeding-grounds; their cry is a hoarse, gabbling, honking sound, very different, however, from the honk of the Wild-Goose, and by far more difficult to imitate, and is said closely to resemble, when several hundreds are screaming together, the chorus of a pack of hounds in full cry.

On their return from the south, with renovated powers,

in full, lusty health, rejuvenated, and exulting in the approach of their summer love-making, they are in their full perfection of plumage, and their utmost excellence for the table. There is no Long Islander, and few Jerseymen, who are not fully awake to the preëminent merits of a May Brant—for it is about the fifteenth of that grand month, when they for the first time reappear among us, the youth of the past year now in full adult plumage, and not to be distinguished from the adults. They tarry, however, at this period but for a few days, ere they are again up and off to the northward; still so eager are their pursuers at this season, that short as is their stay the havoc made among them is yet not inconsiderable.

At this season the Brant weighs about four pounds, and measures two feet in length from bill to tail, and three feet six from tip to tip of the extended wings. The bill is black, rather high at the base, the nostril medial. The head, and whole length of the neck, with the exception of a white oblong patch on either side of the throat, rich velvety black; front part of the breast cinerous brown, each feather broadly margined with grayish white. The upper parts blackish brown, each feather margined with lighter brown; sides gray, margined with white; abdomen and vent pure white; quills and primary coverts dark blackish gray. Rump and middle tail feathers black, rest of the tail grayish white. Irides hazel; legs dusky. The female is smaller than the male, but not to be distinguished from it by any mark of the plumage; the young birds have the wing quill feathers broadly tipped with white, while in the old birds they are purely black.

There is a variety of this fine goose, pretty well known on Long Island, the true name of which is *Hutchins' Goose*, or *Hutchins' Brant*; it is somewhat smaller, and in lieu of the lateral white throat patches, has a white gorget a good deal similar to that of the Canada Goose.

We now come to the modes of killing this delicious bird, of which there are four; three of them, *we judge*, utterly unallowable, cockney and pot-hunter like, and the fourth unhappily the least profitable to the gunner, although the Brent Goose has one habit which may be used to some advantage in this the only legitimate mode.

That mode is the scooping out a niche from the muddy side of some island, or point of hascock, knumick, or thatch, as it is called in the bays, and therein mooring a skiff, or Egg Harbor boat, with its decks heaped with trash and sea-weeds, the gunner lying on his back therein, with his two heavy guns prepared for a passing flock, and his decoys scattered over the calm waters in front of him, when if a flock chance to pass, and, observing the anchored deceits, wheel down to them, he is secure at once of sport, and of after excitement in pursuing and picking up the cripples.

The disadvantages to this method are the following; first, the Brant is on our waters a lazy, inactive bird, averse to rising on the wing, and rarely doing so unless alarmed by a passing boat or the firing of a gun; and this tendency is increased in consequence of its feeding afloat at high water, without taking the wing at all, while the other varieties of wild-fowl, as point after point is successively submerged, are compelled to take wing, and cross the points of hascock, or run the gauntlet of the islands, in going to or returning from his favorite feeding place.

Second, the known aversion of this bird to pass over or near points or islands, which is no less manifest in its transit up and down the bay, than in its longer voyages, for it may be said that it soars when on the wing approaches the gunner's ambush, or notices his decoys, however temptingly they may ride and dip at anchor, when near the land, unless they be jammed down by the

wind upon a leeward point, one of which is always selected by the best gunners who have watched the direction of their morning transit, and who know how they must return. This difficulty is but partially compensated by the habit of the Brant of occasionally swimming in among the stools, and so affording an easy and sure shot. There is another fact, however, which, as I said above, may be made directly subservient to this sport, and thus it is—Brant Geese while feeding, as they drift about at high water, may be herded like so many sheep, and caused to swim in any direction desired, and may be so driven down upon the decoys, for which they are almost sure to make, by rowing round and after them slowly, taking especial pains not to press their motions or crowd upon them so as to compel them to take wing, when, of course, all would be over. The confederate of the gunner should therefore be wary and watchful, as well as skillful with the oar, and whenever he observes the fowl he is driving, hurrying and getting anxious, and pressing into one compact body, he must lie on his paddles entirely, until he sees his game resume their feeding or play, when he may again take the initiative. This, well done, is sure to produce good sport, time, tide, weather and good luck agreeing, without which, neither in Love, War, or Brant Shooting can success be looked for.

Let me commend this method to my friend, the true and honorable sportsman, who would rather return home at night weary and cold, and with an empty bag or boat, than come loaded to his gunwales with booty obtained by any indirections, such as those which I shall be forced to name hereafter, though with maledictions on the inventors, and disgustful contempt for the practitioners of them, as methods of Brant-murdering.

Let me remind the sportsman that this kind of shooting is practiced in very cold weather, in a motionless and cramped attitude, and depriving him of the chance of warming his limbs with exercise. He must, therefore, be well and warmly clad, or he shall not be able to shoot tolerably, much less to enjoy himself or win renown, let the flocks fly as full and frequent as they will.

The following dress I have found the best—those may sneer who will, but I think, and they will find, when their fortieth year brings crippling rheumatism, that it is wisdom at all times to be as comfortable as one may, and that it is no mark of manhood, but rather of very contemptible folly, to lie cold and shivering for the want of a few precautions which may be easily taken, and will make you as much at your ease as may be, in a Delaware skiff or Egg-Harbor pig-box.

First, over your ordinary under-clothes wear a stout pair of Canada-gray cloth trousers, over these a pair of long worsted stockings, and over these again long pliable Canadian boots. A red flannel shirt, and above that a guernsey, with what waistcoat and shooting-jacket you will, and over all an oil-skin coat, as near as may be of the drab color of the sedge and hassock; on your head a woollen night-cap, and above it a gray tow hat; and—though your rig may terrify into convulsions a *Young New Yorker*, with ends to his white choker longer than the yard-arms of a first-rate—take my word for it, it will not scare Brant, Goose, or Red-Head from your stools, and it will keep you, with the aid of a modicum of cogniac, Jamaica, or Ferintosh, as your taste may incline, cozy and good-natured, while your friend, who is too manly to take counsel, is as cold and as cross as whatever is most frigid and most fiendish.

I recommend—for reasons why, too long here to set forward, see my *Field Sports*, vol. II., p. 119—the use of two single guns of 16 lbs. weight, 49 inch barrels and 5 gauge, in preference to any double-barrel guns on earth for

this shooting. They should be made without ribs, pipes, or ramrods—a loose loading-rod, which is a cleaning-rod also, lying in the boat when in use, being adopted as a substitute. This should be made with a joint at exactly the length of the gun-barrel, so that it can be carried within it when traveling; the upper joint about 6 inches in length, screwing into the other, and fitted with a knot at the top, like a pistol charger, may be carried in the pocket when in locomotion. Such a gun will carry 4 oz. of BB, or twenty-five buck-shot, without jar or recoil; use equal measures of shot and Curtis & Harvey's ducking powder, to be procured of Brough, Fulton street, New York—and coarse felt punched wadding, and you will do your work at 80, ay, by'r lady! or 100 yards, and you will not repent you of following my counsel.

The murderous modes, which I have so strongly reprobated, and to which I shall devote but a few words, are, first, the anchoring batteries, as they are called, shallow coffin-like boxes, supported by wide horizontal beams lying level on the surface of the water, covered with sand and shells, and exactly resembling a bit of bare shoal, upon the shallows whereon the fowl feed. Decoys are placed around, and an attendant waits in a skiff to secure the cripples and drive up fresh flocks, while the gunner lies perdu literally under water, until he starts up to do bloody execution.

The evil of this method, (of the other two, which I shall barely name, as they are far less practiced, one, I believe, only at one point,) is, that fowl, when constantly harassed and disturbed on their favorite grounds, while in the act of feeding, constantly will rise high into the air and desert the places in which they are so wantonly tormented forever; whereas they may be peppered at day by day for years, and decimated as they fly to and fro without connecting the idea of the persecution with the feeding grounds, and without increasing in shyness or decreasing in numbers.

The second unsportsmanly and slaughterous plan is running down upon them before the wind under sail, while on their feeding grounds, which is easily done, as the fowl appear wholly unable to distinguish the rate of a sail-boat, and let it run closely in upon them before they will take wing. The havoc thus made is prodigious; the consequences as above, the permanent and entire desertion of the spots where such brutalities are practiced. The last is akin to these. It is a necessity to the Brant to sand and dust themselves occasionally and probably to obtain small gravel-stones to aid their digestion, and they have regular sanding places, as they are termed, to which they punctually and constantly resort. This habit observed, the pot-hunter digs his hole in the sand-hill, watches his time, and counts his slaughter by flocks, at shots. Like the owner of the goose with the golden eggs, he will find too late that he has killed his people as Nero wished to do, at a single blow. Legislation has been tried, against all these three cowardly iniquities, and of course tried in vain. It rests to see what inculcating a spirit of sportsmanship may do; but I am little sanguine, seeing that true sportsmanship, like the game it fain would, but cannot, protect, decreases year by year—many of those who boast themselves sportsmen, and here as I would I could name names, doing deeds the foulest pot-hunter would shrink from, and holding themselves as high as ever in their own esteem, though lower than the lowest in the judgment of the judicious.

Be this, however, as it may be, the only hope is in the efforts of the honorable sportsman, and so let him hopeful ever of the best, hold the helm steady, steer on through squall or hurricane, and never—whatever betide—never give up the ship!

THE REFSAR.

A SEQUEL TO THE CAVALIER.

WRITTEN BY

W. H. BELAMY.

COMPOSED BY

CHARLES W. GLOVER.

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shade, A pretty Page boy, With a face full of joy, Came cantering up the glade; One

moment he stopp'd, A packet he dropp'd, Then, off like an arrow he flew; And the Cavalier found There was

left on the ground A small case with a small BILLET-DOUX, A small case with a small BILLET-DOUX.

cres *f*

II
The note was not long,
It was dated "Hong Kong,"
Short and sweet as a letter should be;
There was sketch'd in the middle
A youth with a fiddle,
And under them "FIDDLE-DE-DEE."
He turn'd it about,
"Meant for me I've no doubt,
Some contemptible rival—that's plain,
If I knew who it was,
I'd cudgel him—pox!
He should not be so pleasant again," &c.

III
He read on—thus it ran,
"Much misguided young man,
To suppose that for night after night,
Merely twangling guitars,
Tink-a-tink to the stars,
A Lady thy love would requite;

Still it's hard to be told,
When you've sang in the cold,
That you're not to have any reward,
So this altar I've penn'd,
And, along with it, send,
Just a trifle to show my regard," &c.

IV.
Joy, conceit, and surprise,
Flash'd at once from his eyes,
As he read out aloud as above,
"Tra, la la," caroll'd he,
I half thought so, it's she,
It's a hint to return to my love."
He twitch'd his cravat,
Gave a tap on his hat,
Then sank on the grass in a swoon!
For on opening the case,
He beheld his own face,
Looking wofully long in a spoon, &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Shakspeare: The Text Carefully Restored according to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. In Eleven Volumes. Boston: James Monroe & Co. Vols. I. and II. 16mo.

The Chiswick edition of Shakspeare, of which this elegant Boston edition is a fac-simile, has been long out of print, though the demand for it, on account of its readable shape, and clear type, has by no means ceased. The popularity it has enjoyed for twenty years has not been on account of the merits of its editorship, but in spite of its defects in that particular; and the publishers of this edition have therefore done well in imitating only its typography and size, and devolving all that relates to text, notes and criticism to an accomplished editor, whose name has long been associated with Shaksperian criticism. Mr. Hudson has done the practical part of his work, the purification of the text and selection and composition of the notes, with a fidelity equal to the old antiquarian drudges who long held Shakspeare in their keeping, while, even in this department of his labors, he evinces an acuteness, sagacity, and penetrating insight into the processes of Shakspeare's mind in imaginative expression, which enables him to pierce to the meaning of difficult passages, which would puzzle hopelessly an unimaginative intellect. His notes are short, pointed, full of condensed information, and going right to the mark. Their vigor and spiciness of expression are in pleasing contrast to the dogged *round-aboutness* which is apt to characterize such annotations, and which often makes the journey to them from Shakspeare's text like dropping from a breezy hill-side into a muddy bog.

It is, however, in the long bibliographical and critical introductions that Mr. Hudson's powers are most splendidly exhibited. If we may judge from the two first volumes, this edition of Shakspeare will far surpass all others in the aids it affords the reader for the comprehension of the great poet's sentiments and characters. The introduction to *The Tempest*, especially, is one of the most exquisite combinations of subtle thought and felicitous expression in our literature; and the introductions to the other plays indicate, so far, a care, judgment, depth and sharpness of insight, and thorough committal of the mind to the subject it interprets and analyzes, which are quite remarkable in these days of hasty thought and slovenly style. The peculiar life of Mr. Hudson's own individuality, though it breaks out in none of the startling antitheses and angular turns of thought which sometimes introduced such an epigrammatic discord in the method of his "Lectures," is still sufficiently preserved to add raciness both to his analysis and his language. The general character of his present style is smooth, melodious, pliable to all the refined modifications of an idea, with a brilliancy as of sunshine on running water; and when the movement of the diction lulls the reader from its very music, a torpedo-like snap of wit quickly wakes him up.

As a specimen of Mr. Hudson's power and ease of expression, we will take a few of his observations on the character of John, in the introduction to *Much Ado About Nothing*. "Critics," he says, "have unnecessarily found fault with the poet for the character of John, as if it lay without the circumference of truth and nature. They would apparently prefer the more commonplace character of a disappointed rival in love, whose guilt might be explained away into a pressure of violent motives. But

Shakspeare saw deeper into human character; and perhaps his wisest departure from the original story is in making John a moody, sullen, envious rascal, who joys at others' pain, is pained at others' joy, and gloats over his power in working mischief; thus exemplifying in a smaller degree the same innate, spontaneous malice which towers into such a stupendous height of wickedness in Iago. We may well reluct to believe in the fact of such characters; but history is unhappily too full of deeds and plots that cannot otherwise be accounted for; nor need we go far to learn that men may 'spin motives out of their own bowels;' and that the man has often more to do in *shaping the motive than the motive in determining the man.*" Here is a whole philosophy suggested in a few seemingly careless but really close remarks on a minor Shaksperian character, in whom little interest is taken by most readers; but Mr. Hudson watches and follows his author with too affectionate an attention to allow any thing to escape his vigilant thought and piercing analysis. Such passages are scattered all over his introductions, and still reward perusal after they have been read and re-read.

The introduction to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ranks next to that on *The Tempest*, for its sympathy with all that is delicate and delicious in Shakspeare's supernatural characterization, and the clearness with which it brings out the principles of Shakspeare's creations. We have only space for one extract, and that is so good that it should alone make the sale of the edition certain. "Great strength of passion and volition," he says, "would obviously be out of place in such a performance: it has room but for love, and beauty, and delight—for whatsoever is most poetical in nature and fancy. . . . The characters, therefore, are appropriately drawn with light, delicate, vanishing touches; some of them being dreamy and sentimental, some gay and frolicsome, and others replete with amusing absurdities, while all are alike dipped in fancy or sprinkled with humor. . . . In the transformation of Bottom and the dotage of Titania, all the resources of fancy were needed, to prevent the unpoetical from getting the upper hand, and thus swamping the genius of the piece. As it is, what words can fitly express the effect with which the extremes of the grotesque and the beautiful are here brought together; and how, in their meeting, each passes into the other without leaving to be itself? What an inward quiet laughing springs up and lubricates the fancy at Bottom's droll confusion of his two natures, when he talks, now as an ass, now as a man, and anon as a mixture of both, his thoughts running at the same time upon honey-bags and thistles, the charms of music and of good dry oats! Who but another nature could have so interfused the lyrical spirit, not only with, but into and through a series or cluster of the most irregular and fantastical drolleries? But indeed this embracing and kissing of the most ludicrous and the most poetical, the enchantment under which they meet, and the airy, dream-like grace that hovers over their union, are altogether inimitable and indescribable. *In this unparalleled wedlock the very diversity of the elements seem to link them the closer, while this linking in turn heightens that diversity; Titania being thereby drawn on to finer issues of soul, and Bottom to larger expressions of stomach.* The union is so very improbable as to seem quite natural; we cannot conceive how any thing but a dream could possibly have married things so contrary; and that they could

not have come together save in a dream, is a sort of proof that they were dreamed together."

The exceeding cheapness of this beautiful edition should be noticed in connection with the striking and peculiar merits of its editorship. It will be completed in eleven monthly volumes, at only one dollar a volume; and it is thus placed within the humblest means.

Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Post- Laureate, D. C. L.
By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. Edited by Henry Reed. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Vol 2.

In our previous number we noticed the first volume of this biography, and now gladly welcome the appearance of the second. The present volume is altogether more interesting than the other, and exhibits Wordsworth a little more in undress. It contains numerous interesting records of his private conversation, and many familiar letters of great beauty. The picture it gives of his domestic blessedness is winning beyond description, and the occasional slips of the biographer's dignified, Doctor of Divinity pen, let us into many delightful views of the poet's manners and habits. The notes on the principal poems, containing explanations of their purpose, and describing the moods and scenes whence they had their birth, are by the poet himself, and are invaluable to the lover and the critic of Wordsworth's poetry.

There is a delightful letter from Charles Lamb, which very happily hits off Wordsworth's muddy, undecipherable style of penmanship. "Tell Mrs. W.," says Lamb, "that her postscripts are always agreeable. They are legible, too. Your manuscript-graphy is terrible, dark as Lycophron. . . I should not wonder if the constant making out of such paragraphs is the cause of that weakness in Mrs. W.'s eyes, as she is tenderly pleased to express it. Dorothy, I hear, has mounted spectacles; so you have deoculated two of your dearest relations in life. Well, God bless you, and continue to give you power to write with a finger of power upon our hearts what you fail to impress, in corresponding lucidness, upon our outward eye-sight."

The letters to Professor Reed contain many compliments to distinguished Americans who visited him; and, in spite of some English prejudices, Wordsworth really seems to have viewed the United States with a nearer approach to a cosmopolitan feeling than most Englishmen of his class. Dr. Channing and Washington Allston were his dear friends, and Professor Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature, seems to have attracted his high regard. For the Bishop of New Jersey, Dr. Doane, whom he saw both in London and at his own house, he expresses to Professor Reed, both kindness and respect. "He is," he says, "a man of no ordinary powers of mind and attainments, of warm feelings, and sincere piety. Indeed, I never saw a person of your country, which is remarkable for cordiality, whose manner was so thoroughly cordial." In another letter he remarks: "A few days ago I received a letter from a countryman of yours, the Rev. R. C. Waterston, of Boston, communicating the intelligence of the death of that admirable artist and amiable man, my old friend, Mr. Allston. . . He also sent me a copy of verses addressed by himself to me, I presume some little time ago, and printed in the 'Christian Souvenir.' You have probably seen the lines, and if so, I doubt not you will agree with me, that they indicate a true feeling of the characteristics of my poems." Of Emerson, however, his estimate was narrow if not stupid. One would have supposed that a poet would have discerned the beauty of his essays, however much he may have condemned their

theological and philosophical audacities. "Our Carlyle," he says, "and he (Emerson) appear to be what the French used to call *saprisis forts*, though the French idols showed their spirit after a somewhat different fashion. Our two present philosophers, who have taken a language which they suppose to be English for their vehicle, are verily '*par nobile frasturnum*,' and it is a pity that the weakness of our age has not left them exclusively to this appropriate reward—mutual admiration. Where is the thing which now passes for philosophy at Boston to stop?" Contrast such wit as this with Emerson's!

Indeed, we are almost reconciled to the unappreciating criticism against which Wordsworth's own poetry had to struggle, when we observe how little he himself was capable of a generous appreciation of the genius of his contemporaries. Of Scott's poetry, he said in conversation, that it "does not go below the surface of things; it does not reach to any intellectual or spiritual emotion; it is altogether superficial, and he (Scott) felt it to be so. His descriptions are not true to nature; they are addressed to the ear, not to the mind. He was a master of bodily movements in his battle scenes; but very little productive power is exerted in popular creations." Passing over what he says of Byron and Southey, and not condescending to answer his assertion that the Scotch historians (Robertson and Hume) did not know how to write good prose, we come to his opinion of the great German poet, Goethe, whom he absolutely detested, and underrated with a ludicrous violence. "Iphigenia," to him has none of the dignified simplicity which others find in it. "There is," he says, "a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality, in Goethe's works, which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally. But I take up my ground on the first Canto (Book) of 'Wilhelm Meister;' and as the attorney-general of human nature, I there indit him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity." In another connection he plainly gives his impression that Goethe was a pretender and a humbug, and his universality affected. These opinions are certainly interesting as personal impressions, however worthless as criticisms. We may here add that he thought that the tragedy of Othello, Plato's records of the last scenes of the career of Socrates, and Isaac Walton's Life of George Herbert, were the most pathetic of human compositions.

From the specimens we have given, we trust that our readers have received the impression that this biography of Wordsworth is not without its stimulating as well as its thoughtful interest. We hope to see it gain an extensive popularity, and would again express our obligations to Professor Reed, for his improvements on the English edition, especially in his additions.

Yeast. A Problem. Reprinted with Additions and Corrections from Frazer's Magazine. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This story is reported to be by the author of "Alton Locke," and the style, topics, method of characterization, and general strain of the sentiments, confirm the report. The title is quaintly illustrative of the design of the book, the object of which is to give a vivid representation of the ideas now fermenting in the English mind, especially in the minds of young Englishmen under the age of twenty-five. Bold, disdainful, confident, and audacious as he is in his statements and assertions, the author, though a clergyman, does not seem to be much trammelled by his cloth. He deals with all the institutions of England in a style of dogmatism which might not reflect discredit on Carlyle, whom he has taken for his master. He repre-

sents the English poor as in a swinish state, rotting, soul and body, in filth and immorality; and exhibits the inadequacy of all the current methods of elevating their condition. Spite of its exaggeration, it undoubtedly tells many terrible home-truths to those classes most likely to suffer from a social insurrection. The story and characters are vigorously conceived and sustained, and the power of description displayed quite remarkable. The fault of the book is its intensity of superficial sentiment. The author dogmatizes with the confidence of an archangelic nature without evincing the mental depth and grasp of a first-rate mortal.

Poems. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

We have had occasion on so many occasions to refer to the characteristics of Mr. Tuckerman's mind, and to praise so often its general sweetness, melody, thoughtfulness and fertility, that we find it difficult fitly to characterize the spirit and style of the present elegant volume with any new epithet. The longest poem in the volume is entitled "The Spirit of Poetry," and heroic verse has rarely been made to "discourse more eloquent music," than in this melodious and genial celebration of the inspiring materials of the poet's art. The smaller pieces are records of genuine moods of the author's mind, were written at various periods of his life, and are distinguished by equal purity of conception and expression. The sonnets are especially excellent. Altogether, the volume will add to the author's well established reputation in other departments of letters; and we cordially commend it to all thoughtful and sensitive minds.

History of the Cross of Christ. By the Rev. William R. Alger. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 18mo.

This little volume is as new in design as it is able and elegant in execution. It gives the symbolic history of the Cross, and the lessons taught by its fortunes and uses; is replete with interesting facts of its influence and symbolic meaning among many nations and races; and is written throughout in a strain of religious sensibility, whose fervor, while it never abates in a single sentence, sometimes rises to rapturous eloquence. It is, in truth, a very beautiful volume, worthy of extensive circulation.

A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Corinth. B. C. 146. By Dr. Leonard Schmitz, F. R. S. E. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume a successful attempt is made to give in a popular form a correct history of Greece, the old works on the subject having been exploded. It is mainly based on Dr. Thirlwall's valuable history, and exhibits, in a comprehensible form, the results of the criticism and research of German and English historians. It is a most introductory work to Grote's masterly and extended history of Greece.

The Glens; A Family History. By J. L. McConnell. New York: Charles Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publisher of this novel has not presented it in a very attractive dress, which is the more to be regretted, as it is the best of Mr. McConnell's efforts in romance. The plot is interesting, the characters various and well discriminated, and the style of narration and description animated and picturesque. It will more than repay perusal, and exhibits the vigorous talents of the author in their best exercise.

Para; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon. By John Esaias Warren. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume relates to a part of the world but little explored by tourists, but which for splendor and picturesque-ness of scenery, the wondrous beauty of its fruits and flowers, and the impression it gives of nature's spontaneous and unlimited creativeness, is unmatched in the wide world. Mr. Warren has described it with a power of pictorial representation, and a feeling for the spirit by which it is animated, which makes his volume a delightful companion for a summer day. In scenes of adventure, also, he has the faculty of so realizing incidents as to make the reader sympathize with their nature, and almost to participate in their movement. In addition to these pleasing qualities, he has an eye for the useful, and has clearly stated many important facts of his own individual observation, which will especially interest the merchant and politician. As a specimen of the luxurious scenery to which he introduces us, we give a sentence of description relating to the American Consul's garden in Para. "Strolling with him through the shaded avenues, we took our first peep at the fruit trees, flowers, and other choice productions of the tropics. On all sides of us, groups of orange, mango, guava, and lime trees, were drooping with the weight of their golden fruit—tall banana shrubs threw out their gigantic leaves, while the mellow fruit hung in immense clusters from their powerful stems—rows of coffee-bushes lined the path on either side, teeming with blossoms of snowy whiteness—tempting pine-apples, standing alone as solitary stalks, lifted their heads above the bed of curious leaves by which they were surrounded—while flowery oleanders shot up to a prodigious height, and fragrant jessamines filled the atmosphere with delicious perfume." Such a description, coming upon the jaded senses of a denizen of the city in July, is tormentingly sweet and tempting.

History of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

We have often had occasion to praise Mr. Abbott's series of historical books, not only for the tact displayed in selecting the subjects, but for the felicity of their treatment. The present volume is devoted to a woman whose history is the very romance of intrigue and passion; and he has succeeded in making the biography interesting, without venturing on any perilous particularities of her passions. To study Cleopatra's character—indeed, to understand the events which Mr. Abbott records, we must pass from his biography to the "False One" of Fletcher, and the "Anthony and Cleopatra" of Shakespeare—the first giving us the psychology of her intrigue with Cæsar, the other with Anthony. To conquer two masters of the world in succession, has rarely been the achievement of one woman; yet such was the achievement of the heroine, whose life Mr. Abbott so smoothly and decorously in this volume narrates.

Dealings with the Inquisition: or Papal Rome, her Priests and her Jesuits. By the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a most curious and interesting volume, full of information which came under the writer's eyes, and calculated to give Protestants a new hatred, if possible, of the detestable institution to which it relates. The mottoes of the volume will indicate its spirit: "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken and we are escaped." "It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law."



The Lament of the Dead



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HABIT.

BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

THE word is in constant use, the phenomena intended by it are familiar to every one's experience, and it is subjected to examination and discussion, more or less formally, by the writers who methodically investigate the conduct of men, and the laws of human nature; yet, the questions involved in the subject are by no means settled. In mere verbal definitions there is sufficient agreement; but Science has not yet afforded a logical definition of the term, or a philosophical explication of the law; its facts and manifestations have not been analyzed to simplicity and exactitude; their various kinds have not been classified according to their differences, ends and causes; nor has induction ascertained the most general law or fact in which all the particular species are contained.

The authorities which have aimed most at definiteness of exposition have been most inaccurate; and those that have best avoided false definitions have been most vague and unmeaning.

In the first class is Reid, who defines Habit to be "a *facility* of doing a thing, acquired by having done it frequently;" but, conscious of the error which, however, he can only confess, not correct, he adds, "this definition is sufficient for the habits of Art, but the habits that may be called principles of Action (meaning habits of the moral and instinctive faculties) must give more than a *facility*, they must give an *inclination*, an *impulse* to do the actions." In this he is so far right. The notion of facility and impulsiveness as definitions of habit are false in as many cases as they are true, and for any of the services of system are totally useless.

To avoid such contradictions, the other class of writers resort to words which mean nothing at all, or, at least, answer no want in the matter demanding explanation. Thus, Bostock says, "Habit may be defined a *peculiar state* of the mind or body, induced by the frequent repetition of the same act." Webster—"a *disposition or condition* of the mind or body, acquired by custom or the frequent repeti-

tion of the same act." Dunglison copies Bostock, but like Reid feels the difficulties, and states them generally to the same effect, remarking that "the functions of the frame are *variously* modified by this disposition—being at times greatly *increased* in energy and rapidity; at others, largely *diminished*. And the metaphysicians are as much embarrassed as the lexicographers and physiologists. They confess it: Reid says, "I do not believe that we will ever be able to assign the physical causes of either instinct or habit; both seem to be parts of our original constitution; their end and use are evident, but we can assign no cause except the will of the Creator." Dr. Chalmers speaks to the same effect of Dr. Thomas Brown's theory; and the treatment of the question by the metaphysicians, generally, he characterizes as "an obscure and profitless speculation."

The difficulties of definition and comprehension encountered by systematic thinkers, are also betrayed by the proverbs which express the popular apprehension of the subject. One adage has it that "Practice makes *perfect*;" but this is corrected, and, as a general proposition, contradicted, by another, which declares that while "habit *strengthens* (or perfects) reason, it *blunts* feeling." And still a third and different one is in use to cover a broader operation of the law, to wit—"Habit is a second nature." In these maxims, which embody the world's practical wisdom, the same variety of office and effect are recognized which confuses scientific speculation, viz. the power of Habit in training and developing the intellectual and voluntary faculties of mind and body; its unlike action upon the understanding and some of the emotions and physical feelings; and its very notable power of altering the whole moral character and mental method and drift, while it leaves the intrinsic constitution of the man unchanged.

For the ready use of the world's business these maxims amount to a tolerable practical philosophy

of the law. But, if the common and uncultured philosophy of experience does, because it must, answer the most obvious and ordinary necessities of life, it is, nevertheless, to science, demonstrative, exact and symmetrical, that we look for the highest and best forms of truth.

To indicate the defects of both the empirical and systematic oracles concerning our subject, let us notice the several specific varieties apparent in the offices and effects of this great law of man's manifold life. Without regarding rank in the order of presentment, such distinctions as the following are obvious:—Habit quickens and strengthens the five external senses. The practiced eye of the sailor discovers a distant sail, its nation, size, character and bearing in what to the landsman is a mere speck on the horizon. The savage, sharpened by the training of his forest-life, distinguishes sounds in the general stillness which are absolutely inaudible to the man brought up in customary indifference to the noises of a crowded city. The same is true of the senses of taste and of smell, and eminently so of that of touch, as in the blind. But, on the other hand, habit has the directly reverse effect upon the sensibility to cold and heat, and the rude contact of hard or hurtful bodies with the sensitive surfaces, whether of the skin or internal passages.

It is familiar to every one's experience and observation how much exposure deadens sensibility to pain: the eye, while it grows ever more and more sensible and capable of those properties of external things which are embraced in the act of vision, by their repeated impression upon the visual nerve, at the same time becomes more insensible to the hurtful glare of heat and light by exposure to them. So the palate learns to bear the most acrid substances with indifference, while the perception and appreciation of sapid qualities as regularly improves. The wine-bibber discerns the age and country of his favorite beverage by tasting only a few drops; and the gourmand is a miracle of acuteness in all the mysteries of cookery and catering. Here, a nerve almost callous to the fiery fierceness of alcohol and cayenne, coexists with another nerve capable of a delicacy of discernment which the water-drinking vegetarian can scarcely imagine or believe.

Nothing, therefore, could be more inaccurate than the general statement that habit blunts sensation; for while some sensations are so diminished in acuteness, others are as eminently sharpened. Nor is the notion a whit more correct when applied to the feelings of the soul than to those of the body. Habit does not blunt the feeling of love, pride, devotion or covetousness; but quickens and strengthens them. And the same is true of all the affections and instincts, which, in general, we call feelings.

Again: The pain of a burn or blow abates steadily while it lingers, until it entirely subsides, but hunger and thirst unsatisfied go on from mere uneasiness, through pain and agony, up to madness. In this case, neither the abatement of sensibility nor the change of nature, affirmed by the common purposes, have any place or power.

Again: Love, devotion, compassion, grow in vigor with all regular exercise; but grief, shame and remorse as naturally exhaust themselves by their own indulgence. So, frequency and persistency of action are just as different in their effects upon the various faculties of the moral nature as upon the diverse physical organizations. Indeed, it is most probable that custom, or habit, or frequency of repetition, or persistency of causes and conditions, (we are indifferent to mere verbal distinctions,) varies in results and effects with all variety in the nature of the faculties concerned.

But not only every different class of powers, and probably every separate power, is affected differently from every other, but each feeling and faculty is within itself capable of remarkable modifications by the agency for which we have but this one name. Thus, practice confers *facility* of movement upon the muscles of voluntary motion, as in the organs of speech and the fingers of an accomplished pianist, but without proportionate or considerable increase of their strength. On the other hand, the training of the porter, blacksmith and drayman gives its increase in the kind exercised and demanded in their work—strength, massive force, and endurance, without facility or rapidity of movement. Again: both these modes of increase may combine, and the appropriate exercise will develop at once rapidity and robust energy in the same action, as in the stage dancer and the pugilist.

A similar policy of this law is apparent in the working of the intellectual faculties. Readiness, dexterity, rapidity of thought and celerity of combination result from an adapted method of exercise; of which the clearest examples are in the powers employed in the arts of poetry and popular oratory, and in the several departments of the fine arts. In other combinations and uses the reasoning faculties gain massive force and robust endurance; and, in yet other cases, this strength and that agility may be blended and cultivated by the appropriately mixed modes of mental action, of which the higher styles of poetry, and eminent powers of forensic and parliamentary debate, furnish illustrations.

To the effect of custom here on the mind, as in the muscles and external senses, the notion of increased facility, or increased force, or both, applies sufficiently well for ordinary purposes, but as a definition of habit to answer the ends of strict study, as we have already seen, it is not exact enough even where it suits best, and is totally fallacious as a general apprehension.

But the capital failure of all the formal explanations is in the fact that they make no account of the increased obedience of the intellectual and voluntary powers, and the increased resistance of the moral and instinctive faculties, to the will, under the strengthening influence of habit. It is, indeed, just here that Reid's hope of understanding the law breaks down, and it is just here, too, if any where, that a true philosophy becomes important to all the ends of knowledge, both for speculative and practical purposes.

It is manifest that the voluntary powers—the muscles of locomotion, and the perceptive and reasoning faculties—become continually more obedient and more prompt in their service, as their activity and energy are augmented by frequent exercise; while, on the contrary, the affections and instincts grow, at every stage of increase by indulgence, more and more ungovernable by the reason. Cowardice, temper and parental tenderness, for instance, may be cultivated till they obtain the absolute mastery in their paroxysms, though the victim be sane and fully conscious of his slavery. Here, the impulsiveness, the loss of liberty, resulting from habitual action, claims due consideration, and is to be accounted for, if it can be; but we look in vain for light to the teachings of physiologists, metaphysicians and moralists. The New Testament, in a hundred ways, teaches that sin is *bondage*, and the adage “Habit is a second nature” is capable of a similar rendering; but systematic philosophy has not obtained any available hold of this great fact. It is not denied that writers and thinkers recognize, in some particular instances, the increased freedom of the free faculties, and the irresistible impulsiveness of the propensities of our nature, under the law of habit; nor, that they understand the stability of character induced by the force of custom; but, it is none the less clear that they do not know how to dispose of the facts which they encounter, or to provide for them in their systems, according to principles evident or demonstrable, and in such method as might render all the service of scientific truth.

An attentive review of the specific differences among the phenomena resulting from this general law of habit, will show how inapt and incapable of its elucidation the Inductive or Baconian method of philosophizing must prove. This system lays its foundation in instances and the facts of experience, and thence proceeds from class to class, as from circle to circle of ascending generalizations, until the highest is reached at the central and supreme fact of the completed series; the inductions, which are facts more general, resting upon and rising out of those more particular, till the process ends in the most general of all, which is the law sought for. Now, it is evident that this method of investigation must be nonplused when it encounters incongruous and incoherent classes of facts, which, while belonging to the same subject, and occurring in like conditions, nevertheless, refuse to take arrangement in the same classification, but, on the contrary, stand out in contradiction to the inferences to which they should conform. The Inductive method cannot march and countermarch upon the same plain in its route to results. From effects it can infer efficient causes; and from such causes it can again anticipate similar effects. But its province is limited strictly to the material world, where forces and phenomena are linked together by mechanical necessity; and in dealing with its facts, reasoning cannot be too rigidly mathematical; for matter is but an instrument and a slave, having all its references and uses above and beyond itself. But in the world of Mind, the gov-

ernment is not in a propelling force, but in a moral purpose. Its ends lie within the scope of its own being and destiny, and Final Causes, therefore, shed upon its phenomena and laws the light in which they must be seen and rendered. Matter moves as it is pushed and impelled; efficient causes are its laws; and the inductive philosophy its expositor. But mind stands addressed to its own destiny, reaching into its own future, and in the highest ends of its being must be sought the solution of its mysteries.

Psychological facts, as facts, are to be treated under the same rules of observation and analysis as those of physics: phenomena, whethery they lie in the province of consciousness or perception, must be ascertained with equal precision and by similar laws of evidence; but, only while yet within the proper sphere of experience are they alike amenable to its processes; when they rise into the realm of life and mind, and their laws, that is, their governing purposes, are in question, illustration can be found only in the ends to which they drift.

Now the most general fact belonging to the effects of habit is not broad enough to cover the whole field, and therefore cannot take the rank of the law required. We notice that repetition or constancy of an action or impression in some of the functions *increases* their facility, or strength, or acuteness, according to the kind of exercise given; but we are checked at the moment of deriving thence a law, or constructing a definition, by the contrary fact that similar repetitions, or continuity of actions and impressions, induce *diminished* facility, strength, and acuteness in others. Here, then, the Baconian system, which looks for similar effects from similar causes, breaks down in the helplessness of its unfitness. Its sphere, which is limited to the apparent, is quite too narrow to afford a common centre for facts so excentric among themselves, so little convergent, that they can meet only beyond the utmost boundary of nature, in the infinite of spirit, where the future must realize the thought of the Creator.

It is worthy of remark that Bacon himself applied his method with great reserve and timidity to psychological investigations. It was but natural, indeed, that he should exaggerate the power of his wonderful discovery, and give to it a range something broader than its birthright; but he felt, clearly enough to acknowledge, that in the sciences which relate to mind and morals, “it must be bounded by religion, else it will be subject to deceit and delusion.” In our subject we think we have proof of incapacity of the material philosophy in the frequent confessions and general failure of those who have used its method; and we make bold to affirm, too, that the history of modern metaphysics is one continuous record of similar catastrophes, and that all of them are fairly attributable to the same cause.

Governed by the principles indicated, and chiefly with a view to elucidate them, we will proceed to notice the most remarkable facts of habit and its most important uses.

It is a law of life, universally. It obtains in the vegetable world as well as in the animal and spiritual.

It is a law of vital textures as well as of mental and moral faculties. It is the law of growth and development in all faculties whose education and enlargement are in the design of the being, and, subsidiary to this end, it is a law of protection and defense for all those feelings and susceptibilities whose indefinite increase is incompatible with such design.

Its force and effects are graduated in the several spheres of its action in proportion to the use and rank of the subject. Upon vegetables it has an observable effect; but it is much more conspicuous in animal organizations—still more in the animal instincts; and in the higher sentiments and intellectual powers of man, it discovers its greatest energy: thus, vegetables, within a comparatively narrow range, are capable of accommodation to strange climates, and trees tapped for their juices yield the more abundantly the longer they are accustomed to the drain; animals are more easily acclimated, and their organs take more readily and strongly the modes of action to which they are habituated; the instincts and propensities, though equal at first to the ordinary wants of animals and men, are capable of very great enhancement; and the moral and intellectual powers have quite indefinite capacities of enlargement, and of determinateness and strength of character and action. The relative value of the respective subjects determines their rate and proportion of increase under this law; and the End in view demonstrates itself to be the law of the facts, and the true guide in their investigation.

The powers which habit develops and enhances are those which enter as positive elements into the constitution of the being, and whose highest capacities must achieve his ultimate destiny. As the law appears in this class, it is facility and energy accumulated—acquired power become permanent—so much per centage added to the ever-growing principal by frequent re-investment; like interest gained upon capital, and blended with it to yield interest in its turn—that is, power put at compound interest. As memory is the conservatory of acquired knowledge, so habit is the treasury of acquired power, and their gain and growth are the appointed means of all the changes for which conscious life is given, and in them lie all the possibilities of progress.

The necessity of such laws of accumulation and expansion is obvious. Indeed, if there were no such provision in nature, there could not be life in the creation in any proper sense of the word. It is growth and progress only which really distinguish vitality from mechanism.

Suppose a man or angel born or created at once in the maturity of his powers, with no capacity for further unfolding—all progress forbidden, and the farthest limits of his nature reached in the first hour of his existence. With his end thus joined to his beginning, he could have nothing that constitutes a future, and could find no object for his continuance. Why should he abide? Though a seraph in the measure of his soul, he is limited to an existence in which hope can have no place, in which perception

and thought have reached their felt limit, and actual experience differs in nothing from mere exercise of memory. The past is not only behind but all around him, and the present is swallowed up in an eternal sameness; the heavens may keep time, but his duration has no flow; eternity rolls on, but for him there is no progress; the highest aim of his being is accomplished, his nature's ultimate is attained—and why should his existence survive its object?

It is in the necessity of things that our birth and beginning shall be but a starting point of life; and, ready furnished as we are with faculties and defenses which adapt us to our destiny, it is really no matter in what degree of ignorance and feebleness we start upon the endless career. The happiness and the harmonies of every stage are equal; for fullness, which is happiness, has reference to capacity only, and not to degree or quantity. In the least favored state the germ is given, the occasions of development are supplied, the law of increase is involved with the constitution, and improvement unlimited is set before it; and so, the relatively equal good, and the open possibilities, balance all inequality of states, and the equities of the universe are vindicated in the economy and history of every creature.

But "*Habit blunts feeling*," says the proverb. This is true only of certain sensibilities and particular affections of the sentiments, as we have already remarked; and it is conclusive in favor of our argument, that these are distinguished from those whose powers are exalted by repeated exercise, by no difference that can explain the apparent contradiction and confusion, except the respective differences of their ultimate use; in other words, the phenomena are explicable by no philosophy, but that which rests in final causes or the intentions of the Creator.

The organs of our bodies, which are the instruments by which the mind is exerted upon its objects, while they require the quickening and strengthening that constant growth can bestow for the accomplishment of their high purposes, must needs be preserved from external injuries and the irregular working of their own parts. To many hurtful agencies and much abuse of their own offices they are necessarily exposed. From these evils fatigue and pain are commissioned, by their reproofs and penalties, to protect us—a provision as beneficent and efficient as wisdom could devise without violating our free agency on the one hand, or abandoning us to destruction on the other. In fact, the human organism is not so adjusted to all its relations as to be absolutely secure from harm. Injuries and offenses must come. Now suppose the organic sensitiveness, like the functions of the five senses, and the voluntary powers of the mind and body, to be increased by exercise, and in proportion to its frequency and constancy. In such case, the necessary exposure to injuries would speedily exaggerate our capability of suffering till every feeling would sharpen into agony—every offensive smell to the habituated sense would become an intolerable stench—every touch a sting—and every ray of light a burning flame.

We must either be taken out of the world, or we must be protected in it. Habit, therefore, blunts sensibility to the pain of heat and cold and other hurtful agents, and that in a manner and by a rule proportioned to the exigency as nicely as if an ever-present intelligence conformed the law to the occasion. Within certain limits, whatever is unavoidable becomes endurable under the operation of this law, which so kindly covers the suffering sense with its protecting insensibility.

In like manner those pains of mind and emotion, which at all events must be encountered in the regular order of human life, are guarded against intolerable aggravation. In the degree in which they are disciplinary and beneficial they are permitted, but the blunting influence of habit is interposed to prevent the growth of a susceptibility which, otherwise would be unavoidable, and could only be injurious. The disappointments and bereavements of the natural affections, which in their first paroxysms threaten death or madness, in the healthy constitution decline continually while they linger, until the deepest anguish shades gradually into a tender melancholy that even borders upon pleasure. The grief subsides, but the love remains; and the interests of life return again, and its duties revive their attractiveness, and bring with them a happiness that, at first, would have felt like the mockery of the absorbing sorrow. So the mourner's tears are dried, and the natural accidents of life are stripped of their power to destroy through the sensibilities which they assault; and the human heart is at once preserved true to its affections, and capable of all its duties. Our loves do not die, for their objects cannot perish. The heart's instincts assert the survivorship of all its treasures which the grave holds in sacred trust; and the grief which would contradict this hope is checked by a law written in our nature; so that all the facts and feelings of our earthly experience intimate an eternal life, by their happy adjustment to it and its necessary conditions; and the Creator is thus pledged to the fulfillment of our highest hopes by the harmony of ends expectant upon given wants and means.

The unlike and even opposite effects of training and exercise upon the intellect, external senses, and motor powers of the frame, on the one hand, and the instincts and moral sentiments on the other, marked and distinguished by increased freedom in the former class, and increased impulsiveness in the latter, which Reid despaired of understanding, seems capable of a useful though incomplete explanation even by the rules of reasoning proper to physical philosophy, and has no difficulty or mystery whatever under the system which takes ends and aims for its data.

The difference seems sufficiently accounted for by simply looking to the inherent difference in the nature of the respective subjects so diversely affected by the same kind of cause. The intellect, senses, and muscles of locomotion are constitutionally under the direction and control of the will; they are voluntary powers in their nature; and exercise, which has the office of increasing just those functions and

qualities which it puts into action, and no others, must necessarily increase the freeness, which is an intrinsic quality of these functions, in exact proportion to the increase of their force. Strength becomes stronger, rapidity more rapid, and obedience more obedient, by the same rule. Every free faculty, as is well known, becomes the more absolutely and promptly responsive to volition as it grows in energy and aptness. Exercise cannot change the nature or qualities of a power, because nothing can make itself into any thing else. Culture can develop, and inactivity and abuse may abate a force, but cannot transform it in any element of its make, or give it a new quality or action.

The Arts are the product of the intellect directing, and the voluntary instruments performing their commands. Thought, reasoning, perception, and reflection, are the products of the understanding alone. Now, none of these have any thing of impulsiveness, propensity or desire, properly so called, in their nature; only the qualities which they have can be increased by their own exertion, and they cannot become impulsive, or involuntary, or ungovernable, by any possible enhancement; for this would change their nature, which cannot be done, for another reason besides the incompetency of the cause in operation—a reason that lies back of it in the constitution of things. Creation determines the number, character and office of every faculty of every being, and allows no other modification in them or their actions than augmentation and diminution in degree, preserving and maintaining them against all accidents, forever unchangeable in kind.

But the instincts and morals are marked by propensity, impulsiveness and involuntariness in their proper constitution and character; of which anger, love, covetousness, fear, and the appetites that minister to our animal wants, are obvious examples and proof. It is a good and useful description of these to call them *propelling*, while the intellectual are well described as the *directing* faculties of the mind. The latter, as we have said, having no mixture or quality of blind impulse in their nature, are only the more obedient for all their strength, original and acquired; but the instincts and affections, given as the springs and impulses of a determinate constitution, when strengthened by training and indulgence become in due proportion more determinate, importunate and impulsive. Many of them were designed to act before reason is installed in its office, or in its absence, as in idiocy, sleep and revery, and in emergencies, also, where it is inefficient and incapable. They are, therefore, in their very nature and intention independent, though capable of subjection, within certain limits, to the will. To this intrinsic independence of, and insubordination to, the directing faculties, given for necessary purposes, and regulated in harmony with the general aims of life, habit, by adding strength, adds its proportionate impulsiveness; the impulse becomes a stronger impulse, the instinct more ungovernable, and the sentiment more stable and determinate. In all this, they are altered only in energy or force. Any change

effected is only in the general conduct of the individual, and not in the nature of any particular power in him. The higher sentiments established in their proper authority, or, the lower passions and instincts usurping the government, is the result; but in all the general changes possible, the special faculties which effect them maintain their constancy of nature and function.

A chemical analogy will illustrate this point, and show the method of the argument: oxygen combined with hydrogen produces water; but with sulphur, it gives sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol. Here the modifying agent is one and the same, and the difference of the respective subjects of its action occasions the whole difference of results; so habit exhibits as wide a contrast in its effects upon totally dissimilar powers.

The intention in annexing the law of increase to the various feelings which determine our moral and religious nature, and so, riveting all the consequences of conduct upon them by virtue of a positive law, is as obvious and as admirable as the educability conferred upon the intellect and the voluntary muscles. These feelings are subjected, in like manner, to the influence of education and culture, that men may reap the fruits which they sow, and receive the exact reward of all their deeds—that they may become, finally, what they choose, continually; and thus make their permanent character by their own conduct. The instincts, passions and sentiments are given in the variety and force which in the whole species insure the means and possibilities of good, and their training and actual working are intrusted to every individual for himself, that the natural issues of his stewardship may attach in permanent consequences as reward and punishment, under this law of nicely adapted equities. Distributive justice keeps its records, has its judgment-day, and awards to every one according to his works by the standard of a prescribed law, and so adjusts the relations of its subjects among themselves; but this law of habit executes its own decrees instantly upon the act, and fixes every fact into the nature, and so into the fate of every responsible being; his deeds it records, not for or against him, in reserve for a trial day, but it inscribes them in him, so that his ultimate condition shall be at once the issue and the index of his life.

That these most important endowments of our nature are capable of neglect and abuse, is a necessary result of that freedom which was conferred for very different ends. Some of them prompt us to provide beforehand against those injuries which pain warns us of only after they are suffered. Fear impels us to avoid and anger to resist assaults; parental love, to nurse and educate the young; and veneration gives the necessary docility to the subjects of authority; the possessory feeling prompts to industry, that benevolence may tax our acquisitions for the relief of the helpless and the needy; self-esteem exhorts every man to conduct worthy of his position; and even the love of approbation may check selfishness and lawlessness by the restraints of

opinion; faith and hope, with the sentiment of worship, puts us into unity with the Divine; and brotherly love and conscience establish the noblest relations with our kind. All these are active within us as by an instinct; their movements are spontaneous, and they are capable of such strength of impulse as to determine the character of a human being beyond the risk of accident, caprice and choice, except as they work through the regular exercise of his powers.

This law of habit, when enlisted on the side of virtue, strengthens and makes sure our resistance to temptation, and renders easy the most arduous performances of duty; the struggles of the frequent conflict win at last for the moral hero the sway of a complete dominion. He who steadily repels the suggestions of avarice, licentiousness and revenge, will finally attain not only a truce with these foes, but will bring them as friends into prompt and helpful accordance with his better nature. Frequent achievements in moral conflicts in time pervade the whole character with their accumulating and abiding consequences. In the strength of an inwrought morality, its disciple and servant, by force of the double gain which every resolute effort brings to him, goes on, without limits, to still greater deeds and nobler sacrifices. This it is which is intended by the injunction "grow in grace." It is recognized in the terms "children, young men and fathers in Christ;" and it is formally and explicitly stated by the Apostle to the Hebrews—"Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, who by reason of *use* have their senses exercised to discern between good and evil."

The virtues thus gain their stability and assurance from the strength which exertion yields them, and the beauty of the provision is apparent. But the vices, also, by the same law, become the despots of the soul. The origin of moral evil, its issues, and the reason for permitting it, we need not here attempt. It is enough for our purpose to remark that the fixedness of habit is not fastened upon either the virtues or vices properly; but the law is inwrought with the powers whose actions are virtuous or vicious, as they are exerted and directed—used or abused. Evils are not entities; no substance or faculty is bad; and the laws of the universe are like its Maker, always good. But abuses are evils; these are only wrong uses; and the growth and strength of good and evil in the life of moral beings is by force of one and the same necessity. Worship often repeated will energize the religious sentiment equally, whether it be directed to a stock, a star, or the true Deity. Exercise must strengthen the spirit and temper of the shedder of blood, as well as of the doer of good; in a word, God created man, and gave him all his powers, and attached the just responsibility by making him the master of his own fate, that the endurance and the enjoyment alike might equitably follow upon the conduct of the agency intrusted. "Practice indeed makes perfect;" "Habit truly is a second nature." The world's experience of the stability and determinateness of drift,

which it gives to moral tendencies, and the certainty which it insures in conduct, is the basis of all confidence in character. Reputation is evidence in courts of law, as affording a safe presumption that a man did or did not do a particular act. It is an element in all calculations of policy, a philosophical basis of prophecy, and the ground of all that trust in the future for which we train the present. The principle is, that men will—must—live as they have learned; that the law of life is continuity in character with increase in activity; that duration must add strength, and repetition give permanency; that what men do they must become, as much as if God had made them so at first.

A different constitution, one that would exempt us from the bondage which evil practices induce would also unsettle the security of our virtues. It is clear that that which is, is necessary, and also best.

Some important consequences flow from this apprehension of our subject. For instance—if the virtues thus grow by their own exercise, and in proportion to it, sudden changes of opinion and instantaneous conversions cannot give truth, and purity, and strength, like long practiced righteousness; and a man's deeds, and the habitude of his affections, rise into a high rank in comparison with the doctrines of his creed. The law and the prophets are not summed up in one but in two tables of duties, and the second has respect exclusively to every-day practical morality. He that would found his house upon a rock must be a "doer of the works." Let those who neglect their duties and hang their hopes upon the cross of the dying thief, while they refuse their own, look to it. A death-bed repentance, and an after-death salvation, are, doubtless, acceptable, and so is a plank when the ship with all its freight is sinking, yet, there is still some danger, notwithstanding all the divine mercies, that the kingdom of heaven which the great Teacher and all his first disciples preached, may not be a mere point in celestial geography, but really a great system of practical righteousness. If the laws of the kingdom were made for the government of this life, then "obedience and not sacrifice" is required, and it will be totally vain to expect worship to sanctify wickedness, and to change our destiny without changing our real character through the agency of its constitutional laws.

Again: If our views are correct, Education must be in fact what it is etymologically—the drawing out of the powers—the putting them into action—educing their energies, and right direction of them. Moreover, the process and method of it must be alike in all the faculties of our nature, whether they be intellectual, moral or physical, for the reason, if for no other, that in all these kinds it is the employment of the organism as the instrument of every species of activity. How well St. Paul knew, and how forcibly he puts the impediment of the unsubdued and untrained instruments of "the flesh" against the efforts of "the spirit" to obey "the law." The intellect may perceive, approve, determine, and endeavor, but the refractory organization

and the insurgent passions can defeat all power of virtuous resolution.

If we would know how to educate any power of mind or heart, we may learn the whole secret in a gymnasium; there, every nerve and muscle, whose force is to be made available, is trained and strengthened by its own faithful exertion; every fibre is educated and made promptly obedient by being vigorously employed and often commanded. In like manner, the instincts, passions, and intellect are grown and governed, and not otherwise. If supernatural influences have any part in our mental and moral culture, (which is as clear in principle as it is certain in experience,) they act not without, nor contrary to, but through the natural laws of our constitution; for our relations to, and dependence upon, the heavens were in contemplation at the creation, and so were regularly provided for in the structure and laws of the human spirit.

As a rule of conduct, this theory of habit teaches that there is an absolute, terrible, physical necessity that the practice of evil shall grow, and at last confirm the tendency to evil—that vice, which is but an abuse of our moral faculties, by indulgence becomes their only use, as though it were their nature—that the propensities and blind animal instincts may grow into irresistibility—and, that in the strictest truth every immorality is *pro tanto* a forfeiture of moral liberty:—Habit is a second nature. We are, indeed, unconscious of the growth of our habits, as we are of the growth of our bodies. We do not feel that the minutes in their silent lapse move us forward toward our mortal term; we observe not how a single meal increases our stature, or a single effort swells the muscle that it exerts, but reflection, and observation at distant intervals confirm the facts. Could we but feel that our whole nature is under laws as certain as these, we would not trifle with our highest interests as we do. The robust consciousness of liberty delusively persuades us that we shall always have the government of ourselves, and that we shall be as free to choose our course after frequent departures from propriety as we feel while they are yet only in contemplation. We imagine that when we will we can take our stand in unbroken strength of soul upon the farthest verge of irregular indulgence, and say to the torrent of our passions, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." We forget that Sin is bondage, and that forgiveness itself can only remit penalties, while it leaves all the slavery of habit bound upon the faculties, whose health and life are in their freedom.

Some one may say, "but Paul was arrested upon the highway and converted in an instant." Well, suppose his change an instantaneous one; it is not in contradiction to our doctrine. His moral and religious faculties were neither feeble, untrained, nor unprincipled. The very earnestness and violence of his hostility to Christianity proved their strength and zeal in the service of the truth as he received it. "He verily thought within himself that he ought to do many things against the name of Jesus;" and

"In all good conscience he persecuted this way unto the death." The religion which he opposed was in his apprehension a gross idolatry; its leader had been crucified for blasphemy; for the breach of the Sabbath; for contempt of the priesthood; and for evil predictions against the temple and the ceremonial of worship of the true God. If Paul believed a lie he never loved its falsehood. His was mainly an error of opinion, and his conduct was rather mistake than crime. He was in a moment convinced of the truth: The "Nazarene," whom he religiously abhorred, spoke to him from heaven, and the mind that saw nothing but the obstinacy of error in the martyrdom of Stephen, felt all the force of a divine warranty in the resurrection of the Lord. Quickly as thought could compass the great argument, all the energies of his noble soul enlisted in their new service with the vigor and devotion acquired by an honest practice in the hostile faith: he changed his banner, party, opinions, and their incidents, but he was new-born a man. The devotee of the old faith became a hero of the new—"straightway he preached the gospel in their synagogues." A bold, brave true man belongs to the right, even when he is most zealous for the wrong, and is always in the spirit of the truth; but no miracle could convert an unprincipled compromiser, a timid time-server, a fellow who consults the rascally doctrines of a selfish expediency for the direction of his conduct, a slave to party, a cheat, a coward. A respectable devil is cast out by a word of any disciple of the truth, but the shabby, driveling sort, the poor, "deaf and dumb ones go not out but by *long* fasting and much prayer."

Reasoning by the rule which rises out of the purposes for which the creature is made, and inferring the destiny from the constitution of the being, our

premises afford us the following among many noteworthy results:—

Activity of all our powers to the extent of their capacity is enjoined by the fact of their bestowal. Liberty, according to law, is implied in their mere existence.

They must be exerted in harmony with each other, and in due subordination of the lower to the higher; and the relative rank of each is to be ascertained by the breadth of its range, and the value of its object.

Nature has provided for the activities of life by the promptings of organic and mental uneasiness under prolonged repose, and by the attractiveness of their several objects to the multiform powers and capacities of our nature. Abuse is checked by pain and fatigue.

But neither these promptings nor restraints are irresistible so early in the states which they were designed to remedy, nor are they so accurately adjusted in the force of urgency, as to secure perfect conformity to the supreme law of our life.

The boundaries of choice thus fixed, by the spontaneous impulses on the one hand, and by the limitation of our powers on the other, may be narrowed or widened by the conduct of life; and within this domain—the area of moral liberty—all our virtues and vices display themselves.

The laws of mind and morals are to be sought for in the will and purpose of the Creator; and these may be discovered both through reason and revelation.

The facts of psychological science are experimental, and subject to the rules of the Inductive philosophy; but its principles and method, rejecting Efficient causes of phenomena, rest upon, and answer to, Final causes or the ultimate ends of existence.

VENICE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I.

NIGHT on the Adriatic, night—
And like a mirage of the plain,
With all her marvelous domes of light,
Pale Venice looms along the main.

No sound from the receding shore—
No sound from all the broad lagoon,
Save where the light and springing our
Brightens our track beneath the moon:—

Or save where yon high campanile
Gives to the listening sea its chime;
Or where those dusky giants wheel
And smite the ringing helm of Time.(1)

'Tis past, and Venice drops to rest—
Alas! hers is a sad repose
While in her brain and on her breast
Tramples the vision of her foes.

Erewhile from her mad dream of pain
She rose upon her native flood,
And struggled with the tyrant's chain
Till every link was stained with blood.

The Austrian pirate, wounded, spurned
Fled howling to the sheltering shore,
But gathering all his crew returned
And bound the Ocean Queen once more.

'Tis past—and Venice prostrate lies—
And snarling round her couch of woes
The watch-dogs, with their jealous eyes,
Scowl where the stranger comes or goes.(2)

Forsaken Venice, shalt not thou
Yet hail a new arisen sun?
Where is thy winged lion now
That soared o'er Tyre and Ascalon?

Can Michieli's spirit rest,
Or Dandolo thy thrall behold,
Nor fire again one patriot breast
Till freedom triumphs as of old ?

Alas ! their swords, ensheathed in rust,
Leap from their scabbards not as then,
When Scio bowed her in the dust,
And fell the conquered Saracen.

Oh, can it be that valor dies,
And is her banner loved no more,
But left in dusky armories
To ruin with the Bucentaur ? (3)

II.

'Tis past—and silent as a dream
Between these walls I glide along
Where palaces around me teem
With visions overveiled with song :—

With song not born of living sound ;
More lasting, Venice, thy towers,
Wove by the mighty dead, who bound
Thy forehead with immortal flowers.

Lo, here awhile suspend the oar,
Rest in the Mocenigo's shade, (4)
For Genius hath within this door
His charmed, though transient dwelling made.

Somewhat of " Harold's " spirit yet
Methinks still lights these crumbling halls,
For where the flame of song is set
It burns though all the temple falls.

Oh, tell me not those days were given
To passion and her pampered brood—
Or that the eagle stoops from heaven
To dye his talons deep in blood.

I hear alone his deathless strain
From sacred inspiration won,
As I would only watch again
The eagle when he nears the sun.

III.

Oh, would some friend were with me now,
Some friend well tried and cherished long,
To share the scene ; but chiefly thou,
Sole source and object of my song.

By Olivolo's dome and tower (5)
What joy to clasp thy hand in mine,
While through my heart this sacred hour
Thy voice should melt like mellow wine.

What time or place so fit as this,
To bid the gondolier withhold,
And dream through one soft age of bliss
The olden story—never old ?

The domes suspended in the sky
Swim all above me broad and fair,
And in the wave their shadows lie—
Twin phantoms of the sea and air.

O'er all the scene a halo plays,
Slow fading, but how lovely yet ;
For here the brightness of past days
Still lingers, though the sun is set.

Oft in my bright and boyish hours
I lived in dreams that now I live,

And saw these palaces and towers
In all the light romance can give.

They rose along my native stream,
They charmed the lakelet in the glen ;
But in this hour the waking dream
More frail and dream-like seems than then.

A matchless scene, a matchless night,
A tide below, a moon above ;
An hour for music and delight,
For gliding gondolas and love.

But here, alas ! you hark in vain,
When Venice fell her music died,
And silent as a funeral train
Her blackened barges swim the tide. (6)

The harp which Tasso loved to wake
Hangs on the willow where it sleeps,
And while the light strings sigh or break
Pale Venice by the water weeps.

IV.

'Tis past, and morning from the sea,
Like some great alchemist of old,
With its alembic mystery
Tarns all the towers and domes to gold.

Here burns the Basalisk—a fire (7)
Of argent splendor, such as lent
Rare pinions to my young desire,
What time it cleaved the Orient.

Age here hath seemed to stay his hand,
To spare what Beauty holds in fee ;—
And here his favorite trophies stand,
The brazen steeds of victory.

How many a proud triumphal arch
Looked prouder where these steeds were throned ;
How many an empire in their march
Beneath their crushing feet have groaned.

Through countless centuries they whirled
The conquerors from mart to mart,
And trampled over half the world
From Antony to Bonaparte.

They stand, St. Mark, above thy doors,
A mockery Venice scarcely needs,
To show her how the northern boors
Have tamed your lion and your steeds.

Where waved your vassal flags of yore,
By valor in the Orient won,
I see the Austrian Vulture soar,
A blot against the morning sun.

What, Venice conquered, and a slave !
Methinks that were a tocsin blow
To call from out his sainted grave
Her grand old champion Dandolo ! (8)

V.

I mount the Giant's Stairway—here,
Where many a doge went up to power—
Where one descended to the bier—
A giant stride in his last hour !

A giant stride from power to shame ;
One from the bier unto the block :
Thus here with his old tottering frame
Faliero met the headsman's shock. (9)

But these are scenes I would forget
Among the masters such as these,
With Titian and with Tintoret,
And the enchanting Veronese.

Oh, Titian, would some second hand
Might grasp the secret thou dost keep;
But ah, thy brush with Prospero's wand
Lies buried many a fathom deep.

High sitting on an iris throne
Thou holdest empire far apart,
Thy hues have music all their own—
The glowing Tasso, thou, of Art.

Titian and Tasso—these are sounds
That charmed erewhile my fondest dreams,
A clarion from the distant bounds
Where Fame's illuding banner beams.

And these are sounds which charm me still;
But not as in that earlier time—
Here at the foot of their great hill
I see the heights I may not climb.

VI.

'T is past—and weary droops the wing
That thus hath borne me idly on;
The thoughts I have essayed to sing
Are but as bubbles touched and gone.

But, Venice, cold his soul must be,
Who, looking on thy beauty, hears
The story of thy wrongs, if he
Is moved to neither song nor tears.

To glide by temples fair and proud,
Between deserted marble walls,
Or see the hireling foeman crowd,
Rough-shod, her noblest palace halls;

To know her left to Vandal foes,
Until her nest be robbed and gone;
To see her bleeding breast, which shows
How dies the Adriatic swan;

To know that all her wings are shorn,
That Fate has written her decree,
That soon the nations here shall mourn
The lone Palmyra of the sea;

To hear a rough and foreign speech
Commanding the old ocean mart—
Are mournful sights and sounds that reach
And wake to pity all the heart!

VII.

Greece fell, and from her dying hand
Rome caught the torch of Freedom then—
Rome died, and reaching to the land
Venice took up the flame again;

She trimmed it well and bade it wave
A thousand years o'er all the sea,
Then fell, and in her fall she gave
That torch, my country, unto thee?

For this, her memory should be dear;
For this, ere breathes her latest sigh,
Bring flowers to deck her waiting bier,
That she may not unhonored die.

And might this chaplet, ere its blight,
A moment bind her dying brow
Henceforth forever hold a lovelier light—
A brightness that it has not now.

'T is at her feet—there let it lie
Till worthier flowers its place renew,
And landward turning, I must sigh.
Dear Venice, from my heart, adieu!

NOTES.

(1) On a palace facing the piazza of Saint Mark are placed two colossal bronze figures, in the open air, which strike the hour upon an enormous bell.

(2) One of the most notable, and at the same time touching scenes of the late revolutions in Europe, was that of Venice, a single and unaided city rising and throwing off the Austrian yoke, and for a whole month withstanding all the force which a powerful and tyrannical government could bring to bear. But in spite of her many sacrifices and her bravery she was compelled to yield again, and the few privileges which she enjoyed under her previous bondage were now all taken away, and the gray-coated hordes of the enemy are permitted to crowd her piazzas and desecrate her palaces. The visitor who was formerly received with welcome, and who could gratify his curiosity or desire for information, now finds himself stopped at every turn and corner by some impatient Austrian boor, or is referred to the still more insolent authorities.

(3) In the Arsenal there is a model of the renowned Bucentaur, a vessel of great costliness and splendor, which tradition says, rode the sea covered with flowers, amid the roar of cannon and the flourish of music, and the hymenial hymn of the Adriatic, a fitting emblem of the glory and riches of Venice.

(4) The Mocenigo palace, on the grand canal, was occupied by Lord Byron. Much scandal has gone abroad in regard to his several years residence in Venice. He may, however, it is said, deserve some indulgence on account of his abundant charities, which were quite equal to his dissipation.

(5) Every year, on the feast of the Purification, nearly all the marriages of the city were celebrated together in the same church, situated on the small island of Olivolo.

(6) The gondolas hung with black, look as if they were in mourning for the city; and the gondolier, instead of singing the verses of Ariosto or Tasso, is but a poor boatman with but little poetry in his composition, whose only song is a harsh "ah, ah," at the corners of the canals, in order to avoid collision with other boats.

(7) The Basilica of Saint Mark, with its gorgeous and many-columned angular front, and its lead-covered cupolas, looks like some mosque which had been borne away as a trophy from Cairo or Constantinople. The four bronze steeds, known as the horses of Corinth, or the Carrousel, which have fallen a prey to so many different conquerors, at so many different ages of the world, and which, but a few years ago, made a visit to Paris under the direction of Napoleon, have now resumed the position which they so long occupied over the principal door of this church. Some have regarded these horses as a Roman work, of Nero's time; others say they are Greek, and from the Island of Chios, and that they were carried to Constantinople in the fifth century by order of Theodosius. They are among the most interesting relics to be found in Venice.

(8) Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering chief.
BRAON.

(9) The story of Faliero has been so well and accurately told by Lord Byron, that the reader is doubtless well acquainted with the misfortunes of that illustrious but ill-starred Doge of Venice.

CAMPAIGNING STORIES.

NO. II.—THE CAPTIVE RIVALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALBOT AND VERNON," ETC.

(Continued from page 165.)

PART II.

But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Julius Caesar.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till in the furious elemental war,
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour. *Thomson.*

Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. *Byron.*

THE cavalcade pursued a course varying but little from due north, rapidly nearing the mountains in that direction.

They were led by him whom Harding had recognized as the *soi-disant* French count, De Marsiac, who rode a few paces in advance. Half a dozen of his followers came next, and the rear was brought up by the remainder, excepting four, who occupied the centre, with the prisoners. Each of the latter was flanked by two *rancheros*, who carefully kept his bridle, and jealously watched every movement of their charge. Harding thought they might safely relax their vigilance a little, since both he and Grant were securely bound to the saddle, and wholly unarmed. But when a flash of lightning—now becoming more frequent—enabled him to see the leader, he observed that the furtive glance which he threw behind him redoubled the assiduity of his guards, and materially abridged the few chances of escape. He cared little for this, however, for he was well acquainted with the bearings of the country, and saw that they were heading directly for Piedritas, whither he was not unwilling to go. The story of Grant had agitated him even more deeply than his manner had evinced; and though he would not have deserted his duty to clear up his doubts, he was less annoyed than might have been supposed when the responsibility rested upon another.

Grant rode a few paces in the rear of his fellow-prisoner, and was confused by vague apprehensions and conjectures in regard to the purposes of their captor. He had recognized De Marsiac at the same moment with Harding; and, believing himself the favored lover of the young Señora Eltorina—who, he doubted not, had discarded the count—his imagination conjured up images of captivity and death, by no means pleasant. He even believed—so egotistical was his fancy—that when the count looked back from time to time his eyes were bent upon him, not upon Harding—as if the object of the capture had been himself alone!

For more than half an hour after they set out, not a word was spoken aloud by any one—every man seemed to understand what was required of him, without further orders. During that time the heavy clouds which had gathered about the crests of the *sierra* gradually crept down its slopes, and poured into the gorges and ravines. The lightning grew more vivid and frequent, and the thunder, which had been but a low, distant rumble, gradually increased in volume and activity. The moon, which had emerged for a few moments from the folds of the coming storm, was again shrouded, and the party saw their way only by the electric flashes. The horses became restive and impatient—rearing and plunging in affright, and almost casting their riders from the saddle. They were even more impressed with awe of the tempest than the men; and, with the brute instinct of companionship, at each successive flash they nestled, trembling, together, and could only be moved by the spur. But still De Marsiac held on his way—rather increasing his speed with the deepening gloom, and occasionally sinking the rowels deep into the flanks of his prancing horse.

Harding was by no means timid; but even he thought the terror of the animals far from unnatural; for so vivid and pervading was the lightning that the arms and accoutrements of the men, and every plate and buckle in the trappings of their steeds looked blue and venomous in its glare. It was a dead calm, yet those who carried metal could feel, at each successive flash, a cold sensation, as of a wandering breath of air; and the foliage of the low bushes, usually a bright green, paled to an unhealthy, jaundiced white, and quivered as if some one shook the branches. Before them, great streams of fire seemed flowing down the mountain-side; and between the terrible crashes of thunder, they could see fierce tongues of flame, leaping up and out from the slowly settling cloud. There was no interval of darkness, no moment of silence—the hissing of the burning fluid never ceased, and the reverberations of the thunder were repeated and prolonged by gorges, cliffs and crags. But the storm had not yet broken—not a drop of rain had fallen, not a leaf had been stirred by the wind.

Still the count rode on—the only effect apparently produced upon him by the storm being an angry impatience, manifested in muttered curses, and in the frequent spurring of his frightened horse. He had, however, no choice but to proceed; for the country offered no place of shelter, and they were

as well in the saddle as on the ground. But they were rapidly approaching the spurs, which put out into the plain from the mountains "like the fingers of a hand," and the lightning gave them brief glimpses of the mouths of ravines, beds of torrents, washed down between, to the level of the open country. The deepest of these were usually dark and gloomy even by daylight; but now their remotest corners—the crevices and recesses of the rocks, and the secret places of their craggy sides—were brilliantly illuminated; while the roar of the clouds, which lay piled about their heads, poured out from their yawning mouths, like torrents of thunder.

As they neared these the ground grew damp, and now and then a horse's foot sunk into the uncertain soil, spattering the sand and water several yards about him. The footing was indeed becoming insecure, compelling a more careful pace; but, at the end of a few minutes, De Marsiac came to a sudden halt, upon the margin of a shallow stream—apparently the same upon which the army had been encamped. Here a brief and hurried consultation took place between him and one of the leading files—a lieutenant, as it seemed—and then turning his horse's head again up the stream, he resumed his course, at a swinging gallop. The little river grew much narrower as they approached the mountains; and when the count dashed in between two of the spurs, its waters were confined within a bed not more than six feet wide. Between it and the crags it skirted there was barely room for three to ride abreast; and in the first half mile the party were forced by projecting rocks to cross its current more than once.

It was one of the gorges so common in mountainous districts, washed out by the swift streams, running without intermission through countless ages, and eating year by year into the rugged granite. Its bed sloped upward toward the mountain, but the cliffs grew higher as they ascended, and in many places when they cast their eyes up toward the sky, they could see immense rocks, supporting groves of pines and cedars, almost directly above their heads. Here and there, little jets of water leaped from the precipices, glancing along the moss-grown rocks, or reaching the bottom only in thin mist. The moisture made the footing slippery, and the way became more difficult at every step. Large masses of granite blocked up the path, huge trunks of pine and cedar, brought down by their fall, sometimes bridged the stream—they could scarcely ride one hundred yards without being forced to cross from one shore to the other.

To a man of De Marsiac's temper this must soon become intolerable; and, at length, losing all patience with the slow progress thus made in their zigzag course, he turned his horse directly into the stream, and checking him into a walk, took his way straight up its bed.

In the mean time the storm had broken upon the mountain plateau above, and the roar of the wind among the pines came mingled with the peals of thunder. First, a few drops of rain fell pattering on

the stream, or glancing from the rocks with an occasional wandering eddy of damp air from above; then, a light gust, driving mist and hail, and anon a sheet of water, scarcely broken into drops, dashed furiously over the precipice, almost blinding the party with its violence. The lightning became even more vivid and incessant, for the cloud was hovering directly above them, and the thunder reverberated through the gorge, as if every crevice in the rocks had been a cannon's mouth. The horsemen were dripping wet in a moment; for blankets and cloaks were no protection.

But this was not the worst: for now little pebbles and even considerable stones, driven from the inclined plane of the plateau by the force of the wind, came rattling down the crags, increasing in momentum as they rolled for hundreds of feet. As the wind grew more violent, the labored swaying of the trees loosened and dislodged huge rocks—and these, tumbling, with crushing force and enormous bounds, from ledge to ledge, threatened instant annihilation to all below. One of these—a rock weighing several tons—after leaping twice quite across the chasm, plunged down into the stream directly before De Marsiac's horse—damming the waters for a moment and sending them in jets and sheets many yards around! The danger was becoming frightful; but only the wings of a bird would have enabled them to escape it! There was nothing for it, but to push forward and take the chances! The count guided his horse around the rock, and, shouting the word "Follow!" to his men, in a voice whose notes could be heard even in that tumult, still breasted the current.

The soldiers no longer held the bridles of their prisoners; but escape was impossible, and they thought only of scrambling forward. They were like men between the tall buildings of a city shaken by an earthquake; it was useless to stand still, and to retreat was as perilous as to advance! Another and another rock came crashing through the tops of trees, or tearing other rocks from the beds where they had lain for ages, and bringing tempests of stones and trees and earth to the narrow bottom. All distinctions of friend and foe were forgotten; Harding and Grant, both of whom had freed themselves from their bonds, scrambled along indiscriminately with their captors, and thought only of escaping from the elements. No one spoke—every man's teeth were set hard against each other, and every eye was strained toward the upper mountain, where they hoped to find safety. De Marsiac still pushed forward—leaping his horse, here, over the trunk of a tree, turning aside, there, to avoid a rock, or reining suddenly up to escape a falling mass, and then spurring sternly over or around it.

It seemed a miracle that they were not all ground to powder by the frightful tempest of missiles. But a new and more certain danger now assailed them! The little jets of water, which were usually dissipated into spray before they reached the ground, were now becoming great spouts and furious torrents, many of them larger than the main stream,

had been when they entered it. The latter was indeed only a narrow rivulet, but it occupied quite one third of the space between the cliffs, and these were mere walls, too nearly perpendicular to be scaled. The stream was now rapidly rising! When they first rode into it the water had scarcely reached their horse's knees—now it leaped up till its ripples touched their stirrups! It soon became impossible to ride against its current, and they were forced again to seek the bank.

This margin speedily disappeared—the torrent rushed furiously round the points of rocks, or across from cliff to cliff, sweeping like a mill-race through the whole width! When the horsemen dashed across the channel, as they were obliged frequently to do, their steeds were forced to swim; and sometimes drifting, in spite of their struggles, below the obstacles they were endeavoring to pass, they were compelled to renew the effort more than once. Their time and strength were thus wasted in fruitless strivings, while every moment the rising of the waters manifested the importance of husbanding both.

A huge rock fell, with a loud splash, directly before one of the men who was endeavoring to cross: his horse sheered with fright, the current seized him, as in the grasp of a giant, and horse and rider were borne away, to be seen no more! A shriek of agony and dread mingled with the din and uproar of the tempest, but no man halted for a moment, or turned his head to look! A wild, unearthly neigh came next—the dumb brute's cry of horror!—and then the torrent swept him after his rider! Another and another followed, uttering each the same dreadful shriek—but no man turned his head! One of the drowning wretches seized the stirrup of another who was yet safe—appealing in piteous tones for help—but his comrade cut him loose with his sabre, and eagerly pressed forward!

Fear had overcome humanity!

De Marsiac still kept the lead—his tall form moving erect in the lurid light, and his horse bravely breasting the current. After him now came Harding, who, riding a splendid American charger, had passed all but the count, and was rapidly gaining on him. Grant followed him closely—for he too was well mounted, and the burden of his weight was small. Straggling, isolated or in couples, the survivors of the devoted band strained every nerve to gain the advance. But it was in vain: nay, it was evident that should the water continue to rise as rapidly for half an hour longer, even the most powerful must be swept away! And yet no avenue of escape—no accessible ledge—not even a goat-path to the upper ground—could any where be seen! They were completely hemmed by granite ramparts, and the flood boiled higher at every step!

But their situation—already as perilous as it well could be—became even worse! Hitherto, they had been able to see the dangers which encompassed them, and to follow the only paths left open: but now the lightning suddenly ceased, and, except an occasional flash from the receding tempest, they

were left to grope their way in darkness, only the deeper for the momentary light!

"Push ahead, count!" shouted Harding, as he found his way stopped by De Marsiac's horse, and could find no path to pass him.

"I must wait for the lightning," said the count calmly; "my horse refuses to move."

"Go on, Harding!" cried Grant from behind: "this is certainly no place to halt!"

A flash of lightning lit up the scene as he spoke, and the glimpse made their hearts sink still lower! An immense rock, like a rough-hewn column, had fallen from above, extending quite across the stream, and effectually stopping further progress! The waters, temporarily dammed, had acquired new fury from the impediment, and were now pouring over it in a broad and hissing sheet of foam; and the eddies below were rapidly cutting away the foundation of a great ledge, which, already partially loosened, hung trembling above their heads! Where they stood they must soon be crushed to death; and they could move only to plunge into a whirlpool, in search of a fate scarcely less certain!

"We are lost!" said the count, in a voice very low, but thrillingly audible through the roar of the torrent, the dash of rain, and the reverberations of the thunder.

"Not without an effort!" said Harding resolutely. "Wait for another flash."

It was full a minute before the chasm was again illuminated; and to the watchers that minute seemed an age; for they could feel the waters rising round their feet, and the sound of rolling stones and sliding earth above them, warned them that they had no time to lose. They waited in breathless silence, while their horses swayd and struggled with the current. At last the flash came—flickering and playing upon the manifold dangers about them, as if in mockery of all endeavors to escape. The foaming waters shone pink and yellow in the light, and the rocks seemed burning with a lambent, bluish flame.

"Follow me!" shouted Harding, with the quick decision which marked all he did; and spurring his horse into the boiling eddy, followed by the others, with a desperate, plunging struggle, he gained the other bank. At the same moment the broad ledge, beneath which they had been waiting, nodded from its place, hung suspended for an instant, and then fell with a tremendous crash into the water. Large quantities of earth and stone, dislodged by its fall, slid grinding down upon and across it, and the whole weight of the current was turned upon the spot where the weary horsemen stood.

"Back to the other bank!" shouted Harding again—and once more he plunged into the torrent, implicitly followed by friend and foe.

A desperate scramble ensued. The slide had raised the bank several feet; but the earth was loose and crumbling, and the water was fast cutting it away. Skillfully managed, Harding's horse at once gained the level, and was soon followed by Grant and De Marsiac, with about half of his men. The

horses of the remainder placed their fore-feet upon the bank, but it crumbled and slid away beneath them! With neigh and shriek both horse and rider fell backward, and were whirled away with dizzy speed!

"This way, now!" once more called Harding, whose promptness had given him the entire command; and, turning his horse up the slope formed by the sliding earth, with two or three violent plunges he gained the upper surface of the fallen ledge. De Marsiac and Grant again followed, with eight of the *rancheros*, but the insecure embankment gave way at the moment, and two of the latter were borne away after their lost comrades! The survivors were for the present in safety; but more than half the party had found a watery grave!

The eleven now dismounted, and gathered together, cold, fatigued, and shivering, in a circle; for there was barely room enough upon the rock for them to stand with their horses. They looked into each other's pale faces by the light of the storm, as if each were surprised to see the others alive. Like men just issuing from a dark place, as yet unaccustomed to the light—they were too much confused by the transition from extreme peril to comparative safety fully to possess their faculties.

Harding was the first to speak, as he had been the first to act.

"So, count," said he, in a tone of some bitterness, "we meet again in circumstances rather unfavorable."

"Too true," De Marsiac replied, with an inclination of the head: "But I hope you will forgive me if I rejoice that you are of our party, for without you none of us would now have been alive."

"May I ask, then," continued Harding, in the same tone, "the object of seeking my company at all? Our former acquaintance gave me no reason to believe you so fond of it!"

"I was not aware of your identity until you recognized me," replied the count calmly. "I had no expectation of such a meeting, and, I hope you will believe, no special desire for it."

"You were not seeking me, then. But I presume you were not quite so ignorant of the identity of my companion?"

"I had seen him rather more recently," the count replied, smiling significantly, and bowing toward the young man, as a flash of lightning enabled him to see his face. Harding could detect a gleam beyond the electric in his eyes, and saw that the courteous bow was quite as eloquent of hatred as of politeness. Grant turned away with a contemptuous toss of the head, and busied himself about the trappings of his horse.

"What commission do you hold in the Mexican army?" asked Harding abruptly, after a pause.

"None whatever," answered the count.

"Then this is an expedition undertaken on your own private account; and"—he added in a low voice—"for your own purposes of revenge."

"You certainly guess well," said De Marsiac, with another bow and a courteous smile, "for such

is the fact. This young man has injured me—vitality; and he is now my prisoner. As for yourself, you are at liberty to go whithersoever you may choose."

"A blessed privilege, upon my word!" said Harding, as another flash of lightning revealed the scene around him. "But I think I should have appreciated your kindness rather more highly had you manifested it sooner."

"It cannot be helped now," said the count carelessly; "so I suppose you must even remain with us, until such time as we can separate in safety."

"The water is rising over the ledge!" exclaimed one of the men. And so it was—gradually encroaching, inch by inch, dashing in foam across the corner here, there running obliquely along the edge, and seeming slowly, but surely, preparing to swallow up the forlorn travelers.

"There is no danger," said the count calmly. "The storm is past, and the water will soon subside. I see daylight is approaching, too; and when we once get a steady view of our situation, we shall find some path by which to escape."

He was right. The dawn had probably appeared on the plateau some minutes before it penetrated the chasm; and its strength was now rapidly increasing, both by its own advance and the retreat of the clouds over the southern *sierra*. Within a quarter of an hour after he made the announcement, the lightning was no longer visible, and the cold, damp gray of the morning stole down the gorge, and revealed the full extent of the perils they had passed.

"If we had had daylight," said the count, gazing round, "we should never have escaped: the darkness, which we considered one of the perils, was in fact our chief protection."

And he might have added, men will often brave dangers in the dark, the sight of which would appal and unnerve them.

By sunrise—an hour to be determined only by the streaks of light among the pines which crowned the *sierra*, and the kindling colors of the fleecy clouds, which had drifted from the storm, and now hung, scarcely moving, in mid-air above the mountains—the waters had begun visibly to subside; and, so rapid was the current, an hour sufficed to reduce the torrent to a gentle rivulet again. The large rock, which had stopped the progress of the detachment, for a time dammed up the water, but a little stream quietly worked its way around the western end, and, cutting out the loose, gravelly soil, soon washed itself a wider bed. The broad sheet, which had been dashing over the rock, now trickled faintly down its side: anon, this ceased also; large stones began to roll from their foundations into the new current; every moment made the passage wider, until, at the end of half an hour, another channel was formed broad enough for the waters; and the stream, pushed from its ancient bed, accommodated itself to the change, and once more became the sparkling rivulet. The roar of the flood, as it went gradually down, was like the moan of a dying wind

in a deep forest; and the mildest breath of spring is not more gentle in its murmurs, than was the little rill, so recently a furious and overwhelming torrent.

With some difficulty, leading their horses, the party clambered down from the rock of refuge, and gained the lower level.

"Before we proceed farther," said the count, addressing Harding—for he never spoke to Grant—"I must have your parol not to attempt escape: otherwise I must resume the precautions, which the loss of my men has rendered still more necessary."

"I thought you had no desire to detain me," said Harding.

"I cannot make the distinction now," answered the count, in a low voice; "but I will explain after a while."

"Shall we give our parol, Grant?" asked Harding of his comrade.

"I suppose there is no alternative," said the latter, as if yielding to the necessity. But this was only affectation; for he, too, saw that he was to be taken to the vicinity of Piedritas, whither he was not at all unwilling to go—even though he went in the inconvenient category of a captive.

The parol was given and the march resumed.

An hour's ride brought them near the head of the ravine—a point where a precipitous path led up from the bed of the stream to a ledge on the mountain's side, along which two men might ride abreast—with a deep abyss upon one hand, and a perpendicular crag upon the other. As they gained the shelf, De Marsiac paused and called Harding forward to his side; and, directing his lieutenant to ride a few paces in the rear with his men and the other prisoner, he thus commenced a conversation with his companion—

"You seemed to conjecture something of my motive in seizing your friend—"

"It was only conjecture," said Harding, interposing.

"I presume so," continued the count calmly. "But even to form that, you must have had some information from Grant—a fact which confirms me in the faith that I have done right in seizing him. But, I may possibly be mistaken; and, if I am, I should be very unwilling to detain either you or him."

"You do not wish to keep me, as it is," said Harding.

"No," assented the count; "but I would rather set Grant at liberty with you, if I could; and I presume both he and you would also prefer that course. I captured him in order to get certain information, which concerns me deeply; and if you can give me such an account of the matters to which I allude as to justify it, I will forthwith send you both back to the vicinity of your army."

Harding reflected for a few moments in silence. He perceived that the count had no suspicion of his pretensions to Margarita's hand, and ground his teeth when he thought how completely he must have been forgotten. But he resolved to keep De Marsiac in ignorance, and to turn his evident desire

to make a confidant of him to the accomplishment of his own purposes. Before speaking, however, he wished to see his way more clearly.

"You offer a premium for deception," said he, at length.

"I know you well enough," answered the count, with a bow, "to be quite sure that if you tell me any thing at all, it will be strictly the truth."

"Thank you," said Harding, bowing in his turn; "but I do not clearly understand to what matters you allude."

"May I conclude, then," asked De Marsiac, "that if I explain fully, you will give me the benefit of whatever information you may have?"

"I will answer your questions, at all events," Harding replied.

"That will be sufficient," said the count; and he commenced—

"You recollect the young Señorita Eltoarena in the city?—the daughter of Colonel Eltoarena, whose *hacienda* was—"

"I have met her once or twice," said Harding carelessly. "Once, I think, in Vera Cruz, and afterward in 'the city.'"

"Well," said the count, "I do not know whether you ever heard that I have some pretensions to her hand—"

"I have heard it—from Grant," said Harding quickly.

"I have the sanction of her mother," continued De Marsiac, "and was, I think, on the point of gaining her consent also—indeed, I was authorized to say she loved me, from her own words—"

"Infamous perfidy!" exclaimed Harding, with a start.

The count gazed wonderingly at him—surprised to see so much emotion in one apparently uninterested. But attributing it to the information he had received from Grant, and his interest in the suit of his friend, as Harding hinted, he went on—

"We were at the *Hacienda de los Piedritas*, and a few days would have made my happiness complete—when, one morning, this young man was brought to the place, ill with fever. The army marched away, commending him to the care of the Señora and Margarita—and from that time I had no peace. Margarita was feeding and nursing him night and day—she had not a moment to spare for any one else—she would break abruptly away from me in the midst of the most interesting conversation—she declined our ordinary rambles on the mountain—she even refused to ride over the grounds! I had dwindled to nothing—was a mere cipher—and when I mentioned myself or my hopes, she thrust this whey-faced Adonis into my teeth with evident malice. I could do nothing but wait, with what patience I could command, for his recovery and departure. When he became convalescent she was continually with him in the garden. Once I saw him in an attitude of entreaty, and am almost certain she was about to throw herself into his arms!"

Harding dashed his spurs into his horses' flanks, causing him to bound forward so violently, as almost

to throw him from the saddle; but he recovered himself and his steed, and the count went on, too much absorbed in his story to observe his companion's excitement—

"My approach interrupted them, and broke up the *tableau*, and from that time till the departure of Grant I saw them together no more. Whether they met or not, I do not know—though I have reason to believe they did, at least occasionally. After he went away, I renewed my suit, and was coldly received—but I am still at a loss to conjecture what is the precise state of things between her and your friend. He is now my prisoner—captured at the cost of a dozen lives—but if you can assure me that my suspicions are without foundation, I will set him at liberty, and send him back safe to the army."

"But if they are just—" suggested Harding—

"Then," said the count determinedly, "he shall not escape until he shall have renounced all pretensions to the Señorita's hand, if I should have to keep him till my last hour."

"He was relating this story to me," said Harding, after musing for a few moments, "when you made your onset, and broke off the thread in the middle of the narrative. He was certainly much enamored of her; but the interruption prevented my learning the result of his suit."

"Will you be my friend, then," demanded the count, turning suddenly toward him, "and ascertain the facts for me?"

"Not so fast," said Harding with a smile. "I will make a stipulation with you: The column from whose rear you captured us, is moving on Saltillo, with the expectation of meeting the enemy. Now, I am anxious to reach my regiment before the attack—"

"You can easily do that," eagerly interrupted the count; "for, excepting one thousand cavalry, there are no troops north of San Louis. Santa Anna is still at that place, and will probably not move in this direction for four or five weeks."

"Very well," said Harding. "Now, if you will give me your pledge to release me in time for my purpose, I will give you my parol not to leave you until I shall have learned how the matter stands, and acquainted you with the facts."

"Concluded!" said the count eagerly; "a treaty! You have my word of honor to that effect."

"But," continued Harding, "after riding so long, and talking so confidentially with you, I am convinced that if Grant really considers you his rival, it will be useless for me to make any inquiries of him. His suspicions would be aroused forthwith—for he is by no means dull—and my questioning might be worse than fruitless."

"What do you propose, then?" asked the count.

"Since you were imprudent enough," answered Harding, "to allow Grant to see us talking, the only course left open is to resort at once to the Señorita. You know I am already slightly acquainted with her; and by representing myself as an envoy from Grant, will soon be able to gain her confidence.

That point once gained, the rest will be all plain sailing."

"But how will you account for being in company with me?" asked De Marsiac, doubtfully.

"She must not know," Harding replied, "that I am aware of your being in the neighborhood; you can point out the place, and I will go alone."

De Marsiac seemed to have some misgivings about the plan; and, probably, had he known Harding's thoughts, he would have had more. But, on reflecting that it was the only chance, and that he could at any time put a period to the mediation, he acceded, and the preliminaries were adjusted.

About an hour before noon—having skirted the mountain for twelve or fifteen miles—they entered upon a broken, undulating region—a sort of depression among the hills—where the ridges were flattened below the general level of the country, and the road became less precipitous. It was, in fact, a basin among the mountains, where one might imagine a great lake had once been confined by the ridges which rise around it; but two gorges, or gaps, besides that by which they had approached it, apparently washed painfully and slowly down by the overflowing waters, now served as aqueducts to the plains; and though two or three rivers here took their rise, gathering their torrents from a wide extent of mountain, but one was of sufficient importance to receive a name. Even the heavy storm of the morning had left them mere rivulets; and that, whose furious current had so nearly swept them into eternity, could here be crossed dry-shod. Heading near this, and running parallel to it for a mile, was another, rather larger, which left the basin through a *garganta*, or narrow pass, directly opposite, and wound away through the mountains, seeking the plain in a northerly direction.

"This is the *Piedritas*,"* said De Marsiac, as he led the way down its rocky bank, and turned his horse down its channel. "It runs through the court-yard of the *hacienda* of that name, and ultimately, I believe, finds its way into the Lake of Parras.

It was a beautiful little stream—clear, swift and sparkling—not more than five or six inches deep, and in width as many feet, except where the rocks approached each other, deepening and narrowing the channel—and on its bottom the many-colored pebbles, from which it took its name, were as clearly visible as if the water had been liquid glass. Its banks were sometimes so high as to shut out the surrounding hills—sometimes so depressed as to give them pleasant glimpses down the moss-grown gorges and ravines, or along the silvery current of a lonely little stream. Above these, scattered and straggling along the slopes, but growing thicker toward the hill-tops, the pines and cedars nodded in the wind, or stood erect and motionless as columns of emerald. Upon the peaks and ridges, crests,

* *Piedritas* means "little stones"—and the river is so named from the beautiful blue and yellow pebbles which cover its bottom.

and plumes waved to and fro, and from them, through the haunted stillness, low, sighing murmurs floated down the valleys. Stillness and Silence are twin-daughters of Solitude, but Sound is their brother, and his voice is heard even in the desert and among the mountains.

They had been riding in the bed of the stream two hours, when, on turning the point of a jutting rock, they came suddenly in sight of a little ruined mill, perched upon an overhanging ledge, and adding another shade of desolation to the solitude.* Here they found a steep path, leading to the level above, and up this De Marsiac turned his horse.

"We must take some refreshment and repose here," he said, drawing his rein as Harding came up. "It is but four leagues to *La Embocadura*, and I do not wish to arrive until after night-fall."

He sprang to the ground as he spoke, and raising a bugle to his lips blew a long, mellow, echoing blast, which resounded in a thousand repetitions, lapsing from rock to rock, until it rolled away, dying slowly in the distance. The men came straggling up the path, and clattering to the ground; and in five minutes all were busy with preparations for the refreshment they so much needed. Two or three goat-herds—wild, ill-looking fellows—emerged from the ravines, loaded with goat's flesh and *tortillas*; while, from sundry unsuspected places, were produced long gourds and leathern bottles, containing *aguardiente* and Parras wine. The *peons* deposited their burdens on the rock and disappeared—the men attacked the viands, and half an hour sufficed to satisfy their wants. The whole party then lay down to sleep; and a deep silence descended upon the wild scene, unbroken, save by the murmuring of the river, and the heavy breathing of the tired slumberers. The sun wheeled toward the west, and the shadows of the taller peaks could be distinguished, slowly creeping down the valley. The wind had died completely out; the roaring of the pines no longer reached the ear, and, in its place, the low humming of insects sounded strange and lonely. Nature was slumbering, enchained, beneath the silent noontide.

This continued for about three hours, when De Marsiac raised his head from his arm and gazed about over the sleeping group. He then looked toward the western ridge—beyond which the sun was about to sink—and rising from the ground approached the place where Harding was reposing with his head upon a stone. He stooped to arouse him, but he was already awake.

"Come," said the count, in a cautious voice. "Let us ride on together—Manuel can bring the men with Señor Grant afterward."

Harding quietly rose to his feet, while the count aroused Manuel (the lieutenant) and gave him his orders. Two or three of the men opened their eyes and gazed drowsily around; but at a sign from De Marsiac their heads sunk back, and they were asleep

again before he had turned away. Leading their horses down the declivity, they gained the bed of the stream and sprang to the saddle.

"Two hours' ride," said the count, as they set out, "will bring us to *La Embocadura*—my present residence—where you can remain until to-morrow, or go on to *Los Piedritas*, as you please."

"I will be your guest to-night," said Harding, "if you will receive me; for both my strength and my dress need some renovation."

"You shall be quite welcome," said the Frenchman, with a bow, as if some valued friend had proposed to pay him a voluntary visit.

A little more than the specified two hours passed away in various, and, indeed, pleasant converse—for De Marsiac was a gentleman and a man of the world—when the count suddenly turned his horse up a steep acclivity. Harding followed him, and after a brief struggle gained a small table-rock, from which he could command a view of one of those grand landscapes so common in that country of mountain, plain and river.

They were upon skirts of the *sierra* through which they had been riding all day, and its broken undulations extended east and west beyond the reach of vision. Between this and a parallel ridge—commencing, apparently, where the first ended, and culminating about three leagues from the point where our friends stood—lay a quiet, peaceful valley, imbosomed among the hills, and carpeted with green. The sun was hanging in the hazy atmosphere, in the very middle of its western extremity, and his softened light—shorn of its dazzling brightness—poured, rich and mellow, through the lengthened vista—warming the cold gray granite, and imparting golden hues to hedges, rocks and trees. In the dusky east, the timid moon was rising modestly above the evening clouds; while in front, almost beneath the travelers' feet, unrolled the valley, dotted here and there by dwellings, to which "distance lent enchantment;" with avenues, and groves, and solitary trees, which, near, or distant, could only have been beautiful. Along the base of the rock upon which they stood, the little river, in whose channel they had been riding, crept now more slowly toward the plain; and, following its silvery current, the eye could trace it, glistening among willow groves and sedgy banks, until it wound away and was lost in the shadowy region toward the setting sun.

Harding was a true lover of the beautiful in nature and in art; but, now, his first glance, after his eye had taken in the general features of the landscape, was along the thread-like stream. He remembered what the count had told him—that it flowed through the court-yard of the *hacienda*, where Margarita lived—and, with the instinct of a lover, he at once discovered the place.

It lay about two miles from him, in the very heart of the valley, imbosomed among a mass of low "greenery," and above this rose a number of stately elms, the tallest within view. It was a large building—or rather a collection of buildings—occupying

* "*El Molino Encantado*," or "The Haunted Mill," as it is called—for the locality is no fiction. There is a pleasant ghost-story about it, which I will tell you anon.

the sides of a quadrangular court-yard, through the middle of which, under two broad gate-ways, ran the glistening Piedritas. There were many little cottages, or *ranchos*, in the vicinity, each of which was veiled or shaded by a separate grove; and around them all, stretching miles away down the valley, extended green and well kept fields, through which an hundred artificial streams were winding—while along the banks of each were growing hedge-rows of graceful, waving willows. Over the whole scene the veil of age was thrown; but weather-stains and hanging moss were gilded by the evening sun, till every mark of time and decay became another point of beauty.

"A lovely scene, is it not?" said De Marsiac, when Harding, having gazed long at the *hacienda*, turned toward the east.

"Beautiful exceedingly!" warmly assented the latter. "I saw it about six weeks ago; but then it had nothing like the charm which I find in it now."

"At that time," said the count, "you were surrounded by the disenchanting influences of an army; and however much a column of soldiers may add to the picturesque in a wild mountain scene, it only detracts from that which depends for its beauty chiefly upon its peacefulness. But you have not yet observed Embocadura; it lies here to the right, against the mountain."

Harding turned his face in the direction indicated, but could at first see nothing, save a dense grove of tropical trees, of which those nearest him swept with their branches the face of a cliff, which terminated the mountain and furnished a limit to the valley. On looking more closely, however, he could observe the moss-covered walls of what seemed a very old place, and, following the direction of the fragments that met his view, he could trace the line of a parallelogram—one side of which was formed by the cliff—and within this he saw parts of numerous buildings. Along the western wall ran the little river, washing its foundations, and crossed by a draw-bridge, which was now raised. The lands in the vicinity, excepting a few small fields, were much neglected—the hedges ragged and untrimmed, and the walls crumbling to ruins. Many of the ranchos were untenanted; the roofs of several had fallen in, and smoke—the most cheerful incident to

such a landscape—was seen issuing from only those nearest to the mansion. But these things only added to the picturesque effect—furnishing the element of decay, to complete the character of the scene.

"It seems neglected," said Harding.

"It belonged," replied the count, "before I brought it, to a decayed family—and is, even now, a fit emblem of their fortunes. If I remain in the neighborhood, I shall endeavor to reclaim it."

"And your remaining, I presume," said Harding, "depends somewhat upon the result of my mission yonder."

"Yes—let us ride down."

They descended, winding round the mountain spurs, until they gained the level of the valley, and then, turning sharply to the right, soon found themselves on the bank of the river, opposite the draw-bridge. A blast from De Marsiac's bugle brought two men to the wall, and with much rattling of chains and creaking of pulleys, the platform was lowered to its place. They rode across without ceremony, and soon found themselves in the count's temporary home. There was much in its decay, in the signs of warlike preparation, and in the miserable look of the domestics, to furnish food for the reflections of a man of thought; but Harding was too much fatigued to pause long upon any scene, however suggestive or impressive.

They passed in, and by night-fall were seated—the captive and the captor—amicably at a well loaded board. The meal was speedily dispatched; and after a quiet stroll with a cigar, upon the walls, which Harding found of great thickness, they retired to rest. An hour or two afterward, the party who had been left at El Molino clattered over the bridge with their prisoner, and filled the place with commotion. This, however, soon subsided, and before midnight the scene lay under the calm, cold, moon as quietly as if no one had breathed within.

The sun had been shining down the valley several hours, when Harding was aroused by the count. A hasty breakfast was dispatched, and then mounting his horse, which he found saddled at the door, he shook De Marsiac's hand, and rode slowly away toward La Hacienda de los Piedritas.

[To be continued.]

SONNET.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

I do not grieve at taking vows before thou dost take them, but at the doubt which it implies. *Helotis to Abnerk.*

MAJESTIC grows the soul where love abides;
He doth rebuke all show, and guileful art,
Creating such true nobleness of heart,
That our poor woman toys he sternly chides,
As we did walk with Gods; for Love derides
All power save that of Fate. Pulseless, apart,
We Parcae weave—the heavens and earth may start,

And they regard not what the fabric bides
Here, the weird Sisters far above all will
Or let of mine, have bound me so to thee,
I have no impulse left to do the wrong—
Yet better is the pang thy doubts distil,
Unworthy thee. The convent wall would be
Of little worth, if Truth than it were not more strong.

THE QUORNDON HOUNDS;

OR A VIRGINIAN'S DEBUT AT MELTON MOWBRAY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CLUB-ROOM.

Who does not know what Melton Mowbray was? Not Melton Mowbray of these degenerate days, but the Melton Mowbray, when the SQUIRE used to *squeal*, Goodrick and Holyoke and Forester—not *Frank*, by the way, but my lord—and Alvanley and Campbell of Saddell, and Valentine Magher—the bruisingest of bruising riders—and Musgrave of the north, Peyton and Gardner, and ill-natured Brudenell, and good-natured Jem M'Donald, and fifty others, we could write of an' we would, to *ride*—ay! to *squeal* and to *ride* to the ladies*—to Osbaldistone's lady-pack. Nothing ever ran on earth like those fleet, glossy, graceful darlings; nothing ever will run like them on earth again; for like *larking ladies*, as they were, they almost invariably *ran away*!

It was in Melton Mowbray, then, in the good days when George the Fourth was king—before the world had heard tell of any of the *ists* or *isms*—when men feared their God, honored their king, went to church o' Sundays, and drank their port at dinner, without once dreaming that they were behind the age, much less that they were robbers, inasmuch as they owned goodly acres; or habitual drunkards, inasmuch as they preferred Bordeaux to milk and water, and old October to the then unsung and unhonored Croton.

It was in Melton Mowbray, then, on a dark, drizzling Saturday night, in the latter end of November, 1830, that we will take a peep into the interior of the Melton Club-room.

There; it is, as you see, a large, substantially furnished, well-lighted room; prepared with especial reference to comfort, but very little heed to show. The carpets are of the softest, the arm-chairs of the easiest, the grates are replenished with piles of Cannel coal, blazing as if they would outvie the hundreds of wax candles; the arm-chairs are filled, the sofas occupied, the tables surrounded by the first men in England; the first in birth and breeding, as in bearing and appearance—many the first in talent, as in rank; some with hard-earned and world-wide reputations; and yet, in the means and appliances for their comfort, there is none of that ostentatious display of glass and gilding, of satin and velvet, of *buhl* and *marquetry*, which is to be seen with us in the town-house of every fifth-rate merchant prince, who is to-day a millionaire, to-morrow a bankrupt and a

* It was the practice of that consummate sportsman and great huntman to work, feed, and lodge his dog-pack and bitch-pack separately, instead of using the two sexes promiscuously. The ladies were the love and delight of all true sportsmen; and in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire their fame will live till doomsday.

beggar; nay! even in the saloon of every transient steamboat that plies, laden with emigrants and traders, trappers and miners, backwoodsmen and blacklegs, over the glittering waters of our great western lakes.

A few fine pictures on the walls, by Lawrence or Sir Joshua, by Stubbs and Cooper and Landseer, portraits these of distinguished Nimrods of their day, masters of packs, or followers of the Quorn, those of their favorite companions and allies, the horses that lived to the end of the longest run, the hounds that ran the fleetest and the truest; but no mirrors of plate-glass, wherein Goliath might have viewed himself entire, hooped on a charger up to his colossal frame; no cornices of carven gold; no tables of invaluable porphyry, or consoles of Russian malachite.

Two or three whist-tables are distinguished easily enough, by the gravity and silence of their occupants; two or three more, merrier and more noisily surrounded, where *ecarté* is in full blast—at one of the first, that down-looking, light-haired, uneyebrowed man, with a voice clear and soft as a silver trumpet, a voice whose pleadings, it is said, no woman ever heard and resisted—you would pass him in a crowd utterly unnoticed, yet he has broken more hearts and ruined more reputations than any man in England—that is Henry de Roos, untainted as yet by the infamy which in after days tarnished the ermine of his baronial robes, and known only as the best and luckiest whist-player, the man most *à bonnes fortunes* of all in, or out of, London.

Opposite him, that handsome, large-built man, with the aquiline nose and well-opened eye, the most aristocratic air and bearing, yet the openest and most kindly manner, that is the Duke of Beaufort, the dashing Worcester of past days, never to be forgotten as the best-natured of the dandies. Two Georges fill the party *quarri*, the handsome and elaborately got up Anson, with his finely chiseled but somewhat unmeaning features; and his small, natty, well dressed *vis-à-vis*, the prince of sportsmen and goodfellows, the deepest of betters, and most unmoved of losers, then something new upon the turf, George Payne of Selby. That slovenly, nay, almost dirty, person who has just backed De Roos so heavily against Tom Gascoigne, is the well known baronet Sir William Ingilby, so well known for his naive replies, in after days, on the De Roos investigation, whereby he avowed that, when a friend, who had detected the unhappy baron in the act of cheating, asked his advice as to what should be done, he advised him "always to be his partner, or to back him."

Perhaps, already he suspects him; at all events he backs him; and lo! he has won, for Tom is shelling out the bank notes to a heavy figure.

About that other table, larking and laughing merrily over their pool at *ecarté*, are a younger party, Gardner and the M'Donalds, Dick Gascoigne, and Mount Sandford, Foljambe and Charley Sutton, all except the first named merry, and more elated with their fun than minding the game, or caring about the winnings; but Gardner's brow is bent, and his expression dark and sullen; his mind is on his winnings, and he plays, as he rides, boldly and very well, but with a cold, ill-natured, sulky resolution, as unlike as possible to the fierce, rash, furious style which marks his rival, equally in daring horsemanship and desperate bad temper—the most unpopular man in England, then known as Brudenell, now worse known as Cardigan.

There again, at another whist table, with his hat pulled down over his dogged, saturnine features, and his dark claret-colored cut-away—that is the clever, wayward, cross, and fitful John George Lambton, not yet Lord Durham; and opposite to him, with small pinched face, that you scarcely know whether to call plain or handsome, and an air most fastidious, if you should not rather call it contemptuous, sits most eccentric of all talents, most talented of all eccentrics, Tom Duncombe.

The very fat man, Lambton's partner, is the bon vivant, the wit, the welter weight, the friend, under an older dynasty of fashion, of Brummel and the prince, and still the cream of the cream of the London world, and the slashingest heavy weight in all Leicestershire, that is Lord Alvanley; he who proposed to amend the constitution of the natural and civil year, by having all the frost and snow of the former, all the Sundays of the latter, gathered into the months of April, May, June and July, so that neither weather nor worship should interfere with the sportsman's occupation, from the first of shooting on the moors in August until the last of fox-hunting in March.

He with a chin almost as long as that of Titus Oates, of ill memory, making his mouth appear to be in the centre of his face, that is Molyneux, except his father Seflon, the best finger on four horses in the kingdom, and second to very few at a brook or a bullfinch.

Musgrave and Magher, Goodrick and Holyoke sit in close conclave with the Squire, discussing points of bone and muscle, breeding and blood, as if the nation's weal thereon depended, in low tones, of which nothing escaped to the general ear, except now and then some such phrase as "splendid arm"—"why, yes; a little cross-made, but monstrous power, and then such a stride"—or, "no—by Timoleon out of an Orville mare," or something of similar import relating to, what was to those most veritable members of the *equestrian* order, the only serious subject of thought and object of life.

Others of less note, younger, yet ardent votaries of the chase, were lounging about, sipping coffee or curaçao, chatting of the news of the day, the best

run of the season, which had occurred on that very Saturday; whose horse had lived to the end of it; how Osbaldistone's "Clasher" had cleared the Union Canal lock between Turlington and Countis-thorpe, twenty-five feet of bright water in his stride; how many of his ribs, or whether it was his collar-bone, Grantley Berkeley broke in that tremendous push over the park-gate below Arnesby; whose wife it was Jem Trevor had run away with; and whether Schwartzzenbergh was going to marry Lady Ellenborough, or if it was true that he had got the emperor to forbid it.

Some of the old hands were beginning to talk about going home, and many of the young ones were ordering broiled bones and deviled lobsters, mulled Burgundy or iced hock, to be prepared in the dining-room, with a passing remark that it would not much matter if there should be a spice of headache the next morning, as it was Sunday and there would be nothing to do.

"Quite right," said Alvanley laughing, as he got up from his whist-table, and pocketed Lambton's sovereigns, "quite right Charley; for my own part, I find it vastly *improving*, as the Methodists call it, to have a little headache on Sunday morning; it promotes repentance so much, and I make it a practice always to repent on Sundays. I think, in fact, that the bishops ought to have it seriously recommended. I'll speak to Sydney Smith about it, when I see him next."

"About what, my lord?" said a tall, elegantly shaped, slender man, whose black coat, though it was cut in rather sporting style, proved his cloth; and who was no other than that splendid horseman, and yet more splendid whip, Algernon Peyton, Rector of Fen Drayton. "It is something new for you to meddle with church matters, since the bishops refused to concentrate the Sundays for you. What do you want the bench of incurables to recommend now?"

"Only getting drunk on Saturday nights," cried Gardner, with a rude, coarse laugh, "in order to promote repentance on Sunday mornings; what do you think of it, most reverend?"

"I don't think it would do at all," said Chesterfield, who had been standing stupidly, and half sulkily, listening without speaking, suddenly giving tongue. "Not at all, for gentlemen; the lower orders always get drunk on Saturday."

"A very sage remark, Ches.," replied Castlereagh, with a light laugh, for, though they were great allies, he never missed a chance of giving a slap to the stupid, haughty don. "On the same principle, of course, you never dine or sup on Saturday nights, for that is the night *par excellence* on which those poor devils *do* sup, if they sup at all."

"By the same rule, gentlemen must never kiss their wives on Saturday nights," said Tom Gascoigne.

"Tom, you are, out of all reckoning, behind the day," returned Castlereagh. "Gentlemen of Ches.'s order never kiss their wives. Other men's wives are your only Chesterfieldian kissing."

What remark the snob nobleman would have made to this gentle cut is unfortunately lost to the world in general, and to the readers of Graham in particular; for, at this moment, the door opened, and there appeared on the threshold a very good-looking and exceedingly gentlemanly person, of small and rather slender frame, but exquisitely made both for grace and power, with dark, curling hair, dark, oriental eyes, and a slightly Asiatic cast of features, set off by a small penciled moustache and imperial.

He had a traveling cap on his head, and a dark cloth pelisse, lined throughout with the most superb sables, over a plain evening dress.

Scarcely had he shown himself before he was hailed by a perfect tumult of welcome and congratulation, proving the extreme popularity of the new comer. Popular indeed he was, none ever more so, or more deservedly so, as every one will admit, who remembers, or is so happy as to know, the Count Matuschevitz.

A finished and thorough gentleman, as all Russian gentlemen we have ever seen invariably are; a man of profound accomplishment; of singular skill as a linguist, speaking every modern tongue with the fluency and ease of a native; a diplomatist of perfect *finesse*, though at the period of which we write his abilities in that line were undeveloped; he was, in addition to all this, as agreeable an associate, as amiable a companion, and as good a fellow as ever was sent to represent one foreign power near the court of another.

At this particular time, the diplomatic situation of the Count Matuschevitz was somewhat anomalous; for, although he was known to be connected with the embassy, at the head of which then was the magnificent Prince Lieven, his duties were singularly unburthensome, his sole occupations seeming to be killing the time by means of all those stirring and athletic exercises, games and sports, which have in all ages, and under all sovereigns, been the peculiar favorites of the manly aristocracy of old England.

In after days it came out, that the avocations and duties of the gay and gallant count were identical; and that the best shot, the best rider, the best fencer, tennis-player, sparrer, in the Russian empire, he was sent by the great and shrewd ruler of that wonderful semi-barbarous power, all of whose rulers seem to be, by hereditary right and the grace of God, great and wise, and shrewd and crafty, for the express end and purpose of riding and shooting, sparring and fencing himself into the good graces of the English gentry and nobility; and so becoming the associate of their private hours, and the judge of their characters, to a degree unattainable by the envoys of any other court.

How far Nicholas succeeded in his purpose it is not within the scope of this paper to divulge; but this much is certain, that, although in the omnibus box at the opera, in the drawing-rooms, or ball-rooms of the metropolis, the French or the Italian, the Austrian or the Prussian envoys and attaches might keep pace with clever Russian, in the recess

of Parliament, when the peers shoot pheasants, and the members fox-hunt, they had no more chance with Matuschevitz, than a French *boyeur* would have had with Tom Crib; or a French *jockey* with Jim Robinson or Chiffney, in the pig-skin.

To this day and hour, no Frenchman, not even the admirable Crichon of the nineteenth century, the imitated but inimitable D'Orsay, has ever been known to get even tolerably well across a country. It is not pluck they lack, nor horsemanship—their cavalry are better riders than the English—but somehow or other it is not in them—they have n't got the *go*, still less the judgment and the coolness, the head, the hand, and the seat, which must be combined to carry a man well across the country in the pig-skin upon the back of a flyer.

Multitudinous Frenchmen can pop over rabbits in a furze brake, slaughter pheasants at a battue, shoot hares from behind a rock or a bush, lying *perdu*, at a dead aim; but when we see one Frenchman, born and bred in *la belle France*, do his day's walking and day's shooting in good style on the moors—throw a fly neatly over a trout stream—or ride, as we have said, even tolerably well across a country, we shall expect the next morning to see a blackamoor washed white, and a leopard change his spots.

But this little digression finished, we return to our muttons, and beg to assure the reader that if no Frenchman ever had the *go* in him for Leicestershire, the Russian Matuschevitz had it in perfection.

If at first the old stagers laughed in their sleeves at the somewhat dragoon seat, the tip of the toe only in the stirrup, the heel well sunk and turned outward, and the too accurately *manège* style of the whole seat and turn out, no one could deny the unmistakable firmness of that seat at the stiffest fence or widest brook; no one could question the quickness and lightness of the finger in a difficulty; no one could doubt the pluck—that truly English quality—with which he resumed his seat after the most weltering fall, and crammed, without flinching or craning, his half-blown beast at the next bull-finch.

In a short time, too, the one obnoxious thing, the seat and style were altered. The count was too thorough a horseman not to perceive and adopt at once the superiority of the English jockey seat over the dragoon—or continental—style, whether in a race over the flats or in getting across a country.

Before his first season was complete, his bent knee, home foot in the stirrup, and low bridle-hand were as correct, as his pluck and daring had from the first been undeniable. The count had ridden, booted and spurred, in jockey-tops and white leathers, into the most intimate affections of the sporting aristocracy of England.

Loud, therefore, was the burst of affectionate greeting, from young and old, dandy or country gentleman, that greeted Matuschevitz as he made his entree into the club-room, expected indeed, but greeted as if unexpected, and at once the observed of all observers.

"So you have come at last, count. We had almost given you up, but better late than never," exclaimed one.

"Deuced well mounted though, now that you have come," cried another.

"Yes, indeed, they came in ten days ago," said Jem McDonald; "Alick and I went down to look at them last Sunday. Your fellow, Martindale, is getting famously forward with them."

"You're too late, Matuschevitz, for the best thing we're like to have this season. One day too late," said Valentine Magher. "Only this morning. From the gorse above Turlington, into the vale, across the canal-lock toward Arnesby village, through the park, and ran into him in a grass field on the hill over Countisthorpe, twelve miles and a half as the crow flies, without a single check, in an hour and ten minutes."

"The cream of every thing in the shape of fox-hunting," said Sir James Musgrave.

"The worse luck mine," said the count laughing, as he at length got an opportunity of getting in a word, after undergoing the extremity of hand-shaking, divesting himself of his sable cloak, and ensconcing himself in an arm-chair by the fire. "But we must try to make up for it, yet. What are you going to do for us to-morrow, squire?" he continued, speaking perfectly good English, without the slightest foreign accent. "No, not to-morrow, for that, as the lawyers say, is *dies non*, but on Monday."

"Something good if we've any luck," squeaked Osbaldiston. "Wymondham village is our meet, and if we find a good fox we may take you across the Whissendine, and down into the vale, count."

"That gray will be the thing for Monday, Matuschevitz," said Harry Goodrick, the best judge of a weight-carrier in the country, unless it were Magher. "He is a magnificent brute, such power and such breeding, too; he would carry my sixteen stone just as easily as your twelve. Take my advice, and ride him on Monday; the vale will be devilish heavy after these rains, and the brooks are all bankfull."

"No, Sir Harry, Martindale's commands are the brown mare, and the dark-chestnut, for the second horse; and, you know, Martindale brooks no question of supremacy in his department."

"Oh! Martindale be hanged; ride the gray; he is out and out the best of the lot; though the lot is a prime one."

"Sorry you think so, for the gray is—"

"Is what?" asked half a dozen eager voices. "There is nothing wrong about him, I'll be sworn."

"Is—not mine."

"None of them are, for that matter, I fancy," said the laird of Saddell; "I suppose Tilbury horses you as usual; and he has done wonders for you this year. By the bye, what a lot of them you've got; I counted fifty-six as they came in, beside hacks."

"He is not Tilbury's either. There were two lots together; only thirty of them are mine. I wish

he was mine, but I can't get him, though I bid five hundred for him at sight, without trial."

"Why, whose the devil is he then! He looks too high bred for a provincial?"

"Are we to have a new knob, count, this season?" asked ill-natured Gardner, with a coarse oath; he was expelled from Eton for foul language. "We've had no one to roast, this year and more."

"The gray belongs to Mr. Fairfax," answered the Russian quietly, "and from all that I have heard, I don't think he will do very well for roasting, Lord Gardner."

"No, indeed, will he not," said Dick Gascoigne. "Tom is the best man in Yorkshire, and neither Gardner nor any one else will ride much before him. But I had no notion Tom was coming here. I heard from him ten days ago, and he said nothing about leaving Yorkshire."

"I do not believe, Gascoigne, he ever was in Yorkshire in all his life," answered Matuschevitz with a smile.

"What, not Tom Fairfax of Newton Kyne?"

"Certainly not Tom Fairfax of Newton Kyne, but Percy Fairfax of Accomac."

"Of Acc—what?"

"Who the deuce is Percy Fairfax?"

"Where the devil is Accomac?"

"Is that place with an unpronounceable name in Siberia, count?"

"By no means, it is in Virginia."

"Where 's that?" asked Chesterfield, whose hereditary senatorship had not carried with it any geographical lore, either hereditary or acquired.

"Oh! don't you know that?" cried Ranelagh scornfully. "I thought every one knew that—it's a place somewhere in Italy; I know I used to read about it in the Roman history."

"Exactly, Ran," said Tom Gascoigne, laughing, as was every one in the room at this strange jumble. "The capital of Volcia, the grand-duke of it is Coriolanus—or—no, he died the other day, I think; did he not, Matuschevitz? You Russians are always marvelously posted up in history one way or other."

"To answer all your questions at once; for, not being absolutely posted up to the extent for which you give me credit, I made some inquiries about Colonel Fairfax, whom I met a fortnight or three weeks ago at the Travelers—to answer all your questions at once, Accomac is a county in Virginia; this Virginia is not, Lord Ranelagh, a place in Italy, but one of the United States of North America; and Colonel Percy Fairfax is now Secretary of Legation near the Court of St. James. He has been for some time with Mr. Rush at Paris, and has just been appointed to London."

"The devil! a live Yankee!"

"How the deuce came he by two such names as Percy and Fairfax?" asked Chesterfield, who had read the peerage as well as the turf register. "The fellow must be an impostor."

"I rather think not," interposed Lambton, proving then that he did know something about American

history, as he proved afterward, as Earl of Durham, that he knew nothing about Canadian politics. "I rather think you will find, Chesterfield," he continued, with a sweet sneer on his cynical yet half-handsome features, "that, about the time when a noble ancestor of yours was dancing and making *bon-mots* with De Grammont and the other wits and bloods—as it was then the fashion of the day to call them—of King Charles the Second's court, the near descendants, who have now both become, by chance of blood, the right heirs male of the Earls Percy and the Barons Fairfax, emigrated to Virginia and founded families. I suppose this gentleman belongs to that lineage, count."

"Precisely so. Fairfax on the father's side, Percy on the mother's."

"I thought as much when I heard you speak of him. And what sort of person is he?"

"Very much *comme il faut*; handsome enough, and good manners; *tant soit peu* French, rather than English, in his manner; and perhaps a little too finished in his English; yet on the whole very well—a fine young man I should call him, and I fancy, a good fellow."

"What do you mean by too finished in his English, count?" asked Gardner, who was no great dab at speaking, and no hand at all at spelling, the vernacular—"that must be very funny."

"Oh! I don't know exactly; he uses too long words perhaps; he says 'extraordinary' when we should say 'odd,' and 'lovely' where we would say 'pretty;' and he calls 'the blacks' 'our colored population.' But it only sounds quaint; no one would call it vulgar or affected, and on the whole, Gardner, I would not advise you to try to roast him."

"By —!" exclaimed the peer, with an oath, "I shan't try it. I have not the least taste for blunderbusses in a saw-pit."

"He would hardly need those," said the Russian, "though he looks likely enough to use them on occasion. He did shoot a couple of French fellows, I believe, in some barbarous barrier duel which they forced on him, before his breakfast. But he can shoot well enough with pistols, in all conscience. I saw him beat Horatio Ross, the other day, at twenty paces; and, after that, shoot a tie with D'Orsay."

"What keeps D'Orsay in town?" asked Chesterfield.

"Fear of his tailor, I believe," said Matuschevitz. "But they say that Wilton and Pembroke are going to pay his debts, so you may look for him soon."

"But tell us some more about the Yankee? Is he quarrelsome that you put Gardner on his guard against him?"

"Not in the least, so far as I have ever seen; but then, you know, Gardner sometimes is a little. Nor did I put him on his guard against Colonel Fairfax, only against roasting him. I like Fairfax very much, as you will judge when I tell you he came with me from London in my britchs, and we have taken house and stables together for the season."

"Indeed! Then you know him very well?"

"As well as one knows a man he has known three weeks."

"Rich?" asked stingy Gardner.

"*Par diés!* I never asked him."

"No; but you might have guessed."

"I left that for him to do."

"Good heaven! You don't mean to say that he 'guesses,' and drawls, and talks through his nose, like Matthews in Jonathan W. Doubikins. I shall die of laughing if he does, though I were sure to be shot for it the next minute," said Tom Duncombe.

"No. I was only joking of course. He speaks as well as you do."

"Devilish inquisitive, of course," said Gardner once again, nothing abashed as yet—for, to say the simple truth, it does take a good deal to abash him.

"He never asked me if you were rich, Lord Gardner," Matuschevitz answered, quietly and drily; for he disliked that worthy about as much as his good-nature and careless temper allowed him to dislike any body.

"There now, for heaven's sake, Gardner, don't ask any more questions to-night," cried Tom Gascoigne, laughing enough to split his sides, "I should think you'd got enough to satisfy a dozen Yankees."

"I shall ask as many more questions as I please, and I do n't see that I've got any thing, as you call it."

"Oh! don't you?" said Tom quietly, "pray ask more then; I dare say the count will answer you, and it's very droll."

"That will be as I please," grumbled the other doggedly, and walked off into the dining-room, where he called for a glass of brandy and water, drank it by himself, and stalked away, as it seemed, to the regret of nobody.

"Well," said the riding Russian, breaking the silence that ensued on his lordship's departure, "you are a very hospitable set of fellows, certainly; for here I have been an hour and a half, talking myself hoarse, and hungry as a man who has not eaten a mouthful but one tough mutton-chop at 'the Cock at Eaton,' since breakfast, and not one of you have offered me a glass of wine, or a mouthful of supper."

"It's your own fault, count, for amusing us with such inventions about nobly-born and highly-bred Yankee secretaries. I believe they are all sheer imagination. But come along, we ordered some deviled lobsters, and broiled bones, and Grey announced the arrival this afternoon of some real Colchesters. There is a batch of capital Chablis in ice, and some of Metternich's own Johanneberger, which Sifton sent down the other day to Alvanley. Come along, if you'll tell us the truth about this Virginian phoenix, we'll feed you to your heart's desire."

"Not a word till I have eaten, and more especially drank. My tongue cleaves to my jaws."

And thereupon they adjourned to the dining-room, and for a short time nothing was heard but the cluck-

ing of corks drawn from the long necks, and the clash of knives, till the ardor of eating was repressed on all sides; and then, once more, Matuschevitz was besieged by inquiries anent this new arriver at the head-quarters and capital of fox-hunting, by general consent of the world civilized or savage.

"Upon my word, I can tell you very little more about him than I have told already. He brought me letters from Charles de Mornay, and from our embassy, the Duchess de Dino and the Vaudreuil knew him in Paris, and Lord Stuart de Rothesay recommended him to Sefton and Hertford; so that, of course, he is *comme il faut*. I think he has got letters for you, too, duke," he added, turning to Beaufort. "I really think he will be an acquisition to our society. He is young and fresh, without being in the least raw; enjoys every thing without being boisterous, and is fastidious enough without being *blasé*. I am sure he is good-humored, for I saw him lose eight thousand the other night to Dick Mildmay at *ecarté*, without seeming to care whether he won or lost."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Upon my honor! He gave his check for it on Coutts; and as Dick had not seen such a sight for many a day, he took a cab at ten o'clock, and they paid it without looking at it."

"Ah!" said Duncombe, "that comes of 'the colored population,' count. A tobacco estate or a sugar plantation is your true El Dorado now-a-days."

"Can he ride?" asked Magher.

"He sits his hack well enough, and has got a nice light hand. He talks modestly enough about it though, and speaks of the wild Virginia bush-hunting as a poor school for Leicestershire. But, on the whole, I think he will go. He is a capital judge of horse-flesh, and does not stand for prices. He is better mounted than I am, and you know I give what I am asked."

"Yes! yes! Are you horsed by Tilbury this year, or do you ride your own?"

"A little of both. I have twelve of my own and eighteen of his. Mine are the best, though; yet not quite so good as Fairfax's."

"We must call upon him, I suppose," said several voices.

"Certainly. Certainly. By what Matuschevitz says he must be a trump."

"Suppose you and he excuse a short notice, and dine with me to-morrow," said Chesterfield, on whom the loss and prompt payment of the eight thousand had made some impression. "I have a few friends of yours, only half a dozen or so; George Anson, Beaufort, Duncombe, Alick McDonald, Forester, and Alvanley. Lady Chesterfield sees some people in the evening, and it may amuse your friend as it is Sunday and a blank evening. Mention it to him, and I will call upon him in the morning and do the formal. What say you?"

"Oh, for myself, that I shall be charmed. For Fairfax, of course I can't answer; but I am sure he has no engagement, and I have no doubt he will be

delighted to make his debut under the auspices of such *beaux yeux*, as will shine upon him at your table."

"I consider it an *affair finished*, as the French say," answered Chesterfield. "And in the meantime, I shall say good-night, for it has grown late while we have been talking about your great Virginian."

"By the bye! they used to call somebody *that*, did n't they?" asked Ranelagh. "Who was it?"

"One General Washington," replied Lambton, coolly.

"Oh, yes! so it was; that'll do to talk to him about."

"Admirably. But do n't say any thing about Ross to him."

"Why not? Who was Ross?"

"Why he *took* Washington."

"The devil he did. Well, your a good fellow, after all, to tell me; for, just as likely as not I should have said something; and, if he is such a shot, it would be a bore to be killed for a blunder."

"Much worse than to be laughed at, hey, Ran?"

"I believe you."

"Why yes, as to that, you're like the eels."

"What eels?"

"Used to it, you know. Ha! ha! Well, good-night."

"Good-night, every body."

So they parted.

CHAPTER II.

THE VIRGINIAN.

Breakfast was over in the snug hunting-quarters of Count Matuschevitz and his Virginian friend, although the materials had not yet been removed; and the remnants of the cold grouse pie, the *rogneux au vin de madere*, the *omelette aux huitres*, the chocolate-pot, and the two empty long-necks, redolent still of the bouquet of chateau margaux, still spoke volumes for the nature of the feed which had been set before the representatives of the two most opposite powers, the greatest despotism and the only republic of the modern world. It was a calm, soft, genial morning, such as is rarely seen in England during the dull and depressing month of December—the month *par excellence* of mist and melancholy, suicide and snow-equalls—with a sun shining warmly through the fleecy vapors which partially veiled his lustre; and a breath of south-westerly wind, that fanned the brow and regaled the senses, like the first sigh of spring-time. So grateful, indeed, was the weather, and so agreeable this lingering of a gentler season into the very lap of winter, that one of the windows of the breakfast-room was left open, and that the friends sat on the broad, soft cushions, with which the window-seat was spread, gazing out into the unpaved yellow road, along which the mingled groups of peasantry and gentry were returning from the little village church, morning service just ended.

The Russian minister has been introduced already; his comrade, Colonel Fairfax, was a much taller and

more manly-looking person; indeed, he was considerably above the average height of men, and was built in proportion, with broad shoulders, a deep, round chest, thin flanks, and limbs of singular symmetry and grace.

His face was rather expressive than handsome, although the features were well-cut, regular, and shapely; and it would not have been easy, even for a practical physiognomist, to say whether the expression was pleasing or the reverse.

The brow was broad and well developed, and the dark brown hair, which clustered over it in rich, loose waves, was silky and luxuriant; but there was something like an habitual frown, of gloom or discontent, it would seem, rather than of temper, which kept the face continually ruffled. His eyes were well opened, dark and lustrous, but there was at times a quick and fiery light in those clear orbs, that told a strange tale to the wary observer, of fierce dormant passions, kept at rest only by a resolute and energetic will. There were some lines, too, from the angles of the nostril downward, though these were partially concealed by a long upturned hussar moustache, which it was clear to see could easily degenerate into a sneer. The lips were thin, and, in their ordinary state, compressed so firmly as to indicate a character of indomitable force and firmness; a character which was in no sort belied by the bold and square-cut outlines of the chin, partially shaded as it was by a long, soft imperial *a l' Henri Quatre*. His complexion was singularly dark for an European, or one of European descent, but perfectly clear and free from swarthinness, or the imputation of arising from any admixture of blood.

On the whole, while his features were at rest, though no one could have failed to pronounce him a good-looking, perhaps even a handsome man, no one would have thought of calling him attractive or pleasing; that he possessed intellect in an unusual degree would hardly be doubted, but the perusal of his features suggested more than a doubt as to whether that intellect were not hard, and keen, and dry, as well as subtle and pervading, whether it would not in all probability lean rather to the stern realities of necessity and nature, than to "the soft side of the heart" in "which the affections are." Certainly he was not the man to whom an innocent child would come up spontaneously to seek acquaintance; or on whose knee a dog would be likely to lay its head, craving a caress, uninvited. Still, when he smiled, the whole of the dark, gloomy face lighted up, as if by magic, for that smile was no less benignant than it was ineffably bright, imaginative and cheery.

In short, grave and animated, he was two different beings. In his fits of gloom and abstraction you might have taken him for the gloomy and jealous Lucifer of *Paradise Lost*. Animated and joyous, you might have deemed him a seraph of love and mercy.

At the moment of our glancing at him for the first time, however, there was nothing especially seraphic either in his aspect or employment; for he was

lounging on the divan which we have described, completely dressed, in a close-fitting waistcoat and very tight trousers of black cloth, setting gaiter-wise over a pair of patent-leather boots, the whole turning out a good deal too elaborate for the English idea of a gentleman's morning garb, in the country more especially. He had a voluminous black silk scarf fastened with two large pearl pins about his neck; a rich brocade dressing-gown, and an Algerine *fes* to answer the purpose of a smoking cap upon his head.

Thus got up, as we have said, rather too extensively for Melton Mowbray, he had lounged for nearly an hour, languidly and carelessly inhaling the fumes of a great chibouque, the bowl of which rested on the carpet, looking out of the window as earnestly as if he was noting every thing that passed by, but without uttering one word to his friend, who was deeply engaged in an article of the *Edinburgh Review*, on the treaty of *Unkiar Skelessi*, and the policy of Russia.

At this moment the door opened, and a servant out of livery came in, bearing two notes and as many visiting cards upon a silver waiter, which he tendered first to Fairfax and then to his master.

"Ah! just so," exclaimed Matuschevitz, "Chesterfield's visiting cards, and begs me to apologize to you for short notice, and so forth, but trusts you will excuse want of formality from consideration of desire to make your acquaintance—my lady wrote that note, I'll be sworn; Chess couldn't have managed that to save his life. Yours is of course the regular thing. Yes, I see."

"The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield request the honor of Col. Fairfax's company to dinner on Sunday 19th, at eight o'clock."

R. S. V. P."

"Well, take your pen, colonel, and indite—happy to do yourself the honor, and so forth; what are you looking so gloomy about, one would think you were invited to fight, not to dine."

"To tell you the truth, count, I had about as soon do the one as the other; but I suppose the thing is unavoidable, and that I cannot in ordinary decorum shun it if I would."

"Of course, you cannot; and why should you? You did not come to Melton to live like a hermit, I suppose."

"No, I came to *hunt*," replied Fairfax, somewhat ungraciously, "but as this *has* occurred, I'll prepare the answer."

"Is Lord Chesterfield's man waiting, Langton?" asked the count; "Ah! exactly," he continued, as the man answered in the affirmative, "then reach me the writing things, I'll write a line too."

And by the time Fairfax had completed his elaborate and formal billet, the count had scrawled ten lines and sealed them, and the companions were again left alone.

"What in the name of heaven, my dear fellow, can be your dislike to dining at Chesterfield's. You will meet all the best fellows here at his table, not

to say two of the most beautiful women in England. No one gives better feeds—what can it be?"

"In the first place, tell me what sort of person is this Chesterfield?"

"Oh! very much like other people—like other men of fashion, I mean; no saint, of course; but no greater sinner than his neighbors. He is very well bred to people to whom he chooses to be well bred; very good humored when he is pleased; he plays high; rides pretty well; and is as agreeable when he holds his tongue, as at any other time; nature certainly did not endow him too liberally with brains; and, for all his Eton education, I do not think that he has assisted nature much."

"Just as I expected," answered Fairfax; "except that you look at him, or at least depict him as you do every thing and every body, *couleur de rose*. I believe this Chesterfield to be the most heartless, brainless, soulless voluptuary that ever drew the breath of life—no kind, no generous, no feeling action is recorded of him. An insolent, ungenerous, overbearing aristocrat; unscrupulous with men, faithless and false with women. If he be honorable in his play and turf transactions, it is because he lacks the temptation to be otherwise. No one who knows his conduct to women, can doubt how he would behave to men if he dared, or if it were his interest to behave ill. I hate to consort with such a man, even casually."

"Yet you must do so, or if you do not, you must live in absolute seclusion. You can go no where without meeting him; and if no one—which I suppose no one does—esteems him *au fond* very deeply, still he is hand-in-glove with every one; and there is not a pleasanter house than his in Melton, or in May Fair."

"All very true, I dare say," replied Fairfax, shrugging his shoulders, *a la mode de France*; "still I don't like it. Four men *here* I have resolved to avoid as much as I can, in consequence of what I have learned of their characters since I have been in England; and though I shall, of course, be civil when I do meet them, I shall avoid meeting them as far as in me lies."

"And who may be the four?"

"Your friend, Lord Chesterfield, Henry de Roos, Lord Gardner, and Brudenell. I'll none of them."

"Pardon me, Colonel Fairfax, if I speak to you plainly; you know that I cannot mean to offend you, and that I have seen much more of English society than you have. There is nothing which is held in such contempt and ridicule here, among the three hundred people who constitute *the world*, as the affecting to be better than your neighbors, to take up the part of the Quixotic reformer, and to attempt to put down things or persons in accordance with your own opinion, and not with the dictates of society. To eschew a man markedly on account of those petty, if paltry, vices, which, though contemptible and odious, do not come fairly before the tribunal of the public, is to attack the public itself; and any attempt at dictation of that kind the public will resent and punish. If you avoid Gardner and Brudenell,

for instance, even to dropping their acquaintance *quietly*, that is one thing. The temper of both those men is overbearing and detestable, and it is your concern, whether your associates are pleasant and good tempered or no. To exhibit any marked avoidance on the other hand of De Roos and Chesterfield, because of vices which cannot directly interfere with you, is to meddle with what is not your concern. If a man cheats at cards, refuses his debts of honor, suffers his nose to be pulled, or does any other overt act, for *this*, society will cut him in an instant, if he were their nearest and dearest friend. And the same of a woman who commits a *faux pas* avowedly, and runs away from, or is divorced by, her husband. Men who are merely stingy, selfish, heartless, or fools, and women who flirt, coquette to the utmost limit of opinion, they may despise and laugh at, but they will not cut; and rightly, for such things being matters of opinion and of rumor *may* be condemned, but *must* not be, and *ought not* to be punished. Therefore, as a friend, I would advise you, my dear colonel, to avoid setting yourself up for a reformer or revolutionizer on your first debut. They would not stand it from one of themselves, much less from a foreigner; and to receive the soubriquet of the Virginia Quixote would be a blow which you never would recover."

"I believe you are in the right, count," said Fairfax, laughing, "and, at all events, right or wrong, I will take your advice. Still, such characters as that I have heard ascribed to this man particularly, are most odious to me. I hear he takes positive pleasure in slighting and giving actual pain to young men or girls just coming out, as noble as himself, but not yet established by the caprice of fashion. That he is habitually rude and haughty to subordinates and inferiors, and, worst of all, that, vicious, a voluptuary, and a gambler himself, he spares no pains to make every one with whom he associates as hard, and cold, and selfish, as cruel and as base as he is himself. It will be hard work for me to keep up the common show of civility toward him."

"I did not know you were so straight-laced, colonel," replied Matuschevitz, laughing; "and, pardon me, if I say that I do not think your practice agrees altogether with your principles."

"Who, I straight-laced?" exclaimed the Virginian, starting to his feet. "Not the least bit of it. I assure you, count. On the contrary, if there be one thing on earth that I do most cordially and utterly detest, it is the hypocrite. I, heaven knows! I have no claim to superior virtue; I drink sometimes, I play sometimes—and both of them more than is either wise or good; I make love very often—almost as often as I see a very pretty or a very *piquante* woman. I dare say I do all sorts of bad things, *sometimes*; but what I mean to say is, that I do not make such things the rule and object of my life—that if I do such things at all, I do them from impulse, not from calculation, and am very often very sorry for them afterward. For the rest, if I do wrongly myself, I had rather cut off my right hand than induce another to do likewise."

"I believe you, my dear fellow, entirely; and I think as you do myself. I have no respect whatever, nor regard for such characters as Chesterfield myself; nor do I lead him to suppose I have; but I treat him, when I meet him in society, as one gentleman is expected to treat another. I go to his house because I meet everybody that I know, and many persons whom I value there; and I ask him to mine in return, because I am expected so to do, and because some sacrifice of our own prejudices is due to society. But enough of this for the present. It has got to be three o'clock while we are talking morals; suppose we have some luncheon, and then walk down to the stables, and take a look at the horses."

"I'm agreed—but I don't care much about luncheon."

"We do n't dine till eight, remember, and Chesterfield's eight is very certain to be nine."

"Well, as far as some oysters and a glass of Chablis, I don't mind."

The bell was speedily rung, the breakfast things removed, and the natives on the shell, with no condiment save simple lemon juice, and the ice-pail, with the long-neck protruding, took their place.

Meantime, the friends retired to complete their rig, and in ten minutes made their appearance again below; Fairfax having replaced his dressing-gown with a most elaborate French black frock, with a glossy hat of the most extreme ton, lemon kid gloves, and a cane with a great emerald at the top of it. Matuschewitz, more *au fait* to the Melton style, wore a dark brown Newmarket coat with Goodwood club buttons, shepherd's plaid trousers, and a shawl waistcoat, with a blue bird's-eye round his neck, dooskin gloves on his hands, and a heavy jockey-whip under his arm.

At any time an English country town or village is a pleasing or interesting sight, but Melton Mowbray is much more than this, it is a curious, a singular, an unique sight, for Melton Mowbray is a *capital*; yes, gentle reader, as distinctly a capital as London or Paris, Washington or St. Petersburg; Melton Mowbray and New Market, two purely English, *sui generis*, capitals; the one of fox-hunting, the other of racing—each with its ministry, officials, senate, representatives, its every article, point device, which constitutes an *imperium in imperis*. Time was, until James and Charles the First, one of evil, and the other of unhappy memory, betook themselves to deer-hunting and racing, New Market was but a petty village in the midst of Chalky Wolds, distinguished only by the dykes and ditches—since nicknamed of the devil—extant to this day, and still almost inaccessible, by which Boadicea and her brave Icenii strove to repel the brazen infantry of the first Cæsars.

Time was, when the grandsires of the now rising generation, the grandsires of Young England were in the prime of manhood, that Melton Mowbray was but a humble country town, though the centre of the greatest hunting country the wide world has ever witnessed.

In those days fox-hunting was a rude and barbarous sport. Fox-hunters rose in the dead of the night to

meet at the covert-side by daylight, and trail the fox to his lair, and thence rouse him. They hunted with huge, long-eared, slow, crook-kneed, dew-lapped hounds; they rode short-barreled, short-backed, active half-bred cobs. They found their fox at sunrise, and, if they were very fortunate, killed him about sunset. Now, all is changed. Fox-hunting is a *science*; the feeding, the physicking, the exercising, the breaking of the hounds, the wintering, the summering, the conditioning the hunters, is a matter of as deep lore, of as much difficult indoctrination, as the training of a racer for four mile heats, or preparing a man for a prize-fight or a foot-race.

The men who do the thing, too, are no less changed than the thing itself.

Then it was, the Squires Westerns—the muddy-beer drinking, bad-tobacco smoking, ignorant, illiterate blockheads, who never visited cities, nor thought of decencies or decorums. Now it is the cream of the first men of the first society in the world, for manhood and cultivation, Saxon hardihood and Norman chivalry, aristocratic refinements and popular simplicity combined.

And of these characteristics Melton shows the type. It is still a country town—during the summer season, nothing but the merest of country towns—in shops, in public buildings, in any thing belonging solely to itself unequal to any village of five hundred inhabitants in the United States. Yet it is filled with villas, empty for one half the year, redolent of every luxury, overflowing with every comfort during the other half; built up with lines of stables, more solid than our most massive warehouses, handsomer, and better finished within than most of our country churches, capable of containing the horses to mount ten regiments of cavalry.

On an average a hundred gentlemen would turn out in those days, in scarlet, white leathers and top-boots, six days in the week from Melton Mowbray; and with a less stud than twenty-five or thirty horses no man could do that.

No one could dream of riding to the Quorn without *two* horses daily in the field; the second ridden by a light boy, with a quick eye and good judgment, hovering on the outskirts of the run, riding the chords of arcs and hypotenuses of triangles, and ready at a moment's notice to remount his master, in case of accidents or emergency.

No horse, not the best that ever trod on a shodden hoof, can come again above three times in a fortnight, very few above *twice*; and therefore taking casualties, coughs, lameness, and sometimes deaths, into account, no man can hope to hunt every day at Melton, during the season, without at least twenty-five—scarcely without thirty horses in his stable.

To every five horses one man and two boys are allowed; besides a stud-groom to each stable, a man in his way and line no less important or esteemed than John Scott, the great English, or Sam Laird, the great American trainer, to overlook and be answerable for the whole.

The whole array cannot be counted at less than twenty men and thirty horses, for the field work of

every gentleman who hunts regularly at Melton Mowbray; besides which, half of them bring their families along, beautiful wives, accomplished sisters, French soubrettes, English nursery-maids, men cooks and valets, persons far more important than their masters, in their own eyes, and those of the gazing rustics.

During one half the year, so utterly deserted, that in a walk through its main street you shall not meet one man in five who can do much more than write his name; during the other six months, two men out of every three you meet will be of noble birth, every fourth a baronet, and one in six a peer of a realm—three thousand hunters, worth, taken *en masse*, not less than £350,000 sterling—\$1,750,000—and two thousand stable followers.

Conceive this in a town not half so big, nor one tenth part as pretty as Springfield or Newhaven.

Of a truth, if Melton Mowbray be not a capital, and one of the most wondrous that ever has been seen in this world, we should rejoice to know what were one.

Some such thoughts as these, I presume, had been wandering vaguely through the head of Percy Fairfax, as he walked silently down a bye-street, into which they had turned instantly on leaving their own door, leading to the open country, and the exercising grounds immediately about the town, in the suburbs of which stand the stables.

For some time they met no persons of their own rank, but scores of natty-dressed, knee-breeched and top-booted, or kerseymere-gaitered men, with smooth-shaved faces, and short-cropped hair, whom you could have sworn, whether you had met them in Texas or Caffraria, or Mont-Blanc or the summits of the Himalayas, to be English grooms, every one of whom smirked and nodded, and pulled his top-knot down over his forehead in gnostic greeting to the Russian count, of whose name they made most unutterable havoc.

Matuschevitz, it may not be denied, watched his friend closely, and he certainly did fancy that he could trace something of secret wonder and admiration concealed beneath an exterior which he set down as a mixture of Mohawk impassibility of feature, and Parisian *nil admirari*.

"Upon my conscience," said the American at length, "these English are an astonishing people."

"True, gallant colonel," replied Matuschevitz, laughing. "But since when have you discovered the fact, or what now moves your admiration?"

"It is not admiration," answered Percy gravely, "but astonishment. Though after all there is something almost admirable in the method and regularity of all this. But to think that all these men, the richest in this land of riches, should annually leave their own demesnes, each larger than a German principality, their country-houses more magnificent than an Italian palazzo, to come and winter in little cottages at which a New York merchant would turn up his nose, while they lodge their horees in stables and their hounds in kennels equal to foreign palaces!"

"There is something in what you say, colonel. Whatever an Englishman thinks it worth while to do at all, he thinks it worth while to do *well*. Field sports are the natural taste of every Englishman, from the peer of the realm to the cadger in his cart, or the tailor on his shop-board; and whatever science can effect, experience substantiate, or wealth procure, that is brought to bear upon the pursuit. I have no hesitation in saying, Fairfax, that there are a hundred stud grooms, farriers, veterinary surgeons and the like, who have devoted more time to the anatomical and physical study of their patients, the dog and horse; who understand their diseases better, and reap a larger profit from attending them, in this little country town, than the majority of your country practitioners in the United States have done, or do, in regard to their human clients."

"I don't doubt it, count," said Fairfax, with a smile. "I can't say much that you scientific attainments, or the profits either, of a Yankee country doctor. But how the deuce do you know so much about our internal life and habits! you, who say you have never crossed the Atlantic, although sometimes I doubt it?"

"Ah! *c'est mon métier ça*," answered Matuschevitz. "We diplomats are *sensé* to know every thing."

"Upon my life! I believe you Russians *do* know every thing. Are you sure, count, that you are not born knowing every thing? But who are these two coming to meet us? I suppose you know that."

"I rather suppose I do. Wait a moment, however, and you will know also."

The two who were approaching, though two, were by no means a pair; for they were as dissimilar in character as in stature and appearance.

He to the right was a middle-sized man, at that time of some twenty-eight or thirty years, rather thickly-set than otherwise, and with some early symptoms of a tendency to run to fat. His face was full and florid; and, though his features were very regular and his profile decidedly handsome, there was such an expression of listless, languid superciliousness, and such an insipidity in the lack-lustre eye, that the *tout ensemble* was any thing but agreeable. He had a profusion of light auburn—in many persons it would be called *red*—curly hair, on top of which his hat was set very jauntily aside. He wore a broad-checked red and white *bataste* cravat, a claret-colored cut-away, into the left-hand skirt pocket of which he had thrust his hand, holding a silver-mounted riding-whip, so as to bring the tail over upon his hip, a canary-colored waistcoat, and drab riding-trousers sitting as close as his skin.

If he had been, as from his appearance and air he well might, a west-end shopman doing the genteel, or a sporting stock-broker cutting it fat, he would have been voted by every one who saw him, what he really was, a disagreeable, over-done snob, and a most insufferably vulgar puppy. But as he was a very rich, and very-long-descended earl, none of whose ancestors had in the least resembled their

descendant, he was the fashion, and the bad exemplar of the dissolute of Young England.

The gentleman who walked beside him was taller by a head, admirably well proportioned, and as fine a specimen of an English nobleman as ever gladdened the eyes of bluff King Harry, or his man-minded daughter, Royal Bess, of both whom it is recorded that they loved to look upon the thewes and sinews of a man.

His features were as fine, as noble, and as handsome as his person and his mien; and his expression the openest, the kindest, and the most unaffected that ever encouraged an inferior to present his suit with confidence.

Whereas the other, despite his insufferable air of pride, affectation and superciliousness, despite his flashy clothes and jaunty air, could hardly be mistaken for a gentleman, this one had such an air of inborn, natural aristocracy that, despite the plain, good-humored simplicity of his address, even had he been disguised in the meanest and most clownish garb, no one could doubt for a moment that he stood in the presence of a nobleman.

"Ah, Matuschevitz, how do?"

"How are you, count?"

"Well, Ches—Good morning to you, duke. Let me make you know Colonel Fairfax. Colonel, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Chesterfield."

"I thought as much," thought Fairfax within himself, but he said nothing, only bowed and touched his hat, without shaking hands *à l'Américaine*."

"A-h—Colonel Fairfax—charmed—a-h. Had the pleasure—a-a-h—to send my card this morning—a-h. Happy to have the honor, a-h—dinner at eight—yes—Lady Chesterfield—a-h."

Very different was the greeting of the duke, who, when the peer had got through with his stultified St. James Street a-ahing, offered his hand frankly.

"I have had the pleasure of hearing of you before, Colonel Fairfax. Rothesay wrote to me about you. I believe you have a letter for me from our mutual friend Talleyrand. Delighted you have come to see us *here*; this is the place of all others for a foreigner to see, who wishes to see what is most worth seeing, most peculiar, in us English—this and New Market. On the Continent you will find a thousand things as fine as any we can show you, some perhaps finer, palaces, pictures, architecture, armies—but the world has but one New Market, but one Melton Mowbray."

"I was making nearly the same observation to Count Matuschevitz, just as we met you, sir. In England you make your rudest sports, many of our republican sovereigns would call them *toils*, into a luxury."

"I hope you will not think, on further trial, that we make our luxuries a toil. Our *mediscours* do charge us, I believe, with something of the kind. But which way are you bound?"

"We were going to the stables to inspect the cattle and make arrangements for to-morrow."

"Are your stables mysterious, or visible to the uninitiated?"

"Exceedingly visible, I assure you. Pray come along, if you have no better way of killing the time before dinner."

"No better way in the world."

"Let us go then. It is not a hundred yards, and I have got some things I am not ashamed to show you, particularly a pair of very fast New York trotters."

"Very fast?"

"Yes. Three minutes together."

"*Andiamo*."

And therewith they went.

[To be continued.]

LINEs ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

BY E. T. CONRAD.

AND art thou dead? The morn
Of thy young lovely life is palled! A bough,
Fresh and flower-laden, from existence torn—
Oh, where art thou!

Love could not shield; nor youth!
Nor beauty, nor high gifts and hopes could save;
In all thy brightness, purity and truth,
Gone to the grave!

Heaven claimed its own. Each grace
Of mind and heart had marked thee for the sky;
Foretold the angel beaming from thy face,
That thou must die!

Thy memory, like a tone
Of far-off music, clings around the heart;
Our souls still meet and mingle with thine own,
Never to part!

Farewell, awhile. We stay,
To rear for thee the bud that thou hast given;
To guide and guard him on his sinless way
To thee and Heaven!

Farewell! And till we meet—
Like star beams—where no parting comes, nor ill,
Spirit of love and light, O sister sweet,
Be near us still!

THE PUPIL OF A GREAT MASTER.

BY MRS. HUGHES.

"So, MAMMA, you have had a visit from our neighbor, Mrs. Campbell," said a bright Hebe-looking girl, as she entered the small, but neat looking parlor in which her mother was seated, and began to arrange some flowers in a china vase.

"Yes, and she brought me some news, too."

"Of what sort?" asked the daughter.

"She tells me that the pretty cottage at the end of the lane, that has stood empty so long, is at last about to be occupied, and who do you think has taken it?"

"I can't tell, indeed. Is it any one that I know?"

"Yes, one with whom you are very well acquainted."

"Who can it be. Do tell me, mamma," continued the daughter with increasing interest; "though I am almost afraid from the expression of your countenance that it is some one you are not very fond of having for a neighbor."

"You are quite right there. What do you think of its being James Davenport?" And as the mother pronounced the name she raised her eyes to the face of her daughter, whilst a deep flush passed over her own.

"James Davenport!" exclaimed her companion. "How can that be! He has not, I hope, proved unfaithful to Josephine?"

"No, on the contrary, Josephine is to share it with him."

"Oh, I am delighted to hear that. Then Mr. Hardman has relented at last of his cruelty."

"No, not at all. So far from it, he continues to say, as he has always done, that if they want to marry they may, but they must not look for a cent from him. So now, after having waited for a more cordial assent, till their patience is worn out, they have determined to venture on the little they have, and trust to Davenport's talents and industry for bringing him gradually into fuller practice."

"And they are right," said the young girl with animation. "Better to live in a humble cottage, restricted by the closest economy, than in a palace where you are treated only as an incumbrance. And oh," she continued, as a glow of pleasure lighted up her beautiful face, "how delightful it will be to me to have Josephine for so near a neighbor."

On hearing these words Mrs. Renwick (for that was the mother's name) fixed her eyes on the face of her daughter with an expression of surprise and displeasure, and then said—"Is it possible, Louisa, you can talk of making a neighbor of the daughter of Mr. Hardman!"

"Why not, mamma! you would not surely think of making her accountable for her father's trans-

gressions. It belongs to the Almighty alone to visit the sins of the parents on the children; and no one that has ever looked at Josephine's sweet eyes, her pretty mouth, and her pure and open countenance, so full of artlessness and truth, can believe, for a moment, that she ever was capable of a mean or ungenerous thought."

"I do n't pretend to say that Josephine is not a very good, amiable girl, but she is the daughter of the man who swindled your father out of an ample fortune, and drove us from the spacious mansion that we inhabited only a couple of years ago, and obliged us to take refuge in this humble dwelling, where your poor father breathed out the last sigh of a broken heart. When I think of this, Louisa, it is impossible I can ever bear the sight of her. So do n't, I beg of you, attempt to bring her here."

"I won't, dear mother, do either that, or any thing else that I think will give you pain," returned the daughter, as the tears trembled in the full hazel eyes that had a minute before sparkled with vivacity—"but you will not, I hope, forbid my going to see Josephine, and showing her how much I still love her."

"If the wrongs that your father met with at the hands of hers," continued Mrs. Renwick, without replying to her daughter, "were not sufficient to alienate your affections from her, I should have thought that the circumstance of Harry Roecoe's having likewise been so severe a sufferer would at least have had the effect. This is just about the time that you and Harry were to have been married, for your father and I had promised you should be his as soon as you had completed your nineteenth year; but Hardman, unfortunately, with his plausibility and cunning, persuaded your father not only to risk his own fortune, but that of his ward in the tempting speculation that he held out to him merely as a trap, and now Harry has to make use of a profession that he had before studied merely as a means of gratifying the cravings of an inquiring mind, and has to submit to all the drudgery of a country physician, instead of waiting with his handsome fortune till practice sought him."

"Harry has never once complained of having been reduced to that necessity," replied Louisa. "On the contrary, in almost every letter he speaks with cheerfulness of the insight he is gaining into the science of medicine by the extensive practice in which he is engaged; and often declares his conviction that had he remained here under the enervating influence of wealth, he would never have been any thing but a mere dribbler; but having, on the contrary, joined an old experienced physician, who was literally worn out with his extensive practice, he

came at once into the experience of years, and constant opportunities of exercising his knowledge."

"All that is very fine and lover-like; but nothing could persuade me that he does not hate Hardman as heartily as I do, and would be mortified beyond expression were he to hear of your renewing your intimacy with his daughter. I hope, therefore, Louisa, that out of respect to his feelings, if not to mine, you will not think of doing so."

"And do you really say, dear mother," asked Louisa, with a look of painful anxiety, "that I must not go to see Josephine when she comes so near me?"

"Suppose you went and met her father there?"

"And suppose I did, what of it? The encounter might be an unpleasant one to him, but to me it could be of little consequence. I have no need to be afraid of seeing Mr. Hardman; I never injured him."

"But is it not a most painful thing to see, and have to speak civilly to those we hate?"

"I don't know," answered Louisa with simplicity; "I never experienced the feeling of hate, and therefore cannot answer for its consequences."

"Louisa, you are a most provoking girl," exclaimed Mrs. Renwick impatiently. "You really have no spirit. I believe if you even had an opportunity of being revenged upon him, you would n't make use of it."

"There you are mistaken, mamma," said Louisa, looking at her mother with one of her sweet angelic smiles, "Give me an opportunity and see if I would not have my revenge. But it is of no use talking of a thing that is not likely ever to happen. Mr. Hardman is independent of me, and altogether out of my reach. So only tell me, dear mother, if you will not agree to my going to see Josephine provided Harry consents to my doing so."

"Oh, he will consent to that, or any thing else he thinks you have set your heart upon."

"Then suppose you ask him yourself. You often write to him, and at present, I believe, owe him a letter; write to him, therefore, and tell him the news you have just heard, and ask him in any way you please his opinion about my renewing my intimacy with Josephine."

"But there is another objection, Louisa, to your going near Josephine," returned the mother still withholding even her conditional consent—"Suppose you were to meet her worthless brother there?"

"There is no danger of that," returned Louisa, "for he is scarcely ever seen even in his father's house, much less that of his sister's. And, indeed, so thoroughly does Davenport despise him, that I am sure he would not admit him under his roof. Had James been willing to pander to the vices of the brother, he might long since have been the husband of the sister, for Sam's influence over his father is unbounded."

"That's well known, and it is for the sake of this dissolute wretch that the father heaps crime after crime upon his own head, by cheating and defrauding wherever it is in his power."

"And has, beside, deprived his sweet daughter of even common kindness, though he is her only remaining parent. But," continued Louisa, and as she spoke she knelt down at her mother's feet, and taking her hand she pressed it to her sweet lips, then raised her beautiful eyes to her face with an expression that would have touched the most insensible heart—"this, dear mamma, is not now the point in question, you have not yet promised that if Harry gives his consent to my visiting Josephine you will not withhold yours. Say this, dear mother, and I will be satisfied."

"Well, well," replied the reluctant parent, as she turned away from the lovely face before her, lest she should be induced to give a too cordial consent, "I suppose if Harry does n't object I must not, however disagreeable it is to me to yield."

"And you will write to him immediately," urged Louisa.

"I have a letter half-written already, and will finish it directly."

"Oh, thank you, dear mother," cried the sweet girl, as she again pressed her lips on the hand of her parent. "Now we will let the subject drop till the arrival of Harry's answer."

"But mind, you are not to write yourself and coax him," said Mrs. Renwick.

"Oh no, all shall be open and above board," returned Louisa playfully, as she rose from her kneeling posture and recommenced arranging her flowers, humming as she did so, a lively air, for she knew the generous mind of her lover, and had no apprehension about the result of the application.

CHAPTER II.

The answer to Mrs. Renwick's letter arrived even sooner than they had calculated, and nearly the first sentence was as follows. "I am delighted to hear that Josephine and Davenport have at last determined to depend upon themselves for happiness. With his talents, diligence and sobriety, and his amiable wife's industry and moderate desires, there is no doubt of their soon becoming independent. But, I am half offended at my Louisa for thinking it necessary to consult me on the propriety of giving a welcome to her friend when she comes into her neighborhood. Indeed, I cannot imagine what had come over her, for I could have been perfectly sure that her first impulse would have been to fly to her friend, and should have been equally certain of her giving me credit for partaking of the same feeling. I am not afraid of Louisa being annoyed with Sam Hardman. He never in his life showed any disposition to seek his sister's society, and even if he did, there is a halo of virtue about my Louisa that will always have a repelling influence over so gross a nature as his."

"I wish I could feel equally composed about the advances of the cholera that seems to be creeping toward you. But as simple nutritive food, regular habits, and cheerful minds are, I believe, the best safeguards, you are both I trust secure from its influence. I am often disposed to leave my duties

here and hasten to you, but am soon ashamed of the thought when I consider how little I could do. I could not save you from breathing the infected air. But the disease, if taken in time, is easily managed, and I have therefore only to beg that you will immediately, on the appearance of the slightest symptoms, apply for advice, the very best of which is always within your reach, and thanks to telegraphs and rail-roads I could soon be with you."

Louisa had scarcely finished reading this letter, when their neighbor and chronicler, Mrs. Campbell, came in and announced the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at their little cottage the previous evening.

"Then I may go and see her, mamma," said the warm-hearted girl, and without waiting for a reply, she hastened out of the room to prepare for the visit; nor did she after she was ready venture to show herself in the parlor, lest her mother should start some new objection that would make it unpleasant for her to go.

She found the young bride alone, and was received by her with much affection, though with evident agitation, for this was their first meeting since the change in Mr. Renwick's fortunes had taken place under such circumstances as left no doubt of the fraud which had been practiced upon him, with all of which Louisa knew her friend to be fully acquainted. She had not come, however, to recall painful recollections to the mind of the young bride, but to assure her of her sympathy and unaltered affection. With all the tenderness, therefore, of a generous heart she repressed her own rising emotions, and led her on to talk of her husband, her house, and the beautiful garden by which it was surrounded, and help her to plan some simple alterations by which it might be improved. As they were thus engaged, and had almost forgotten the painful past in the sweet reciprocation of feeling that used to be so delightful to them, a harsh, grating voice, which Louisa knew at once to be the well-remembered voice of Mr. Hardman, struck upon their ear, and they heard his step advancing toward the room in which they sat. Louisa was conscious of her friend's looking at her with an anxious eye, but she bore the examination with composure, for in truth she had no bad feelings respecting him to control. She thought of him with pity rather than resentment, for she felt it to be an awful thing for one so near his last account to entail upon himself sins which must inevitably bring a fearful charge against him. As he entered, he discovered evident surprise at seeing her, and she fancied she saw a slight increase of color in his face. She spoke to him politely, though coldly, and sat with composure whilst he conversed with his daughter, whom he met without taking any notice of her change of state or of the short journey she had taken after her marriage. If Louisa felt any difficulty in repressing her indignation it was when she heard him take pains to explain to his daughter that the object of his visit was to know whether she had seen any thing of her brother, or knew where he was gone. After having answered all his ques-

tions, Josephine, by way of changing the subject, inquired how he liked her house.

"Oh! it looks very well," replied the hard-hearted father, "but I think I see the auctioneer's mark on every thing. The usual way things go when people set out beyond their means."

The young bride's color went and came, but she made no reply to the cruel speech, whilst the father, as if satisfied with the wound he had given, drew his spectacles from his pocket and began to examine some books that lay on a centre-table. Anxious to divert the mind of her friend from his cruelty, Louisa began to talk with great animation of some rare and beautiful flowers that had been sent to her by some of her relations, with seeds or roots of which she promised Josephine to supply her.

Though naturally animated, her wish to win her friend from a contemplation of the unfeeling cut she had received, led her to speak with more than her usual vivacity, and she expatiated so warmly upon the pleasure she enjoyed from the cultivation of her flowers, and the interest she had in her garden, that at length Mr. Hardman laid down the book he had in his hand, and drawing his chair toward her, he said—

"Well, I guess you're happier now in the snug way you're living, with no other servant than the old woman that's been so long in your family, than you used to be in that great house with such a heap of people about you, and a gardener to take all the pleasure of a garden off your hands."

Louisa felt her breast swell. The recollection of her father's death and her mother's sufferings rose before her, and she found it hard to repress the disposition to recriminate, whilst he, encouraged by her silence, continued—

"Now say, don't you think you are happier now than you used to be?"

But the amiable girl had now gained the victory over herself, and replied gently—"You forget, sir, that mamma is English, and consequently has strong local attachments."

"Oh, as to your old mother, I'm not speaking of her," returned the coarse, vulgar-minded man; "I know her of old, and am very sure nothing would ever make her happy."

Louisa gave a glance at Josephine, and saw her soft eyes filled with tears, and, for her friend's sake as well as her own, she replied mildly—"You do not, however, seem to be very well acquainted with her daughter, or you would know that she could never be happy if her mother were not so." Then rising, she kissed Josephine affectionately, and promised to see her again soon, then bowing to the father she left the room. "Oh, how can such a man be the parent of such a daughter," she exclaimed inwardly, as she bent her steps homeward. But Louisa forgot at the time that Josephine had had an amiable and excellent mother, and that the maternal relation, to a daughter especially, is most powerful.

On her return home she expatiated on the sweet and sensitive behavior of her friend, the beauty of

the house, and on every thing she thought likely to please or amuse her parent, but was studiously silent, when speaking of her encounter with Mr. Hardman, not to touch upon any thing likely to irritate the feelings that had so long rankled under a sense of his base conduct.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed on, and the two young friends enjoyed each other's society almost daily. Indeed, so fully was their former familiarity and confidence restored, that whenever any thing occurred either to please or agitate her, Louisa's first impulse was to seek the ever ready sympathy of her friend. They had, besides, without any explanation having actually taken place between them, become mutually acquainted with each other's feelings with regard to their parents; Josephine clearly understanding from her friend's silence on the subject, that it was not in her power to ask her to return her visits; whilst the young bride on her part was always careful, in an indirect manner, to give Louisa notice if she had any reason to expect a visit from her father. Thus, by mutual delicacy and consideration, the intercourse between these amiable young women continued to be a smooth, unbroken interchange of sympathy and affection, under circumstances which would have involved less delicate natures in continual broils. And yet they were very different in their dispositions. Louisa was all sprightliness and animation, though possessing at the same time a deeply reflecting mind, and a heart full of warm and generous feelings. She was beautiful, but though it was impossible she should not know she was so, her mind was too strong to put any undue value on her beauty, but wore it as we do a costly brooch, rejoicing in its possession, yet ceasing to think of it, when we no longer see its reflection in our mirror. Indeed, though her person might be said to be faultless, her mind was the charm which most excited the admiration of all discriminating observers; and, like the flowers which, though lovely in themselves, are chiefly valued for the richness of their perfume, those who conversed with Louisa, remembered only as a secondary excellence the beauty of her form, though all acknowledged it to be perfect.

Josephine was very different. As the daughter of a man of a low and groveling mind, she had enjoyed few opportunities of improvement; and had it not been for the circumstance of having had a mother whose mind was of a finer mould, it is difficult to say how closely she might have assimilated to her unworthy parent, for though her dispositions were amiable, she possessed little native energy of character. Her mother before her death had prevailed upon the unworthy father to grant her daughter the advantage of a year's instruction, in the same school in which Louisa had been for many years a pupil. The favor was granted grudgingly, though the infatuated father was at the same time lavishing hundreds upon a dissipated son, on whom he had centred all his affections. Whilst at school

the intimacy was ripened between the two girls, who had before been only slightly acquainted. Charmed with the modest simplicity and sensitiveness of Josephine's character, Louisa took delight in aiding her; and even after she had left school, continued to her such valuable assistance as aided materially in forming the character which eventually gained the affection of Mr. Davenport, a highly respectable and talented young lawyer. Though not at all a beauty, there was a purity, a frank yet unassuming openness, and above all a keen sensibility about Josephine, which, like the mimosa, shrinks from the slightest touch, that could not fail to interest all who saw her, and which, by calling for her protecting care, excited Louisa's affection in an especial manner; whilst the object of her tenderness, who saw and felt her kindness, might have said with Othello, with a very slight modification—

She loved me for the hardships I'd gone through,
And I loved her, because she pitied me.

CHAPTER IV.

That fatal scourge, which visits young and old, rich and poor, without distinction, was committing its dreadful ravages with almost unprecedented violence, in the town of — and its environs, where our two young friends resided; and Roscoe kept writing almost daily to Mrs. Renwick, to give her instructions for the management of herself or his precious Louisa, in case of their being attacked with any threatening symptoms; as well as to encourage them with the assurance that the danger was slight if means were taken to check its progress on its first appearance. These valuable credentials Louisa always hastened eagerly to impart to her friend, that she might derive all the advantage they did themselves from her lover's experience and tender care. She had, one morning, just put on her bonnet for this purpose, when their neighbor Mrs. Campbell entered, with a look full of importance, and inquired if they had heard the bad news. On being questioned on the subject, she informed them that Mr. Davenport being anxious that his wife should have a little fresh country air, had procured a gig and taken her a short ride before he went to the office. The horse, however, had proved an unsafe one, and having taken fright at something on the road, had started off and run with such violence as to throw them both out, and had dashed the gig to pieces. That one of Mr. Davenport's legs had been broken, and his wife had received some internal injury, for she could not bear to be raised to her feet without fainting. She also added that she had just seen them both brought home on a kind of litter. Louisa waited to hear no more, but flew on the wings of affection to the assistance of her suffering friend, still hoping that as usual report had greatly magnified the evil. But on arriving at the house she found that, for this time at least, there had been no exaggeration. A physician had already been there, and had reduced Mr. Davenport's fracture, and she was told that he was lying composed and comfortable, but as the girl who answered her inquiries spoke, she opened the

parlor door, when Louisa beheld the gentle, sensitive wife lying on a couch, the picture of death.

"Why are you here, dear Josephine?" she exclaimed, as she sprang to the side of the sufferer. "Why were you not laid on a comfortable bed at once?"

"I was there," replied the mistress of the house, "but I have just had a message from my father, to say that he is very ill, and has not a creature with him, for all his people, except one little boy, had left the house, the moment he was seized, and as I felt easy whilst lying, I was in hopes I was strong enough to go to him, but was not able to get farther than here before I fainted."

"But why should you think of going?" asked Louisa. "You could do nothing for him if you were there."

"I could at least endeavor to procure some one to wait upon him. It is dreadful to think of his being in the house by himself, and so ill as I am sure he is, before he would think of sending me such a message, for he is not one to complain for a trifle." As she spoke, the boy that had before been mentioned, came bursting into the room, breathless with running, and said, "Mr. Hardman sent me to say he is dying, and you must come to him right away."

Josephine, without speaking, made an effort to rise, but Louisa placing her hand on her shoulder to hold her down, said—"Lie still, dear Josephine, it is impossible for you to go, and if you even did so it is most probable your life would be the sacrifice for such exertion."

"But can I lie here and think my father is dying, without a creature to do any thing for him," asked Josephine. "Oh, Louisa, notwithstanding all his faults he is my parent still;" and her pale lips quivered with emotion.

"I will go and see to him," said Louisa; "money will do every thing, and he has plenty. I will go and find him a nurse;" and without waiting to give her friend time to reply she hastened out of the room. As she proceeded, accompanied by the little messenger, who was scarcely able to keep up with her rapid pace, she learnt from him that Mr. Hardman had been taken ill in the night, and had called up the servants, but did not send for a physician till about eight o'clock. That the doctor, as soon as he came, said he had got the cholera, and that then the housekeeper and the girl under her were so frightened that the moment the doctor was gone they left the house. The boy added that he had been running about everywhere seeking for Mr. Sam, but could not find him; and that then Mr. Hardman had sent him for Mrs. Davenport, for he was afraid he would have to die without seeing anybody. They had now reached the house, the door of which they had scarcely entered when her ear was assailed by the most agonizing cries she had ever before heard. In a moment pity got the better of every other consideration, and she flew up stairs to see if she could do any thing to relieve a suffering fellow-creature. With a promptness and coolness of judgment that seemed almost supernatural, she turned over in her

mind what was most likely to be of service, and without spending time in searching for other aid, she busied herself, with no other assistant than the little boy, in administering the necessary applications. Long and arduously, however, had she labored before any appearance of benefit seemed to ensue from her exertions, but at length she was rewarded by seeing the sufferer more composed, though she was unable to judge whether his danger was diminished in proportion to the relief he had obtained. At this moment the physician came to make one of his hasty visits, for such was the virulence of the epidemic at the time, that the medical men had only a few minutes to bestow upon each patient, as they went their rounds amongst them.

"Am I to die, doctor?" asked the sick man, in an interval of comparative ease. "Can you do nothing for me? Money will be no object in rewarding you, if you can only save my life."

"When I left you last I hardly expected to find you alive on my return; but an angel," he added, fixing his admiring eyes on Louisa, whose person was unknown to him, "has come to your aid, and there is no knowing what miracle she may perform. Still, however, if you have any worldly arrangements to make, it would be well to see after them while you are able."

The sufferer uttered a deep groan, but a moment after he raised his head and cried, "Who is it that has been helping me? Isn't it my daughter? I've been too ill to notice."

"It is Louisa Renwick," returned our heroine.

"Renwick," repeated the sick man; "what brought a Renwick here?"

"Josephine is very sick, and I am here in her stead."

"And she has treated you like an experienced physician as well as a daughter," added the doctor.

"I should rather have expected her to put poison in my cup. Oh! I didn't need this," he continued, as Louisa began afresh to rub his cramped and contorted limbs with her beautiful little hands, that were already swollen and blistered by the severity with which she had applied them.

"Get out of my sight, or it'll kill me to look on you. Oh, Sammy!" he exclaimed, in the united throes of mental and physical agony, "why are you not here, you might have saved me all this."

"You had better send for some one to assist you in arranging your affairs, it may do you good by composing your mind," urged the physician.

"Well, well, send for Mr.—. But oh, doctor can you not save me?" cried the dying man, who had all his life made money his god, but who now found it wholly unable to give him relief in his last extremity. The little messenger was immediately dispatched for the lawyer, and the physician, after promising Louisa to endeavor to send some one to relieve her, hastened to another scene of misery and death.

CHAPTER V.

Louisa's resolution and self-command seemed to

rise in proportion to the demands made upon them; and as the violence of the disease seemed to have gained additional strength from its temporary relaxation, so her energy and activity increased in proportion, and only ceased when the arrival of the lawyer made her feel it necessary for her to absent herself. In going down stairs, she had just reached the parlor-door when she was met by the sick man's worthless heir. Determined not to remain in the house, now that he was an inmate, she turned into the parlor, the door of which stood open, and where she had thrown her bonnet, previous to running up stairs; but to her no small alarm he followed her, and closing the door, stood with his back against it.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" he asked, as plainly as the state of inebriety in which he evidently was would permit him to speak.

"Home," answered Louisa, forcing herself to speak with composure, and tying on her bonnet at the same time.

"What! is the old boy gone then?"

"He was not when I left the room, but it is evident he cannot last long."

"Who is with him now?"

"Mr. —."

"Ah, is he with him! I hope the old boy is not going to turn saint all at once and alter his will."

"I hope he will not forget your sister."

"Oh she is to have all if I die without heirs. But that time is not come yet, nor do I intend that it shall. But I suppose you have been working upon the old miser to restore you your property, that report says he did not come by in the honestest way in the world."

Louisa threw at him a glance of contempt, but did not take any further notice of his insulting speech. Anxious, however, to escape from the sight of one so disgustingly depraved, she asked him gently to open the door and permit her to go out.

"No, not till we've had a little more conversation," said he, leaning against the door in a resolute attitude; "for I want you to know a little of my mind."

Louisa, determined not to give him the advantage of thinking she was afraid of him, forced herself to stand calmly whilst he proceeded.

"I suppose Josephine has made you believe I am a very bad fellow, but perhaps you may not find me so bad as you think for. I know very well that you have a right to a considerable portion of the old man's money; but I mean to pay it off with interest the moment I get possession of my fortune, for I would then be able to marry you right away."

"I would neither accept you nor your money," said Louisa, with a look of proud contempt; "and all that I ask of you is to permit me to leave the room, as I wish to go home."

"Oh, of course, you will need a little coaxing and courting," said the disgusting debauchee; then locking the door, and putting the key into his pocket, he advanced toward her. Louisa was in an agony of despair; for she knew there was no one in the house to aid her, for the only person, the lawyer, was be-

yond the reach of her voice, and she had already observed that the Venetian shutters of the windows were fast bolted, and would require too long a time to open them, for her to be able to accomplish it before he stopped her. As these ideas passed like lightning through her mind, he had managed to stagger close up to her; but recollecting the necessity of coolness and resolution, she stood with her eyes fixed upon him, as she would have done upon an animal of the brute creation, from whom she apprehended an attack, and resolving if this were not sufficient to repulse him to use her utmost force, and flattered herself that in his present state she might perhaps prove the stronger of the two. The moment, however, that he got within reach of her, he seized both her arms, and forcing them down to her sides, he clasped her round with a force she could not have conceived him to possess, declaring at the same time his determination to have a kiss. Almost in a frenzy of fear, she struggled as hard as the manner in which she was pinioned would permit her to do, but felt at the same time the agonizing conviction that her utmost efforts would be of little avail. At the moment, however, that the fumes of his sickening breath came so near as to give her reason to fear he would conquer, she heard a man's footstep in the entry, and with all the energy of strong emotion, she cried out at the utmost stretch of her voice for help. The handle of the lock was immediately tried, but that not being sufficient, a heavy foot was heard against the door, and in an instant the disgusting monster was stretched on the floor. But what was Louisa's surprise and delight, as she raised her eyes to her deliverer, to see it was no other than Henry Roscoe. In a transport of joy she threw herself into his arms, and giving his prostrate antagonist a kick out of the way, he led her off, whilst the fallen man called after him, "You shall be made to account for this to-morrow"—a threat to which the victor did not deign a reply. Before they had reached the front door, however, Louisa stopped, and said, "Now that you are here to protect me, Harry, I cannot think of leaving that unhappy man up stairs to the mercy of his worthless son. Let us go up to him together."

"I will come back to him, dearest," said the lover, "as soon as I have seen you safe home; but you have already exposed yourself too much, and I cannot think of allowing you to incur any further danger."

"Oh, I am not at all afraid," replied the intrepid girl. "Besides," she continued, turning a look of sweet affection on her lover, "if there be danger let us, dear Harry, share it together."

"That would do well enough if we had but ourselves to care for; but remember, Louisa, you owe a duty to your mother, which forbids your running unnecessary risks. Go home, therefore, my own best beloved, and take care of her and yourself, and I will do all that humanity demands for one who, in truth, deserves little from either of us."

"Then let me go alone," urged the generous girl; and do you hasten up stairs, for the lawyer has left the chamber; I hear his foot on the stairs."

To this Roscoe made no objection, and our heroine proceeded in the first instance to the house of her friend, to give her all the satisfaction about the sufferer in her power, and then hastened home. But by the time that she had reached the room in which her mother was seated, nature was exhausted, and completely overcome by the various strong emotions by which she had been agitated throughout the day, and the severe bodily fatigue she had undergone, she sunk senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

Though it was not long before Louisa was restored to consciousness, a high fever succeeded, and the lover returned from the bed of death to watch over the being in whom his very life was centred. But youth and an excellent constitution struggled victoriously over disease; and when sufficiently recovered to begin to think of others, she was told that Mr. Hardman had only lived about an hour after Roscoe went to him, and that on the same night his profligate son had been attacked by the same disorder, and was dead before the morning.

"And Josephine and her husband?" said she, as she shuddered with horror at the idea of two beings so ill prepared having been called so suddenly to their last account.

"They are both doing well," replied Mrs. Renwick; "and though old Hardman made no change in that part of his will which left his daughter penniless, unless her brother should die without lawful issue, Josephine has already come into undisputed possession of the whole of her father's property."

"Then she is now a rich woman," said the lovely girl, her fine eyes, notwithstanding her debility, beaming with delight. "How rejoiced I am!"

"Not so rich," returned her mother, "as she

would have been, if you had not interfered and deprived her of a portion of it."

"What do you mean, mamma?" asked Louisa, in surprise.

"When the unhappy man sent for his lawyer, it was for the sake of adding a codicil to his will, by which he left the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to be divided between Harry and me, according to our respective claims. To this deposition he added, that you, by your humane exertions to alleviate his sufferings, had heaped coals of fire on his head."

"Did I not tell you, mamma, that I would seek my revenge the first time I had a chance?"

"You did, indeed, my child, and I am a greater gainer than I deserved by the course you have pursued. But I will endeavor, Louisa, in future, to follow your example, and act according to the instruction the Saviour has given us, and 'return good for evil.'"

We presume our readers have already accounted for Roscoe's unexpected appearance, by supposing (as was really the case) that he had become so exceedingly anxious about the safety of those so dear to him, that he determined, in spite of every obstacle, to go and watch over them himself. Finding on his arrival that Louisa was, as her mother supposed, with her friend, he had sought her there, and then, of course, followed her, according to Josephine's directions, to the house of Mr. Hardman, where, as we have seen, he arrived so opportunely. And now, if any further information is required concerning the actors of this little drama, inquiries must be made of the parties themselves, who are at this time all well and happy in the town of —, which is now restored to health, after having been the scene of the cholera's most dreadful ravages.

LITTLE MARY LYLE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SHE'S a pleasant little maiden,
Tiny, gleesome Mary Lyle;
And on her mind no stain you'll find,
Nor any trace of guile.
Her footsteps sound upon the ground
Like pattering drops of rain,
While her smile is like the sunshine
That brightly comes again.

She hath no wondrous beauty:
She'd grace no gay parterre;
The humble flower, in greenwood bower,
Is meekest type of her:
And yet, you could not see her,
Or watch her ways awhile,
Without a blessing from your heart
On little Mary Lyle.

You may meet her in the meadow,
Of a pleasant sunny day,
But speak alone in gentle tones
Or she will glide away.
And scarce the timid roe can fly,
Along the forest aisle,
With steps more fleet, or nimbler feet,
Than those of Mary Lyle.

You should see her skip across the green,
And through the wildwood free:
You should see her toss upon the grass
And hear her tones of glee:
Then, as you watched her brightsome face,
Or caught her innocent smile,
You'd say with me, 'twere sweet to be
Like little Mary Lyle.

THE RUSSIAN'S DAUGHTER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BY CHAMPION BISSSELL.

THE rattling of drums, the sharp discharge of musketry, and the indescribable confusion incident to the movement of vast bodies of men, announced the departure of Napoleon from Wilna. Far out on the plain, so distant that the music at its head scarcely disturbed the listening ear, marched the vanguard of the Grand Army; and through the thronged streets of the Russian town endless columns poured forth in dark and bristling lines. At intervals came troops of horsemen, their steeds impatiently pawing the ground, and neighing in response to their comrades on the open plain. And now more frequently rumbled the artillery and baggage wagons, startling the gazer by their number and equipments, and filling him with awe at the genius of the mighty conqueror, at whose bidding this host of men and array of warlike munitions had been suddenly evoked as from some world, unknown or forbidden, to all other men.

They formed a study of no common interest—the faces of these iron soldiers, engaged in an expedition, in splendor, magnitude and prospective result, the greatest which the world has ever seen. Here was realized the utmost of ambition. Here was seen the culmination of the intensest desires of skillful despotism, a despotism so symmetrical and perfect that those who shuddered most at its infernal spirit, yielded the most ready acquiescence to the fascinations of its godlike power. Never before had the genius of the Corsican been so completely in the ascendant. For the time no man dared call himself his own.

And as the Grand Army passed on, in the face of each soldier might be read the spirit working beneath. The French conscript, fresh from his ancestral acres, which he had ever longed to leave for the bivouac and the field, wore upon his countenance only the expression of exultation and joy. The veteran, on whose breast you might perceive the medal of Austerlitz or Marengo, marched with the mien of a Roman legionary, confident and secure in the genius of his commander as when he heard his clear voice ring amid the perils of Wagram, or saw him push out in his frail skiff to the raft of Tilsit to dictate terms of peace to two fallen emperors. The aged soldier renewed his youth, the boy's sinews were stiffened like steel at the sound of the constant watchword, "To Moscow—to Moscow!" It was only in the muttered execrations of the conquered Austrian or Prussian, whom the vicissitudes of fortune had forced into an ungrateful service against their hereditary ally, that you might read the omen which cast its black and growing shadow over the campaign.

The welcome command of halt had been given to the army, and each soldier was busily engaged in preparing his noon-day meal, when a young officer detached himself from his company and rode swiftly to the wagons at the rear of the column. Arriving at one distinguished from the rest by its superior elegance and finish, and showing by its equipments its peculiar use, he gently lifted the curtain, and said in a low tone—"And how is Paul, now that we are once more on the road to fame and Moscow?"

"Alas," answered the sick man, wearily raising himself on his elbow, "I feel as yet none of that strength which my good doctor promised me when you begged me away from the hospital at Wilna. It is dreadful to lie here, and hear the moving life without, and to feel one's self cut off from it all; to catch the joyful shout of the soldiers, and to reflect that it must be long before one's own voice can be raised in the cry for La Belle France. But, courage, Paul—and don't make your comrades melancholy! How well you look, Pierre, and that cross, too—ah, don't try to hide it; Paul will earn one also if he ever escapes from this wagon. And do you know that the emperor looked in on me to-day, and was delighted with my stubborn determination to go on with the Grand Army. And as he passed on I heard him humming,

*'Marlborough s'en va à la guerre,
Ne sait quand il reviendra.'*

That last line—your Paul has had it running in his head ever since. I hope we may *not* return till we have finished our work."

"Bravo, Paul," replied the officer, "dying men don't talk like this! The Lancers will see their favorite lieutenant at their head again in a month, and meantime, perhaps, you are as well off here as we, who labor so hard to get over these everlasting deserts. As for the Legion of Honor, Paul, you deserve a cross much more than I, for your heroic patience in this tedious sickness. And see, I am going to share my dinner with you to-day. Here is an omelet which I prepared last night, for I knew how fond you used to be of omelet, and how much better it is for you than thin soups, now that you ought to be growing strong again. Why, you eat like a veteran already. Let it be a sweetener to every morsel that in a few months we shall be entering Paris with the spoils of that heathenish old Kremlin, and our gay city dames will no longer be cruel, for will we not be heroes of the Grand Army! Adieu, expect me again at evening, and keep your courage up." And the warm-hearted Pierre galloped off.

Left to himself, Paul attempted to sleep, but his feelings had become somewhat excited, and this,

with the motion of the wagon, which had once more began its rude joltings, baffled his efforts.

"It is a long time," he soliloquized, "since I have had an opportunity to review these mementoes of my past life." And he carefully opened a small casket which reposed at the head of his couch. "Pierre talks of gay women, but how shall I forget that one who was only dear to me the moment she was snatched away, but whom I loved in a moment sufficiently for a life-time: now these silent tokens shall bring up to me the dead Past, and I will live those days over again. I have not written my thoughts since I entered the army. Sometimes I think I dare not. I am more ambitious than I was then, when I stained the white leaves of this little book with words like these."

He turned over a few leaves of the journal and read to himself in a low tone—"Pierre has just left us—our play-ground is deserted. The fields look mournful. The birds do not sing as sweetly as they did. I have lost a friend.

"Pierre has gone to the military school. It is a great way off, and he is to be allowed very little liberty. He says they will make a great general of him if he obeys well, and that in a few years he will be able to serve the Emperor. For my part I am sorry that he ever thought of going to war. I do n't see what there is in war to make it so popular. Very many of the young farmers and tradesmen of the village have gone to serve on the conscription, and but few of them have come back. And father, who does not see any reason to hate the Austrians and Prussians, says that the emperor is too ambitious. But then he adds, 'He loves the people.'

"For my part, though I should love very much to be with Pierre. I intend to be a good citizen and stay at home. If the conscription takes me, and it is coming down more and more among the young men every year—I shall hire Baptiste, the gardener, to go in my stead. I am afraid he is a coward, though he often talks of setting out for the wars, and is forever shouting 'Vive l'Empereur.'"

"Ah," said Paul, "I was a mere boy then. I will turn a few more leaves."

"I never thought I should like parties and *fêtes* so well. But a year or two ago, when mother made a *fête* for my sisters, I refused to come into the rooms, or to dance on the lawn, and I remember how mortified I was when a group of *mises* ran out into the garden, and surprised me in my working-dress, reading about Prince Cherry, under the apple-tree. But now, I feel at my ease among the ladies, I have grown as tall as a man; and the other evening at a dance I heard Madame D—, from Lyons, inquire of her partner who that graceful young man by the sofa was. I think she meant me. And my moustache is certainly promising.

"I am puzzled to account for the interest Mlle. F— has recently taken in me. She is I know a little older than myself, and her disposition is not calculated to harmonize with mine—for she is bold and ambitious beyond most women, and I am so

void of ambition that Pierre says I am good for nothing but a country cure, or at best a quiet scholar. Nor can I imagine why my conversation should please her, for I know nothing of the great world, and she has spent half her life in Paris. I shall see her again this evening.

"So soon! Is it possible she loves me—that her love is returned—that we are henceforth all the world to each other! How little could a prophet ever have foreseen all this. And how little could he have read in those gay scenes and brilliant saloons the secrets of our destiny. I do not blame myself, for I am proud of the affections of a woman so beautiful and gifted, yet she has a haughty and imperious nature, and I know not how it will accommodate itself to the quiet of a philosopher.

"Daily I feel that something is wanting to that perfect love which I ought to cherish toward dear Victorine. It may be useless in me to indulge the thought, but I doubt if more than my pride and feelings are interested. She loves me deeply, I am conscious, although I am unworthy of such affection. Our characters are so opposite that I must make sacrifices to ensure lasting harmony. I must soar to her views, she must not descend to mine. I will go into the army. I will win honors under the emperor—I will return, and she shall meet me with a proud and delighted heart, for she shall find her early confidence not misplaced.

"All is settled. To-morrow I start for Brienne. I have written my determination to Pierre. I have resisted the entreaties of my parents. I have bid adieu to Victorine. She weeps, but I can see she is proud of the resolution I have taken. We are to correspond by every post. The rascal Baptiste pretends to be sorry that he cannot go to the wars with me. The abbé merely says, 'My son, prove yourself worthy your country and Victorine.' The last injunction would make a hero of a coward."

"Alas," sighed the young man, covering his face for a moment, "I scarcely dare to read more. Those dreadful days are too fresh in my memory. Why did I narrate them with such minuteness?" And he impatiently turned over a handful of pages.

"No letters for a week! And I have written daily. In a few months more I shall join the army, and then for glory and Victorine. How glowingly she paints our future destiny—myself the successful soldier—she the proud wife. Dear girl, she shall shine in courts, for she first opened my eyes to Ambition and Fame.

"They write that she is unwell—their letters are filled with strange hints, hints that I cannot understand, and can only interpret unfavorably. Her illness is but trifling, and the physician augurs well—if so why send to Paris for advice, and why conceal it from me so long that she was ill? And why urge it on me not to be alarmed, and not to distress Pierre with my sorrow, if there is no need for alarm and anxiety? I must hold myself in instant readiness to

start at any moment. I must apply for permission to go when necessary.

"Good God, she is dying! I have only seen her once, and then she did not know me, me who would die for her! They were holding her in their rude grasp, and when I bid them cease, they told me she would destroy herself if her hands were free! They commanded me from the room, but I would not go. I resolved to wait till she returned to her mind. I wished to be the first one whom her reviving consciousness would recognize.

"After days of gloom and sorrow, and nights of dreary watching, I was at length addressed by my right name. Alas, how feeble were the lips that pronounced it! How mournful in their paleness, and yet how serene and lovely in their expression! I stood at her bedside, her hand in mine, the unseen hand of the grim angel over us both. 'Paul,' she whispered, 'Paul.' I knelt by her, and her last words flowed into my heart, as the last drops of a summer cloud melt into the earth, while the cloud vanishes forever. 'I have loved you, Paul, deeply and truly—how truly you can never know. I am going to leave you. I will not ask you to remember me. If you forget Victorine, she will not forget to watch over you. You will find some other Victorine, less proud and more loving than the first. Over her, too, I will watch, and will love her for your sake. Honor God—your country. Be your ambition ever noble as now. And when in a few days you go to the camp and the field, bear with you a resolve worthy yourself—to do nothing but what is virtuous and good. And here I have prepared you a little packet. Open it when—when I am gone, and cherish its contents for her sake who loved you so well. Kiss me, Paul—there—let me lean on you, for I am growing very weak—'

"'Quick!' exclaimed the cûre, 'she is dying—'

"'Merciful Heaven!' I cried, 'she is falling from my arms! Her eyes—O God, is this death!'

And as the sick man closed the book he took from the casket a curiously fashioned bracelet, on which was engraved the simple legend, "Love, the child of Sympathy.—V. F." He gazed at it long and earnestly, at times burying his face in his hands and giving way to passionate grief. At length the excitement passed away, and with the jewel firmly locked in his grasp he sank to sleep.

A few months after the events narrated in these brief notes, Paul Du Bois and Pierre Chatelet entered the army—the former a prey to a seemingly incurable melancholy. In every engagement they attracted attention by their courage and their singular attachment—ever fighting side by side, each intent upon the safety of the other. By degrees Paul recovered his spirits, and began to mix among the ordinary pleasures of young men. Still, it was observable that his actions were regulated by principles higher, and more sublime in result, than those of most of his fellows. He was wont sternly to re-

prove all deviations from the laws of honor and morality, all indications of a downward tendency in desire. As his brother officers saw that his character as a soldier became more eminent and admirable by reason of its stern virtue, they unconsciously imitated him. His influence was widely felt. All who knew him loved him. And thus it happened that when in the flush of awakening hopes, and at the very outset of the expedition wherein he had expected to reap a rich harvest of honor, he was prostrated by a painful disease, his fellow-soldiers felt for him so deep a sympathy, and entreated with so much earnestness that he might still accompany them. And though he daily lost strength, his enthusiasm seemed but to kindle the more. His physician shook his head, but the sick man cared not for the uncomfortable pallet, the unwholesome food, nor the harsh motion of the wagon, so long as the rude soldier who marched by his side chanted the warlike chorus—"To Moscow, to Moscow."

CHAPTER II.

"I am afraid, monsieur le general," said the surgeon to the chief of division, "that we shall be obliged to leave our friend, Paul Dubois, as a prisoner of war in some wayside cottage, for he cannot hold out to Smolensk."

"Nay," interposed Pierre, who had just ridden up, "I have been with him constantly on the march, and he is as eager as ever to go on. To leave him here would be even worse than death."

"Ah, my good friend," answered the surgeon, "in that wagon he cannot live twenty-four hours longer. I repeat it, general, our only hope is in leaving him. It is a great loss to the division, and a melancholy fate to so brave and enthusiastic an officer. But we have no alternative."

The general consulted a moment with his staff. "Go, then," he said to Pierre and the surgeon, "go to the Lieutenant Paul Dubois, and inform him that in the opinion of the medical staff and his brother officers, it is unsafe and impossible for him to proceed with us. Express my sincere regrets at the circumstances which separate us, and my ardent hope that ere the campaign is over we may meet again under better omens; and see that he is put in comfortable quarters. As for you, Captain Pierre Chatelet, you have full permission to use all time and camp equipage necessary for this purpose; and may you have a favorable report to give me when I next see you. And now, gentlemen, to your patient."

Paul received the intelligence of his destination with less grief than Pierre and the surgeon had anticipated. In truth, his illness had in the last few days gone far toward weakening the energies of life and passion, and a languid sigh was all the resistance he offered. The horses were turned into a bye-road. The murmur of the great army gradually died away, and at last the eyes of the sick man, as he gazed through the parted curtains rested only on his attendant and the devoted Pierre. On each side the broad fields lay basking in the bright sunlight,

and in the distance a white cottage appeared, solitary amid a grove of tall pines, and at the meeting of roads which branched out in every direction over the cultivated plain. "And there," sighed Pierre, coming to his side, "there is, without doubt, your prison-house, on your road to Faine. Now Paul, you have, indeed, an opportunity to show the strength of your philosophy and your religion. You know that I cannot be spared from the army. God give us a joyful meeting at a not distant day."

"We ask permission, may it please you," said Pierre, bowing very low to a comely Russian, who came forward from the house to view the unwonted spectacle of a military equipage at his very door, "to leave with you an invalid officer of the French army. Of necessity his life is in your hands, and I am not miscalculating on the generosity of a subject of Alexander, when I say that I feel he is safe with you. And if, sir, at a future time a ransom shall be required, your demands cannot exceed our willingness."

"A Russian's duty is ever to his fellow-men," replied the farmer, lifting the curtain of the wagon, "and therefore the sick man shall be to me as a brother. For your emperor, and his wars—I detest them. But this is needless now. Catherine," he continued, returning to the door, "bid the servants hither."

In a moment there appeared a fair, slight girl, followed by two or three of the household.

"Take carefully now the couch from the wagon," said the Russian, "and lay the stranger in the shaded room. Go, girl," he added, to his daughter, "see that all is ready above."

"Ah, sir," sighed Paul, as, supported by the arm of the faithful Pierre, he gazed from his couch at the simple but tasteful apartment in which he had been laid, and at the earnest face of the Russian bending over him, "how can I thank you for so unlooked-for a kindness from one whom men would call my enemy?"

"God is all-wise," answered the host, "and I have a son in the army of Alexander. It may be that he will yet have cause to bless a Frenchman!"

The rays of the sun slanted through the narrow window, and fell higher and higher on the wall. The regular breathings of Paul told of more healthful sleep than had visited him for weeks. "I will leave him now," said Pierre, "and avoid the sorrows of leave-taking. Put away that casket quietly, Baptiste. There, let us go."

"And," answered the Russian, brushing a tear from his cheek, he shall wake and find a friend. Poor fellow—but he is very like my Ivan, and him I shall not see for many weary months, for Russia needs him."

That night Pierre, within the tent of the general, told of his finding a Russian who had almost persuaded him to break his sword. His officer sealed a dispatch to the emperor, in which it was announced that a vacancy had occurred in a corps of his division, formerly under the command of Lieutenant Paul Dubois. And at the same hour, Paul, opening

his languid eyes from a dream, in which phantasies of disease seemed mellowed and changed to angelic visions, gazed upon the half-averted and shaded face of a young girl, who, by the softening light of a dim taper, and from the low, sweet melody issuing from her scarce moving lips, might have been mistaken by a sounder judgment than his, for an inhabitant of another sphere.

CHAPTER III.

Awaking from a long and refreshing sleep, with a confused recollection of the beautiful vision of the preceding night, Paul composed himself for a survey of the abode in which, for the present, he was domesticated. The room where he lay was small, and tastefully furnished, exhibiting in a thousand particulars the tokens of graceful and feminine care. His couch, albeit somewhat coarse, was of the whitest linen; upon the low mantel, the humble chairs, and the frames of the simple pictures, not a stain, or speck of dust was visible. One window was open, looking out on green and dewy fields; the song of birds floated cheerfully in; the din of the marching army was no longer heard; the jolting of the sick-wagon was forgotten. The invalid had already begun to retrace his steps to the portals of life.

A light step in the passage, and the Russian maiden came softly in, lingering modestly for an instant on the threshold. "And how has monsieur slept?" she inquired in the purest French. "We much feared to disturb you last night. Monsieur is very sick, but we can give you rest and quiet, and we can prepare you food, such as is good for the sick; and we have a physician—oh, he is a wonderful man, and he lives but a few versts off."

"Ah," replied Paul, "perhaps my nurse of last night is the better physician. At least," continued he, in the natural language of compliment, "one kind look from you does me more good than a whole packet of the doctor's drugs. Your air is wonderfully refreshing, too; and, really, I fancy I begin to have an appetite."

"Monsieur shall not complain of hunger," said Catherine; and gliding from the room, she soon returned with a small salver, on which were displayed the materials of a meal which, to the eyes of the invalid accustomed for months to the rude food of the camp, appeared tempting beyond all description. There might have been nothing alluring to the epicure in that snowy bread and plain broth; but their very simplicity, together with the grace of the fair girl by whom they were offered, made them more delicious to Paul than the most costly feast. And Paul's situation caused him to depend upon his nurse for those little attentions which invalids ever exact. Those blue eyes looked only sympathy; those fresh lips opened only in pleasant smiles and pleasant words. "Ah," said he, "might I not with reason forbid the man of drugs, with you for a nurse?"

"Nay, sir, if you flatter me, I cannot stay with you. You must remain very quiet, monsieur, and

I will read to you; and when you grow a little stronger, you shall tell me of the war, and the Grand Army, and of France. My mother was from France. Saint Mary! Why do men so love to kill one another, when our master bids us live in peace? Yet my own brother must leave us to fight for Russia."

So day by day the hours passed away in that still chamber. As Paul gathered strength he loved to tell the simple maiden of France, of the broad lands through which he had passed in his marching, of the many scenes in which his soldier-life had been spent. He grew more fond of watching Catherine's light form as she moved about the apartment, arranging its exquisite order; or when in the still twilight, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, she sat by his bed-side singing him to sleep with her ancestral ballads. By degrees her image formed itself on his heart, and lent form and coloring to his deepest reveries. Ah, Paul, Paul, there is a meaning in that simple motto in yonder casket, which you both will have applied to yourselves before you are aware!

The Russian, too, was a frequent visitor in the chamber of the sick man. But his talk was of realities, of truths, which could not fail to urge themselves with great weight upon men interested in the mighty struggle then going on almost within hearing. "Let us," Lossmin would say, "view these things as friends, and from a common ground."

"It is now August, and the frosts of autumn are already beginning to be felt. Your emperor has not yet arrived within sight of Moscow—the last courier announced to me that he had but just left Smolensk. Your army is already suffering famine. You will reach Moscow in September, and you will have left one quarter of your army on the road.

"Russia will not then be conquered. You will be as far as ever from the realization of your ambition. Would you proceed farther, winter would shut you in from behind. Would you remain at Moscow—where will you get your supplies? You cannot buy them of us, you cannot convey them from beyond the Niemen in winter—you cannot sow your seed and reap your harvest on the snow.

"Let your emperor make peace if he can, now that the sword is in sight of the scabbard. As for conquering Russia, it were impossible, though there were no such thing as winter. The moment you retreat, you will find yourselves beset on every side by our light troops and Cossacks. Your emperor is playing a fearful game—let him look well to his pieces."

"Stay," replied Paul, "you know not our strength—nor our emperor. He will make peace in your capital. He will pledge Alexander under the shadow of the great cross of St. Ivan. He will receive your ambassadors at Paris before the Cossacks shall have found their way back to their native deserts. Fate has kept us from the contest, but it gives you an object of pride and hope in a warlike son—me, in a friend dearer than a brother. May God render them safe home from the conflict."

"Amen!" ejaculated Lossmin. "Are you strong enough to walk to-day? 'T would do you good to

venture into my wheat fields. They shall yet feed our brave soldiers at Moscow."

Days rolled on. August passed away, and September came, bringing golden twilights and sharpening air, reddening the broad fields, and lending a richer shade to the dark pine and hemlock. Paul had escaped from the confinement of his chamber. Although a prisoner, no one could have been more at liberty. And Catherine—whom he used laughingly to call his jailer—never was minister of justice more lenient. Those long walks—how inexpressibly delicious in the fresh, sunny air. And the eloquence of the young man—how captivating to a susceptible mind, which had hitherto never opened itself to the rude influences around. Her feelings to the young man, while he lay on his couch of pain, she had easily excused to herself as the offspring of compassion—how was it that, as he hourly became less an object of pity, those feelings hourly increased in intensity? The minutes began to seem long when he was absent. Paul, too, was attracted to the gentle girl by stronger inclinations than could lay to the charge of gratitude or alleviated loneliness. Her character, so pure, so confiding, so sympathetic, seemed the full realization of all he had imagined in his Eutopia of love. So, while he cherished the memory of Victorine, he allowed his thoughts to dwell at liberty upon the Russian maiden. As for Lossmin—his sagacity was somewhat blunted by time—he had outlived romance. If Catherine had had a mother, she might have been warned of her indiscretion—for so a prudent mother would infallibly have termed it—and the good Lossmin might have awaked to the manifest danger of sheltering a handsome French officer under his roof; but the worthy woman had been dead some years—and so Catherine went on nursing the young and growing love, and Lossmin filled his barns, and bid his servants drink to the success of the army of Alexander.

The visits of the courier began to be more frequent, as the needs of the empire demanded that its inhabitants, and especially those near its great roads, should be acquainted with the progress of the war. The carnage of Borodino, the desertion of Moscow, had been communicated in fearfully rapid succession to the startled inmates of the house of Lossmin, and one evening as Lossmin himself was sitting moodily at his door, a breathless courier placed in his hands a letter from his son, at the same time loudly demanding an extra reward for the danger he had incurred in passing the hostile lines.

"My honored father," for so the letter ran, "our trust is in that God who watches over the destinies of righteous men, and also in our father-sovereign, Alexander, and our own good swords. Moscow is in ruins; our rear guard have finished their mournful work of desolation, and the French conqueror lords it only over a heap of ashes. He has sought peace, but our brave Alexander has vowed not to sheath the sword while the enemy remains on Russian ground.

"I cannot write more now. We have fallen on fearful times. Our capital is deserted—our hereafter

is uncertain. I hope to revisit you soon, when we have chased the Frenchman over the Niemen; but God is all-knowing. It is said the enemy will endeavor to remain at Moscow. If he attempt it he will perish of famine. We are already closing in on the return roads.

"Your devoted son,
"IVAN."

"Thus far," exclaimed Lossmin, hastening to read the letter to Paul, "I have spoken truly. Let your emperor look to his gods, if he acknowledge any, for the God whom we worship will not serve him. And behold," he continued, as a few scattered snowflakes brought by the chill north wind slanted through the air, "behold the winding-sheet of the Grand Army!"

CHAPTER IV.

The winter had set in with unheard-of rigor. The roads were well nigh impassable, and intelligence from the army, although intently looked for, came less often. But enough was gathered from couriers and the occasional traveler to convince the calm Lossmin and the chafing Paul, that the retreating forces of the French were meeting only with disaster and ruin, and that the final success of the Russians was inevitable. An increasing gloom settled upon the countenance of Paul, which not even the tender sympathies of Catherine could drive away. The prospect of remaining a prisoner, awaiting a distant and perhaps impossible peace, and perhaps a banishment to a country whose very name froze his heart with horror, unmanned him. The love he felt toward Catherine only served to increase his melancholy, for he saw how hopeless it would be, so long as he was but a prisoner of war, and that, too, among a people so fearfully exasperated as were the Russians.

It chanced upon a wild and stormy night, that Lossmin, Catherine and Paul were sitting by the huge fire in the dining apartment. The tables had long been cleared, and the remainder of the family had dispersed for the night. The moaning of the wind, and the noise of the drifting snow, naturally turned their thoughts to the two armies engaged in their deadly struggle amid such adverse circumstances. Catherine was the first to break the silence.

"Father, as we sit here by this cheerful blaze, think how many poor soldiers are perishing with cold. The courier, too, says that our people are suffering nearly as much as those against whom they fight. And Ivan—perhaps at this very moment he is lying, wounded and dying—perhaps a prisoner, and in hands scarcely able to preserve themselves."

"God help the soldier!" answered Lossmin. "God will protect those who fight for their country and the right. I have little fear for Ivan, so long as he remembers the lessons I have taught him. As for our enemies—God help them also. Already have they been sufficiently punished for their sins."

"Amen!" exclaimed Paul. "Hark!—a knocking at the great door. And some one shouting—'Help!' Quick—a light!"

The party instantly rushed to the door at which the noise was made. They unfastened and opened it amid the entreaties of the voice to lose no time.

"It is—it is Pierre's voice!" cried Paul, as he eagerly darted forth into the gloom and grasped his friend by the hand.

"And," exclaimed the latter, "I bring you one Ivan Lossmin, whom I made prisoner near here, who is dangerously wounded, and wished only to die under his father's roof. Quick, for the love of God, or he will perish with cold!"

There was no need of his passionate exclamation. Ere he had finished speaking, Lossmin had gained the rude sleigh, and lifting thence the helpless form of a wounded soldier, bore him across the threshold crying, "My son! my son! now has the curse of war come home to my own hearth!"

It is observable that amid circumstances of the most critical and trying nature, the delicate woman often displays more fortitude and presence of mind than the sterner man. And so it was that while the father was sinking under the agony of the moment, and Paul, hardly recovered from his severe illness, was unnerved by the terrible excitement of the scene, and Pierre, bewildered by the sudden apparition of so many strange faces—for by this time the whole household was gathered around in wild disorder—stood by, forgetful of his strength, Catherine alone took those steps which could insure the safety of the wounded Ivan. Ordering a couch to be brought to the warm and lighted room, she caused the stiffened limbs of the soldier to be laid upon it, and divesting him of his gory uniform, bound up his wounds with that tenderness and skill which a sister's love could only confer. Then, while the scarcely recovered father knelt by the bedside of his son and sought to obtain a word or look of recognition, she prepared such food as was best suited to the soldier famished by hunger and cold, and touching it to his lips had the ineffable satisfaction of seeing his eyes slowly open, and of hearing him whisper, "Home—home once more!"

The wounds of Ivan proved of a less severe character than Pierre had at first feared. Added to the combined influence of cold and hunger they would soon have proved fatal, but warmth and food are powerful aids to the system, and after a night of sound sleep, in which the eyes of the devoted Catherine were never once closed, he declared himself out of danger, and almost entirely free from pain. And with the two officers at his side, Catherine holding his hand in her own, and Lossmin leaning over the head of the couch, he proceeded, at the earnest request of the latter, to relate the circumstances which had led to this unlooked-for and strange reunion.

"We had," said Ivan, "steadily followed the French army on their retreat from the capital. Never was there greater bravery displayed than by the Grand Army in their perilous march across a wasted and hostile country. Daily we drew in more and more closely on their flying columns, and daily our combats became more fierce and bloody.

"At length, after weeks of the closest fighting,

those whom we pursued found themselves on the banks of the Berecina, spanned in this place only by a single bridge. It was then for the first time that our corps, for hitherto we had kept much in the rear, saw to what a miserable remnant that army was reduced which had so lately entered our capital. We had yet to learn how much stronger they were in all the energies of despair—those men who looked so haggard and famished.

"It was our design to cut the enemy off from crossing the bridge, and had we kept somewhat nearer them in the pursuit we might have succeeded. But in our attempts we met with a most determined resistance, and a bloody struggle ensued, in which you had well-nigh lost a son.

"I found myself surrounded by three French horsemen, and separated from my ranks. I saw that escape was hopeless, and by a strange fatality aimed a blow at the very one who was to preserve me. He is by my side. It was Pierre. My stroke glanced, and a quick, sharp pain in my breast is all that I remember after. When I awoke to consciousness after the lapse of a few hours, I was in the tent of my captor, and my wounds I found dressed with as much care as could have been expected. But I heard the surgeon declare, as he left the tent, that I was in great danger.

"Then I wished to see you once more before I died. I implored Pierre to send me to you. He replied that it was impossible. I then gave into his hands my farewell message to you. He gazed at the name. 'Losemin!' at length he exclaimed; and asked if you were my father. I replied yes. In a moment he had left the tent.

"He returned almost immediately, and enveloping me in the best robes he could procure, removed me to his sleigh. We had scarcely set out before we were overtaken by that fearful storm in which I had well-nigh perished before we found you last night. And now, my father, do we not owe eternal gratitude to the brave man that has restored me to you and to life?"

"Ah," said Pierre, "who would not have done as I did?"

"Say no more," exclaimed Losemin, "we shall part from you with sadness, when you return to your army, taking away your brother Paul, whom you have made free were he ten times a prisoner. So long as you will bless the house of the Russian, remain, and when you would depart, it shall not be without a fitting equipage for the brave soldier."

At the mention of departure, the face of Catherine was instantly shaded; a half-checked exclamation burst from her lips; and before she could recover herself, the watchful eyes of Paul were gazing into her own with more than ordinary meaning. She hastily rose, and without uttering a word retired from the room. She was passing through the great hall to her own apartment, when she felt herself detained by a gentle but firm grasp, to which, for the instant, she could not but yield.

"Catherine—my dear Catherine," said Paul in a low tone, "forgive me for thus addressing you—my

love is my only plea—it is a strong one if you will acknowledge it. Am I presumptuous in imagining that I am not without place in your thoughts? I would have the preserver of my life its constant guardian. Oh, Catherine, do not frown on one who loves you, and fancies your sympathy looks kindly on him!"

"Nay, sir," exclaimed the frightened girl, "so noble, so ambitious, you would not wed the simple Russian maiden. Be content to forget me—or think of me only as one who aided to restore you to your country and the world. Gladly would I hear of your success hereafter. I will promise more, that I will never forget you, though our destinies are so widely different—"

"No more—no more," interrupted Paul. "I will yet earn your love. For your sake I will renounce all ambition for that glory which most men prize, but which you in your pure wisdom look on as empty. Then you will love me—"

"Catherine!" exclaimed the deep voice of Losemin—for the precipitate flight of the lovers had aroused him to a sudden perception of the truth, and had brought him in quest of them—"Catherine, do you love the young French soldier?"

There was no reply, but the soft eyes were directed upward for a moment, and Paul fancied the small hand in his own ceased to struggle.

"It is enough," said Losemin fervently. "God, I thank thee, that in one day thou hast given me two noble sons. Lean more firmly on him, my daughter, and may Paul Dubois never do aught than bless this hour! My children, I leave your young hearts to their own expressions!"

CHAPTER V.

In a stately park near Paris there stand two mansions, which, by their resemblance and noble appearance, elicit frequent remarks from those who extend their search after pleasure beyond the gay city. They are tenanted by citizens Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet.

Returning from the disastrous—yet in some respects how joyful—campaign of the Grand Army, each hastened to throw up his commission. Pierre became a distinguished advocate, and forming alliance with a noble family, entered upon high dignities of the state. His sons are known as rising men, and his daughters take first rank among the brilliant dames of Paris.

Paul returned to Russia, nor did he leave the home of his adopted father till it had echoed for years with the laugh of children, and a white tombstone rose to the memory of Losemin. Then he left those broad plains which to him spoke so eventful a history, for his native country. Yet he sends, and at not long intervals, friendly and brotherly messages to Ivan, now a favored minister of the emperor, and one of the greatest landed proprietors of Russia.

Two anniversaries are kept with peculiar care in these mansions of Proprietor Paul Dubois, and Advocate Pierre Chatelet, the day when the former

was taken from his wagon to the chamber in the house of Lossmin, and the day of Ivan's restoration to his home, by the friendly Pierre. On these occasions there is no stint in hall or kitchen. And the poor of the neighborhood are remarkable for the attention with which they watch for the anniversaries.

On these days, too, Madame Dubois is observed to wear an unpretending bracelet, whose plainness contrasts strangely with her otherwise magnificent attire. I much doubt if the eyes of her husband do not value that bracelet more than many costlier ornaments she has worn, for on it you may read the meaning motto, "*L'Amour, fille de la Sympathie.*"

ATYS.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS, LXI.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, TRANSLATOR OF THE PROMETHEUS AND AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS, ETC. ETC.

Swiftly borne in flying galley, Atys o'er the briny deep
Trode with hasty, hurried foot the forest-mantled Phrygian
steep,
And the wood-walled haunts umbrageous entered of the
goddess great,
Where by frenzy frantic driven and deprived of mind by
Heaven,
He with cutting flint insanely did himself emaculate.
Then at once her limbs perceiving all unmanned and reft
of sex,
And the forest-soil around her reeking red with gory
specks,
With her snowy hands she quickly caught the light re-
sounding drum,
Caught thy trumpet drum, Cybelle, caught thy symbols,
mother dread.
Tossing with her tender touch the hollow hide above her
head,
Thus with tuneful notes all trembling she addressed her
comrades dear—
"Hurry, priestesses, together to Cybelle's woodlands
dear!
Hurry, mighty Dindymene's wandering herds of stricken
deer!
Who as exiles swiftly seeking, seeking for some far
countrée,
Following my sect, my comrades, as your leader followed
me!
Bore the rapid ocean's raving, bore the fury of the sea!
And yourselves unsexed, of Venus willing slaves no more
be!
Gladden with your mazy circles, gladden ye your master's
mind!
Slow delay forsake your spirits! forth! together—follow
on!
To Cybelle's Phrygian temple, Phrygian woods, where
she doth won!*
Where the clash of cymbals soundeth, where rebounds
the bellowing drum!
Where the Phrygian flutist's pipe-notes shrilly through
the forests come!
Where their tresses violently toss the monads ivy-bound!
Where their mystic rites with yelling sharp and shrill
they celebrate!
Where the goddess wandering choir was wont to wheel
in solemn state!
Where us, too, it well becoms in mazy dance to circulate!
Sown as Atys chanted, neither maid nor man, her thrilling
strain,

* To won is to dwell. *Spenser and Milton.*

Straight with clear and shrilly cries sudden answer made
her train.
Bellowed deep the high-tossed timbrels, sharp the cym-
bals clashed between,
As with flying steps the chorus clomb the cliffs of Ida
green.
Frenzied, frantic, forward faring, Atys pants the wild-
wood through,
With the drum, her sole companion, calling on the frantic
crew,
As the heifer bounds untrammelled from the yoke with
fiery heat.
Rapid as she leads, they follow her, their chief, with
winged feet.
Therefore when they mounted, weary, to Cybelle's tem-
pled steep,
Overdone with flight and fasting, wearily they sank to
sleep.
Deepest slumbers slowly falling steeped their eyes in ha-
gaid rest,
And to calmest peace serenely sunk the frenzy of their
breast.
But when first the glorious day-god, with his brow and
eyes of gold,
Lightly scanned the pallid ether, solid earth, and angry sea,
Driving mighty shadows thence with his coursers fast and
free,
Then departed sleep from Atys, as the darkness backward
rolled.
Him Pasithen, the goddess, soft received her lap within,
Soothed him, that from gentle rest his waking spirit might
begin,
Free from raving, to remember what his frantic deeds
had been.
Then his liquid mind perceiving, where he was, and
whom without,
Backward to the seashore drove him, surging with dia-
may and doubt.
There, the ocean vast surveying with his wan and weep-
ing eyes,
There, his country he invoked with mournfully resound-
ing cries.
"O my country, my creatress, O my country, mother
mine,
Whom a wretch forlorn forsaking, e'en as slaves, who
fondly pine
After freedom, flee their lords, to Ida's groves my foot I
bore,
There, to be amid the savage haunts of brutes, and snow-
banks froze.

There, to seek them in their lairs, where they nightly
rave and roar.

Where?—in what direction seated, may I deem thee,
country mine?

Fain my eyes would turn to thee, for whom my weary
pupils pine.

For a little while my spirit o'er my frenzy hath command;
Am I—am I, in the forests, far from thee, my native land?
Far from home, from friends, from fortunes, from my pa-
rents must I stand?

Must I leave the forum, leave the stadium, leave the
sacred games?

Wretch! O wretch! again and ever, must I mourn thee,
O my soul!

For what form have I not carried? can not answer to
what names?

I a woman, I an adult, I a stripling, I a boy!

I the old gymnasium's blossom, I the proud palestra's
joy!

For my doors were crowded ever, and with friends my
threshold rife,

For my house with chaplets flaunted, when to gay and
happy life,

From my bed I started early, as the day-god from the sea.
I a handmaid of the gods, must I Cybelle's slave-girl be?

I a monad, I a monster, I myself unsexed see?

To thy anowy summits, therefore, pine-clad Ida, will I
hold,

Nigh the Phrygian columns lofty, till my life's sad tale is
told,

Where the hind, the forest-hauntress, where the thicket-
ranging boar!

Now it grieves me, what I did—and repents me very
sore."

When the words from out his rosy lips had issued, with
his tears,

Bearing tidings to the great gods that offended both their
ears,

Then Cybelle from her harnessed yoke unloosed her lions
twin,

And the left-hand foe of sheep-folds with her lash she
smote amain,

Crying—"Forth! and drive him, fierce one! Drive him
out in frantic pain!

That all frenzied to the woodlands he shall hie him back
again,

Who so boldly would absent him from my sway, which
must not fail!

Forth! and lash thy tawny haunches with the terrors of
thy tail!

Forth! and shake around thy thund'rous neck thy great
and glorious mane!"

Threatening thus Cybelle spoke, as she released him from
the rein.

But the savage lashed his instincts into fury and away!

Rushing, roaring, through the crashing wood, expectant
of his prey!

Saw the tender Atys mourning on the marge of the sea
bay!

Made his onset! But the victim to the savage thickets
flew!

There the handmaid of the goddess he his sad life waded
through!

Mighty goddess, great Cybelle, Dindymene, sovereign
dread,

Hold aloof thy terrors, mistress, from thy faithful ser-
vant's path,

Upon others fall thy frenzies, fall the furies of thy wrath!

NOTE.

Concerning this wild and singular poem many doubts have arisen, and many hypotheses been started, owing to its peculiar, distinctive, and dithyrambic character, which renders it entirely unique, and sets it apart from any other poem in the Latin tongue, and especially from any other by the same author. Many persons, from its general tone, its half-inspired wildness, and its many long compounded nouns, have judged it to be a translation of some old Greek ode by Catullus, the original of which, with the author's name, has perished. It has been translated by the Hon. George Lamb, whose version of it will be found in *Peters' Poets and Poetry of the Ancients*, as well as by others. These translations are, however, exceedingly diffuse, wide from the text, and for the most part tame and spiritless, besides being rendered into English metres bearing no shadow of resemblance to the measure of the original, which is as closely imitated above as the characters of the two languages will permit. What other merits the translation presented above may lack, it possesses one at least in being perfectly literal, rendered every where line for line, and in many instances for several lines together, word for word, even to the order of arrangement, and pauses of the original rhythm. With this brief apology, this singularly beautiful poem, the masterpiece of Catullus, is submitted to the candid judgment of the reader, not without some confidence that all the beauties of the original will not be found to have evaporated in the process of transmutation from Latin to English verse.

SONNET.

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.

Lo! on the Sasquehanna's gentle tide,

The twilight lingers: On the billow's breast

It fondly hangs and fondly is caress;

And weeps and blushes like a parting bride.

Mark, how the gay and gladdened river glows!

Now bank and wave and fondly bosomed isle

Grow bright and beautiful in that glorious smile;

And now—'t is past! The stream in darkness flows.

So sets the smile of love upon the tide

Of a lone spirit. Though its banks be gay,

And many a bright scene woo it from its way,

That smile is gone—it knows no joy beside,

But flows in sadness on. So let it flow,

Until that gentle smile again awake its glow!

THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY GEORGE H. THROOP, AUTHOR OF "NAG'S HEAD," "BERTIE," ETC. ETC.

"LAND O!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"Very well! Lay down!"

"That is Cape Blanco, I take it, Mr. Muller, said Captain John Wilson to his mate.

"Yes, sir; from yesterday's observation, we must be well to windward. The Belle has not done much since the mid-watch. We'll be late in getting into port I'm afraid."

"It will take us until nightfall with this breeze, Mr. Muller, and the land breeze will then be blowing a perfect hurricane. Get up the chains, if you please, and have the anchors on the bows."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And the mate went forward. Such was the dialogue between Captain Wilson and his mate, on board the good ship "The Belle," then bound to Payta (Peru) with merchandise.

We were sailing pleasantly along, at the rate, possibly, of six miles in the hour. The ship rose and pitched very lazily with the low swell; and as my hammock swung with every motion (I had been confined to it for weeks), I could see the peculiar "golden haziness" which always hangs over the land when you are making an approach from the west in the earlier hours of the morning. There is a very expressive word for the appearance, among sailors; but an elderly gentleman's memory may be forgiven some small short-comings.

Captain Wilson had been in the habit for several days—while I was slowly recovering from a violent fever—of having my hammock slung upon the poop-deck. On the morning of the day which commences my story, the decks were not yet dry from the morning scrubbing, when I climbed wearily on deck, with the assistance of the second-mate, and Ben, the steward, and lay down in my hammock. The cry at mast-head gave me new life. I had been waiting, with a starving man's longing, for the sight of the green earth. There was a fierceness, even in the morning, in the glare of the tropical sun, that almost drove me mad. But that loud, long cry of "L-a-n-d Ho!" stirred my pulse like the note of a trumpet. As we stood in for the land, I could catch occasional glimpses of its outlines; and when we had passed Payta Head, there came deliciously to me an odor of the land. I remember that, in the girl-like weakness of my exhausted energies, the hot tears rolled down my cheeks as I murmured,

"Thank God! I shall live to set foot on land!"

As we approached Payta, the fresh land-breeze increased our speed to ten knots; and, just at night-fall,

as Captain Wilson had anticipated, we came to anchor. During the last few tacks that we made in beating up nearer the town, the land-breeze had freshened to almost a gale. We were only showing white top-sails, jib, and maintop-gallantail; and, even with that amount of canvas, there was a clatter of ropes and blocks, and a *slatting* of sails, as the top-sails were clewed up, that rendered it almost impossible to hear the loudest order. The holding-ground at Payta is excellent; and our scope of seventy fathoms on the smaller cable, held The Belle to her moorings.

We were to remain but four days; and Captain Wilson urged me to remain for the next two months under the care of the physician to the consulate. Accordingly, I was carried ashore the next morning, and placed under the protection of old Pilar, who dignified his doggerly of a house with the title of hotel. He was a Frenchman. He had married a Spanish-American lady, some years before; a well-looking woman, with large, liquid eyes, that I had a wonderful fancy for gazing into; to whose care I probably owe it that I was not gathered, years ago, into the sheaves of the Grim Reaper.

The front apartment on the first floor was a bar-room. Old Pilar had several other invalids under his care. Indeed, I believe the consul gave him the preference in that regard, as several men were added to our number during the short period of my sojourn.

He had, also, a little boy, who answered to the name of Whong; (Juan) and who so far took a fancy to me as to provide me with many a coveted delicacy; for the want of which, so far as old Pilar's attentions were concerned, I might have gone to my last home.

O, how wearily the weeks dragged their hours away in that Spanish hovel! My sick-couch was an old settee. No one thought of retiring before midnight; for two hours of the morning, and the time from night-fall until midnight, were the only endurable portions of the whole twenty-four hours. And then, as soon as we laid our heads upon our pillows, (mine was my monkey-jacket,) the fleas carried the war into Africa. Groans, curses, oaths most horrible followed their ravenous onset; and there were few hours of the night in which I could not hear some gruff old sea-dog damning his own eyes for the depredations of the fleas. As the night waned, however, the enemy drew off their forces; and we slept the sleep of the weary.

We breakfasted at ten. The coffee—bah! let it pass. The principal dish was a huge omelet—consisting of eggs, onions, beef, vegetables—what not? And this, with a very palatable roll of baker's bread,

was our bill of fare. We had no water, except such as was brought in casks, on the backs of mules, from some place leagues away. It was warm, muddy, brackish; and, but for a cup of tea with our four o'clock dinner, I must have died of thirst.

During the third week of my sojourn, old Pilar announced to us that we had best "bug up a little;" as the consul was about to pay us a visit. We complied with the suggestion, and had but just completed our toilet, when his arrival was announced.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed old Pilar, in the tones of alarm, (his usual Spanish epithets were always exchanged for the native French, when he was excited,) *de consul 'ave bring de ladies. Caramba!*"

Even so. Following the consul, and a gray-haired gentleman who accompanied him, were two ladies; one, as I thought, most unmistakably the consul's wife, the other, I conjectured, the old gentleman's daughter. The consul made some general inquiries, as a matter of form; but his aged companion, as well as the ladies, looked from one to another of the invalids, with an expression of genuine kindness that I can never forget. The old gentleman was drawn aside by the consul to look at old Pilar's temple-like bird-cage, which hung in the balcony, while the ladies lingered and questioned us as to our improvement. The younger said nothing. She was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of seventeen; with blue eyes that peered timidly forth from a mass of curls, that fell from the slight restraint of a rich ribosa; and, as her eye met my own, I silently promised myself that, if human energy could accomplish it, she should be mine. They left us.

It was wonderful how I recovered. I gained new strength every day. I made the necessary inquiries of old Pilar, with the proper degree of caution; and learned that the old gentleman was Mr. Bathurst, the incumbent of the consulate many years before, and, for a long period, a resident of Payta. The young lady, he added, was his daughter; and both were about to embark for the United States.

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"In what vessel?"

"In that barque—the Angelina;" and he pointed to a vessel, at whose peak the French ensign was flying.

"When does she sail?"

"Next Monday."

"Thank you."

"Pas de tout, monsieur!"

It was but a few evenings afterward that I was passing the residence of the Captain of the Port; an important dignitary, by the by, in all the Spanish American ports. He was holding a fandango. A violin, a clarionet, and a tenor drum were the instruments used; and these were accompanied by singers in the nasal, minor tones of Spanish music. Of course there was a great deal of noise, to say nothing of the music. A drum, let me add in passing, is used at Payta in the celebration of the mass. The door was open and several sailors were standing around it, some of them very manifestly intoxicated.

I paused a moment and looked in. And there, dancing with a handsome Peruvian officer, was Miss Bathurst. It was late. The dance ceased. My charmer first left the room, accompanied by her father; who, I thought, seemed to be little pleased with the attentions of the young officer. He had left the door, when his host, the Captain of the Port, recalled him.

"Amigo mio!"

"Señor?"

Mr. Bathurst turned toward the house; leaving his daughter standing a few paces from the door, and saying to her—

"Stay here a single moment. I wont go in."

He went, accordingly, to the door, and was speaking, in a low tone, when suddenly a drunken sailor approached the fair girl, and said—

"I say, sweetie; (hiccup!) shan't I (hic!) see ye home?"

He was in the act of seizing her arm, when I sprang forward, and, dealing him a blow that sent him reeling into the gutter, I turned toward the trembling girl, to assure her of her perfect safety, when I met the alarmed father face to face.

"'S death, sir! what are you doing here?"

"Protecting your daughter from insult, sir," I replied; and, turning on my heel, I sought my lodgings. The old gentleman called the next day at old Pilar's; apologized, thanked me, made proffer of his services "in any way," and ended by saying that it would afford him great pleasure to see me at his residence, but for the fact that he was busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements for sailing, on the following Monday, for the United States. I am afraid I did not receive his civilities with the best grace in the world; for, although he seemed a very benevolent, urbane old gentleman, he gave his shoulders the slightest possible shrug as he left me, as if he would have said—"Queer fellow, that. Can't approach him."

I went, that very day, to the consul; who very kindly waited on the captain of the Angelina, and secured my passage to Valparaiso; where, he said, we should be obliged to procure a passage in some American homeward-bound vessel. The day arrived. I had been half an hour on board, when Mr. Bathurst and his daughter came alongside in the government barge, under the personal escort of the Captain of the Port. I now discovered that that functionary was a sailor, for he worked the Angelina gallantly out of the harbor. At length, he laid the main topeail to the mast, got on board his beautiful barge, and left us.

For many days we sailed, close-hauled, southward and westward. On that coast it never rains, and the air is so dry and clear that a ship seems like a thing of enchantment as she glides quietly along in the sunshine and the deep blue of the Pacific. We were well-nigh three weeks out when we passed Juan Fernandez, and as we were becalmed within three miles of it, it was decided that we should go on shore. So far, there had been little intercourse between the other passengers and myself. The occur-

rences at Payta caused a feeling of awkwardness that kept me aloof from them. On that day, however, the excitement of a jaunt on classic ground banished all reserve.

It is exceedingly difficult to land at Juan Fernandez. We had a crew, however, that was accustomed to land in the surf, and no danger was apprehended. We reckoned without our host; for, in urging the jolly-boat toward the shore, on the back of an enormous swell, an oar broke; and, in the confusion, she capsized. I was sitting by the side of Miss Bathurst. The wave was receding; and, as I fell, I very fortunately struck the bottom near a sharp spur of a mass of rocks. I grasped the arm of the fair girl, and clutching a point of the rock, I succeeded in getting a safe footing just in time to catch her in my arms and bear her to the shore. As it was, the swell reached my knees as it broke furiously upon the beach. Captain Dubois had not been idle, and with the assistance of his men, he had borne the old gentleman safely to land, and secured the boat and oars. Mr. Bathurst was considerably bruised; and, in our drenched condition, it was desirable to return at once to the ship. The mate had seen our mishap and sent us a boat. By the direction of the captain she lay at a short distance from the shore. A warp was thrown to us; and by her assistance we succeeded in getting safely through the surf. In a few minutes we were again on ship-board.

With a fresh breeze from the south-west we shaped our course for Coquimbo; at which port the Angelina was to discharge some two hundred tons of salt. There we were so fortunate as to find the good ship Chili, of Boston, Knowles, master; in which we obtained a passage home. I will not dwell upon the incidents of the passage. Enough to say, that we had a pleasant run of one hundred and four days to Cape Cod. It was near nightfall when we passed the cape. The wind being from the south-west, we hugged the southern shore, and two hours later took a pilot. The wind grew light and baffling. We bore away with the intention of going to leeward of "The Graves," a reef on which I have, since that time, narrowly escaped shipwreck. We were quite near the reef, when suddenly the wind changed to the north-east. I was at that mo-

ment on the top-gallant fore-castle, a few moments before I had been conversing in low tones with Julia Bathurst. We spoke of the past. I ventured to say, for all reserve had long since been banished, that I hoped our intimacy was not to end with the voyage.

"Surely not!" was the reply; and she spoke of the obligations she had incurred in the earlier stage of our acquaintance. I know not what I said in reply, for I was in a flutter of excitement; but I have a tolerably distinct recollection that Julia dropped her eyes very suddenly to the deck, the seams of which she seemed to be making the subject of a philosophical investigation, while she picked the whipping from the end of the signal-halyards with the very prettiest of all pretty fingers. We were interrupted, and with a light heart I went forward.

As the squall, with which the wind changed, struck the ship, the spanker-boom flew fiercely to starboard, prostrating Captain Knowles, Mr. Bathurst, and the mate to the deck. All were so much injured that they were incapable of giving any assistance in the management of the ship. The second mate was so much frightened that he stood irresolute. We were going rapidly astern, directly toward the rocks, on which the surf was breaking, in snow-white sheets, with a deafening roar; and a glance showed me that a moment's delay would be fatal.

"*Hard a-port! Down with you helm! Haul down!*" I shouted, at the top of my voice; and I sprang to the wheel and aided the man in shifting it. It saved the ship. She grazed the rock as she made a stern-board. The second mate ordered the men to the braces; the ship was speedily got out of irons, and we bore away for Long Island light. At midnight we anchored.

A flattering letter from the owners of the ship, with the proffer of the berth of first officer on board the Chili for her next voyage, were my reward. I entered at once on my new duties. A conversation with Julia, on the day before we sailed, gave me no grounds for despair. The next voyage I took the weather side of the quarter-deck; and, on my return Miss Julia Bathurst very obligingly exchanged her maiden name for that of—bless me, good reader! I had almost made you my father confessor!

THE STARS.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WHEN I behold the arch of yonder sky,
Lit up by myriad million lamps of gold,
Each on its own vast mystic circle rolled,
I learn my Maker's might and majesty—
Whose mandate called their being out of naught,
And made them populate the wilds of space,
Constant each one to his appointed place—

With light, and life, and love forever fraught,
Whole island-universes glittering rise,
With planets, comets, ever-twinkling stars,
Riding sublimely in their "golden cars,"
To execute their wonderful emprise—
The Poetry of Heaven, in characters of light,
We see—writ on the ebon Mantle of the Night.

THE GHOST'S SUPPER.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

ARE you fond of ghost stories, reader? I am. To me they are the luxuries—the tit-bits of literature. For making such an avowal I shall probably be accused of possessing a vitiated taste, but I care little for that. Why should I care any thing? Every man has a predilection for something or other which his neighbor considers foolish; my predilection is for tales of the supernatural. Nor am I very particular about the quality of the article. All kinds of manifestations from the spiritual world delight me; whether it be the simple tale of a revengeful ghost returning to denounce its murderer, or the more wonderful and equally voracious histories of the genii and fairies. Even the Rochester knockers—can I descend lower? Even the Rochester knockers have afforded me infinite enjoyment, with their host of hard-knuckled spirits, led by the murdered pedler whose venerable bones lie miraculously guarded in the cellar of the Foxes. What a cackling among the geese those foxes have made! At first—let me confess my weakness—I was inclined to rebel against the commonplace conceit of the return of the dead man to reclaim his mortal remains, and an involuntary exclamation of “humbug!” escaped me; but when the ideas of the knockers expanded and their operations became more gloriously absurd, I found that I could even swallow the pedler. Having got him down with a gulp—tough morsel as he was—all that followed was positive enjoyment. I reveled in every disinterested revelation made by the spirits to the public—at a dollar a-head. With others I heard the crowding and pushing of innumerable spirits—old and young—lean and fat—tall and short—summoned from each quarter of the globe to answer the sensible questions of their relatives about their ages and the time of their death. I saw the table taught a polka by St. Paul and Dr. Franklin, who varied their dignified amusement by hiding bells in ladies laps, and, although all I saw and heard smelt strongly of atheism and blasphemy—“an ancient and fish-like smell”—the fun was irresistible. It was ludicrous to witness the gullibility of human nature—to hear seemingly sensible men assert the truthfulness of a speculation. At such times I felt ready to exclaim with Shakespeare. “Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified.”

I did not, however, sit down to write about the knockers, but to tell a ghost story of my own. If the reader is a believer in the vagaries of disembodied spirits he will probably acknowledge the likelihood of the occurrence; but if he is not, we shall only commit ourselves so far as to tell him in the words of Hamlet—“There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy.”

Among the most anxious expectants of the steamer Atlantic was Mrs. ——. No, I cannot tell you her name, although it is on the tip of my tongue. You must rest satisfied with the dash. Such half-revealings are very provoking, I know, but it cannot be helped—at least not at present. If you and I live a hundred years longer—of which I am afraid there is little likelihood—I may then whisper the real name—but mind you—it must be in confidence. At present we will call her Mrs. Dash. Dash is a very good name—and if not the right one, will answer our purpose as well. What’s in a name.

Mrs. Dash was a married woman. Stop! let me explain myself clearly. Of course she was married or she would not be Mrs. Dash—I mean that she had not yet entered into the enjoyment of widowhood. Her husband, to whom she had been married only a few years, was known to have taken his passage on board the steamer. We may, therefore, naturally suppose that she was anxious for its safe arrival. Wives generally are in such cases—when the vinegar does not preponderate in the matrimonial compound. In the present instance they—the Dashes—had not finished the sweets.

Of a naturally desponding disposition, Mrs. Dash was one of the first to give up all hope of the steamer’s safety. She professed that she had had a presentiment of misfortune from the beginning. It had been predicted to her years before by Madame Adolphe—Heaven had written an intimation of it in a pack of cards: had traced it in the dregs of a teacup—popped it out of the fire in a coffin-shaped cinder, and displayed it by putting winding-sheets in the candles. Besides, thirteen had sat down to partake of her husband’s farewell dinner the last time he departed from home. It is true her lap-dog was one of the number, but he was full-grown, and the rest of the puppies were not. If these were not omens enough, in Heaven’s name how many *more* should a reasonable woman require.

Mrs. Dash was satisfied; that was enough. As days passed away without bringing any news of the missing boat, her convictions that her husband was lost to her forever became stronger and stronger. As she had not seen him for a long time, and was tenderly attached to him; and as black was not in fashion and did not become her, the afflicting idea weighed heavy on her heart. Her grief was intense. She refused to be comforted—even with tit-bits. For days together she would eat—absolutely nothing. Her friends tried coaxing in vain. Even letting her alone had no effect. They became alarmed lest she should starve herself to death. The family physician was called in, and prescribed—of course: but his prescriptions were not taken, because Mrs. Dash

said that medicine in her case was useless. Sensible woman! She was convinced that she was about to follow her better-half to a better world, where there would be no steamers to part them. Whether he had gone to a better world—or somewhere else—no one could say—but the question was soon set at rest by one of those supernatural intimations which are so often vouchsafed to suffering humanity—if the ghost-seers tell true.

One night—why do ghosts—modern ghosts I mean—always make their appearance at night. For the bad ones no doubt—the cool air is refreshing; but the good ones—why do not the good ones prefer the glorious sunshine? I know I should. If I remember rightly, the mysterious pedler of the Rochester knockers was of the same opinion. See their first published pamphlet for the account of his appearance in the day time.

One night Henrietta—Mrs. Dash's maid-servant—maid by courtesy, for she was really a widow. One night Henrietta had been setting up later than usual. For what purpose is her business, not ours—or of course I should tell it. Whether she was entertaining her beau or saying her prayers is nothing to us. I hope she was doing the latter, but I do not believe it, so we will content ourselves with knowing that she was sitting up later than usual. The clock, which kept its own time, quite independent of the old scythe-bearer, had struck the midnight hour, and she was still in the kitchen, when the sound of a descending step upon the stairs caught her ear. It was a light step, a very light step, and would not have attracted her attention if conscience had not been holding up an ear-trumpet. Knowing that her mistress and the rest of the family were abed, she felt considerable alarm.

Being of a literary turn, she had read Jack Shepherd and Morril the Highwayman, and other moral books of that class, and in consequence, visions of robbery and murder rose before her mind's eye. She saw herself—in fancy—about to become the heroine of some romantic adventure—but a curious sensation about the knees told her that she was not constitutionally a heroine, so she blew out the light, and crouched down in an out of the way corner, resolving to remain quiet, if undiscovered, but prepared—if attacked—to defend herself with a vigorous—scream.

Until she had blown out the light, the idea of any one intruding upon her "from beyond the confines of the grave," had not entered her imagination, or she would most assuredly have kept the light burning. It might have burned blue—but even blue-lights are better than none when in company with ghosts. They serve to keep up one's spirits. Much, however, depends upon the quality of the light. Rush-lights and tallow dips are of little value. Poor folks find ghosts more audacious than the rich on that account. Spermaceti and wax make them mild and melancholy. Gas annihilates them. They glide about speechless in the moonlight, look unutterable things by lamp-light, and do ditto in no light at all.

We would therefore advise all who fear a visitation

to carry a portable gas-house in their pocket. But we are digressing.

Having ensconced herself in what she considered a good defensible position, Henrietta prepared to encounter the worst. She listened for a repetition of the sounds that had first alarmed her, but her own heart was beating such a rat-a-tat and the steps were so faint—like the taps of the Rochester knocking babies—that she heard them no more. A moment of terrible suspense ensued. The idea of robbery rapidly gave place in her mind to the fear of beholding an apparition. She thought of the dear departed—and their last quarrel, and prayed that the intruder might be banished to—Ballahac, or some other place equally respectable.

Scarcely had the prayer escaped her lips when the kitchen door flew open. Now, were I an accomplished story-teller, I should pause here to dally with the reader's curiosity, endeavoring to excite his imagination to the highest pitch as long as possible—but, alas! I am only "a plain, blunt man, that speaks right on." So the door opened, and a something entered that "curdled her blood with horror." That last is a stereotyped ghost story sentence, and public property. A something entered. It was no robber. It seemed to be nothing mortal. By the light of the almost extinguished fire which gleamed faintly on the intruder—no—which flashed up and instantly expired, Henrietta perceived that it was a figure clothed in white—in the habiliments of the grave—or a night-gown. Although of no extraordinary size, it had a shadowy, unearthly appearance, and stalked, or rather glided about the kitchen without making the slightest noise, spreading out its arms in the most mysterious manner possible. The hair of the beholder—although tightly screwed up in papers—rose "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." She attempted to rise; to rush from the kitchen, but at that moment the—whatever it was—seemed to have become aware of her presence. It approached her—nearer—nearer still. Henrietta shrank back into her corner—would have shrunk back into nothing or something less—if she could, but she could not; so she attempted to scream. But the scream would not come as she wished, and therefore she fainted away.

How long she lay insensible she knew not, but when she awoke to consciousness again her unearthly visitor had departed. Half frozen with the cold, she rushed up stairs to bed. Bundling in as quickly as possible, she thrust her head under the blankets, and was soon riding on a night-mare to morning.

Her first impression upon waking was still one of terror, but daylight was streaming cheerfully into the room, and she soon began to argue herself into the belief that the occurrence of the night before had been only a dream, or a freak of the imagination. Upon going down into the kitchen, however, she soon received ocular demonstration of its dread reality. The furniture in the kitchen had been disarranged, the closets ransacked, and what was worse than all, a number of delicacies prepared to tempt

Mrs. Dash to eat, had been abstracted—for what purpose a glance at the table betrayed. The ghost had evidently made a meal off them—and had forgotten to clear the dishes.

Henrietta was puzzled. She had never before heard of a ghost's appetite—for substantial at any rate; and in consequence she began to suspect that her visitor could not have been one who had "shuffled off this mortal coil." Her senses still maintained that what she had seen was not of the "earth—earthly;" but her reason sturdily demanded whether she had ever heard of a ghost's supping off the tit-bits designed for the living. Decidedly not! It was contrary to every theory of ghostology. True it is, the Rochester knockers have discovered that immaterial spirits have physical powers—thumping knuckles—and perhaps the power of eating is included. But it was natural for Henrietta to doubt whether a shadow would run the risk of a dyspeptic attack by picking a drum-stick. If ghosts could be guilty of such imprudence, widows would be obliged to pay double board.

Henrietta was puzzled. She was perplexed. The loss of the eatables perplexed her. Ghost or no ghost, her mistress's breakfast was gone, and she knew not how to replace it in time. She was afraid of being accused of eating it herself. Who would believe her story of the apparition? Nobody. "She would not have believed it herself"—as the converts to the Rochester knocking spirits declare when their dancing mahogany wonders are doubted. "She would not have believed it herself if she had not seen it. But seeing's believing—if it did cost a dollar." The eatables were gone, and if not into the stomach of the ghost—what had become of them? A thief would have taken the spoons—the cat would have supped in the closet.

What was to be done? She was well aware that Mrs. Dash was not likely to eat any thing, but for all that something must be taken up to her. The invalid must be pressed that she might have the pleasure of declining. The sigh that accompanies a refusal is such a relief. Something must decidedly be taken up. It was as much as Henrietta's place was worth to neglect it without a satisfactory reason. Summoned by her mistress's bell, while still cogitating on the subject, she rushed upstairs, and without pausing to reflect upon the consequences, proclaimed to Mrs. Dash the alarming advent of the apparition.

To this course she was undoubtedly instigated by the spirit who, according to the Rochester knocking theory, required a medium of communication with the party principally interested.

Mrs. Dash was highly excited by the narration. She did not doubt its truth for a moment. She was convinced that it was the ghost of her husband come to command her to put on her mourning. The dear departed had returned to put her out of suspense. This eating her tit-bits was nothing surprising. When alive he was noted for epicurean tastes, and now he was dead, his journey through the sea air had undoubtedly sharpened his appetite. Even his going first to the kitchen instead of coming directly

to her, was a proof of devotion, dear soul! He was afraid that his too suddenly appearing in her presence might have agitated her too much. It was better—wiser—to prepare her by first shocking the less susceptible nerves of her maid.

But he need not have been afraid. Had she not always loved his very shadow. The sight of his ghost could excite in her nothing but joy. She resolved to sit up that very night to learn his desires. Cautioning Henrietta to secrecy she made her preparations for the interview. Her own cushioned rocking-chair and the large family bible, which was only used on extraordinary occasions, were ordered down into the kitchen. A comfortable fire was to be in readiness, and a roasted turkey, with oyster sauce, was to be upon the table, as a "*bon bouche*" for the expected visitant.

The night came. It was a long time in coming, but it did come, and finding itself welcome, stayed till morning. It was a night exactly suited for a ghostly interview. A better one could not have been chosen. The wind blew great guns, and the rain fell in torrents. There was a strange whistling through the key-holes, as if the spirits were playing at hide-and-seek, and then the roaring in the chimney left an uncomfortable impression on the mind that the invisibles were at fisticuffs among the soot. As the evening advanced and the conflict of the elements increased in violence, Mrs. Dash's resolution half failed her. She had been reading a work on demonology and witchcraft, to fortify her courage, and teach her how to act on the occasion—a sort of spiritual book of etiquette—and it had engendered a doubt in her mind whether she might not be carried off in a flash of lightning by some evil spirit. But she did not like to back out. So she seated herself at the appointed hour by the kitchen fire, with the bible open on the table, and a novel in her hand.

As the orthodox moment for spiritual appearance approached, she became hysterically alive to every sound. The rushing of the wind caused her to start every instant and look at the candles. But none of them as yet gave the signal of an approaching ghost. They still refused to burn blue.

Twelve came and passed. It was one—two. The ghost was either laid up with an indigestion, in consequence of its last night's debauch, or else it refused to appear to her.

At last, in spite of her nervous state of excitement, worn out with unaccustomed watching, she fell asleep. Visions—strangely disconnected visions of her earlier days floated before her mind. She seemed to live over again the hours of her courtship and marriage. Scenes treasured in memory rose vividly to view; but there was no unity in the transition from the one to the other. Now she was the simple village maiden, listening with a blush to the first declaration of love—and now she was a belle of the town, with numerous suitors at her train. Then she was once more in her husband's company; he was not in his ghostly character, but as he had been in their happier days, when she used to stand behind his chair playfully hunting the gray hairs. She

thought that they sat down and supped together, and they eat, and drank, and laughed, till the vision grew dim abruptly, and she sunk into a heavy oblivious slumber, from which she was not roused till Henrietta ventured to intrude on her solitude in the morning.

Henrietta was delighted to see her mistress alive. She had fully expected to hold a post mortem examination over a heap of ashes with the dusting brush, or else to discover in a piece of torn skirt, the only evidence of her having been carried bodily off by the spirit. Mrs. Dash assured her that she had seen no ghost—yet the ghost had evidently been there. It must have been while she was asleep. A portion of the turkey's *bosom* was gone.

Now, considering the trouble that Mrs. Dash had taken to procure an interview, such conduct in the ghost was very shabby. It was, in fact, highly reprehensible. Mrs. Dash, poor woman, was deeply affected by it. It was natural she should be. After such a display of affection for the dear departed, he ought to have acted different. But men have no consideration—and their ghosts are not half so good. She could not keep silent on the subject. Before the day was half over, all her relations and friends had been made acquainted with the facts. The tongues of a dozen women were set in motion. The inquiring mind may, if it likes, calculate how long it was before half the town knew that the house was haunted. Somebody has said that the news spread like lightning—but that, of course, was speaking figuratively.

Mrs. Dash was too indignant to sit up again. But her sister Mary had already resolved to detect the impostor herself. Disbelieving in ghosts, she was sure that there was an imposture, and strongly suspecting the maid, determined that no one should know her design.

But she had overrated her own courage. It was one thing to plan during the day, and another to perform at night. Darkness brought misgivings along with it. To sit up during the midnight hours, a solitary watcher for ghosts, with no sound to break the stillness, save the monotonous ticking of the clock, was no easy task for a young imaginative girl. Skeptical as she felt in the day-time, fancy would become busy as the witching hour approached. The noises of the day were a protection which vanished in the silence of the night.

An hour's watching made her sufficiently nervous to receive a spiritual impression. With trepidation she watched every crack through which a ghost could possibly squeeze, and got a twist in the neck by continually turning her head to look over her shoulder. Yet one passed, and no ghost had appeared. Rejoicing, she resolved to retire, but as she opened the kitchen door, a sight was presented to her eyes that riveted her to the spot. Descending the stairs was a figure clothed in white, exactly as Henrietta had described it. In solemn, noiseless dignity it descended. Without venturing a second glance Mary retreated. Slowly and without noticing her the spirit advanced. Mary's skepticism and her

courage were both gone. Trembling with terror, she gained the stairs, and paused not until she had locked and bolted the door of her own room, three stairs up.

In the morning it was discovered that another inroad had been made into the larder. That the house was haunted was no longer a matter of doubt. Could the apparition be any other than that of Mr. Dash? Mrs. Dash's opinion was decided on that point. If it was not Mr. Dash—who was it? It could not be any body else. She thought that his preference for the kitchen was very strange; but are not men's notions all strange. She felt hurt at his not appearing to her, but if he had taken a fancy to pick a bit there, as he used to do before going to bed, why it was her duty, as a faithful widow, not to thwart his inclination. Nay, she would show the undying devotion of her sex by providing something nice for him with her own hands every night.

"One day or other," she sighed, as she expressed her determination, "one day or other I shall receive my reward."

Pleased with the idea, she put it in execution that very night. A nice supper was laid out in the kitchen—and disappeared. She was delighted. The next night she prepared something nicer still. The ghost finished the whole of it. People wondered, and shook their heads. Some believed, some doubted, others laughed in utter incredulity; but there were the facts to confound them. Night after night supper was served and disappeared. No one attempted to unravel the mystery further. Mrs. Dash continued to rack her invention to prepare dainties which the ghost apparently appreciated as they deserved; and although she herself still lived almost entirely, like the chameleon, on air, the excitement of the undertaking alone seemed to be restoring her to health.

"His spirit is watching over me unseen," she would exclaim in ecstasy. "He sees me rolling his pie-crust."

It was a pleasing fancy, but Mrs. Dash was mistaken. The Asia arrived with the news of the Atlantic's safety, and brought the passengers, among whom was Mr. Dash. She had therefore been ministering to the ghost of somebody else—but of whom? That was left for Mr. Dash to discover. On his way to his residence he was met by a friend, who told him the state of affairs. Indignant at what he pronounced an imposture, he resolved to unravel the mystery before he disclosed his return. The night, in consequence, was far advanced before he went home. Mrs. Dash and the rest had already retired. His friend had prepared for his entering the house unobserved. Ensnared in the kitchen, he waited the hour of the ghost. At length it appeared—it advanced. Undismayed but breathless he watched its proceedings. It went direct to the table—sat down—and commenced its attack on the food. Mr. Dash lightly approached it—laid his hand on its arm. It sprang up with a shriek—and Mr. Dash the next moment was clasped in the warm, living arms of his wife.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE LIFE.

BOOKS OF NATURE AND OF MAN.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

"I PITY," says Sterne, "the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren." And well he *may* pity him, for he is a morbid man, and a fit subject for the medicaments and regimen adapted to spiritual disease. When Hamlet exclaimed—

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world;

and when Coleridge declared himself over-mastered and possessed by

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stupid, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear;

or when Shelley murmured—

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne, and still must bear;

or, finally, when Byron speaks of his mood of feeling, as being

that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
That dares not look beyond the tomb,
And cannot hope for rest before;

most assuredly they were far, very far, from being healthful men. They were affected, and severely too, with the malady in question; nor is the number small of those who are comprised in the same category.

Is this a curable malady? If so, by what means?

The poet responds to this question thus—

Tried, world-worn, sorrowing man!
If, sick with other's follies and thine own,
Thou wouldst renew thy span,
To Nature turn, and be with her alone.

Correct, perhaps, so far as he goes, but not going far enough. Had he said, "put yourself in primal relations and free communion not only with the life of Nature, but also with the life of Man, as opened to you by observation, by interchange, and by history—surrender yourself to the influences, ponder the lessons, and obey the impulses flowing therefrom—his prescription would have been completer and more efficacious.

I would fain attempt a homily from the poet's text, as thus amended. I will not, however, undertake an elaborate discussion, or aim at logical sequence in its arrangement. I would merely pick out, here and there, a leaf from the books of Nature and of Human Life, and tie them together for my reader's inspection; and then ask whether he who studies faithfully the volumes, of which these are random extracts, is likely to perish of *ennui* for lack of objects of interest?

Let me entreat my reader not to be repelled, at the outset, by the gravity of my theme, from looking

through what I have written; for I will promise him to strive, by the vividness of my *manner*, to counteract and overcome the possible dullness of my *matter*. Let me proceed, then, to note some of the phases of universal Life.

"There is nothing *constant* but *change*," is a saying so obviously true, as to have passed into an axiom. And one of the phenomena which strike us first, as well as most forcibly, in glancing at our world and the life it inspheres, is universal motion, incessant mutation. Immobility you can find nowhere. Along the surface of existence, in its every kind and degree, passes perpetually the ripple of change.

I might illustrate this by numberless examples on a large scale. The revolution of our earth on its axis and around its central sun; the incomings of morning and outgoings of evening; the procession of the Seasons through all their magnificent varieties, from the spring-time cradle to the wintry grave of the year—these might furnish us abundance of illustrative pictures, on which it might be interesting to dwell. But, preferring a narrower range, let me cite two or three specific examples from the natural world.

Note, then, earth's running streams, those never-resting and most sociable of her irrational children. Far up among the wooded hills, behold a little plash of water, which your joined hands might cover. Forth it starts on its downward journey, leaping and singing to itself as it goes. From nooks and hollows, on this hand and that, other little rills come to make fellowship with it. Its volume swells—its course grows more notable—a richer green and more exuberant fertility mark its track across plain and through valley—till at last it flings itself, like a rushing lake, into the arms of the all-embracing ocean.

Look forth, again, on the world-circling, the never-reposing sea. Now a gentle breeze is abroad, and the green expanse breaks into glad dimples at its soft, caressing touch. Anon the rough tempest is out, and responsive to its hoarse challenge, and violent assault, the ocean chafes and hurls back its indignant defiance, and lifts its foaming billows to the very skies. And, again, there is no breath nor motion in the air, and yet under a calm, smooth-seeming exterior, the mighty heart of ocean stirs none the less with incessant agitation, and on its ten thousand shores its tides still break—now along the level sands with gently, pulsing murmur, and now against the rude cliffs with tremendous force and noise of thunder.

The tribes, too, of the vegetable world, the sweet flower, the lowly shrub, the majestic tree, what do

they exhibit, one and all, but a series of perpetual changes? This giant oak, outstretching its arms far and wide above me, what was it once? A little ball, such as I might grasp a half score of in my two hands. That ball was covered with a pinch of soil. The sun, in discharging his office of light-giver to many a vast world, neither scorned nor forgot that little one, but fastened upon it his vivifying glances. The clouds, as they fulfilled their myriad various functions, ever remembered to give that little one to drink. And Earth, the common mother, among her infinitely various tasks, fed daily that tiny germ with abundance of fitting nutriment. It starts—it shows above the surface—it rises higher and higher, and spreads broader and broader, year by year. Ever and anon the violent winds assault it, and the rushing tempest beat upon it, and toss its boughs and twist its stem hither and thither, as it were to work its destination; but all in vain. In despite of all, and, indeed, through the very means of all, it roots itself the more tenaciously, and lifts itself the more firmly upward. Autumn after autumn strips off its foliage, and leaves it bare to the sharp wintry blast; but to autumn and winter alike it bids a calm defiance, and each coming spring beholds it, under its fostering influences, putting on a fresh drapery of green. And so one or two centuries have made it, by gradual increase, what now it is. "Tandem fit, surculus arbor." Soon will commence a reverse process. Day by day, year after year, the fingers of decay shall be busy about it, now from this part, and now from that, abstracting a portion of its substance and vitality, and at last this whole magnificent creature shall vanish from earth as though it had never been.

A kindred tale is that of Humanity and its earthly life. Art thou, whose sinewy, athletic frame, whose ripe mental powers comprehending the world in their grasp, and piercing through it with their penetrative vision; whose sympathies, not only embracing home, and kindred, and friendship's ring, but expanding over continents and nations, till they clasp universal Humanity, proclaim thee the adult, full-developed man. Art thou the same being that didst once hang as an infant, unconscious and helpless at the mother's breast? That once, as a child, didst count thy tops and marbles more precious than kingdoms now, and didst bound and frolic almost as innocent and quite as gay and careless as the young lambs themselves? that once, as a youth, sawest this earth, through fancy's glass, to be a very Eden-land, and dreaming all impossible enterprises of greatness and goodness, didst reckon them most easy and prompt of achievement? and the same that, as an old man, shalt be snowy-haired and strengthless and tremulous, with senses obtuse and false-reporting, and mental powers brought back to the compass of the child's; the same being, in fine, who, as to thy mortal element, shalt one day lie outstretched the brother of the stone and the clod, with no more of thought or sensibility than these, and ere long to be resolved into a heap of dust? Yes, the same; and beneath these infinite mutations lies one indestructible vital identity.

And, as with Man himself, so with his insphering

conditions. Yesterday you were a man of opulence, and taste and luxury, as well as plenty, belonged to your customary way of life. To-day, that wealth for you no longer exists, and not life's embellishments only, but its indispensables have passed from your possession. And where, too, are the summer friends, but late so lavish of their pledges of regard and fidelity? The same blast that stripped the tree of its foliage, swept also away the insects that fed on its richness.

A short week ago, complete health was yours. Life went through your veins like a clear water-course along its channel. Your nerves vibrated ~~and~~ to "all impulses of soul and sense." The mere play of muscle and sinew was a pleasure. It was joy to breathe and live. To-day, feeble, restless, racked with innumerable aches, you lie prostrate on the couch, from whose pillow you cannot lift your bewildered head. Heaven's blessed light and sweet airs must be shut out from you, for they bring you but pain and peril. The voices of friendship and love, even the cooings of your little babe must be hushed in your presence, for they jar hurtfully on your morbid hearing. A muscle's movement is distress. It is toil and pain simply to breathe.

Again; not long ago a domestic ring was about you bright and healthy, joyous and affectionate. Your little boy, a creature of light and gladness, a star tinting hopefully the whole horizon of your future; your little boy sported and frolicked about you, his presence the sunshine, his prattle the music of your habitation. To-day, prostrate, stark, unmoving, and shrouded in the awful stillness of death, he is borne to his last resting-place, and in the rattle of the covering clods you list the dreariest sounds ever falling on human ear, and seeming to you like blows stricken on your naked heart.

The history of the world reiterates, on a large scale, the same tale of mutability. Where now be the sovereignties, the cities, the people, whose light once shone over entire continents, whose name was a sound of glory and power reverberating through the earth? Where is Babylon and Nineveh, Bagdad and Palmyra—names of wonder and miracle—cities compassing total provinces with their walls, and holding nations within their habitations, and showing like a very eternity of brick and granite and marble? Traverse the ground they stood upon, if haply you can find their authentic localities. There is no tread there of human feet; no hum of man's activity; no sound of mortal voice. Tower and temple, the palace and the hovel, have together crumbled into dust. Here, a pile of rubbish—there, a mound of simple earth; here, a shattered, prostrate column—and there again, a naked plot of sand. Such are the sole relics of the marvelous cunning and long-protracted industry of millions. The spider weaves her net in the palaces of kings; in the habitations of nobles the wild beast makes his lair; the loathsome reptile drags his slime over the defaced and crumbled altars of the Deities of Eld.

Where is Athens, the Beautiful City, the intellectual luminary of the antique world, whose story

our race cannot lose without losing also its appreciation of the great, and its sense of the beautiful? A heap of ruins, which century after century the barbarian spoiler has trampled under foot; whose matchless fragments of art all nations have combined to steal from their proper localities, empty of its unequalled geniuses of yore; and, crowning humiliation of all, the metropolis of a puppet king, imposed by arbitrary force on the lineage of those who were wont to put all things, even life itself, to the hazard in defense of freedom and independence.

And where, too, is Rome, the august mistress of the world—the mighty mother of nations—the home of a stately and invincible race—the great ocean-spring of arts and arms? *That* Rome, alas! the Rome of Camillus, Cincinnatus and Scipio, of Tully and Maro, lies prone upon or buried beneath its own immortal dust; crumbling, decaying, degenerate—retaining just enough of the ruins of foregone beauty and splendor to show a glimpse of what it was. Such is the spectre of the once imperial, unmatched city of Romulus.

I have thus far glanced only at the commonest aspects of life. But it has much, also, of the mysterious and inexplicable—much that puts to shame our boasted reason and philosophy.

The world of dreams, for example—who has surveyed and mapped out that grotesque and gorgeous wonder-land?

And the realm of Superstition—how full it is of shapes bright or dark, dwarfish or gigantic! How do these shapes peep forth upon us from all sides at every stage of our life-journey! Now they gleam through the dark of childhood's sleeping chamber, with the burning glances of goblin or demon, and now pluck aside our curtains with the radiant fingers, and look in upon us with the dewy eyes of angel or fairy—in ruder eras filling air and water, the earth and the sub-terrene spaces with numberless divinities, dryad and oread, naiad, satyr and faun. Nor in ages of most diffused light is this element wholly wanting, but appears in the popular faith in omen and witchcraft, augury and magic, in the mystical Nepenthe and the Elixir of Life.

Here are countless mysteries, that acknowledge no discovered law—that baffle Reason's utmost cunning, and in the perfect noontide of our culture streak and mottle the spiritual firmament, as mists and clouds speck the natural sky in the blaze of the mid-day sun.

Who, again, can fathom the workings of that principle of association which links together our feelings and thoughts? Traversing the crowded mart in an ordinary mood of mind, the rude tones of a street-organ reach us, and lo the change! A vision of green fields and shady glens, and sky-cleaving mountains sweeps by us; the sounds of rustling woods and rippling waters fill our hearing; thoughts of youth, its sports, aspirations and hopes, its companions now afar off or gone forever, rush back upon us, and melt us to a yearning, irrepressible tenderness. Who shall elucidate the connection between a few simple sounds and this new creation about us?

And then, too, how potently are we affected by the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the varying aspects of nature, and how contrariwise, often, to what might have been anticipated? What, for example, is brighter, and, it should seem, must be more exhilarating than night illumined by a clear moon, with its attendant infinitude of stars? And yet, in many minds, the mood thereby induced is rather pensive than gay. The transitory character and early withering of earthly joys; the untimely blight that has fallen on many a fair-budding hope and expectancy of our past; the hours that shone radiant for us once, but shall shine no more forever; and the memory of bright eyes, that see no longer, and of voices most musical, that now are mute in the everlasting silence—such is the tissue of emotion and thought woven oftentimes by the fingers of Eve, all excellently perfect and indescribably brilliant as she is.

Why, too, has autumn—splendid, gorgeous autumn—passed into the select emblem of transitoriness and decay? Whose drapery so profusely magnificent as hers? If she clothes meadow and hill-side in russet, what necessary affinity between coloring so strongly pronounced, and sadness and gloom? How various, moreover, and costly-seeming the dyes, wherein she steeps her woodland foliage! And with what glistening gold does she cover her grain-fields and hanging fruits! Why, we repeat, should such a spectacle utter for us a mournful voice? No satisfactory solution is to be found in phrases like the "dying year," the "grave of another period of time," for all there are but figurative names affixed to changes of one continuous current of duration, issuing from the eternity foregone and rushing onward unbroken to the eternity to come. The mystery of the thing is, that mere appearances and names should, in defiance of experience and reason, effectually stir the springs of feeling and fancy to issues so palpably false.

It was from an instinct not less true than subtle, that the human spirit and the air were denoted originally by the same word. For the two are strangely similar throughout, both in respect of their common and understood phenomena, and of those whose causes are beyond the circle of any established law. The trade-winds and the monsoons, the khamseen, the harmattan, and some others, have been traced and named, and can somewhat assuredly be calculated. And so it is with the social sentiments, with the physical appetites, with the desires of wealth, distinction, and pleasure, and with the appetencies corresponding to objects of taste and beauty.

But there is another and as yet unknown domain in both. The dry or heat of yesterday followed by the damp or chill of to-day; the tornado that heaves the ocean from its bed, and tears asunder the "tall admiral" even as man's strength plucks a feather in pieces; the whirlwind that rushes fiercely across hill and mountain, and roars terrifically through the valley-passes, prostrating with a touch alike man's strongest works and the forest-growth of centuries; the black thunder-clouds that climb swiftly to the zenith from every point of the horizon, and thence pour down their sheeted fires and death-bolts on the

affrighted world; the little transitory gusts, that catch up and toss hither and thither the light leaves and thistle-down, or lift and whirl in momentary eddies the small dust of the streets. In these and similar phenomena, amenable to no settled laws, we behold a striking counterpart to the spiritual anomalies above indicated. Wondrous, indeed, and fearful is this boundless, circumambient air; wondrous, in that "it bloweth where it listeth, and we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth;" fearful, in that a tremendous, irresistible force is hidden, we know not where, within that soft fluid, which laves with coolness our summer-parched brow, and just lifts and toys with the curls of an infant's head, ready to be roused at an instant's warning, and hurl universal devastation abroad.

But fuller still is the spirit of mystery both of wonder and fear. I have no name for these, but I call them its eddies and gusts—its currents and counter-currents—the shadows that flit over it—the moods that gather about it and envelop it quite; and who has penetrated the laboratory wherein *these* were wrought, and analyzed the ingredients whereof they were compounded? How closely, too, in its main characteristics, does man's life parallel the wind. We note it sweeping across the fields of existence, but whence its origin or where its goal, is beyond our fathoming. The career, too, of one—what is it, but the harsh northern blast, chilling, congealing, stiffening to stone whatever it passes over? while that of a second is the warm spring-gale, dissolving and even transmuting to an opposite quality the snowy and icy obstructions that bound earth's genial currents, and so preparing the way for a new outburst of green life and beauty. And, once again, the course of others, how exact a transcript of the blasting Samiel, or the desolating hurricane, which ever curses the region it traverses with far-spreading ruin and woe!

I have thus placed before the reader a few passages from the life-books of Nature and of Man. In my remaining space I would not formally "point a moral or adorn a tale," but I would very briefly dilate on two or three practical suggestions, which are pressed upon us by the survey we have taken.

And the first and most palpable perhaps, is *action*, unintermitted action—a universal law and qualified by no single exception. The entire natural creation we have seen acting with never a pause. Our own material organism, too, irrespective of our volition, exhibits the same unceasing activity. And in our immaterial organism thought and emotion flow and ebb as incessantly, and by as fixed a law, as do the ocean's own tides; and this, not only independently of our will, but also whether the mind be or be not stirred by the breeze of Passion.

One and the same truth, then, is taught us by all; which is, that *voluntary* activity, continuous employment, is the mind's normal condition. To be inactive or idle is to be out of accord with the whole universe that imbosoms us and stands in infinite ways related to us. The soul finds, perhaps, its most exact and expressive antitype in the ocean.

Like the ocean, mighty, mysterious and undefinable—like the ocean, holding in its depths treasures precious beyond estimate, and oftentimes harboring, too, monsters of passion and guilt, which shame the scaled and reptile prodigies of the deep—like the ocean, terrible in its hour of fury, shivering to fragments whatever lies in its track, raving against its divinely set barriers, and flinging its foaming defiance in the face of the very Heavens—like the ocean, moreover, in its calmness most beautiful and grand, the refreshment, the salvation and the glory of earth, and a mirror imaging back the eternal lights of the sky—it, finally, like the same ocean, finds in *stagnation* the inevitable cause of corruption and death. Not *death*, either, (for in strictness, death is a non-entity) but a subversive, morbid, often hideous life. Translate Coleridge's description of a calm at sea into language denoting spiritual phenomena, and you have a faithful delineation of a stagnant soul.

"The very deep doth rot—O Christ,
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things do crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.
About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires dance at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burns green and blue and white."

No. Soundness and well-being are in no way to be secured save by keeping ourselves in living sympathy with the incessantly changing life of the natural universe, and electively pursuing the path and executing the tasks thereby suggested. To do otherwise is inevitable diseasedness and misery. Often, indeed, we dash fiercely against the walls of our limitations—walls created adamant and jagged for our special weal—but with what result? To be hurled back bruised, shattered and bleeding! Why persist then? "In assertion of my free will," say you? Go on, then, brave one, till self-lacerated to your full contentment. It *may* be you will thus learn at last, that the noblest attribute of free will is, that you may intelligently and deliberately elect the truest, wisest, safest path—the path marked out by Supernal Wisdom and Love, as conducting to man's most eminent good both now and evermore. That Wisdom and Love has, among its primary ordinances, enjoined *action* on Man, and a boundless Nature, through its every minutest atom, catches up and reëchoes the command.

Action, however, does not terminate with itself, nor is it ordained for its own separate sake. It aims at and issues in *results*, and these constitute its final cause. These results may all be compressed into a single word—development, or education. Yes, the natural creation, with its infinite objects and their never-ceasing changes of form and quality, and human life, with its corresponding infinitude of aims and mutations, may all be regarded as the pre-appointed instruments and means whereby the incalculable and else unknown powers of Man's soul are called forth and disciplined. Here lie the springs of *emotion* in all its kinds; and emotion, by an intrinsic necessity strives for expression, and therefore embodies itself in action. And action is the instrument whereby the intellectual powers and the sensibilities

are alike developed and matured. This is effected by a twofold operation. It enlarges knowledge, and mind and heart both grow by assimilating this, their natural food. And, again, as the corporeal muscles are both enlarged and invigorated by mere exercise, so do the intellectual and passional faculties grow through the very exercise which action involves.

In universal Life, then, are found our true teachers, our authentic educators. Something of development, somewhat of education, is (so to speak) forced upon every one that lives, by the resistless influence of his very life-conditions, and apart from any determinate direction of his own volitions. But to observe and to act—here behold the two *voluntary* powers, which he, that possesses in a high degree, possesses the means and method whereby the most advanced of mortal minds have ever mastered their whole attainments and climbed to their preëminent heights.

The above idea, with its logical sequences, is too obvious to need further unfolding. I must, too, for lack of space, omit a multitude of other inferences flowing naturally from the survey taken in this paper, and will now close with one or two brief suggestions.

Is it *possible* then, (I would ask) that he whose soul is fully awake to the infinite opulence of Nature and Life, can, at least more than momentarily, feel all things to be "stale, flat and unprofitable?" If so, what inexplicable death-sleep can have frozen up the majestic passions, the august aspirations, the "thoughts that wander through eternity," of the Being so dowered and so provided for? For it is but a *seeming* paradox to say, that it is absolutely for man's special behoof all things exist. Yes. For him the big sun kindles up the day and the lesser moon and stars illumine the night. For him the huge, treasure-stuffed mountains are piled aloft, and the pleasant vallies are scooped out, and greenness and bud and blossom put seasonably forth, and rill and river hurry or loiter along their seaward path, and vast forests stir and swing in the rushing airs. For him the mighty mysterious ocean utters to all its shores a voice of resistless power, and multiform and many-

tinted clouds glorify the "covering heavens," and the rain and dew, the frost and snow, alternately deck the earth with their own beauty, and the sublimities awake of storm and thunder, of earthquake and volcano. For him, in a word, worlds on worlds, boundless, interminable, sweep radiant and harmonious through their firmamental circles, and all the infinite activities of a fathomless, exhaustless Nature labor unceasingly and forever!

Nor does even this enumeration exhaust the endowments of Man's lot. Within him is a Life more wondrous and beautiful than all without. *There* are born and reared, and thence issue forth, for their thrilling experiences and prodigies of achievement, the intelligent activities, the passions and affections. Hope flits and flashes around him, and Love irradiates the darkest recess and quickens the most arid desert into bloom, and Imagination flings rainbow-tints over the whole face of existence.

And then the *incidents* flowing from these impulses—what language can worthily depict them? The marriage-peal wakes within him a troubled ecstasy and leads him within the circle of an inexplicable sympathy and union with a second soul; and young, wingless cherubs come from Heaven to play about his hearth-stone and stammer sweetly the name of "father;" and finally, there gathers over his home the awful shadow of Death, across which flash gleams from a world beyond the stars!

Such and so characterized is Human Life, wherever planted and whatever its environment. How, I repeat, is it *possible* that Man should be blind to its significancies, deaf to its calls, dead to its instigations?

Or, in fine, how can he escape the irresistible conclusion that throughout all existence, whether of Nature or of Man, present and acting in all objects and all events, and so acting for Man's development and formation, is

"A Something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things?"

CUPID AND ROSA.

BY DUNCAN MOORE.

YOUNG Love at Rosa's knee was clinging,
His roseate hands in anguish wringing;
His laughing eyes with tears were streaming,
While rainbow rays within were beaming.
She strove to soothe his sorrow.

She hugged the boy to hush his sobbing,
Which set her bosom wildly throbbing;
She kissed his eyes with rapture beaming,
Which set poor Rosa's eyes a streaming.
Love lulls not Rosa's sorrow.

I WOULD NOT DIE IN WINTER;

IN REPLY TO THE SONG,

"I WOULD NOT DIE IN SPRING TIME."

Words by
W. H. CUNNINGTON.

Music by
J. H. MILTON.

Published by permission of Lee & Walker, 163 Chestnut Street,
Publishers and Importers of Music and Musical Instruments.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'I would not die in winter, Dark winter's cheerless hour; When nought is glad, and all is sad Beneath its icy'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

mf *p*

I would not die in win - ter, Dark

winter's cheerless hour; When nought is glad, and all is sad Be - neath its i - cy

bow'r. Me - thinks my thoughtful death - bed, And sad and si - lent tomb, Would

have Spring's light, not Winter's night, I'd not add gloom to gloom; Would have Spring's light, not

Winter's night, I'd not add gloom to gloom.

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are interspersed with the musical notation. The score includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking in the piano part.

But let me die in Spring time,
Bright, ever joyous Spring!
Let green trees wave around my grave,
And flowers their fragrance bring;

Let gentle zephyrs waft my soul,
O'er death's uncertain sea,
And when birds sing on fluttering wing,
Let that my requiem be.

THE LAY OF A LIFE.

BY RICHARD VAUX.

'T was sunrise when the thought was born,
And bright and gay
This *enfant* lay,
For not a cloud bedecked the morn;
Midst birds and flowers
The early hours
Of its young life away were worn.
In perfect joy
The laughing *boy*,
Now robed in pleasure and content,
On fairy's wings
He roams and sings
'Restrained nor knowing where he went;
The golden sun,
Its course begun,
Had kissed the waters of a lake,
Upon whose shore
One echo more
The artless youth again would wake;
Thus wiled away
His boyhood-day,
Not dreaming that a cloud could rise,
In hand-like form,
To end in storm,
All curtaining in gloom the skies.
At noon-day tide,
On either side,
The *man* in vain sought e'en a shadow;
So blithe and gay
Had been a day,
A jewel rare in "Old Time's" *cadeau*,

'T was harmony
And euphony
Attendant came on every thought,
Nothing to mar,
A-near or far,
The bliss meridian hours had brought.
Ere eventide,
On sunset-side,
The dark clouds sped their onward way,
Their very form
Betokening storm,
Shrouding all gladness from the day.
The latest gleam
Of light, a beam,
Lit "Ignis fatuus" on the plain,
And as it flared
The old man glared,
Too late resolved a Heaven to gain.
'T is often so,
Through life we go,
No thought bestowed upon its end;
For brightest morn
Is changed to storm
By little clouds we ne'er forefend;
Oh, wise is man
In life's short span
At sunrise looks to sunset hours;
That he perchance,
At single glance,
The cloud may see before it lowers.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

I WANDERED in the land of dreams,
The land so beautiful!
On the green banks of cool, clear streams,
Down in whose depths the sunlight gleams,
Like golden arrows, shot their beams,
My feet went wandering softly.
I felt no sense of care or pain,
No heart-throb weary;
No weight upon my spirit lain,
No fear to feel, no joy to feign,
But a calm sense of gladness.
Flowers sprang and blossomed 'neath my eye,
Of heavenly beauty,
While through the ether floated by,
Anon far off, anon more nigh,
Sweet, wandering strains of harmony,
Soft as the wind-harp's breathing.
And all the green leaves murmured low
Some song of joyance;
Soft whisperings going to and fro,
Rising and falling in their flow,
Music, clear, liquid-dropping, low,
As from a silver fountain.
And o'er my brow, and through my hair,
Stealing so lightly,
The mild breeze wafted odors rare,
As angels' wings had fanned the air,
Bearing some message earthward.

Bright shapes of beauty glided on,
Benignly smiling,
With eyes where love and joyance shone,
As of those dear ones long since gone,
Gone to the world of gladness.
The songs of melody they sung
My soul pervading,
Were uttered in no earth-born tongue,
Yet as their silver music rung,
At the sweet sound my heart up-sprung,
As to its native language.
Like one from long imprisonment,
Long, drear and lonely,
Forth to the glad, warm sunshine sent,
Joy thrilled the frame, long worn and bent,
So ever moved I onward.
Freed from the chains of grief and fear,
Wandering so lightly,
Steeped in the fragrance pure and clear
Of this delicious atmosphere,
My soul forgot the nether sphere,
Forgot its earthly mission.
Oh, land of dreams, so swift to fade!
Oh land so beautiful!
Fain would I ever more have staid,
Fain would I there my home have made,
Have made, and dwelt forever!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in the United States, etc., during 1849 and 1850. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Lady Wortley, as the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, is the highest in point of rank and social position of all English tourists in America, while her work is altogether the most flattering that any English tourist has written on the United States. She is pleased with almost every thing, and with many things is delighted. She likes the men and women she sees, the cities and town she sees, the scenery she sees, and has no harsh comments on manners which an American would not be willing to endorse. Her talents are those of an accomplished woman of the world, with a quick eye for manners and character, a brisk and genial spirit, and a style of great freedom, movement and naturalness. Altogether her book is one of the most readable of the kind we have ever seen, being distinguished for the art or artlessness with which it conveys information in an amusing way. The felicity of the style is in a great degree owing to the fact that the book is made up of familiar letters, written to friends at home, without any thought of publication; and the authoress rightly says that the staple of the letters is the gossip of travel; and, she adds, "if they amuse that large class to whom gossip is welcome, and tend in any way to strengthen kindly feelings in the breasts of my English readers toward the people from whom their wandering countrywoman received so much and such constant courtesy and hospitality, I shall not regret giving to the world this work."

There is one passage, in a letter from New Orleans, which indicates much sagacity in interpreting a national trait, often laughed at both by foreigners and ourselves. After speaking of the growth of New Orleans, and mentioning that the valley of the Mississippi contains now only ten millions of inhabitants, she refers rapidly to what a wonderful place the city will be when the valley contains a hundred and fifty millions: "What a future!" she exclaims; "what a country! and what a noble people to work out its grand destiny, and fill up magnificently the magnificent designs of Nature. It is all petty malice and jealousy which make people talk of their exaggerated expressions and ideas. A man must have imagination, indeed, must out-Shakespeare Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, and the very lord of imagination, to deal in hyperbolical extravagance here. What would be exaggeration in other countries, is here the simplest moderation, and in all probability lags behind the reality. The fact is, they feel their destiny, and their country's destiny, and they would be stocks and stones if they did not; and if, in England, we are disposed to think they 'greatly daring' talk, we should remember a little what a prospect lies before them. Nature, their present, their future—all is in such an exaggerated mood here, all on such a stupendous scale; *For them to have little views, and entertain trifling projects, or hold petty opinions, with regard to their mighty country's advancement and progress*, would be as absurd as to see a party of giants in go-carts or in pinafores, and playing at Tom Thumb and Goody Two Shoes." Here our national brag is placed on its right basis in human nature and the necessity of things.

About a third of this thick volume is devoted to the United States; the remainder gives a very interesting account of a journey to Mexico, Peru, and other portions of South America, written in the same easy, off-hand

manner, which distinguishes the style of the first portion of the work.

Stuart of Dunleath. A Story of the Present Time. By the Hon. Caroline Norton, author of "The Dream," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of all the novels of passion which have appeared during the present season, this is the most original and powerful, and seems to have made the deepest impression. It is the production of one who, blest with wealth, high position and genius, has had the happiness of her life blasted by the most terrible and bitter experience which can befall a high-souled woman; and the influence of that experience is felt in every page of the novel, giving a sort of misanthrope sadness to the tone of its thought, and felt especially in the whole conduct of the story. The characters are, in general, drawn with much vigor, and the plot well conceived and developed, and the thoughts and sentiments scattered over the work forcibly and brilliantly expressed. The hero, Stuart himself, one can have no patience with, though the reader, while most enraged with him, is compelled, on a second thought, to acknowledge that his rascality and weakness are necessary to develop fully the character of the heroine. The defect of the novel proceeds from no lack of passion and power in the authoress, but from the sad and unsatisfactory impression it leaves on the mind as a whole. Just in proportion to the intensity of the reader's sympathies with the characters and incidents of the story, will be his disappointment at the end. Though invigorating in parts, the general inspiration of the work is the inspiration of misery, and miserable it leaves the reader of sensibility.

Sketches of European Capitals. By William Ware, author of "Zenobia." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this elegant volume is sufficiently well known all over the country to make a new book from his pen an object of interest to all lovers of literature; and these "Sketches" are worthy of his reputation, evincing an intimate acquaintance with the scenes they describe, and equally distinguished for the value of their matter and the excellence of their style. The cities most particularly "sketched" are Rome, Florence, Naples, and London; and the chapters devoted to these are also enriched by many acute observations on Italian and English character. The criticisms on art evince both enthusiasm and judgment; but their chief characteristic is the homesty with which the writer gives his individual impressions of the great paintings and statues it was his privilege to see and study. The account of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel especially, is exquisitely done, and affords the occasion for a most beautiful and discriminating tribute to the genius of Michael Angelo. As a specimen of Mr. Ware's style, we extract a few sentences from this noble description. "This ceiling," he says, "is covered with figures of the prophets and sibyls, of the grandest form; designed and painted with a freedom of hand, and a sublimity of conception, to which there is nothing corresponding in the whole history of art. Any one of these forms, done by an artist in the maturity of his powers and with years at his command, would have raised him at once to celebrity. Our Allston was a man of great genius; in one department of art almost without a rival. Yet he

left half finished a single picture on which he had been employed many years—conquered by multiplied difficulties of the task. But the mind that painted the ceiling of the Sistine was the same that raised the dome of St. Peter's; and the same that struck out of the marble the marvelous statues of Night and Day, Morning and Evening, Julius the Second, Moses, David—an accumulation of power in a single mind, to which a parallel can scarcely be found in any age. None have doubted whether he was the greatest man of his age, or, as one who had exercised the three just named arts, the greatest, probably, that ever lived. But it has been doubted and disputed in which of the three he was greatest. After contemplating at leisure the ceiling of the Sistine, and calling to mind the other works of Michael Angelo, I could not doubt. . . Here, in the Sistine, was he superior to himself in the art in which he excelled all others. Nowhere else did he produce forms like these, *which seem as if they had been projected upon the wall by a sort of inspiration*, and by a power of a different mould from man's. There are to be seen the truest footsteps of his genius. This same ceiling prompted a very different tribute from the pert English artist, who went to Rome, according to Northcote, for the single purpose of seeing it, and with an honest intention of going into raptures when it met his sight. He was disappointed; and after gazing at the wonderful forms a few minutes, he turned to his companion with the remark, "Egad, Tom, we're bit."

The Stones of Venice. The Foundations. By John Ruskin, author of "Modern Painters," etc. With Illustrations, drawn by the Author. New York: John Wiley, 1 vol. 8vo.

This volume is almost a fac simile of the English edition, and is, of course, executed in a style of more splendor and taste than the majority of American reprints. The book itself has less literary attractions than the author's other works, dealing less in vivid descriptions and more in the science of the art it illustrates; but it contains two pictures, one of Venice, and one of the sea, which are in Ruskin's best style, and would alone be sufficient to place him at the head of modern descriptive writers in prose. After comparing Venice with Tyre, and describing the fall of the latter, he adds, "Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline: *a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet—so bereft of all but her loveliness*, that we might well doubt as we watched her faint reflections in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the city and which the shadow." This is exquisite in its moral as well as pictorial truth; but we would ask our readers if they ever read a more vital description than this which follows on the different aspects of water? "Imagine for an instant the different feelings of a husbandman whose hut is built by the Rhine or the Po, and who sees, day by day, the same giddy succession of silent power, the same opaque, thick, whirling, irresistible labyrinth of rushing lines and twisted eddies, coiling themselves into serpentine roll by the reedy banks, in omne volubilis avum—and the image of the sea in the mind of the fisher upon the rocks of Ithaca, or by the Straits of Sicily, who sees how, day by day, the morning winds come coursing to the shore, every breath of them with a green wave rearing before it; clear, crisp, ringing, merry-minded waves, that fall over and over each other, laughing like children as they near the beach, and at last clash themselves all into dust of crystal over the dazzling sweeps of sand." It appears to us that these are the gems of this large octavo, although the

architect will find in it matter of more value to him. The general strain of the criticism is soberer and less dramatic than that of Ruskin's other works.

Not so Bad as we Seem. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 18mo.

We wish we could echo the title of this play in criticizing it; but truth forbids, it being unquestionably just as bad as it seems. The feeblest work of its author, it is to be regretted that it should gain a painful prominence from the cause to which it is dedicated, the audience before whom it was performed, and the celebrity of the amateurs who assumed its principal characters.

New Books.—The Harpers have issued No. 15 of Lowing's splendid "Field Book of the Revolution," full of exquisite wood engravings, including portraits and the similes of signatures of eminent revolutionary heroes. The same publishers are continuing their serial issue of Mayhew's curious and interesting description of "London Labor and the London Poor." The last of the Abbott series of histories is devoted to the Empress Josephine, which, with the previous volumes on Maria Antoinette and Madam Roland, completes the heroines of the French Revolution.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published an important pamphlet of about a hundred octavo pages, entitled, "Campaigns of the Rio Grande and of Mexico, with Notices of the Recent Work of Major Ripley, by Breve-Major Isaac J. Stevens, U. S. Army." Major Stevens occupies a high position both as an officer and as a man of consummate judgment in military affairs, and his work is therefore worthy of more than usual attention from all interested in the late war with Mexico. His defense of Scott and Taylor is masterly.

Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have just issued "Life and Manners from the Autobiography of an Opium Eater, by Thomas De Quincey," with a fine portrait of the author. This is to be followed by two volumes of "Literary Reminiscences." Taken together, these promises to be superior in interest and power to any of De Quincey's other works.

Thoughts on Self-Culture. Addressed to Women. By Maria G. Grey and her Sister, Emily Shirreff. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an excellent didactic work, indicating practical sense, extensive information, high principles, and no inconsiderable power of original thought. It is also written in a style of great clearness, elegance, and command of the facilities of expression. The chapters on the Power and Influence of Habit, on Method, on the Love of Knowledge, on the Love of Moral Excellence, and especially those on the Culture of the Imagination, will reward a close and studious perusal.

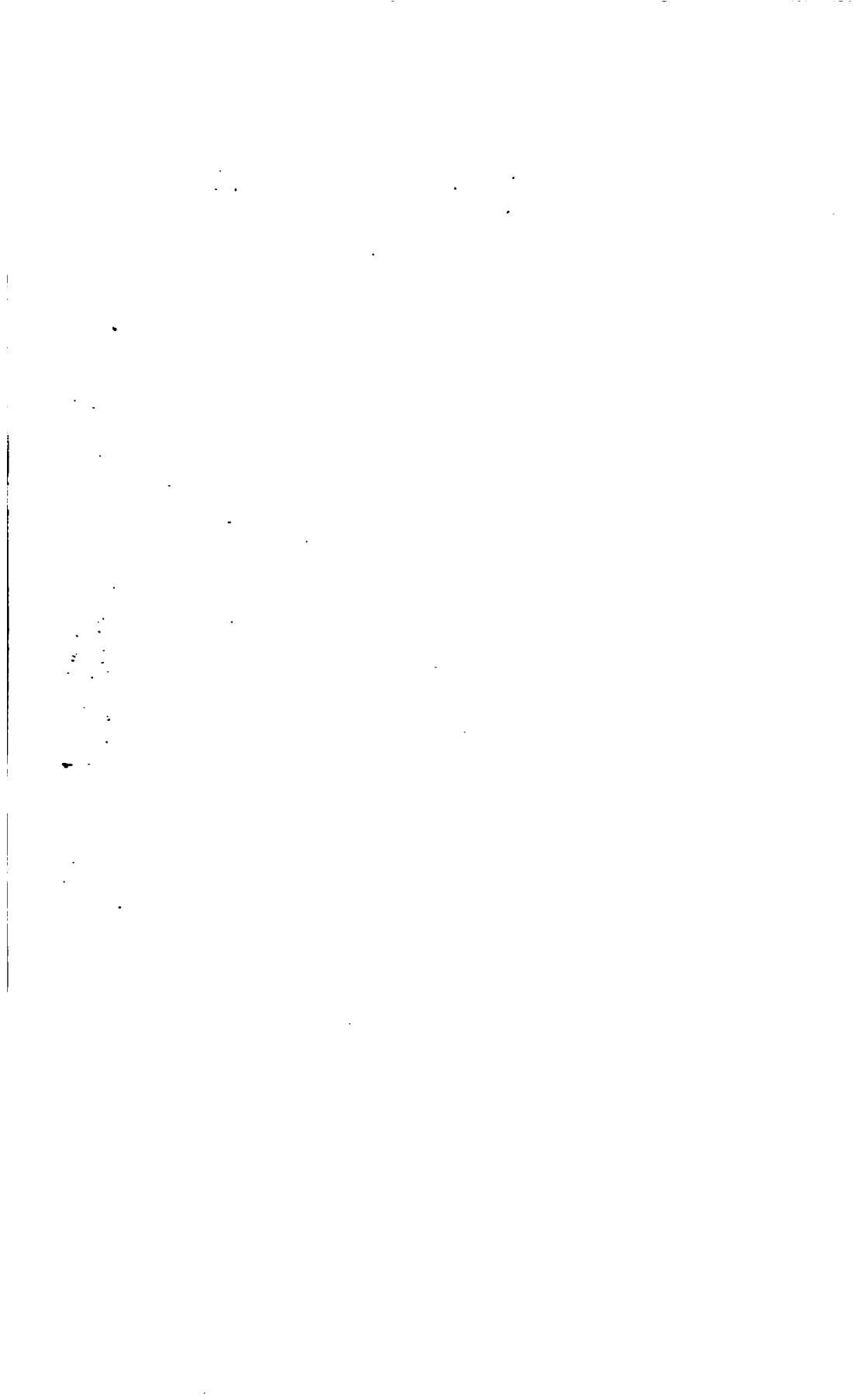
GLEASON'S GREAT PAPER.—Our readers will find, set forth at large in the Prospectus upon the cover of our present number, the character and attractions of that excellent pictorial, "Gleason's Drawing-Room Companion," a periodical of great merit and beauty. The wonder to us is, how Mr. Gleason can afford the cost of the very enterprising mode of management which he has adopted in his newspaper. But the continually increasing attraction which he crowds upon the attention of his subscribers, must satisfy them that "No pent up Union contracts his powers." Take it all in all, Gleason's is at the very head of Pictorial Newspaperdom.





THE MORNING WALK.

Illustration by T. H. Jones and Son.





J. H. P.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

THE PRESENT AS IT IS, AND THE FUTURE TO BE.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

HAS this world of ours reached its utmost practicable stage of progress, and have we nothing further and better to hope on its behalf? Is this earthly existence of ours, teeming perpetually with bright visions of the future, and sending eternally from its bosom the cry of "Onward!"—is it really a *lie*, and can it, by no possibility, ever come *true*?

It is painful, insupportably painful to think so. It would be making the universe a chaos, and this mortal life a riddle more difficult than ever Sphynx propounded.

When, stepping forth in one of our clear summer mornings, we find ourselves so gloriously compassed—that magnificent, unfathomable vault above, and this prodigal earth beneath us—the boundless, never-resting sea kissing its shores, and the fresh, early breeze wafting us a blessing—and then think for a moment on the falsities, the disorders, and perturbations, the everlasting clash and unrest, the disunity and disharmony of our present social condition. We cannot *tolerate* the belief that such things are to *last*. We cannot help looking forward to a period, when Man, the *nobler*, shall be harmonized with Nature, the *intrinsically meaner* creation. For, sprung from the same Original, one and the same Wisdom and Love supervises both.

We need not live many years to learn how violently the young, unsophisticated spirit stands opposed to the social order into which it is born. Is there one living man to whom the discovery of what this world and this life really *are*, was not a shock and an anguish unspeakable? Always is it a *down-hill* path by which one reaches the platform, whereon the world's tasks are to be executed, and worldly success achieved. Were the *whole truth* to burst upon us at once, touching what we are fated to experience, we should be quite overwhelmed and completely crushed.

But we learn successively and by piecemeal the realities of our lot. One beautiful illusion after an-

other fades away. One principle after another is surrendered as romantic and impracticable. Compromise after compromise is struck with absolute verity. Lash upon lash of the torturing scourge of necessity drives *us* to tread with others the beaten ways, and bows us to "*things as they are*. Ray by ray goes out of our radiant birth-star till,

"At last the *man* perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of *common day*."

Were it possible for this state of things to *endure*, a certain species of content might, *perhaps*, be ours. It would, however, be the content of the brute animal, who neither sees nor dreams of aught beyond the present hour. But for man, the born for immortality, such mere animal content is an impossibility. Truly sings the poet,

"Oh joy, that in our *embers*
Is something that doth *live*!
That nature yet *remembers*
What was so fugitive!"

No lapse of time, nor custom, nor depth of debasement even, can destroy our innate idea of the existence of something purer and nobler than the senses can discern—a something whose *possession* it is man's prerogative to achieve. The intimations of such existence are unmistakable and manifold. The high purposes and glowing dreams of youth point thither, and the thousand things that, in every stage of life, recall our young hours, recalls their visions also. Music bears us aloft, on the wings of its melodies, to a higher sphere than *that* we are *accustomed* to occupy. Nature, with her eternal harmonies and her beauty perpetually renewed, has a *mute* yet keen reprehension for our deformity and disorder. And especially does poetry, that ever-living witness of the Divine, point, with all its manifestations, to an ideal of nobleness, and grandeur, and loveliness, which summons us unceasingly to aspire beyond our present actual.

For these and such-like reasons it is, that no indi-

vidual, and no community is ever *entirely content* with the present just as it stands. However *self-satisfied*, however engrossed with schemes in progress at the moment, the *possibility* of improvement still suggests itself to them and impels more or less forcibly to action. In one word, reform is measurably a demand of every age, whatever, in other regards, be its character.

Our own day (as has often been said) is, in this particular, quite extraordinary. The reform-call may be pronounced absolutely *universal*. One malfeasance and defect after another has been assaulted till there is no mountain-slope but has echoed back, and no remotest valley that has not been startled by the vehement challenge of new and better life-conditions.

Thus, governments, once keeping afar the inquiries of the mass into their movements by pompous awes and terrors, have at last felt the rough pressure of the common hand on their shoulders, and have been compelled to render at least a *plausible* reason for their existence.

The church, too—no longer, (as once) the ark, which it was *death* to touch—has been *generally*, and (some think) even *rudely* handled, and has been constrained to admit that, *without* conferring on the world a great and palpable good, it has no claim to veneration or even to existence.

Nor have social *institutions* alone been thus *probed*, but social usages and habits as well.

For example. Intemperance, that monster-curse, coeval well-nigh with the globe itself, which has decimated every successive generation of the race for a doom bitterer than death, and whose ravages men had almost ceased to resist, even in the case of their best beloved or themselves, so palsied were they by its terrors—even *this* has been *triumphantly* assaulted, and by its own self-emancipated slaves, and the old parched earth grows green in expectancy of this redemption.

Madness, that hideous mystery, in which former generations, bewildered and horror-stricken, beheld a demoniac possession, and around which they multiplied (in their irrational agitation) fetters, and dungeons, and barbarous stripes—even *this* has been found to melt like snow beneath the irresistible warmth of simple kindness, and the "sweet bells, jangled, out of tune," have responded *accordantly* to the striking of the key-note of *love*!

The prisoner, in his bonds, has been "remembered." The cordon, once rigorously drawn round the judicially doomed, as if tainted with leprosy or plague or cholera, their mere *proximity* were *death*, has been broken through or overleapt by the spirit of philanthropy. The principle has been affirmed, that the criminal is yet a *man*, retaining *entire* the responsibilities and hopes of a man; and that society owes him the duty of making his *incarceration* a means of fitting him to go forth *healed* (if possible) of the moral malady that gave occasion for it, and qualified for the efficient service of God and humanity.

Most marvelous the change in the prisoner's state, commencing with Howard! It might almost seem

as though that repentant, doomed one of old, who, on the cross, acknowledged the Messiah, rejected by the world's "honorable ones," had bequeathed a blessing to those afterward to share his fate.

For, as he found the freedom of the soul even in the horrid confinement of the cross, so has many a prison of our day witnessed its bondmen "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God!"

Grateful, very grateful, are these movements to the philanthropic heart. And yet one cannot but see that, regarded merely *in themselves*, or as any other than simply *preparative of something beyond*, they are insufficient to human needs. They are in their nature neither *central* nor permanent. It is as though you should shear off branches and trunk, leaving the roots *intact* and *vigorous*. The evils I have touched on are mere *results*, the causes of which lie deep in the very constitution of society. In fact the social system itself under which we live is based upon, and embodies in its workings, principles *unsound* and *pernicious*. And if the Christian, "Thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth, *as* in heaven," be destined ever to be more than barely a dead letter; the very structure of society will require to be *so* remodeled and rebuilt, that its institutions and usages, its business and its pleasures, shall, all alike, be manifestations of the law of love.

How different from *this* the *present* state of things! To how large an extent *now* are we veritable sons of Ishmael! Consider, of how vast a majority of mankind it is the cry—the everlasting, anxious cry—"how shall we *exist* without falling into the strangling gripe of starvation?" Not, "how shall we achieve the greatest, noblest good?" Not, "how shall we most effectually unfold the godlike within us, and become most *like* God, the absolute perfection?"

Now does any one believe that *this* is to be *always* so? Can it be God's unrepealable ordinance, that the huge mass of those bearing his parental impress, shall drudge through their life-term to supply the *meanest* of their wants, eternally *over-tasked*, shrouded thick in intellectual night, unperceptive of the marvels of wisdom and beauty that testify His presence in our world, unparticipant of a joy *superior* to that of the beasts that perish? *Must* war, and pestilence, and famine—*must* crime and vice, disease and remorse, jangle and jar, *continue* to hound this poor life of man through the whole of its quick-finished circle? *Must* the gallows yet curse, and the penitentiary gloom, and the brothel canker, and the mad-house and alms-house shadow the green breast of earth?

How long will an age so intelligent and philanthropic, persist in tolerating a state that furnishes to labor, the first, great ordinance of Heaven, no better instigation than the insupportable goad of starvation? How long a state, where the *individual* and the *general* good are almost invariably at odds—where the *loss* of one is the *gain* of another, and whole classes are vitally and necessarily interested in the continued *existence* and the *increase* of the *sores*! evils?

Thus, the interest of the Physician demands not the *cessation*, but the *prevalence*, of disease.

The hearth-fire of the Lawyer must go out, but for the flaming of those discordant and acrid passions in men which impel to litigation.

The hopes of the Soldier are nourished by the heart's-blood of nations, spilt by the murderous "butcher-work" of war.

The Monopolist grows fat on the scarcity that dooms multitudes to the leanness effected by long-lingering pangs.

And the Builder, with his associates, is lighted onward to wealth by the conflagration laying half a city in ashes!

The *Disunity*, of which *these are specimens*, is well-nigh *universal*. To *actualize* the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," one must bid defiance to the great motive powers of our social existence. And to be practically and completely *true*, one must sequester himself in solitude, or eternally battle with the social influences about him.

And how *dishonoring* and mournful the tale of the world's dealing with that *extraordinary* virtue or genius which cannot conform to its low, imperfect standard! Instead of canonization as a *reward*, it confers crucifixion as a *penalty* on him who would show it "a more excellent way." Thus, for the noblest of the heathen, the stigma of "corrupter of youth," and the hemlock of the malefactor—and for Him, who has neither equal nor second, the reputation of blackguard and blasphemer, and suspension on the "accursed tree," stand up as a type of the tendencies and workings of civilized society, as concerning that large and lofty virtue that cannot stoop to its limitations.

Genius, too, that perpetual witness of the unseen and immortal to a race ingulfed by sensuality—what reception is accorded to it? Does the world hail its avatar, and reverently hearken to its utterances as veritable oracular responses?

Alas, for the historic leaf that replies to this question! What *allotted* place—what *place at all*, has society for *him*, who, dowered by Heaven with this rarest of attributes, surrenders himself (as *he should*) *wholly* to its inspirations, speaks out its suggestions *unmodified*, and treads *unhesitating* the path it points out?

This, most commonly, is his place and lot—that obstructions hedge him all about, penury cramps him to the extent of denying him the needed instruments and occasions; calumny and ridicule dog him, neglect freezes, or hate turns to gall his hearty, full, free-gushing loves, and his mortal day is inclement, tempestuous and lowering even to its set! And having *so* dealt with these elect messengers of blessing to mankind—having made their extraordinarily keen and vehement susceptibilities the implements to inflict upon them tortures insupportable, the world wonders and whines over the occasional perversion and debasement of the children of genius, and eagerly employs it

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

But the system of society which is *compatible*

with things like these—which not only permits, but almost absolutely *necessitates* them—ought we to sit quietly down and *acquiesce* in it? Does the religion we claim to hold *allow* us to do so?

Our obligations are *twofold*, individual and social, and they rest on precisely the same basis. As members of the body social, we are just as much bound (to the extent our ability reaches) to make the institutions and usages of society conform to the Christian standard, and embody and manifest the Christian spirit, as to make our own *personal habits* do so. And we are thus bound, too, for a double reason, our own welfare and the welfare of others. For our own virtue and happiness are both strongly influenced by the tone and character of the society we live in. And although under the worst institutions, and amid the most deplorable and general corruption of morals, there may be a few, who, like the "Holy Child Jesus," are sanctified from birth, and through life shed on the surrounding gloom the pure radiance of their own personal goodness, yet the *rule* is, that *as* are the social institutions one is born under, *so* he grows up and goes through his life-term.

Will any one pretend to say, that in the corrupt society under the last Roman emperors, or in France under Louis XV., one were as likely to grow up virtuous (even supposing him to put forth his utmost endeavors after fidelity) as in that existing in the purest parts of New England? And in the two former instances would not they, who possessed sufficient moral sense to perceive how depraved were the public institutions, have been bound (from duty to themselves, to look no further,) to attempt the change of those institutions for the better?

I know well, that the first point to aim at is the proper discipline of ourselves and those in immediate proximity to us. But does not this very point involve a regard to those models, which are seen standing every where up, the moment we cross our thresholds? If the *popular* methods of occupation and common usages be corrupt and awry, with what deplorable obstructions shall we be met, on leaving the seclusion of our dwellings for the outer air! And can we keep their *influence* from *entering* our abodes? Have not usages a *spirit*? Is not this spirit the *all* of them in fact? And can a spirit be excluded by walls and doors of wood or stone?

I conclude, then, there is a *fallacy* in the popular saying, "let the hearts of a people be made right, and a right social system will follow of course." Some truth there is in it, but more error. Outward forms do not spring from feeling merely or chiefly. Reason and the constructive power are still more concerned. Bad institutions will stand and send forth no inconsiderable influence for evil long after the great majority of a people are, in moral feeling and aspiration, far beyond them, and *while* standing are a great impediment. The Roman Haruspices continued to examine the entrails of victims long after faith in the practice had so evaporated, that they could not help laughing in each others' faces.

The point then, is this, shall we permit our old dwellings to stand (we inhabiting them) until they

waste by decay, or shall we, so soon as they become inadequate to our needs, tear them down and build better?

The teaching of Christianity is (I think) decidedly in favor of laboring to model institutions aright, as well as the individual, and not leaving the former to fashion themselves. The first converts *could not remain* in the anti-social relations of the community about them. They repudiated the rightfulness of the system of property there subsisting, according to which one was opulent to repletion and another poor to absolute emptiness, one glutton and another starving. It was not on the ground of generosity or charity they based a more equal distribution, but on that of absolute, eternal rectitude. So (we are told) "they came together and had all things common." They made, out of the possessions of all, a general fund, from which each received a supply of his or her wants.

We are not bound exactly to copy them in this, for they were in the ferment of a commencing religious revolution, and therefore had no *leisure*, as probably they had not the *science* to digest a system in the matter. But this spontaneous movement of theirs shows the Christian tendency, and is not the age, that has both the leisure and the science, bound to direct attention to the matter?

And, what is true of this one institution is equally true of all others. The great desideratum is to give to the social principles of Christianity each an institution or usage, which shall be to it an adequate expression. Thus if Christ's law be the law of love, and "perfect love casteth out fear," why is it we make fear the main operative force of all our systems of government?

If, again, (according to Christianity) "No one liveth to himself and no one dieth to himself," why is it that in business and all other relations, we make selfishness (or in our phrase, the care of number one,) the

paramount rule of action? Why do we not, at least, *endeavor so to arrange* our business relations, that the interest and advantage of *one* shall be the interest and advantage of *another*?

If (once more) the Word of Christ be "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God," how *can we* give our countenance to the horrid custom of war?—how lavish annual millions to keep up an army and navy, whose members are carefully educated, and supplied with the most elaborately finished and costly implements, for the express and *sole purpose of murdering* their brethren?

So copious is this topic, that one knows not where to stop, and is embarrassed in the selection of illustrations.

But I think I have already said enough to show that we do not execute our whole duty when we care *merely* for the *personal* religious discipline of ourselves and those we can reach. An obligation *also* rests upon us to do what we can to meliorate the social institutions under which we live. If these be bad, it is somebody's work to abolish them, for how can we properly suffer bad things to continue in our world? Our great mission on earth is to beat down, to root up, to exterminate whatever is bad, and to build up good in its place. No matter in what shape the evil appears, we (each and all of us) have a call to war against it and strive to substitute for it the right and true thing it displaces.

Merely *as such*, then, it is incumbent on us to do what in us lies for the downfall of all institutions and social usages not in unison with the law of Christ. How much is this obligation strengthened, when we consider that, in *so* doing, we are also doing much toward securing our *own personal welfare* for Time and Eternity! Any constitution, however vigorous, must thrive better in a pure than in a tainted atmosphere!

MY STUDY.

THIS is my world—my angel-guarded shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed;
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers and sustenance divine;
When Love, or Hope, or Joy my heart deceive,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad, or studious mood resign.
Here oft upon the stream of thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the banks of childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody,
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide
Where darker frown the steepes and deeper flows the tide.

II.

Yes, 'tis my *Cáaba*—the shrine below,
Where my soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of angels come and go—
Sweet missioned heralds from the realms of day.
One brings me rays from regions of the sun,
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,
One brings a laurel-leaf for work well done,

Another whispers from a kindred heart—
Oh! this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,
For all the jewels Indian coffers hold,
For all the pearls in Oman's starry caves—
The lessons of all pedagogues are naught
To those I learn within this holy fane of thought.

III.

Here blind old Homer teaches lofty song:
The Lesbian sighs of Cupid's pinions furled,
And how the heart is withered up by wrong;
Dante depicts an infernal world,
Wide opening many a purgatorial aisle;
Tarquato rings the woes of Palestine,
Alphonso's rage, and Leonora's smile—
Love, Beauty, Genius, Glory all divine;
Milton depicts the bliss of Paradise,
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of Hell,
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,
"With head uplift" above his army fell—
And Avon's Bard, surpassing all in art,
Unlocks the portals of the Human Heart. E. A. LEWIS.

THE QUORNDON HOUNDS;

OR A VIRGINIAN'S DEBUT AT MELTON MOWBRAY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.

(Continued from page 223.)

CHAPTER III.

THE HUNTING STABLES.

Less than five minutes' walking brought the party to the door of the stables, which, unvisited as yet by Percy Fairfax, contained the gallant horses on which he was to make his debut, on the following day, before the great convention of the best sportsmen in all England. He had never as yet ridden once to English fox-hounds, and every one who has ever seen the two knows how widely different is that glorious sport, as pursued in Virginia and some of the southern states of North America, and as performed even in the provincial countries of England, much more at the very metropolis of fox-hunting, Melton Mowbray.

In the latter, no fields less than forty acres, smooth as a Turkey carpet, without a bush or brake to stint the rattling gallop of the thorough-breds, nothing less than which can live behind the racing, high-drawn, fine-bred modern fox-hounds; old white-thorn fences with double rails and ditches, insuperable obstacles to any thing short of the indomitable bottom of English horses and the unconquerable pluck of English riders, or timber palings six feet perpendicular height, or rivulets, like the Whissendine, with ten yards of bright water between its level banks, all to be taken in the stride, without the time to choose a favorable place to take them; foxes that are found in small furze coverts, or gorses as they are called in Leicestershire, and go away, straight as an arrow, across country, never doubling or running rings, till they either go to ground, without the limits of the hunt, and are so saved, or are run into by the pack, in the middle of some wide grass field, game to the last; and render up their lives to the triumphant chorus of who-whoop! add to this a scent so burning, that the hounds rarely stoop to pick it from the tainted herbage; but drinking it in with dilated nostrils from the free atmosphere on every breath of which it steams aloft, where pug has passed by, sweep along, heads up and sterns down, all together, so that a table cloth shall cover them, frequently running twelve miles in the hour; no slight pace to be maintained by horses, with twelve or fourteen stone weight upon their backs, often through ground so heavy as to hold them fetlock-deep, sometimes hough-deep, in tenacious clay, and this coupled to the extra exertion of clearing not less than thirty fences, such as I have described, to every mile of country.

In the latter, wide woodlands to be traversed, full of dense brakes and swamps impassable for horses, to which the hunted fox clings for the dear life, running short rings, doubling and dogging before the heavy, deep-flewed, dew-lapped, black and tan, or blue-mottled dogs of the old Southern strain, which form the principal material of the Virginian packs; and never facing the open, unless were a field or two intervenes, like a narrow channel parting two continents of woodland; few horse leaps to be taken, save now and then a snake-rail fence in the open—and a deuced nasty jump it is, too, were they more frequent—and once and again a fallen tree, a drain, or a rivulet in the woodland, the whole not amounting to a dozen fences in a run, and these trivial as compared to English bull-fincches, or stake-and-bound rasps; the pace nothing to distress even an ordinary hack in ordinary condition; to conclude, no riding to the hounds, for to ride *up* to hounds, or even *near* to hounds, in such country were impossible, and to gallop along the wood-roads, or through the opener tracts of woodland, cutting off angles and keeping in the inner curve of arcs, so as to hold the unseen pack within hearing, is the acme of excellence in the sportsmanship of the American fox-chase.

All this was of course well known to Percy Fairfax, who was not only thoroughly practical as a sportsman in his native land, but well-read, and thoroughly imbued, though theoretically only, in all the principles of the science of sportsmanship abroad. He was a capital horseman, as a horseman; and there was probably no single leap, however dangerous or awkward, at which he would not have put his horse as well, and carried him as clearly over it, as the best rider in all Leicestershire. But to take one fence at your ease, and to take a long succession at your speed, as you may chance to find them in your line, out of bad ground, perhaps with your horse blown or laboring, are two things widely different. Nay, even to gallop a horse across the mole-hill knotted pastures, and the deep meadow-land of Leicestershire and the vale of Belvoir, as he must be galloped, not cantered, or held hard-in-hand, in order to keep a place with hounds, is a thing to be learned, and that difficultly, not to be hit off at first sight by a tyro.

Nor was this, either, unknown to Fairfax; and, indeed, had it been in the man ever to be diffident or shy, or distrustful of his own powers, he would have been something nervous at exhibiting himself

in a capacity so strange and so new to himself, before a field so exquisitely mounted, so perfectly accomplished in the art, so critically fastidious in their tastes and judgments, and so likely to regard with polite and courteous tranquillity of sarcasm any failure on the part of a foreigner so bold as to enroll himself a follower of their more than royal pastime, and so unskillful as to fail of going through with it.

But to say truth, a want of confidence in his own capabilities, of a secret belief that he can do any thing, whether tried or untried before, as well at least as any other man, if not better, is rarely the defect of any American; it certainly was not that of Percy Fairfax. Nor was it, indeed, to be wondered at, that he had a sufficient stock of self-reliance; for in a youth and manhood spent in many vicissitudes of temptation, trial and peril, he had been many times cast upon his own resources, and as they had never failed him, it scarcely could be a matter of surprise that he should place much reliance on his own foresight, judgment, and execution.

This self-reliance was not, however, the blind, stultified, arrogant self-confidence peculiar to the ignorant, vulgar, and prejudiced Yankee, who is at all times ready to *guess* that he can do any named thing, not because he has any cause to believe himself able, but because he has no conception of the difficulties of the thing to be done. Fairfax, on the contrary, clearly saw the obstacles in his way before he could become a thorough across-country-rider; and not expecting to electrify older and better sportsmen than himself, or to astonish all Melton Mowbray "with noble horsemanship," was yet confident that he should acquit himself in the field, as not only to avoid ridicule or censure, but to acquire for himself some credit, in an arena so difficult to a foreigner by common consent of all, as an English hunting-field.

He had traveled, moreover, so long and so widely, being moreover as fastidious in his perception of niceties, and as jealously sensitive of ridicule as if he had been an English nobleman, that he had attained that *ne plus ultra*, the *nil admirari*, as perfectly as though he had inherited it as his birthright, and was, therefore, trebly unlikely to be guilty of the least *faux pas*, which should make him ring false metal in the ears of the hard-riding exquisites around him.

While he was walking, silently himself, along with his three noble companions of the moment, some such thoughts as these were passing through his brain, and he was prepared to be astonished, and yet determined to exhibit no astonishment, at what he had never yet seen, the internal nicety and perfect order and arrangement of an English stable *menage*. For though perhaps there are no men in the world more perfect both in the theory and the practice of managing, conditioning and training race-horses, especially for four mile heats, which closely resembles the management of the thorough-bred English hunter, or steeple-chaser, than the Virginians, it must also be admitted that their stables are built, furnished and conducted in a scrambling, make-shift

kind of way; as different from the regular method of an English stable-department, as are the tactics of a regular regiment from the disorderly movements of a raw militia, or the discipline and silence of a ship of war from the brawl and bustle of a French or an Italian merchant-man.

They soon reached the doors of the stabling, which had been selected and ordered by the old and experienced stud-groom of Count Matuschevitz for his master, and the young American, who now stood, natively dressed in his close-bodied cut-away coat, long-waisted waistcoat, loose-cut drap-breeches and white-top boots, expectant at the entrance.

"Well, Roberts," said the Duke of Beaufort, who knew him of old for a veteran Meltonian, and whose confidence in his own true nobility and perfect good-natured self-reliance, kept him entirely free from any touch of that snob-aristocracy, which has been alluded to in the case of Chesterfield, Gardner, and others, which led them to treat those who *were*, or whom they affected to hold as being, their inferiors in degree or fashion, with ill-natured superciliousness, or yet more impertinent condescension. "Well, Roberts, we have come to look at your stud; what sort of a lot have you got this year? I suppose I shall find some old acquaintances among the count's, hey?"

"Why yes, your grace," replied the man, with the quiet but unabashed civility of one of those yeoman servants of England, who know thoroughly their own station, and never presuming on it at all, yet appreciate it fully. "Why yes—we've got pretty much all the old ones, except old Reveller, for he never came over that hard thing in the spring from the Coplow, when he got into the Whisen-dine in a hot lather, and the brook ice cold; and the Rantipole colt, for he threw out a spavin. We've all the rest of the old ones, and a prime young one or two, especially one by Comus out of a Whisker mare, and a spanking Blacklock out of Czarina. The colonel has got a fine lot, too, your grace; one a silver-gray by Orville from a Whalebone, that will fill your eye, I am certain. I mean to put you on the gray to-morrow, colonel, if you please. The country is pretty deep, and he is all right to go."

"All right, Roberts," answered Fairfax; "but let us get in and see the cattle; what sort of quarters have you got for them?"

"Oh, you have no need to be uneasy on that score, there are no better stables than these in the markets. Master Roberts is a good judge of that, besides these have been the count's quarters, these—how many seasons, Matuschevitz?"

"Seven or eight," replied the Russian; "but I have made them increase them, double them, in fact, since you saw them. There are two separate *menages* now, thirty stalls and six loose boxes to each. Come in—come in—whose quarters are the first, Roberts?"

"Colonel Fairfax's, count," answered the groom, pulling his forelock down as he made answer, and throwing open the heavy nail-studded oak-door which gave them admittance into a brick-paved ves-

tibule, with a door on each hand, one opening into the feed-room and the other into the harness-room, in which a bright fire was burning, beside which two or three boys were busily employed burnishing bits and stirrup-irons, with store of which the walls were decorated.

A second oaken-door admitted them into the stable, a vast square apartment of sixty feet in each direction, lighted by a cupola from above, well fitted with ventilators, so that the temperature was equal and pleasant, and the air unpolluted by the odors of ammonia from the litter, which in general render the interior of a stable so detestable to the biped visitors, and so insalubrious to the quadruped inhabitants.

On each of three sides of this fine hall, was a range of ten large, roomy stalls, nicely bedded with straw, the beds bound at the edges by elaborate plaitings and devices, and the alcoves above fringed with a deep, fantastic hanging of wrought straw, to attract the notice of the flies; and each one of those thirty stalls was occupied by a powerful and well-bred horse, many of which turned their heads and winnied at the well-known step of the stud-groom, making their chain halters and blocks run and rattle through the cleets of the mangers. They were of almost all colors, three or four blacks, with coats glistening like polished marble, one splendid silvery-gray, two or three roans and dapples, and the rest blood-bays and deep-chestnuts, with a sprinkling of dark-browns with cinnamon muzzles and inner thigh markings, but not a single dun or piebald, or soft, fiery light sorrel.

Some were stout, full-quartered, and somewhat cob-made horses, although large and roomy, and with length enough of leg and neck to show that whatsoever qualities they did possess, there was no lack in their veins of good blood and strain of noble ancestry, and these had, for the most part, the old, short-square cut docks of the olden school.

Many more were tall, muscular, long-reached thorough-breds, with splendid crests and long bang tails, the hair trimmed squarely off at the termination of the dock—horses looking in all respects like racers—horses, which in all probability would have made the best four mile horses in all England, but for the evil practice, which is, I believe, beginning to act seriously in the deterioration of the breed of English race horses; I mean the practice of commencing the racing career of all colts and fillies when they are merely in the gristle, and not half come to the bone, at the infantine age of two and three years, during which all the great prizes are run for. This practice not only tending to break down and destroy, by the tremendous system of training thus rendered necessary, two-thirds of the produce of each year, but materially injuring even those that have powers to go through the training, come out from the fiery ordeal sound, and distinguish themselves as victors; and yet more than all this by incapacitating one-third of the year's stock from going into the training stables at all, as too big, too leggy, too bony, and too roomy, to be brought by any

possible process of forcing or conditioning into sufficient flesh, form and muscle to give them even a remote chance of winning as three year olds.

Could these very horses be left untrained and unmolested until five or six years, they would then I believe prove to be the best horses ever raised in England, and we should have far fewer rickety, deformed, light-boned and puny colts and fillies in five years, than are now produced annually to disgrace our turf and discredit our breeding.

Unfortunately, the present system of three year old racing, all the great stakes, as the Riddlesworth, the Oaks, the Derby and the St. Leger, being for at this age, and nothing but the Goodwood stakes and a few comparatively unimportant cups being open to all ages, it is not worth the while of any one to keep his horse, however promising, until he shall have attained his full powers, when there are no adequate prizes, not even of renown and glory, to compensate him for the time, the risk, and the expenditure of money.

It is these horses, which, purchased cheap at the spring racing sales, and suffered to run at large until five or six years old, then turn out the prodigies and paragons, which they prove to be across country with enormous weights, from one hundred and sixty-eight pounds to two hundred and upward on their backs; taking incessant leaps, and running from nine to twelve miles at a stretch across very deep, wet meadow land, at their best pace; and thereby, as I hold, proving themselves fully competent under a proper system of training and racing to run four mile heats against any class of horses in the universe.

If, however, this system has proved injurious to the racing stable, as it can undoubtedly be shown that it has done, it has proved in the same degree advantageous to the hunting stables throughout the land, and more especially in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and the midland counties, in which the enclosures are so large and the ground in general so good for galloping, that nothing short of thorough-breds have any chance of living with fox-hounds, the breeding and pace of which has been improved within the last few years, so that hunting now, and hunting in the days when Somerville and Beekford wrote, may be regarded as two different species of sport.

In accordance with this change, the stables of Colonel Fairfax had been modeled, and as he was personally a capital judge of a horse, and very regardless of expense, he had found little difficulty in filling his stalls with as fine a collection of hunters as can ordinarily be seen within the four walls of a single gentleman's stable. Out of the thirty horses which it contained all but nine were perfectly thorough-bred, and the remainder having all at the least three or four crosses of pure blood, coupled to such bone and beauty, could scarcely fail to carry a heavy man well up to the hounds.

Several of the thorough-breds were animals of the rarest symmetry—that one especially, of which Roberts had spoken, as a silver-gray by Orville out

of Whalebone, and which was alone brought out of his stall and stripped of his body clothes for the inspection of the gentleman.

He was a trifle over sixteen hands in height, of a rich silvery-gray, with a jet-black mane, tail, and legs from the houghs downward; but in his points and figure it was immediately conceded, even by those critical and most fastidious judges, that he was nothing below perfection.

"Upon my soul," drawled Chesterfield in his lazy affected manner, "he is the biggest and stoutest thorough-bred I ever saw. Well up to fourteen stone, I am sure."

"Well up to sixteen, Ches," returned the duke, "and so clean that there is no mistake about his breeding. The finest arm and best let-down quarters I have looked at these six years—and see how finely his withers taper down, what a short back and what a length below. If his action matches his shapes he is worth more than a trifle."

"His action on the road is an equal to any thing, your grace," replied the stud-groom, speaking for his master. "We haven't had a chance to give him much of a trial beyond a gallop or two and his sweats over the green, but I'll answer for him he can go. He's got a mouth like a feather, but he'll take a pull, too, from clear spirit, and if he don't leap, why I don't know what like a leaper should be."

"Oh! he must leap, there's no doubt of that, with those legs under him," said Beaufort. "Where did you pick him up, Roberts?"

"It was Colonel Fairfax himself picked him up, your grace; not to say that I should have let him slip, if I'd had the luck to have 'lighted on him."

"He's a north country horse, duke," continued Fairfax. "I heard by chance of a good stable to sell down in Yorkshire in October, which had been stable-summered and were in condition, given up in consequence of the owner's taking to matrimony on a sudden. So I put myself on the top of the Glasgow mail, and ran down myself to look at them. I picked up this horse, and a good chestnut in the corner there. Let one of the men unblanket him and bring him out—he is hardly as fine a horse as this, but he has a good reputation both with the Duke of Cleveland and Lord Harewood, as well as a brace of neat covert-hacks, at a figure which, though a pretty big one for the lot, brings this horse and the chestnut pretty low."

"If it brings this horse lower than four hundred, you've made no mistake. If his go is up to his looks, I'll give you five hundred for him any day."

"Well, it *was* under four, but I don't think I'd take five till I had tried him once or twice."

"And afterward, I'm sure you wouldn't," put in Roberts. "Here's the chestnut, your grace," he added; "he's a fine hunter, and a powerful one, and well-bred at that, but he's scarcely equal to the gray, to my notion."

"He does n't show quite so much breeding," replied the duke, "but he has got blood enough, I fancy. A little too close coupled perhaps for our

flying country, but he has got stuff enough to send him well through the dirt, and I'll be bound he is a fencer. Those north country horses are almost always steady, well-made hunters, and are both quick and clever at their fences, but the countries of the packs you name, especially Lord Harewood's, are very close and pewy, and the fault of the horses is, that four-fifths of the time, they have never learnt properly to gallop. The enclosures there are so small that your horse is scarcely over one rasper before he's getting ready to rise at another."

"Well, in that case, we must try to teach them, duke," answered Fairfax, laughing; "but the worst of that is we shall have first to learn ourselves."

"I don't believe it will take you very long to do that. But let us move round. Deuced clever bay horse that, and I like that brown next to him, with the cinnamon muzzle. He's not unlike Valentine Magher's 'Slasher,' is he Ches?—and if he is as good, you'll not find fault with his carrying you through the worst part of the valley."

"He is devilish like him, indeed. How is he bred, colonel, and how old is he? He might be 'Slasher's' brother, easily enough."

"He's by Smolensko, out of a Waxy mare, and seven years old last grass."

"Slasher is by Smolensko, too, but I don't know what out of."

"Out of Miss Liddy, my lord, by Sultan," said Roberts, touching his hat. "This horse, we call him 'Thunderbolt,' is bred by the same gentleman as raised 'The Slasher,' and Miss Liddy she's half-sister to 'The Slasher's' dam; so that they're near akin, at any rate. He's been ridden two seasons with the Berkely Hunt, and they call him a good one *there*, and they used to know."

"By Jove! I thought I knew his cut," cried Beaufort. "He was Codrington's, was he not, colonel?"

"He was, indeed. I hope your report of him is a good one, duke?"

"None ever better. I don't know a horse any where, much better, and I have seen him go in the first flight all day long through the vale of Blackmoor, which as a country is only one step behind, if it is behind, the vale of Belvoir. So you may set yourself at ease as to his being well up to the mark."

"And now," said Chesterfield, "if I may make a move it would be to go and look at these fast trotters, for they're a style of cattle I have heard a good deal said about, without ever having seen many. Aint they a deuced bore to drive, lug your shoulders out of the sockets, or something of that sort, hey? I think I've heard Wortley, or some of them say so, hey?"

"They have a trick of taking a dead pull, boring I think you'd call it here, when they first come out of the trainer's hands especially, and of expecting to be hallooed at in a most hideous style, but there is not the least utility or object in continuing to drive them so. In fact, as soon as they fall into gentlemen's hands they get broke almost instantly of these

habits. I have seen several teams in New York, one of four blacks, owned some years since by H—n W—'s, and another of four bays by Dr. B—s H—, which could do their three and a half together without breaking their trot, under as light and quick a finger as should needs be. I hate a hard, dead puller myself, and though, driving as we do trotters entirely on snaffle bits, it is necessary to hold them well together and feel their mouths steadily all the time, there is no more reason why they should be hard-headed or stiff-necked brutes than your hunters. I flatter myself mine are neither. But, as you say, we'll go and look at them—where are the trotters, Jacobs—and by the bye, there's plenty of time before dinner, why should not we put them to the wagon, and let you have a look at them for half an hour. I can give one of you a seat, and mount the other on a nice cantering hack that shall give you a chance to see their action—what do you say to that move?"

"That it's a good one, I"—said Beaufort, looking at his Brequet. It's only five o'clock now, and you don't dine till eight, Ches, do you?"

"What we call eight, and that is a good deal nearer nine. We've lots of time to see the Yankees go. Which will you do, Beaufort, take the seat with Colonel Fairfax, or back the cantering hack?"

"Oh! behind the trotters for me, by all manner of means," said the duke.

"For my part then, I'll ride," said Chesterfield; "if it be a little more work one will have a little better chance to see them."

"I would have my curricie got out," said Matuschevitz, laughing, "but I think the saddle is a better place for galloping in than a curricie, even with a pair of thorough-breds before it; and my high-stepping grays have no more chance of touching Fairfaxes trotters, or letting you get a glimpse, except of the dust they leave behind them, except at a gallop, than you or I of seeing the ladies across the vale on foot. Fairfax can mount you well enough, or I for that matter."

"A—a if it's not too much trouble, I shall be charmed. Have you more horses than you know what to do with, colonel? We have pretty hard work for them here, I can tell you."

"Oh! never fear me, I've got nine or ten beside the trotters. A short gallop will do them good. Put a saddle on Selim, Roberts, and have the sorrels harnessed to the light trotting-wagon. I don't believe, duke, you ever entrusted yourself to so slight and crazy a looking egg-shell, but it is as strong as it is light and easy-running, and over your smooth turnpikes it will almost fly."

"I'll run the risk with your pilotage, colonel. And while they are getting them ready, suppose we go and take a look at the count's stables. You half-promised, Matuschevitz, that you'd have a Cossack thorough-bred or two out here for covert hacks this season. Have you forgotten that?"

"Neither the promise nor the horses, Beaufort. I have not said any thing about them yet, because I

wanted to get a little flesh upon, and a little condition into them, before letting you fellows criticise them, after a journey of so many versts and a voyage of so many leagues. But I will have the saddle put upon 'Moscow,' and you shall see one nag from the farthest east, and a pair from the far west together. Fairfax tells me, by the way, that two of the fastest trotters in his country are called 'Moscow'—Lord and Lady, I believe. Is it not so, colonel?"

"Something of the sort, count," said Fairfax. "But you must not pride yourself on that, for if they are called Moscow, it is not after your sacred city, I assure you."

"I never supposed it was," answered Matuschevitz, with a droll smile and a slight leer. "I took it for granted it was after some small western village, consisting of a blacksmith's shop, a court-house and a tavern, with one bank, built of pine lumber on the plan of the Acropolis, and a Baptist church exactly like the Pantheon. I know you have got a St. Petersburg about ten miles from Rome, and as many more from Athens, so why not a Moscow, too?"

"Why not, indeed," said Fairfax; "and for aught I know, there may be not one Moscow in the United States, but one in every county of every state in the Union—still our Moscows cannot claim your Russian title even at second or third hand, being so styled as I am informed, by corruption, from the Indian name 'Yamaska,' of a Canadian river, on the banks of which they were bred, which has dwindled, or increased, whether of the twain you will, by transmission through sundry mouths of horse-jockeys from the three syllables into simple Moscow. But see, here come the sorrels, duke! Shall we be moving?"

"And here is the Cossack, too," said Chesterfield, "with hair enough on his mane and tail to make all the judges' wigs in England for these three hundred years to come—and this trim, bang-tailed bay, for you're humble servant. Well, they're all beauties in their way, past all denial."

"The trotters most of all," said Beaufort; "they are almost perfection."

"I thought you'd like them, duke."

"I am glad you thought so, colonel, for you must needs have thought me a mere dunce otherwise."

"We had better be off then, or we shall keep Lord Chesterfield's dinner waiting, and that would not be altogether *comme il faut*."

"Allons, I'm ready."

And they started.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TROTTERS, AND THE DINNER PARTY.

The trotters were, indeed, as the duke had said, almost perfection; and although of a cut and character not much understood, nor at that day very often seen in England—for that matter a first rate pair are no common spectacle in the island to this day, the style not exactly coinciding with the sporting tastes of the people—were yet such as to attract very general attention, and to be adequately appreciated and admired by all good judges of horse-flesh.

Standing about fifteen hands and an inch, with high, clean withers and sharp, thin crests, they gave a considerable show of blood, though of a very different strain from that of the delicate-limbed, long-striding, arch-necked thoroughbreds by which they were surrounded. Yet they had both the neat, small, well set on heads, and one of them had the broad front and *basin* face, as it is technically termed, which is held to imply the existence of an oriental descent. The legs of both were as clean of hair, as compact of bone, and as wiry of sinew, as if they had sprung from a race that could number its ancestors backward in a direct line, to Marske, Highflyer, Regulus, Eclipse, and through them directly to the Godolphin Arabian, the Byerly Turk, or the Darley Arabian, the only three horses of Eastern origin, out of the many hundreds imported, which are believed by the best sportsmen to have really improved the English and thence the American thoroughbred.

Beyond this, however, they differed considerably from that which would have been in England the type of equine beauty. It is true they had fine sloping withers, excellent shoulders, arms of colossal strength, were well ribbed up, and short-barreled, that their quarters were powerful almost to a fault, and well let-down to the houghs, but their rumps had that peculiar angular fall from a little way behind the whirlbone to the tail, which is known to the sportsman as the goose-rump, and is in Europe generally regarded as a proof of Irish blood, many of the best hunters of that country, as also many, I might almost say most, of the best trotters of this, are observable for this malformation—for such it must be regarded, so far at least as beauty is concerned, though not perhaps activity or speed.

The color of these clever animals, which certainly bore no similarity to the celebrated English cob, much less to the stanhope or cabriolet horse, with which all the bystanders were acquainted, was a deep, rich, glossy chestnut, very far removed, indeed, from the dull and washy tint which is generally known as sorrel; for in the shadow they would certainly have been esteemed browns, perhaps even blacks, but the moment the sunshine played on the smooth and satin lustre of their well-groomed and well-conditioned coats, there was no hue or tint of metallic gloss and radiance which might not be seen playing over them.

Their long, thin manes, and well squared docks were of the same color as their coats, perhaps a shade or two darker; but they had each four white stockings up to the very houghs, and a broad white blaze down the centre of their faces, which, however, far from detracting from their beauty, rather increased it, by increasing their similitude each to the other, and by adding I know not what to their style of jauntiness and peculiarity.

The vehicle to which they were attached by rounded traces and harness so light, without breechings, cruppers, bearing-reins or blinkers, and fitted with Dutch collars crossing their breasts, instead of the usual heavy collars, that the Meltonians looked at it with wondering eyes, perhaps expecting to see

it go to pieces like cobwebs at the first stroke of the horses, was an ordinary light trotting wagon, with wheel-spokes about as thick as ordinary walking-sticks, and every thing corresponding thereto in style and finish. And so fragile and toy-like did the whole apparatus show in eyes accustomed to the solid and massive finish of English carriage-builders, that gallant as he was in all senses of the word, and thoroughly acquainted with horsemanship and coaching in all its various branches, the Duke of Beaufort paused one moment, and regarded it with a distrustful eye before he made up his mind to trust his goodly sixteen stone to its slender springs, thin spokes, and tray-like body.

"Never fear, duke," said Fairfax, who had already taken the soft white hand-pieces of the trotting reins into his hands, with a gay smile, "it has carried a much heavier weight than we two, and that, too, over a much rougher ground than we are like to cross to-day. Why our trotting courses are rough to your Macadamized turnpikes, though they are not so hard upon our horses' feet, that must be admitted; and as for our best roads, with a few far-between exceptions, they would make a sorry show beside the very worst of your lanes and bye-roads."

"Oh, I assure you, I'm not afraid of your pilotage or your wagon either, but at the same time, after one of our phaetons or curricles, it does look rather like a cock-boat after a man-of-war."

"Get away, lads," said Fairfax, in a low tone, with a gentle whistle, so soon as he saw that the Russian count had bestriden "Moscow," and the dandy earl climbed to "Selim's" back, giving his reins a slight shake as he spoke, and at his word the two clever nags got under way at once, his long, straight whip standing erect in its socket, as if they had been actuated by a single impulse, taking precisely the same stroke, and lifting their legs with bent knees and square action, as truly and precisely as if they had been lounded, and trained for months to go together, and stepping rather like the duplicate of one fine trotter, than the best pair that were ever lapped in horse-hide. As they wheeled into the back lane by which the party had walked up to the stables, already going, though they had not started many seconds, at the rate of nine or ten miles the hour, so quickly did the true and fleet little animals get to their work, half a dozen or more of the grooms and supernumeraries, who were lounging about on that comparatively leisure day, paused and turned to look after them, with many a whispered comment on the speed, style and appearance of the clippers, and many a murmured note of admiration as to who the strange gentleman might be who was tooling the duke; for with the kindest and most popular man in Melton, if not in all England, there were none there who were not well acquainted.

By the time they had got to the end of the byelane, where it turned round the corner of Fairfax's lodging, at the distance of perhaps a mile from his stables, into the main street, they were going well together at the most slapping pace that ever had been seen in the streets of Melton Mowbray, not less cer-

tainly than at the rate of a mile in three minutes or twenty miles an hour, as was very evident from the fact that Matuschevitz and Chesterfield, though both mounted on thoroughbreds, and no bad ones either, had about as much as they could do to keep side by side with them; for the lane having a firm sandy soil, which had been rendered compact by late rains, without being made deep or heavy, was, indeed, as Fairfax said, very nearly equal both in smoothness and consistency to the best of American race-tracks.

As they reached the angle, which was a very sharp one, Fairfax took them in hand a little, soothing them at the same time with a whispered word, and slacking his hand to them a trifle after the pull, when they came up quite handily with a toss of their proud heads, and a snort or two, and dropped into a rapid square trot of about ten miles the hour, as steadily and without a fret, as if they had been going no faster from the start, and as if the Cossack thoroughbred, fierce, fiery and intractable, had not been plunging, wheeling, and curveting like a wild horse, side by side with them, impatient of the restraint which would not suffer him longer to maintain with his rival trotters, that hard gallop which could have availed in the long run nothing, against the steady and supported speed of his American antagonists.

"This is astonishing, indeed!" said Beaufort, admiring the perfect breaking no less than the admirable condition of the trotters, which had not cast a gout of spume over their shining coats, nor dimmed the lustre of their glancing chestnut hides by one stain or shade of moisture. "We must surely have been going, then, at the rate of twenty miles an hour."

"I suppose you know, duke," replied Fairfax, "that twenty miles has actually been done recently in New York, within the hour, at a trot."

"Indeed, I did not; nor would I have believed it possible. Why twenty miles in the hour is good galloping for a thoroughbred."

"Undenially it is; nevertheless, a half-bred colt, out of a trotting chestnut mare known as Fanny Pullen, got by imported English Trustee, did it handily. These little nags of mine have done seventeen and a half together in the hour, and at any moment; and at a moment's notice, I would back them to go a single mile together, driving them myself alone, in two minutes forty seconds, or five miles in 15 minutes. That off-side horse, duke, which is a thought the fastest, has done a mile in 2.27½ in single harness, and the other can do it under 2.30."

"And are such wonders common in America—what are such cattle worth?"

"To say truth, they are neither wonders nor common. There are always a good many, say a dozen or two, perhaps more, in the different large cities, kept not for pleasure, but for matches, that can do a good deal under 2.30 from that down to 2.26; but still their number is not legion; nor though a good many private gentlemen in all parts of the country keep 2.30 horses for their own private amusement, still such do not number by hundreds in the whole country. Their price varies according to

shape, beauty, endurance, soundness, and the like. These stood me in four thousand dollars and a little more—you may call it about 900 pounds. You can scarce get sound and showy horses cheaper."

"Despardieux! I should think not. But here comes a Stanhope livery, Chesterfield's carriage, with *la belle comtesse*, whom you have not seen, I believe, but with whom you are to be dazzled at dinner to-day, and Anson, riding by the window like a dutiful *sposo* and brother; so I suppose his pretty wife is there too. Suppose you show them what the Yankees can do, colonel. Let them go here a bit, I beseech you. The mile stone is just opposite the club-room yonder; and you have just room to get them going before you pass it. The next is at the fork of the road straight a-head; I want to time them; and there, by Jove, are Ranelagh, and Cecil Forester, and both the Macdonalds, and Gardner, and I can't see who besides, all lounging at the door, or in the windows. Let them go, if you love me, colonel, and give them something to talk about, just for once. It will be a charity, I assure you."

"As you say, duke," replied Fairfax; "but take my watch if you want to time, it is an independent quarter second. Stop her now, and start her just as we pass the mile stone; and stop her again as we pass the second—are you up to it?"

"*Tant soit peu*. I picked it up a little from a compatriot of yours, Frank Corbin."

"Oh, Frank—of course. Not a compatriot only, but a co-Virginian. If you learned of him, you are a good hand at it I doubt not. Get away, lads. Off!"

And away they went at the word at a tearing pace; for though by far too well broke to rake or pull, or even snatch at their bits when it was not their cue to go, still both their bloods were well up, and the instant they knew by the tightened rein and taugther hand of their driver that go was the word; go they did, and in earnest, increasing their pace at every stroke, and making the gravel and small stones, launched by their quick falling hoofs against the sounding dash-board, rattle and patter like a March hail-storm. So rapidly did they shoot past the carriage of Lady Chesterfield that, although Percy Fairfax looked with all his eyes, he could catch but a passing flash from a pair of beautiful black eyes, framed as it were by a profusion of black ringlets, which waved across the lovely features, as she leaned a little forward from the window to catch a glimpse of that fast fleeting meteor-wagon, and to recognize with a rapid kiss of her gloved fingers the deep bow of the Duke of Beaufort.

But as they whirled past the windows of the club houses, now crowded to overflowing, and went by the mile-stone which was in this instance to act as their starting post, with Beaufort evidently marking the time on a stop-watch, and Chesterfield and the count tearing along, literally as who should say the devil take the hindmost, the wonder and admiration of the young *cognoscenti* and *invidiosi* of Melton broke out into a loud hubbub of questions and answers, and odds bet and taken, cries of surprise and admiration, not less than of delight, at the occurrence

of any thing that should break the long and slow monotony of a Melton Mowbray Sunday morning.

Before they had cleared the mile-stone, the occupants of the club windows were all on the steps or in the street; and happy they whose hacks were waiting at the door, for as quick as they could grasp the reins and mount without so much as setting foot in stirrup, *hey presto!* they were off at full gallop, riding as if for the dear life, in pursuit of Matuschevitz and Chesterfield, who were now literally spurring, and unable at that to overtake the spanking square trot of those rattlers—for there was not a particle of darting or pointing in their regular and even step. The horsemen had been perchance sixty or eighty yards behind the wagon when it started, and though if abreast and at their speed when the trotters passed the mile-stone, they could undoubtedly have kept abreast with them, even at that slashing pace, they had not a chance of making up the lost way, nor did they gain upon them a yard until they had shot past the second mile-stone on the Lincoln turnpike, and had slackened their pace. A minute or two afterward they had pulled up and were standing stock still, champing their bits, tossing their heads, and evidently by no means disinclined to try another heat of it.

The duke had jumped out of the wagon the moment they stood still, and was now walking round them, observing every symptom of wind in their slightly heaving flanks and wide-extended nostrils, but not one sign could he discover of weariness or blowing after what had seemed to him an extraordinary exertion, much less of distress, or of any defect in their wind, bone, or sinew.

The next moment they were surrounded by a crowd of eager and animated inquirers, some begging to be introduced to the owner of the wonders, some all agog to know their history, their local habitation, and their name; some earnest to learn what the time had been, whereby to solve the question of the "ponies," "the "fifties," and the "hundreds," which had been liberally bandied to and fro and the result, and all agreed on one point, that never before had such trotting been seen in England.

"What was the time, Ches?" cried young Peyton, one of the best judges of pace in the United Kingdom; "was it a match against time?"

"Nothing of the sort—only a spurt, to show us what they could do."

"The devil!—and what did they do?"

"You must ask Beaufort, he kept the time. Something better than a mile within three minutes."

"Oh, you be d—d!" cried coarse Gardner; "why that's fifteen miles an hour almost, ain't it?"

"Almost, Gardner," shouted Tom Gascoigne. "Yes, a mile in three minutes is *almost* fifteen miles an hour. Three times fifteen is sixty-one, you know; and there are just sixty minutes in the hour."

"There, did not I tell you so, Ranelagh," said Gardner triumphantly to his companion, who was laughing at him. "Did not I tell you it was almost fifteen."

"Didn't they teach 'rithmetic as well as reading

and 'riting at the *Charter-house*, Gardner," asked Cecil Forester, almost splitting his sides at the hard-riding viscount's magnificence of smobish ignorance.

"Confound the *Charter-house!*" responded Gardner, sulkily; "who the deuce knows what they do. I was not at the *Charter-house*. Who the deuce ever was—what gentleman, I mean?"

"Why I was for one; and you might as well have been, I think, for I am sure you might have learned there that twice three make six, and twenty times three sixty," said the son of a rich banker, rather a favorite with the young dandies and noblemen, on account of his manliness and good-nature, as well as his aptitude and skill at all bold sports and gallant pastimes, which ever wins its way, in England especially, among the upper classes.

There was a general laugh, in which every one joined heartily except the sulky, proud, and penniless peer, who had been expelled from Eton before he had cleared the fourth form, and who now answered doggedly, and with an air of undoubted superiority,

"I was at Eton, my good fellow, and they don't teach that kind of thing there, you know—no buying and selling there. This *orthography*, or whatever you call it, these two-and-two tables are all very good for bankers, you know, and merchants, old fellow: we don't trouble ourselves about such things, you know—we don't!"

Fairfax raised his eyes quickly to meet the eyes of Matuschevitz, as though he would have reminded him of the conversation which had passed between them that morning; and his friend, who had anticipated his glance, and met it, smiled merrily, and nodded his head, and then laying his finger on his lips, and shaking his brow in dissent, looked away toward Beaufort, who just then took up the word.

"Yes, yes, Gardner," said he, "you're quite right. There was no *orthography* at Eton in my time; and why should there? it is part of our parliamentary privilege to be held excused from any thing so 'base and mechanical,' as old Claverhouse, or Rob Roy, would have said, as reading, 'riting, or 'rithmetic. And we peers ought certainly to stick to our privileges as we would to our order."

"Of course we ought," said Gardner, with sullen and dignified assent, for he was by far too thick headed to perceive, and too conceited to imagine that he could be a subject of mockery to whom he deemed or termed his friends, never having been in all the course of his days, himself, a friend to any man.

"But who ever heard of such time as this," continued the good-natured duke, almost repenting the well-deserved, though by the culprit unappreciated, castigation which he had inflicted on the stupid and arrogant lordling. "What do you say to that, Anson—what say you, Forester?" as these two rode up a little way in advance of Chesterfield's handsome carriage. "A mile done, on a square trot with myself and Colonel Fairfax, not an ounce short of 28 stone the two, I'll bet a cool hundred on it, without a word, or a break, or a touch of the whip, in—

what do you think? Not one of you'll believe it—two minutes and thirty-seven seconds!"

"The deuce!" "You don't say so!" "Whose are they?" "Where do they come from?" And again there was a hubbub of inquiries, admirations, glorifications, and what not, until Fairfax, who had gone out to drive that morning an obscure, and so far as Melton Mowbray was concerned, an almost unknown individual, got out of his wagon at the steps of the club-house, to which he was heartily welcomed, and found himself, as Byron had done before him, on awakening after the publication of *Childe Harold*, famous.

Two of his grooms had followed him at a convenient distance, and to one of these, hight "Woodruff," a scion of that renowned family of trotting trainers, drivers, and riders, who have won so many laurels on the Centreville course at New York, and the Hunting Park at Philadelphia, were the pair of phenomenons entrusted, and after being duly blanketed, were led away as fast as the admiring concourse, first of gentlemen, then of gentlemen's gentlemen, and lastly of stud-grooms, boy, and riders would allow it, to their stable.

An hour or two glided away very pleasantly at the club; our Virginian was introduced to every one worth knowing, and what was more agreeable, every one that was worth knowing, seemed very glad to know him. Nor did any thing happen in any way likely to annoy his amor proper, or tread, sensitive and jealous as he was of men's opinions, upon what a lively Frenchman has not inaptly called the corns of his mind. Once he did, indeed, overhear Gardner expressing his wonder to Tom Gascoigne, Dick Oliver, Cecil Forester, and a few others, that Colonel Fairfax, who after all was only an American—he would have said "Yankee," but that he supposed that term to indicate some almost unknown variety of the human race—should be so *white*, and should dress and speak so much like other people. "One has heard, you know," this genius continued, who has latterly become by the way a poetical contributor to the fashionable annuals—"that they are copper-colored, you know, and wear scalp-locks and blankets, and make a strange sort of snuffing through their noses, which they call talking, you know; and which white folks call a war-whoop. I've half a mind to ask him about it."

"I would keep it a half mind," replied Tom Gascoigne, laughing as if he would kill himself; "at least I would not do it, were I you, for a thousand; for whether he wears a scalp-lock himself, or takes scalps from others, I do not know; but I do not think he looks a very likely fellow to take much nonsense, or to have the most profound respect for the privilege of peers, whether they understand arithmetic or no."

But the absurdity and ignorance of the young puppy rendered it impossible to be annoyed, much less seriously angry with him; and when Matuschevitz whispered in his ear that it was getting to be time to walk home and dress for dinner, the Virginian left the company certainly with modified

dislikes or disinclinations even toward the very snobdom of the English aristocracy, and with a very cordial feeling of respect and liking for the simple-mannered, frank-spoken, open, cheerful, manly, and unassuming gentlemen who, he was not slow to perceive, formed at least nine out of ten out of the collectaneum of sportsmen, whether ennobled or no, who had offered him so earnestly and unaffectedly the right hand of good fellowship, on this his first introduction, as an unknown foreigner, to one of their most intensely national and thoroughly exclusive cliques.

Nor could he refrain from expressing something of this strain of feeling to his Russian friend, as they sauntered slowly homeward. "Our people," he said, "could not believe at home, that these men are the very flower of that English aristocracy of which they have heard so much, and whom they believe to be so haughty, so arrogant, so ignorant, and so exclusive. I assure you, count, there is much more of that sort of social impertinence and cliquism, much more of arrogance and exclusiveness among the *soi-disantes* fashionable sets of our American mercantile cities, than among these men, who are supposed to hold themselves the very *crème de la crème de la terre*."

"And who do really so hold themselves, *mon cher*," replied the minister. "But, though very generally believed, there is no greater error than the opinion that most or many Englishmen of good standing at home are exclusive or arrogant. They associate, when at home, with their own caste, because there is no other caste with which they can agreeably or consistently associate. Abroad they seek out those with whom they have feelings and ideas, and yet more amusements in common—those who have not they neither exclude nor avoid, but simply do not chance to notice or seek out, because they find no cause why they should do so. There are ignorant asses, and ill-natured assuming puppies in all classes; and I dare say, my dear colonel, your knowledge of New York, and its fashionable characters, might call to your mind some ignoramuses as great as Gardner, and some dandies more exclusive and insolent than Chesterfield, who have no merit equal to the fearless horsemanship of the former, and the *savoir vivre* of the latter, and who are more assuming and ridiculous, than either."

"Of course, and their name is not one or two, but legion," said the Virginian, laughing; "but, once more, how comes it that you always *locate*, as we should say, your American characters so well? You ask me that question about New York, and perforce I am bound to answer 'ay!' Had you put the same about Boston, or Philadelphia, or any of our southern cities, I could, perhaps, have conscientiously said 'no.' How is it, Matuschevitz?"

"I told you before," said the count, laughing, "*quel est mon metier a moi, en qualité de diplomate*, and who knows perhaps *en qualité de Russe aussi*, or, as you would term it at a public meeting, as a *Roossian* Barbarian, to know something about all countries with which we have or may chance to

have foreign relations. *De plus*, we have had two or three people of our own among you who have seen something of society in America, and have marked the differences between the different cities, so that we are not so ignorant of the great New York fashionables, the T—s, and M—s, and J—s, and P—s, and H—s, and S—s, and all the other tailors and candle-makers, and slave-traders, and chandlers, who are too aristocratic to know common lawyers, or authors, or physicians, as you would suppose us to be. But enough of this for the present at least. Let us go dress; and then at least if you do not admire the noblemen, I'll make a bet of it I show you something to admire in the noble women of England, two of the very loveliest of whom you will meet to-night."

Half an hour sufficed for the appareling in all due form of our friends for the dinner party, and a drive of ten minutes more in the Russian's phaeton brought them to Chesterfield's hunting quarters; and nothing, perhaps, that he had yet seen, so much moved Fairfax's admiration of the thoroughness of English system, as the furniture, the inhabitable-ness, the keeping, *tout ensemble*, and the complete domestic air of this, a mere hunting-box for three of four months of the season, which in all respects resembled the permanent abode and accustomed residence of some rich proprietor. It was small, indeed, but every part was unexceptionably perfect; the ladies drawing-rooms full of *bijouterie* and trinkets, of feminine work and feminine accomplishments, redolent of those delicate sounds, sights, accompaniments, and odors, which ever announce and accompany the presence of high-bred, refined, and accomplished women—the other rooms replete with every thing that could be possibly desired, yet showing no superfluity of any thing, not only attracted his attention and pleased his fancy, but elicited from him some self-admitted satisfaction with that standard English principle of doing every thing that it is worth the while to do at all, as well as it possibly can be done, and in one place as well as another.

When the ladies, too, made their appearance, he could not but admit the truth of Matushevitz's boast that he would show him two of the loveliest women he had ever looked upon, and neither while he gazed upon their charms, and laughed and talked merry and soft nonsense with them, nor when he pondered over the different styles of their extraordinary loveliness, could he bring to his recollection any thing so fair as either of the two sisters, much less any thing fairer, nor could he make up his mind, which was the lovelier of the two.

The dark-ringed and dark-browed Chesterfield, with her wild, flashing, dark eyes full of unearthly

spiritual light, her high and somewhat attenuated features, her slender, graceful figure, her high-born air, and proud, majestic gait, that seemed almost too proudly delicate to tread the earth which might mar the divinity of her footsteps.

The soft, voluptuous Anson, with her great, full blue eyes, her skin whiter than mountain snow, yet flushed with a rosy lustre as of the sunset on the stainless glaciers of *Mont Blanc*; her lips ripe as a pear in August, and rich as the tints of a clove carnation; her plump and falling shoulders, her exquisite and womanly bust, round arms, and glorious figure—oh! pair not to be surpassed, not to be equaled in your day, from east to west, from north to south, round the wide world; years have elapsed, the fourth part of a century well nigh has rolled over, since first I saw your maiden sister bloom, out-dazzling the eyes of all beholders, out-shining all the rivalry of loveliest coeval beauties. Wives now, and happy mothers, with daughters scarce so lovely as yourselves, glittering and enthralling where ye shone enchantresses of old, I think of ye, but as I saw ye last, ere time or sorrow, which must be to all mortals, had dimmed one sparkle of those lustrous eyes, or blanched one hair of those glorious tresses, lovely ye must be still, and lustrous; but with a loveliness and lustre different from what I then beheld, different from what yet a little later than I, Percy Fairfax beheld, and would have perhaps loved to admiration and to madness, but that he was saved by the presence of two beings exquisitely, yet how equally bright, and with a brightness how wondrously dissimilar.

The evening passed like a dream, nor did the young Virginian feel himself for a moment out of place, or more a stranger at that table, so distant far from his own home, so different in all things from the wildest and most romantic of his imaginings. It needs not to say that the cuisine, the wines, the every thing was exquisite, when Chesterfield was the host, the guests Beaufort and Forester, Anson, the two McDonalds, Jem and Aleck, and with the world-famous Alvanley, besides our hero, and those two radiant sisters.

It was a late hour before they broke up, for the gentlemen followed the ladies to the drawing-room early, and music and singing were interchanged with *ecarté* and chicken-hazard; and it was not until he awoke next morning from dreams of Chesterfield's bright eyes, and Isabella's glowing form, that Fairfax recollected that, during the whole evening, in that the metropolis of horsemanship and the chase, there had been no fields fought over again, nor any mention of fox-hunting or of hunters.

[Conclusion in our next.]

LINES.

I saw thee smile, and, oh! methought
A seraph from above was near,
Where'er I turned, my eye still caught
That heavenly smile which angels wear—

Thy rosy lips, half closed, half open,
The pearls in bright array disclosed,
Thy smile was full of joyous hope,
Of hope and happiness composed.

M.

THE FOUR LACE DEALERS.

BY RILEY RUBY.

M. Brissot, my employer, was an extensive lace merchant of Lyons. His establishment was the largest of its kind in France. His correspondents were scattered all over the Continent, but his principal agents were at Paris, which was at that time in a state of agitation and terror, consequent upon that daring act of the Convention—the decapitation, by the axe of the guillotine, of “the Austrian woman,” that is to say, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France.

M. Brissot was in a state of feverish excitement. His large establishment presented the melancholy picture of a host of workmen and machinery, and an empty treasury. Worse than this; notes were rapidly falling due, and unless he received remittances from his Paris agents, who were very heavily in his debt, there was nothing to save him from that ultimatum whose bare name is so appalling to the ear and mind of all honest tradesmen—bankruptcy.

In this condition of his affairs, M. Brissot came to me and said:

“Francois, you are my confidential clerk, and consequently understand my position without my telling it to you.”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“It is in your power, Francois, my friend, to save me. Will you do it?”

“How could you ask such a question, Monsieur, when you know I am devoted to you! Explain to me how I can assist you, or take you out of this extremity, and you may rely upon me.”

“I understand you, my good Francois; for your nature is noble, your mind clear, your hand firm, and your heart brave. Therefore it is that I have selected you, in this perilous state of my affairs, to rescue me from annihilation—to save me from ruin. You keep the books, and consequently understand the delicacy of my position; you keep the books, and know that I have a large number of heavy bills to pay within the next thirty days, and that to pay them I have scarcely a franc on hand or in expectation; you keep the books, and know that my Paris correspondents, who are deeply in my debt, and whom I have drawn on repeatedly without receiving any replies, are silent; you keep the books, and know that all my hopes, all my credit, all my reliance, hang on my Paris agents, and that unless I hear from them speedily, I am ruined, swallowed up, lost!”

“Yes, Monsieur, I know all that.”

“And therefore—”

“And therefore, Monsieur,” said I, seeing that he paused, “if you will permit me, I will at once to Paris, see those men, obtain what I can from them, then return with the money and deliver it to you.”

“This is what I wished, but had not the heart to ask of you; for it is at the risk of life to enter Paris now. The capital is mad with blood; terror reigns everywhere, and Robespierre, that demon of destruction, never raises his finger but to point to the guillotine, and never moves his lips but to pronounce a sentence—and that sentence is death.”

“I know all that, Monsieur.”

“The gates of Paris are guarded by his soldiers, and the walls environed by his spies. To enter the gates is comparatively easy—to emerge from them, not only difficult but impossible.”

“I know it, Monsieur.”

“The city is filled with people, one half of whom look on the other half with fear and distrust: for every man is either an accuser or a victim.”

“T is true, Monsieur.”

“If you enter Paris, spies will hang upon your footsteps—spies who, should you enrage them, would at once denounce you, and never take their eyes from off you, till they had seen your head upon the block and the axe upon your neck.”

“I know it, Monsieur; and yet to save you—you, who have ever been to me a benefactor and a father, I will incur this peril, which in my eyes is not greater than the danger of your bankruptcy, your ruin!”

M. Brissot's eyes were humid; his whole frame trembled with agitation. He threw his arms around me.

“I have an only child,” he exclaimed, “my daughter, my Pauline. I know that your heart has long worshiped her in secret. Return from Paris, and, whether you succeed or fail, she is yours!”

I could only return the pressure of his hand.

Two hours afterward, a passport was in my hand, and myself on the road to Paris.

In two days I was in the metropolis. I had ridden so hard that I left my horse dead upon the road, within a mile or two of the walls. I showed my passport to an officer at the gate, and was at once admitted.

Paris presented a frightful picture. Everybody was in the streets, which presented the appearance of a gala day. Men and women mingled indiscriminately together in crowds, dressed in the most fantastic costumes. Here was a group, chanting a hymn of rejoicing at the news of a victory by the army; there a crowd, listening to an orator who was trumpeting the virtues of Robespierre, “the incorruptible,” and denouncing the baseness of his enemies; at another point was a concourse, following a cart which was conveying a number of victims to the Place de Revolution, where stood the scaffold, the drop, and the axe—the guillotine; look

where you would, a noisy, heterogeneous mass met your eye, wild with excitement, and reeking with blasphemy and meaningless joy.

After some difficulty I procured lodgings, which I at once took possession of, as there was no telling, in the disordered state of society, how long I should be compelled to stay in the city, or what difficulties I should have to encounter and overcome ere I could return to Lyons.

I opened a private memorandum-book that I had brought with me, and found the following:

M. Rosignol, rue Vivienne,	22,000f.
M. Berthier, rue de l' Etang,	35,000
M. Tonnerre, rue St. Dennis,	90,000
M. Malhouet, rue Richelieu,	28,000
	<hr/> 175,000

So that my first business was to call on M. Rosignol, who was indebted to my employer in the sum of 22,000 francs.

I proceeded to the rue Vivienne, and after some difficulty—for I was a stranger in the city—discovered the establishment of the lace dealer. But the windows were closed, the doors locked, and the store apparently abandoned. I was alarmed, for if M. Rosignol were lost, or dead—if he left not effects sufficient to pay my employer's claim, there was nothing to save M. Brissot from bankruptcy: for it required every centime of the above one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs to enable him to meet his obligations.

I at once knocked at a side-door leading to the upper stories. A porter presented himself.

"Monsieur," said I to him, "why is the establishment of M. Rosignol, the lace dealer, closed?"

The man looked at me in surprise.

"Monsieur is a stranger in Paris?" he said, slowly, but in a tone of respect.

"You have guessed correctly."

"Ah! Then you had better apply to the prefect of police."

M. Rosignol has been arrested then?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"For what?"

"Monsieur had better ask that question of the prefect of police."

I was more and more alarmed.

"Another word," said I, seeing that the porter was about to retire.

"With pleasure, Monsieur."

"When was M. Rosignol arrested?"

"Two days ago."

"Thank you—thank you!"

"Monsieur is very welcome," replied the porter, as he stepped behind and closed the door.

A passer-by pointed out to me the direction of the prefect of police.

While passing down the rue Vivienne, I noticed a gentleman a short distance ahead, whose slight, noiseless step, and quiet, thoughtful appearance could not fail to command attention. His figure was small, his face pale almost to lividness, his

features sharp, and his keen, restless eyes of a deep, glittering blue. He was dressed in a dark suit, and wore a round hat with a broad rim, which was thrown so far back on his head that it exposed a small forehead projecting with great force over his temples. The expression of his face was that of a man worn out by vigils and meditations. A sinister line about his small, bloodless lips warned the spectator that he was in the presence of a man of great intellectual power.

While examining this strange face, the sudden and quick trampling of hoofs upon the pavement caused me to look around, and I beheld a horse who had evidently thrown his rider, dashing wildly down the street, and, to my great horror, making directly toward the personage I have just described.

"Monsieur," I cried, "look out—you will be killed!"

The stranger raised his thoughtful eyes, and, evidently still under the influence of his reverie, fixed them half confusedly upon me.

Seeing that he was not aware of his danger, I sprang forward, seized him around the waist, and at one bound was in the middle of the highway.

The horse at almost the same moment dashed, in his wild flight, right over the spot, and, speeding down the street, was out of sight in an instant.

A moment later, and the stranger would have been knocked down, crushed, and in all probability slain by the affrighted animal.

The shock I had given him recalled the gentleman to self-possession, and wheeling round and catching a momentary glimpse of the flying steed, he saw in an instant the peril he had so fortunately escaped. As his mind took in the extent of the danger, he turned his eyes, humid with emotion, upon me, and exclaimed—

"Monsieur, you have saved me. How can I repay you?"

"Name it not," I answered, desirous of avoiding thanks for so trifling a service. "I only performed a duty that I owed to humanity. It is sufficient for me that you are safe."

"Nay, Monsieur," said the stranger, "it is a life I owe you. Ha! what do I say—a life—I owe you ten, twenty, ay, a hundred lives, each one of which is priceless, because it is a life—that is to say, a soul, formed by God's own hands, and therefore more priceless than all the riches of the world. And it is a hundred of such jewels that I owe you from this hour, for having rescued me from the wretched and ignoble death to which yon crazed animal was so near consigning me!"

I looked at him in astonishment. "Who is this man?" thought I.

"In the hour of danger—in the hour of your greatest peril," continued the stranger, taking my hand and pressing it, "call on me, and I will prove to you—whatever the world may say to the contrary—that this breast contains a heart overflowing with gratitude!"

So saying, he lifted his hat and made me a profound bow; then turning on his heel, he resumed

his quiet, noiseless step, bent his head as before in thought, and so passed on till he reached the next corner, around which he turned and disappeared.

I looked after him till he had vanished, and then resumed my walk, wondering who this man could be whose life I had, in all probability, been the humble instrument of saving.

I reached, in due time, the office of the prefect of police, and was shown at once into the private room of that functionary, who sat writing at a small desk before a window shaded by a crimson curtain, through which the sunlight penetrated, casting a soft, vermilion tint upon every object within the chamber.

"Your wish?" said the prefect, a tall, stout man, of about fifty years, turning a pair of fierce eyes, and shaggy brows, full upon me.

"I desire, Monsieur," I replied, "to learn the whereabouts of a certain M. Rosignol."

"A lace merchant?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"He is in the dungeons of the Conciergerie."

"For what crime, Monsieur?"

"Treason."

"Can I see him, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"At what hour?"

"Ten, A. M. At that hour he, with his compeers in treason, will leave the Conciergerie for the scaffold!"

At this brutal answer my heart sunk, and I was nigh falling. With an effort, however, I mastered my feelings, and left the prefect. Once in the open air, that confidence which had ever been my best and truest friend returned to me, and enabled me to think. The result of my reflections was, that it was necessary for me to see M. Rosignol at all hazards. To do this, it was necessary to get an order from one of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal. I therefore resolved to wait upon one whose name and fame had spread all over France, and who was noted for his sympathy for the masses—Danton. I inquired his address, and posted at once to his house. The porter declined allowing me admittance, but a piece of gold at once removed his surliness, and served as a passport to the chamber of the patriot.

At a round-table, covered with books, papers, letters, and writing implements, I beheld a tall, stout man, with a bold, laughing eye, a pleasant countenance, and large, light whiskers. I had heard his appearance described a thousand times, and at once recognized the bold and chivalrous Danton.

"Who are you?" said he, in a rough voice; "and what do you want with me?"

"I am a Lyonese," I replied, "and have come to the great patriot, of whom I have heard so much, and who is so popular in my own city, to ask a favor!"

The flattery pleased him, and he was in a moment all politeness.

"So, they speak of me in Lyons, do they?" he said, with a smile of gratified pride. "And how do they call me?"

"They speak of you as Danton the Man of the People."

"Ha! they call me *that*!" And a smile of triumph gleamed in his large blue eyes. "'The Man of the People!' They but do me justice. I am *of* and *for* the people—that is to say, the many, the masses, and not the few. My heart, my sympathies, my feelings, are with the many, who suffer, and opposed to the few, who oppress. I am with the people, and against the aristocrats, who can exist only by riding over the heads of the people. The Lyonese but do me justice. Posterity also will do me justice, and France will do me justice, whatever they may say of me to-day; and future ages, in treating of my actions, will say, with the Lyonese, 'He was, in truth, the Man of the People!' But what can I do for you? What is the favor you have come to ask of me?" he added, with an encouraging smile.

"I have a friend in the Conciergerie whom it is a desire of my heart to see."

"You are young," he said, throwing a smiling glance at me. "This friend—is't a *lady*?"

"No, Monsieur, a gentleman."

"Ah!" he observed coldly, seeing that he had overshot his mark. "His name?"

"M. Rosignol."

"A lace dealer?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

The pleasant expression of his face passed away and was replaced by a disagreeable frown at this answer.

"You should beware of such acquaintances," he said, somewhat sternly. "These lace dealers are aristocrats. Their very business depends upon the aristocracy for an existence!"

This staggered me. So sweeping an assertion, if it were generally entertained by the Revolutionary Tribunal, boded me no good. If his business as a lace merchant was the cause of M. Rosignol's arrest, why, then, M. Berthier, M. Tonnerre and M. Malhouet, were doubtless all traitors, and in the dungeons of the Conciergerie as well!

"You do not reply?" said Danton, eyeing me menacingly.

I saw in a moment the necessity of avoiding all argument with this vain but powerful man. It was my policy to appeal to his vanity, which was so conspicuously great, and not to his reason, which was as correspondingly small.

"It would not be becoming, Monsieur, for a rude, untutored man like me, to attempt to dispute a point with a mind so keen, subtle, and enlarged in its views as yours."

"Well, well," he cried, with a condescending smile, and evidently pleased with the flattery, "we will say no more about it. 'Tis very evident *you* are no aristocrat, at all events!"

"Who—I, Monsieur! Oh, I am, like you, of the people. The only difference between us is, that

God made me a common man, and you a great one!"

"Enough!" he said, with an affectation of majesty and magnanimity, "you shall not go back to Lyons without having seen your friend. Danton will, at all times, stretch a point to serve one of the people."

As he spoke he drew toward him a slip of paper, on which he hurriedly traced a few words, and then, with an assumed air of condescension, handed it to me.

It was an order to the governor of the Conciergerie, authorizing him to allow me an interview with M. Rosignol.

As I stammered my thanks, Danton waved his hand for me to depart, and leaving him I hurried at once to the prison and was instantly admitted.

The order of Danton was enough to insure me the highest attention and respect, and a turnkey at once conducted me to a low dungeon in which were seven persons. As the jailer opened the door these men turned their eyes upon him with an eager, inquiring look.

The turnkey, familiar with such scenes, at once understood what they would ask him. He shook his head, saying—

"No, messieurs, I bring you not a reprieve—I bring you no intelligence—I bring nothing but a visitor: a visitor to M. Rosignol."

The prisoners turned away their heads with a groan, and all but one dropped their heads on their bosoms in despair. That one I felt satisfied was M. Rosignol.

The turnkey now left the dungeon, saying—

"When Monsieur wishes to retire, let him knock thrice and I will open the door."

The next moment the door closed, the lock was turned, and I was alone with the prisoners.

A lamp, suspended by three chains, hung from the ceiling, and threw a dim light through the dungeon.

"Which is M. Rosignol?" I asked, somewhat timidly.

The man whom I had taken for him answered—

"You are looking at him, Monsieur."

"T is well," I answered. "My name is Francois Dumourier; I am confidential clerk to M. Brissot, of Lyons, in whose name I now speak to you."

At mention of M. Brissot's name, three others of the prisoners raised their heads and threw their eyes upon me.

"Say on, Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, in a tone of subdued grief. "I am listening."

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said I, "but before I speak further, I would ask a question."

"Ask it, Monsieur."

"Are you acquainted with M. Berthier, of the rue de l'Etang?"

"Yes."

"With M. Tonnerre, of the rue St. Dennis?"

"Yes."

"And with M. Malhouet, of the rue Richelieu?"

"And with him."

At mention of these names, the three prisoners to whom I have alluded pricked up their ears, and looked at one another in surprise.

"And can you tell me, M. Rosignol, if those three gentlemen are, like you, in the Conciergerie?"

"They are!" was the reply.

"I feared it!" I exclaimed. "And are they here?"

"They are," answered M. Rosignol. "Messieurs," he added, turning to the three prisoners, "permit me to introduce you to Monsieur Dumourier, confidential clerk to our correspondent at Lyons, M. Brissot."

I was thunderstruck.

The three gentlemen bowed to me with that grace and politeness which never desert Frenchmen under any circumstances.

"Gentlemen," said I, as I recovered my self-possession. "I will not address you individually. What I have to say had better, I think, be said to you generally, as all of you are interested."

They bowed, and I went on.

"Gentlemen, before I begin, permit me to make my apologies for speaking to you on such matters here and in this unfortunate position. Blame not me, but the necessity which brings me here."

"Say on, Monsieur!" said they, in that peculiar tone which is never heard save from the lips of those whose ill-starred destinies have sentenced them to the *lowest* depths of human suffering.

"Gentlemen," I began, "when M. Brissot requested me to come to Paris and learn the cause of your silence, it was not here, it was not in the Conciergerie that he expected me to see, that I expected to meet you!"

The four lace dealers each gave a low groan, and dropped their eyes, humid with mental agony, upon the floor.

"Gentlemen," said I, struggling to repress my feelings at their frightful position, "will you pardon me for, in obedience to the duty I owe my employer, intruding my presence on your sorrows here?"

They raised their eyes, and by their looks I saw that I was forgiven.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "let me tell you in one word the cause of my presence in Paris. M. Brissot is on the eve of bankruptcy; and unless he can get some money from you, who are heavily on his books, he is lost. Gentlemen, in one word, can you do any thing to save him?"

"Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, "I am in debt to the worthy M. Brissot, whom I sincerely love and respect, in the sum of twenty-two thousand francs. Were I free, I could and would cheerfully pay it. But I am a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at ten o'clock to-morrow."

And he turned his head to the wall, murmuring—"My poor wife—my poor children—who will watch over ye now!"

I was like one who feels the ground giving way from under him.

"Monsieur," said M. Berthier, "I honestly owe

the worthy man you represent thirty-five thousand francs. Were I free, I could pay it in an hour. But I am a condemned man, and to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I am to die!"

And he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My wife—my poor, poor wife!"

I felt like a wreck on a wreck at sea who sees, without the power of resistance, the waves wrenching his only support in pieces.

"Monsieur," said M. Tonnerre, with an air of dignity, "I compassionate the strait in which my friend and correspondent, M. Brissot finds himself. I regret it the more, inasmuch as the large dealings between us leave me heavily in his debt. I owe him the sum of ninety thousand francs, which, large as it is, I could easily pay were I but one hour at liberty. But I am, as you see, a chained prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at the hour of ten to-morrow!"

And he turned away his head, exclaiming in accents of deep grief—"Oh, Emily—my only, my darling one—could I but see thee once more ere I die!"

As he concluded, I felt as if my blood had ceased to flow, as if my heart had ceased to beat.

"Monsieur," said Mr. Malhouet, "like my friends here—like every captive in this cell—I am a lost man, and doomed to lose my head at ten to-morrow. I am indebted to your worthy employer in the sum of twenty-eight thousand francs. Were I free, I could discharge the debt in thirty minutes. I sympathize, like an honest tradesman, with M. Brissot in his strait, and if at liberty would at once do my share, as a correspondent and friend, toward relieving him. But I am chained, imprisoned, helpless!"

And, like the others, he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My mother—my mother—who will preserve, who will console thee, when I am gone!"

I could make no reply. The terrible intelligence they had given me—the frightful bearing it had on the position of my unfortunate benefactor and employer, had operated on me like a heavy blow. I felt confused, crushed, annihilated.

I staggered to the door, gave the required signal, and, a few moments afterward was in the street, reeling like a drunkard.

I staggered to a coffee-house, called for a bottle of brandy, drank it like so much water, and then, feeling still stupefied, hurried forth more like a lunatic than a sane man.

Men, women and children stared at me as I passed by; but I cared neither for their smiles nor their jeers, but strode on, bold, savage and defiant.

Suddenly, I found my progress arrested by two long pieces of steel pressed against my breast. I looked up and beheld two gens d'armes, with the bayonets of their muskets pointed at me.

"Where is Monsieur going?" they demanded.

I made no reply, but gazed at them like one stupefied. I fell back a step or two from their guns, and found myself before the entrance of a large building.

"What place is this?" I asked of one of the gens d'armes.

"The Hotel de Ville," was the reply.

"Stand out of the way," he added, pushing me off with his bayonet, "make room for the Incorruptible!"

As the soldier spoke, there was a rattling of wheels upon the pavement, and a few moments afterward a carriage drew up before the main entrance of the Hotel de Ville.

A short, slender gentleman, dressed in a suit of plain black, stepped from it, and was passing from it into the palace, when, as my eyes fell on him, all the blood in my body seemed mounting, like hot lava, to my head. In an instant every attribute of my nature, every sense of my intellect was alive. In the Incorruptible I had recognized the gentleman whose life I had saved in the morning!

An idea now flashed through my brain, and, with it all my self-possession instantly returned.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked of one standing near me.

"The Incorruptible, Maximilian Robespierre!" was the reply.

"Thank you!" I replied. "And can one see him? Is he visible to strangers?"

"Of course," answered the man, shrugging his shoulders at my ignorance. "The people have the right to visit him at any hour. And why should they not? Though the Dictator of France, he is nothing more than the people's steward. He says so himself."

"Thank you!" I repeated. And breaking from the crowd, I hurried to my lodgings and penned the following note:

"M. ROBESPIERRE—Fortunately for France I was this morning the humble instrument of preserving your valuable life. Your noble nature prompted you to say, in consideration of that service, that you owed me a hundred souls in return. I therefore now ask of your gratitude not a hundred, but four lives, who are as precious to me as my own existence. The names of the four men whose lives I have the honor to ask at your hands are M. Roignol, of the rue Vivienne; M. Berthier, of the rue de l'Etang; M. Tonnerre, of the rue St. Dennis, and M. Malhouet, of the rue Richelieu. These men are in cell No. 28, of the Conciergerie, and unless previously set at liberty, will perish at ten o'clock to-morrow. They are charged with being aristocrats. I will answer for them that the charge is without the slightest foundation. I ask their lives of you for the one I saved to France this morning.

FRANCOIS DUMOURIER."

This missive I folded and sealed, and then took to the Hotel de Ville. Seeing a letter in my hand, and therefore taking me for one of the countless spies of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the guards permitted me to pass, and following the stream that preceded me, I soon found myself in the vast reception hall. It was filled with a motley crowd, and to reach Robespierre, who was sitting at a round table, with a number of his colleagues, it was necessary to work

my way gradually along the line of spectators facing the slight railing which divided the Tribunal from the auditors. This was in due time accomplished, and I had now to bide my time till the Dictator's eye should, by some fortunate chance, meet mine.

I had not long to wait, my uplifted hand, holding the letter, attracted the attention of the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and his glance, falling from the letter to the hand, and from that to the face of the person owning it, settled at length on me, and in an instant he was on his feet.

"Approach!" he said.

The crowd around me at once gave way, and an officer conducted me to the Dictator.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a loud voice, taking me by the hand and turning to his colleagues, "permit me to introduce to you the hero of whom I have already spoken—the instrument, under God, of saving my poor life!"

The members rose and crowded around me, and at the same instant, the vast crowd in the hall thundered forth—

"Gratitude to the preserver of our Dictator!"

And for a few moments the hall rang with a din so deafening that it almost bewildered me.

"You have a petition," said Robespierre, waving his hand to command silence, and then resuming his seat; "deliver it."

I modestly handed him the letter, and then stepped back a step or two, to watch the manner of its reception.

The Dictator perused it calmly, and then silently passed it over to a colleague, who at a sign from the former, read it aloud.

I could scarcely breathe during its recital, for on its acceptance depended all my hopes.

"What say you, gentlemen," said the Dictator, "has M. Dumourier sufficient claims on us to grant him the lives of those four men?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" resounded from all sides. Not a voice was in the negative.

My heart was in my throat with joy. The members of the tribunal, the chairs, the tables, the spectators, every thing danced before me.

"St. Just," said the Dictator, turning to one near him, "write out the order of liberation."

I could scarcely see—every thing around me began to grow dim.

"Here," said the Dictator, putting the paper, which he had just signed, into my hand, "go, and make yourself and four friends happy. France grants your petition and their deliverance. As for yourself, remember that, while he lives, you have claims of an enduring character upon Robespierre!"

How I got away from the Hotel de Ville, I know not!

I hurried to the Conciergerie, presented the order, and shortly afterward left the prison with the four lace merchants. I shall not attempt to describe their gratitude nor my happiness. Enough, that they paid me their individual amounts in full before night fell.

I quitted Paris early the next morning, and two days afterward entered the establishment of my employer at Lyons, whom I made happy with the gold which was to save him from bankruptcy.

M. Brissot could scarcely control his emotion at sight of the money. He heard the details of my absence with varied feelings; then taking me by the hand, led me to his house, and there, raising the hand of his daughter Pauline, silently placed it in mine.

I was happy.

A DREAM OF COLUMBUS.

BY THE LATE ALLAN CUNNINGHAM MILLIKEN.

THE silver crescent had been torn
From the gray Alhambra's wall;
The Moor had wept o'er Grenada,
And left his father's hall;
And the court of royal Ferdinand
And the lady Isabelle,
To the sound of merry music,
And with laughter and with song,
In the Moor's deserted palace
Did its revelry prolong.
Sad was the noble Moslem's heart,
For he had struggled well—
And filled with gladness were they all,
In the court of Isabelle.
Nay, not all; there was one lone man
Who neither wept nor smiled,
As he sat by his only friend on earth,
And he was a sleeping child.
Why keeps he his sad vigil,
Musing silently and long?
He whose heart is bold in battle

Should share the victor's song.
But on his ear unheeded fell
The strains of joy and praise
As bending o'er his sleeping boy
He thought of other days.
He thought of lovely Genoa,
Fair city of the sea—
For his youth was nurtured 'neath the sky
Of cloudless Italy—
To her, when on his spirit broke
Dreams of the ocean isles—
Where spring-time ever singeth,
And where summer ever smiles—
He flew to tell her, as a child
Flies to its saintly mother,
And trembled lest his heart might break
Its secret to another.
But she had long forgotten him,
And spurned the gifts he bore;
And full of bitter sorrowing
He left his native shore;

And he thought of lovely Venice,
 The Adriatic's bride,
 Throned on her sunny islands
 Amid his golden tide.
 He offered her a coronet,
 Inwrought with many a gem,
 Meet for her pals and queen-like brow
 Was such a diadem.
 But she dashed it from her jeweled hand,
 As the reckless debauchee
 Flings down the empty goblet
 In the midst of revelry.
 Oh! like a bark tossed by the wave,
 And broken by the gale,
 Was the life of that bold dreamer—
 Yet his heart did never fail.
 A spirit was indwelling,
 That lit his darker hour
 With golden visions, and his soul
 Did yield unto its power.
 And his labors now were ended,
 For the royal Ferdinand
 Had pledged his princely honor,
 And sworn it on his hand,
 That when from the Alhambra
 His flag should kiss the breeze,
 He should go forth for the sunny isles,
 Afar in the unknown seas.
 The noise of the joyous wassail
 Grew louder, and the light
 Of blazing torches fell upon
 The starry brow of night;
 And through the latticed casement
 A beam of light was stealing
 From off a silver fountain
 Olive branches were concealing;
 And it fell upon a brow
 Pale and silent—for he slumbered
 Amid the revelry that told
 Grenada's days were numbered
 And he dreamed not of the past
 Or the present hour of joy,
 But of the future, as he slept
 Beside his blue-eyed boy.

DREAM.

He was far, afar on the silver sea,
 And the pale stars looked down smilingly;
 The weary crew to their rest had gone;
 By the caravel's helm he stood alone.
 Adown in the water he cast his eye,
 Where dimly the coral islands lie;
 And like the vault of heaven afar,
 Imbosoming each silver star,

Spread that interminable wild
 Of water pure and undefiled,
 While ever the playful zephyr flings
 Sweet perfume from its weary wings;
 The soft breath of the odorous flower,
 That it had caught, as round the bower
 It whispered in low minstrelsy,
 That summer builds in the isles of the sea.
 All was silent; you might hear
 The wailing of each musical sphere,
 As the Santa Maria stole on her way
 To the golden shore of the blessed Cathay;
 The moon-beams fell on that pure sea
 In golden glances beautifully;
 They came from the couch of the dying day,
 To spread for her a golden way.
 Long had she followed their pathway bright;
 But it was broken on that night.
 There dwelleth a dark spot on the sea,
 Sleeping there mysteriously,
 As an evil thought will sometimes find
 A dwelling-place in a noble mind.
 It draweth more near, and turrets rise,
 Like jagged clouds in the azure skies;
 It draweth more near—and with outstretched hand
 He gazeth eagerly—it was land!
 There lay an island in its green dress,
 Basking in Nature's wantonness;
 Oriole, lark, and nightingale,
 Mingle their voices in the vale;
 Every whispering air that steals
 Perfume from the flowers, reveals
 Where the murmuring fountains flow,
 In melody most sad and low.
 On his dreaming ear a soft voice came,
 Breathing of rank and a noble name,
 Of princely honor and minstrel's praise,
 Hymning the deeds of his early days.

Crafty monarch and warrior grim,
 What was he or they to him?
 They were glad that the joyous cup
 Of ruddy wine was lifted up;
 That the sword and shield were thrown aside,
 And the crescent, so long deified,
 Had yielded to the cross;
 And that beneath the morrow's sun,
 The banner of proud Arragon
 Should wave its glorious folds upon
 The Moslem tower; but he had won
 A nobler triumph far than this,
 Wrought by his heart's own manliness,
 In dreamy thought yet well defined,
 A triumph of the unconquered mind.

SONNET TO BYRON.

BY E. T. CONRAD.

SPIRIT of gloom, whose meteoric glare
 Gleaned o'er the darkness of an erring path,
 And lit its horrors into heightened wrath,
 Laying the shades of shrinking terrors bare!
 Sad was thy rare prerogative. Thy ken
 Pierced the dim confines of the shadowy sphere,
 Where—dark and towering—phantom forms appear,

Unseen by fainter eyes of feeble men.
 Such was thy commune: was it strange that thou
 Shrank from the dwarfish race of common thought;
 And, with a haught, unhallowed daring, sought
 The shoreless ocean of forbidden wo?
 Thy mind a mystery in its dark unrest—
 The tortured cloud that palls the red volcano's breast!

WHAT CAME OF "THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

It was certainly a dismal night. No one could dispute it even within doors, where the gas blazed and Liverpool coal sent out fantastic flames. For even as you stirred the fire, a cold blast swept roaring down the chimney, and the windows rattled a cheerless accompaniment.

"There's some comfort even in misfortunes," thought the occupant of a snug little basement office, who drew his lounging chair still closer to the grate. "If a fellow has n't got a large practice, he's not bound to go out in all sorts of weather. Why, there's McDibble, who sleeps in his cab half the time—all the sleep he does get—and old Gregory, I don't believe he's passed a night in a comfortable bed these twenty years. Just now, I must say, decidedly, I'm rather glad I hav'n't fifty patients on my list, who must be attended to spite of the weather. Sailors and physicians ought to be made of gutta percha—it's my opinion;" and as if his countenance were already composed of that elastic substance, the young physician indulged in a series of yawns, and grimaces, that might be comforting, but were any thing but picturesque or agreeable expressions.

It was certainly a snug little office. There was the sofa—a sofa by day and a bedstead by night—one of those convenient appurtenances that seem to have been invented expressly for the convenience of boarding-house keepers. The carpet was neat and well swept, the blinds drawn down, and a shaded lamp was burning on the centre-table, now close to the fire. In the shadow of an alcove you could distinguish the tall form of a venerable wardrobe, or chest of drawers, the only antique about the apartment, and a book-case, tolerably well filled, occupied one side of the room. Quite a little parlor it seemed, for the young physician was somewhat fastidious, and you involuntarily glanced round for the female presence by whose fair hands it was so neatly ordered. Then you saw it was after all only a bachelor's apartment, for the mantle ornaments were cigar-cases and a stand of *allumettes*, and a pair of boots were stationed in the very centre of the hearth-rug.

Yet you could not help envying the occupant these cosy quarters, if you yourself chanced to be one of the disconsolate brotherhood, who are generally packed away, like any other old lumber, in attics next the roof. He seemed so care free, and looked as if he enjoyed to the utmost the *dolce far niente* of a rainy autumn night, when the storm is an admirable excuse for keeping within doors, and doing just whatever happens to hit the fancy. The fire-light, and the bright colored dressing-gown, gave a fine glow to his handsome face, set off by black, glossy whiskers—and his feet were thrust into gayly

embroidered slippers, the work of some fond sister, or admiring cousin no doubt. There was a half-closed volume in one hand, and a cigar, from which he now and then sent forth a curling cloud of smoke, in the other. Doubtless some favorite medical treatise, you will say, for the glass-doors of the book-case are ajar, and there is an empty niche on the highest shelf. Glance along it, and you will see a little more of our hero's turn of mind. By no means entirely practical, for a standard edition of the poets occupies a considerable space; Tennyson is jostled by an essay on "Acute Diseases;" and "Festus" finds congenial neighborhood in two volumes, labeled—"On the Causes of Insanity." So on the table—"Graham," "Harper," and "Punch," are in good fellowship with "Rankin's Medical Abstracts," an odd number of the "London Lancet," and the Report of a City Hospital for the year 1850. It is easily seen that there was a little freshness of feeling, and a great deal of poetical romance, still left to the heart and brain of this aspirant for professional honors and emolument.

No, it was no dry disquisition or curious demonstration which occupied our friend. The leaves were too white and delicately printed, befitting the graceful fancies which are enshrined in "The Reveries of a Bachelor." It is a book everybody has read this season—a taking title in the first place, to a large brotherhood of solitary individuals, and again as it seemed especially intended for the other sex—a matter in which, by express prohibition, they hold neither part nor lot—of course any lady who reads sent to her bookseller for the very first copy that could be procured.

Was it not in perfect keeping with "the hour and the man?"

"Pon my word! I should like to see this 'Marvel,'" thought our friend the doctor, changing the position of his feet, so that the pleasant heat should strike upon the remarkably high instep of the right foot instead of the left. "He must be a confoundedly pleasant fellow. He seems to use the knife as if he were an old hand at an anatomical demonstration—makes clean work of it, laying bare every nerve, if I may say so—no matter how you wince under it. Chloroform won't avail a fellow in this case, you've only to shut your eyes and bear it like a hero. How should he know thoughts and feelings I have never put in words nor on paper, but there they are—staring you in the face in black and white.

"But it's no use—when a man has his way to make in the world, he can't afford to marry a poor girl." And then he laid down the book, and put his hands on his face, as if to shut out a vision of sweet, pleading eyes, that once had followed every

motion of his own. I'm not sure but he sighed, for he felt how that young creature had loved him, and he might have won her had he chosen, and made her life bright and happy. She was married now—that was a long time ago—and sometimes her last sad look haunted him, for he knew she had recklessly thrown her life away, on one who could never appreciate the depth and tenderness of her nature.

"Pshaw! let by-gones be by-gones," he ejaculated at last, giving the cigar a vigorous puff, as if he meant such things were all smoke and vapor after all. And then he fell back into the old train of thought, as the fire burned cheerily, and he watched the changing phantoms which gleamed out from the glowing mass.

"Let me see, it's now the third year of my up-town experience. High time I was doing better, that's a fact. An individual like myself ought to do considerable in three years. McDibble's favorite student—industrious and painstaking—not very bad looking either, though I do say it, and after all a face and figure go a great ways when one's fortune depends upon one's address in a measure. However, this is *entre nous*," and he bowed slightly to the fire, as if addressing the pardonable bit of self-complacency to a third and most discreet party.

"Now it would be very comfortable to be married; I often think so, as I am coming home at nightfall. I can imagine it would be very pleasant to turn the corner from Broadway, and catch a glimpse of the light coming through the shutters of my house. There would be my name on a neat little plate by the door—'Dr. Morton'—in small gilt letters. Then my dead-latch key—I should have it twirling on my thumb—would admit me to a warm, pleasant hall, where nobody but myself had a right to the convenient hat-stand. I should cross the hall very softly, thinking of an agreeable surprise, but her ears would be too quick for me—and out would rush my own little wife, throwing her arms about my neck, while I stooped down to kiss her sweet mouth. I can hear her say—'Dear Henry! how late you are; and you must be so tired.' And then to prove she had been thinking about me, there—as we walked into the parlor with my arm about her waist—there is the easy chair, something like this, drawn up between the fire and her work-table, and the slippers (she worked them herself while we were engaged) all ready for my weary self. She in just such a neat little dress as Ike Marvel describes; the little lace ruffle, and the wedding-ring and all. She plays with that ring, while she tells me what she has been doing all day, or inquires with her sweet benevolence for the blind child I had told her about, or the poor widow with consumption, to whom she sent those grapes. She looks so sorrowfully, when I tell her that the poor lady is sinking fast, but brightens up again at the news that there is some hope that the little Ellen will see once more."

"Ting-a-ling—ling."

The office bell—actually the office bell, that had

not been rung in the evening before—ah, in how long! broke in on this delicious reverie.

It was a female too—dreadful that a woman should be out such a night as this alone, and exposed to the drenching storm. It must be an emergency. Who was dying, or was she ill herself! No, she was not the patient, for her warm Highland shawl enveloped a robust form, and though she was not beautiful—somehow the doctor had expected she would be—she smiled pleasantly, and said she had been sent for him to come immediately to her mistress, who was very ill. The lady—Miss Seymour—he would find beyond Washington Square, in Fourth street—the seventh house—he could not mistake it, and the case was urgent, a sudden spasm of the heart, or something of that kind, and their family physician was out of town.

"Take a chair—take a chair, my good girl, and dry your feet. Mrs. Seymour is—"

"Miss Seymour," said the maid, correcting him.

"Has she been long ill? Is it a settled thing?" he inquired in the hurry of preparation. Away fled the little wife, and the work-table, banished from the physician's office with the entrance of the more material reality, who now occupied an empty chair by the fire.

No, it was very sudden, quite startling—and her shoes were soaking with moisture. Perhaps she had better sit there and dry them a little, if he would permit her, and then follow him as speedily as possible.

Certainly, by all means—he would leave the key in the door, and tell the servant to attend her when she wished to go. She had such a frank, open expression, and was so quiet and well-bred. He was sure the mistress must be a lady—how he longed to see her and restore her—"poor thing—poor thing!"

On went the overcoat, and the boots, he stamped in them a little, to make them more comfortable, and "The Reveries of a Bachelor" was tossed into the centre of the table.

"Angina Pectoris—no doubt," but then it was rarely fatal in a young person, and he looked back to inquire Miss Seymour's age.

"Nearly nineteen," the maid said, and she began pulling on her gloves, and wrapping her shawl around her, as if to follow him.

"Sit still—sit still," said the physician, good-naturedly. "I will see your mistress, and you must not get ill and unfit to wait on her"—so he called Dick, the errand-boy, and bade him put on more coal, and attend to things in his absence.

The cold blast met him at the door, but it was not half so fierce as it had sounded. The rain dashed against his umbrella—frail protection in such a shower—but he met it bravely. He was glad it was a young lady—it would be most provoking to go out such a night to attend a rheumatic old woman, or a child with the croup. "Seymour—Fourth street."

The name was a good one, quite familiar to him. The Seymours were all wealthy, and there were some very fine houses in that neighborhood. It might introduce him—this late call—into an excel-

least bit of practice; such odd things do happen, and fortune always comes when least expected. A large family connection were the Seymours—no doubt there were a great many children, and where there's children a doctor is almost as necessary as a nurse," he sagely reflected.

"But the young lady herself—I wonder if she's pretty? How interesting a pretty woman looks in a sick room? We doctors are lucky fellows after all? What if she should turn out to be pretty and an heiress, and very grateful to me for saving her life. Everybody with these attacks think they are going to die at once. I know I shall be able to relieve her—bless me, what a shower! And then I shall consider my presence necessary through the night, lest she should have a relapse. I shall get quite well acquainted with mamma by that time, who will, of course, be all anxiety, and quite as grateful as her daughter. I always make it a point to get the good graces of the ladies of a family."

So thinking, the iron gates of the square closed behind him with a clash, and he strode rapidly down the central path.

"If she should chance to be an heiress—dear knows what might come of it. Worse looking people than I am have been successful under less favorable circumstances. I hope these spasms are not chronic! Let me see; she must keep her bed for a day or two. Family physician still continues out of town. She begins to watch for me about eleven, and I find her a little flushed, but looking so charming in the lace cap, and the soft pillows heaped around her. Her hand trembles a little as I take it—the pulse flutters—almost imperceptibly. Good—very good! I like the symptoms!" and if it had not been for the umbrella, he would doubtless have rubbed his hands upon it.

"When she is convalescent, I speak of discontinuing my visits. Her voice falters, so does mine—she looks up to me—our eyes meet. I take her hand, but this time do not count her pulse. Perhaps there is a little opposition at first, but finally 'papa' sees she is quite disconsolate, and 'mamma' fears a return of the spasms. 'After all, what is wealth when the dear child's life is concerned. We can do a great deal for him,' says the dear old lady; and Lucy—yes, her name must be Lucy—blushes and squeezes her hand gratefully."

Once more the gate clanged behind him; but it was so dark he had taken a wrong direction, he hurried down the street and resumed his reverie.

"Then, of course, my fortune's made. I can sit down and enjoy myself. Papa-in-law buys a snug little house, and furnishes it—there is that home, my wife, and the work-table. How the boys will envy me. Stranger things have happened!"

He was now in the vicinity pointed out, and began to look eagerly around him. There were some very good houses, as he had said, particularly the seventh from the corner. He ascended the free-stone steps, and rang a gentle peal, for he knew they must be awaiting his arrival. No answer. He rang again—this time more vigorously. "These attacks are

sometimes alarming, after all," he thought; and he longed to see if his fair patient was, indeed, fair.

Still no answer—a louder and a louder peal, and then a window was thrown open, and some one inquired who was there?

"The physician," he said, "sent for to Miss Seymour;" and imagine his annoyance when he found that he had mistaken the house. He forgot that there were two sides to the street, and now hurried through the mud, over the slippery paving-stones to the opposite mansion. It was not so large as the other, but still a stylish-looking residence, as well as he could make out in the midnight—for it was nearly midnight by this time. He was now thoroughly wet, and nearly out of patience, as no answer came to his first summons. The wind had turned his umbrella inside out—he had not stopped for over-shoes, and his boots were thin.

"No Miss Seymour lived there;" he ascertained it at last from a frightened-looking servant-girl, who came to the door evidently in a hurried toilette, shielding a night-lamp in her hand.

"Nor in the neighborhood, as she knew of;" and then the door slammed-to, extinguishing the light, and leaving him in a maze of difficulty. It would not do to go ringing up all the neighborhood at this late hour, and it was too dark to think of reading the door-plates. How stupid he had been not to ask more particular directions, or to wait for the girl! But there was no help for it—it was too stormy to stand on the open pavement to deliberate. He must return home, and trust to chance to relieve Miss Seymour, and give him an introduction to her.

The violence of the storm seemed to have increased ten fold; he had no pleasant fancies to afford him a mental shelter from its inclemency. He thought he should never reach home. But it was gained at last, and as he fitted the night-key, he happened to think the girl might still be there; but no, the room was empty; the fire had burned down, and his lamp had gone out. He lighted a candle, for he was thoroughly drenched, and went to the drawer for some dry clothing. It was nearly empty of its contents. A dreadful suspicion flashed across his mind; the wardrobe, too, was open, and his best suit had disappeared. He rushed across the room to the toilette-stand, under the little mirror, he remembered laying his watch down there, and sticking a diamond-pin, his only valuable trinket, carelessly in the cushion, when he assumed his dressing gown. Both were gone.

Gentle reader—Miss Seymour was a *myth*! The loss only was real; and the modest, gentle servant-maid, we grieve to confess it, had shown herself qualified for a situation in that large and well known mansion, *The Tombs*. The sleepy serving-man could give no information as to her movements, except that she had gone out half an hour ago with a large bundle, which he supposed to be her exclusive property. There was nothing but patience for a wound like this; and the young physician's reveries, as he fell asleep at length, jaded and weary, were far from being as agreeable as those in which he had indulged earlier in the evening.

THE FAIRY BRIDE.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

By way of introduction, let me confess, that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth I was no first-rate economist, and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it; but the scale I went upon was too liberal; and after having commenced my travel with extra-post, and then prosecuted it for some time in the diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot. Like a gay young blade, it had been from old my custom on entering an inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favor with her; whereby, for the most part, my shot was somewhat reduced.

One night at dusk, as I was entering the post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair, double-seated coach, with four horses, rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round, and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask if I could help her in any thing. On stepping out, a fair form displayed itself, and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was ought I could do for her.

"O yes!" said she, "if you will lift that little box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and bring it in: but I intreat you above all, to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least."

I took out the box with great care; she shut the coach door; we walked up stairs together, and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night.

We were now alone in the chamber. She desired me to put the box on the table which was standing at the wall; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand.

"Order supper for us two," said she then; and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission; scarcely deigning, in my pride of heart, to cast even a side-look on landlady and menials.

With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served; we took our seats opposite to each other; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal, and no less with so desirable a sight beside me; nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment. Her con-

versation was pleasant, yet she carefully waved whatever had reference to affection and love. The cloth was removed, I still lingered—I tried all sorts of manœuvres to get near her, but in vain; she kept me at a distance by a certain dignity which I could not withstand; nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour.

After a night passed in waking, or unrestfully dreaming, I rose early, inquired whether she had ordered horses, and learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery and audacity, all at once started into motion within me—I rushed toward her and clasped her in my arms.

"Angelic, irresistible being," cried I, "pardon, but it is impossible!"

With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek.

"Forbear such out-breaking of a sudden, foolish passion," said she, "if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials."

"Ask of me what thou pleasest, angelic spirit," cried I, "but do not drive me to despair."

She answered with a smile—"if you mean to devote yourself to my service hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady, one of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this box were taken forward. Will you engage with it? You have nothing to do but carefully to lift the box into the carriage and out—to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table, in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim."

I looked at her—I felt strangely enough at heart—I promised to do all if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so, and from that moment I had become entirely her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take; the places where I was to wait and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do.

On my return from giving my orders I found the room door locked. I directly tried my master-key,

and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew open—I found the chamber empty: only the box standing on the table where I had laid it. The carriage drove up, I carried the box carefully down with me and placed it by my side. The hostess asked—“Where is the lady, then?” A child answered—“She’s gone into the town.” I nodded to the people, and rolled off in triumph from the door which I had last night entered with dusty gaiters.

That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the box, it may readily be imagined. I posted right forward, passed several stages without alighting, and rested not till I had reached a considerable town, where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed: the box always carried to a separate room and two wax candles lighted beside it, for such also had been her order. I would then lock the chamber, establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded. For awhile I was able to employ myself with thinking of her; but by degrees the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions; these I soon found at tables d’hôte, in coffee-houses and public places, altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living my money began to melt away; and one night it vanished entirely from my purse in a fit of passionate gaming, which I had not had the prudence to abandon.

Void of money, with the appearance of a rich man expecting a heavy bill of charges; uncertain whether and when my fair one would make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her, and believe that, without her and her gold, it was quite impossible for me to live. After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room; I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and indeed behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly, in the adjoining chamber where the box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking on the well-bolted door which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master-key, but the door-leaves fly open of themselves, and in the splendor of the burning wax-lights enters my beauty. I cast myself at her feet—kiss her robe, her hands—she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her; but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault.

“It is pardonable,” said she, “only it postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour in the world before we can meet again. Here is more money,” continued she, “sufficient if you husband it with any kind of reason. But as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes.”

She retired over the threshold: the door-leaves

flew together; I knocked, I entreated, but nothing further stirred. Next morning, while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled and said—

“So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you, but now we have seen your treasure walking down stairs, and in good truth it seemed worthy of being well kept.”

To this I answered nothing, but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain fashionable individuals, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. But how great was my astonishment and my joy, when after some weeks, I observed that the fullness of my store was not in the least diminished—that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I sat myself down to count; I accurately marked the sum, and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land and excursions by water—of dancing, singing and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually diminishing, as if by my cursed counting I had robbed it of the property of being uncountable. However, this gay mode of existence had been once entered on: I could not draw back, and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situation, upbraided my fair friend for having so led me into temptation; took it as an offense that she did not again show herself to me; renounced, in my spleen, all duties toward her, and resolved to break open the box and see if peradventure any help might be found there.

I was just proceeding with my purpose, but I put it off till night, that I might go through the business with full composure, and, in the meantime, I hastened off to a banquet for which this was the appointed hour. Here again we got into a high key; the wine and trumpet-sounding had flushed me not a little, when, by the most villainous luck, there soon arose ill-humor, quarreling and battle, and I was carried home half dead of several wounds. The surgeon had bandaged me and gone away; it was far in the night; my sick nurse had fallen asleep, the door of the side-room went up, my fair, mysterious friend came in and sat down beside me on the bed. She asked how I was. I answered not, for I was faint and sullen. She continued speaking with much sympathy; she rubbed my temples with a certain balsam, whereby I felt myself rapidly and decidedly strengthened—so strengthened that I could now get angry and upbraid her.

In a violent speech I threw all the blame of my misfortune on her—on the passion she had inspired me with—on her appearing and vanishing, and the tedium, the longing which in such a case I could not

but feel. I waxed more and more vehement, as if a fever had been coming on, and I swore to her at last, that if she would not be mine—would not now abide with me and wed me, I had no wish to live any longer—to all which I required a peremptory answer. As she lingered and held back with her explanation, I got altogether beside myself, and tore off my double and triple bandages in the firmest resolution to bleed to death. But what was my amazement when I found all my wounds healed—my skin smooth and entire, and this fair friend in my arms!

Henceforth we were the happiest pair in the world. We both begged pardon of each other, without either of us rightly knowing why. She now promised to travel on along with me, and soon we were sitting side by side in the carriage; the little box lying opposite us on the other seat. Of this I had never spoken to her, nor did I even think of speaking, though it lay there before our eyes, and both of us, by tacit agreement, took charge of it, as circumstances might require; I, however, still carrying it to and from the carriage, and busying myself, as formerly, with the locking of the doors. So long as aught remained in my purse I had continued to pay, but when my cash went down, I signified the fact to her. "That is easily helped," said she, pointing to a couple of little pouches fixed, at the top, to the side of the carriage. These I had often observed before, but never turned to use. She put her hand in the one and pulled out some gold pieces, as from the other some coin of silver; thereby showing me the possibility of meeting any scale of expenditure which we might choose to adopt. And thus we journeyed on from town to town, from land to land, contented with each other and the world, and I fancied not she would again leave me.

But one morning, alas! she could not be found, and as my actual residence, without her company, became displeasing, I again took the road with my box; tried the virtue of the two pouches, and found it still unimpaired. My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment—into anxiety—nay, into fear.

Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be traveling in the dark, and when the lamps by any chance went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once, in the dead of such a night I had fallen asleep, and on awakening I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from a box, in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chopped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head; I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the box, and this point I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. But how great was my surprise, when a fair apartment,

well-lighted, and furnished with much taste and even costliness, met my inspection, just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate, and before it stood an arm-chair. I held my breath and continued to observe. And now there entered from the other side of the apartment a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognized for my wife, though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution.

She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and in the course of her movements, I could clearly perceive that this fairest little creature was also in a way of soon becoming a mother. But now I was obliged to shift my constrained posture a little, and the next moment, when I bent down to look in again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eyes rested on empty darkness.

How amazed, nay, terrified I was, may easily be conceived. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this I fell asleep, and on awakening, I fancied it must have been a mere dream; yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one, and though I watched over the box but so much the more carefully, I knew not that the event of her re-appearance in human size was a thing which I would wish or dread.

After some time she did in fact re-appear: one evening, in a white robe, she came gliding in; and as it was just then growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last; and I remembered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increase in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew, as usual, to my arms, but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast.

"My dearest," said she, "I now feel by thy reception of me, what alas! I already knew too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim; thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself; thy happiness and mine is interrupted, nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee: I must leave thee, and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again."

Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which indeed had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental; in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed and endeavored to compose me.

"Try thyself strictly," said she, "whether this discovery has not hurt thy love, whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee—whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection."

I looked at her—she was fairer and lovelier than ever; and I thought within myself—is it so great a

misfortune, after all, to have a wife who from time to time becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she became a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gayety of heart returned. I would not for the whole world have let her go. "Best heart," said I, "let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy convenience, and I promise thee to guard the box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures? And after all, it was but a picture—a little slight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me; but thou shalt see how I will stand it."

"The matter is more serious than thou thinkest," said the fair one; "however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly; for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee; and for my own part do my utmost; only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer, likewise, I most earnestly make to thee; be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger."

I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths: but she herself turned aside the conversation, and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine.

In all kinds of amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay, eagerly desired by women as well as men. A kind insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing, secured to her on all hands praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be perfect, unless crowned by the graces of this talent. I will be free to confess that I have never got much good of music; on the contrary, it has always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this, and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means; in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where, indeed, she always found a crowd of admirers.

And now—why should I deny it?—our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to abolish the matter within me. On the contrary, my temper of mind had by degrees got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and by its consequences produced to myself the greatest damage. When I look back on it now, I in fact loved my beauty far less after that unlucky discovery. I was also growing jealous of her—a whim that had never struck me before. This night, at table, I found myself placed very much to my mind beside my two neighbors—a couple of ladies, who, for some time, had appeared to me very charming. Amid jesting and soft small-talk, I was not sparing of my wine; while on the other side, a pair of musical dilettante had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the

company into singing separately, and by way of chorus. This put me into ill-humor. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent; the singing vexed me; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant; I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement.

The grace of my two fair neighbors pacified me for a while; but there is an evil-nature in wrath which is not easily appeased. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and complaisance. On the contrary, I waxed more epiletic than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it, and singing to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily, a general silence was requested. So, then, I was not even to talk any more; and these tones were going through me like a toothache. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine? The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applause, when she looked over to me—and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its loveliness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right forefinger she beckoned to me in kind threatening.

"Consider, that is wine," said she, not louder than for myself to hear it.

"Water is for mermaids," cried I.

"My ladies," said she to my neighbors, "crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied."

"You will not let yourself be tutored?" whispered one of them in my ear.

"What ails the dwarf?" cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I overset the glass.

"Ah, what you have spilt?" cried the paragon of women; at the same time twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding. At sight of the red wine running over the table-cloth, I returned to myself. I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of; and it cut me through the very heart.

Never till now had music spoken to me; the first verse she sung was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder; each felt himself solitary, separated, no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone—the voice of injured love bidding farewell to moroseness and caprice.

In silence I conducted her home, foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to show herself exceedingly kind and graceful; she made me the happiest of men. Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her, "Thou hast so often sung, when

asked in company; as, for example, thy touching farewell song last night. Come now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time."

"That I may not do, my friend," said she seriously. "The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place; for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both; thou hast scoffed away a great felicity, and I, too, must renounce my dearest wishes."

As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered, "That, alas! I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have concealed to the latest times. The form under which thou sawest me in the box, is my natural and proper form; for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread sovereign of the dwarfs, concerning whom authentic history has recorded so much. Our people are still as of old, laborious and busy; and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the dwarfs are behind hand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe when you cast them after him, invisible and mysteriously binding chains; impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times formed their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament, in which truly they surpass all people of the earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected."

She paused for a moment, and I again begged further light on these wonderful secrets, which accordingly she forthwith proceeded to grant.

"It is well known," said she, "that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, therefore in the first place, created the dwarfs, to the end that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and charms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the earth. It is further well known, that this little race by degree became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the earth; for which reason God then created the dragons, in order to drive back the dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there; and many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, the poor little dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress, so that not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor dwarfs so moved

his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordaining them to fight these dragons, and if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers. Now, no sooner had the giants got moderately well through with the dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton; and in their presumption they practiced much tyranny, especially on the good little dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and he, by the power of his hand, created the knights, who were to make war on the giants and dragons, and to live in concord with the dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side; and it is plain, that henceforth giants and dragons, and well as knights and dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee that we are of the oldest race on the earth—a circumstance which does us honor, but at the same time brings great disadvantage along with it; for as there is nothing in the world that can endure forever, but all that has once been great must become little and fade, it is our lot also, that ever since the creation of the world, we have been waning and growing smaller, especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have for many years ago devised the expedient of sending forth a princess of the royal house from time to time into the world to wed some honorable knight, that the dwarfs progeny may be respected and saved from entire decay."

Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly; for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable on me. As to her own dainty lineage I had not the smallest doubt; but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a knight, occasioned some mistrust; seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation. I concealed my wonder and skepticism, and asked her kindly: "But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that in richness of form can compare with thee."

"Thou shalt hear," replied she. "It is a settled maxim in the council of the dwarf kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have lingered still longer, had not my brother, born after me, come into the world so exceedingly small, that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling-clothes; and no creature yet knows whither he is gone. On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of dwarfdom, the sages were assembled, and without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband."

"The resolution!" exclaimed I; "that is all extremely well. One can resolve—one can take his resolution; but to give a dwarf this heavenly shape—how did your sages manage that?"

"It had been provided for already," said she, "by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous

gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood—for it was this same ring which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows: I was informed of all that awaited me, and instructed what I had to do and forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favorite summer-residence, was then got ready; a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock-cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day, our court moved thither, my parents also and myself. The army paraded, and four-and-twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried on a costly litter the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed; and after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stepped forward to the ring, laid my finger on it, and that instant began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments I had reached my present size, and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, gates flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice; instead of a palace stood a little box beside me, which I forthwith lifted and carried off with me, not without a pleasant feeling in being so tall and strong; still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams and tracts of land, yet a giant to grass and herbs, and above all, to ants, from whom we dwarfs, not being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance. How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might tell thee at great lengths. Suffice it to say, I tried many, but no one save thou, seemed worthy of being honored to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eckwald."

In the course of these narrations my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself having absolutely shaken it. I put several questions, to which I received no very satisfactory answers; on the contrary, I learned to my great affliction, that after what had happened, she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me; but for the present, it was indispensably necessary to present herself at court, as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin. The purses would soon cease to pay; and who knew what would be the consequences?

On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no further into consequences; I shrugged my shoulders; I was silent, and she seemed to understand me. We now packed up and got into our carriage, the box standing opposite us, in which, however, I could see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were ready and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left, till at last we reached a mountainous district; and no sooner had we alighted here than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the box. She led me by rather steep paths to a narrow plot of green ground, through which a dear brook now gushed in little falls—now ran in quiet windings. She pointed

to a little knoll, bade me set the box down there, then said, "Farewell!—thou wilt easily find the way back; remember me; I hope to see thee again!"

At this moment I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the green sward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible? I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms; but she motioned me back, threatening me, though still kindly enough, with great danger, if I did not instantly withdraw. "Is there no possibility, then," exclaimed I, "of my staying with thee, of thy keeping me beside thee?" These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them, and, after some thought, confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I? My importunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me that if I, too, could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her—be admitted to her house, her kingdom, and her family.

The proposal was not altogether to my taste; yet at this moment I positively could not refuse myself away; so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvelous, and being at all times prone to bold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased. I was thereupon directed to hold out the little finger of my right hand; she then placed her own against it, then with her left hand, she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant I felt a violent twinge on my finger; the ring shrunk together and tortured me horribly. I gave a loud cry, and caught round me for my fair one, but she had disappeared.

What state of mind I was in during this moment I find no words to express—so I have nothing now to say, but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short yet most strange separation, or, if you will, of this re-union without separation, exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck; she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the large one. With some difficulty we now mounted a hill; I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet at length we reached a bare space; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large bolted mass, which, ere long, I could not but recognize for the box, in the same state as when I had set it down. "Go up to it, my friend," said she, "and do but knock with the ring; thou shalt see wonders."

I went up accordingly, and no sooner had I rapped than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out, and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that; while doors, windows, colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace, at once

came in view. Reader, if ever you have seen one of Röntchen's desks, how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing-board and writing materials, letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession start forward, you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now introduced me.

In the large saloon I directly recognized the fireplace which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. In a word, all was spacious, splendid and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprang up, and with rapture announced to me the approach of his majesty, her father. We stepped out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving toward us from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last I perceived a golden throne, and in the midst of it the king himself.

So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the king, with his nearest retinue, stepped forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet: he raised me very graciously; and on coming to stand before him, I perceived that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace, where his majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here; acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take place on the morrow.

A cold-sweat went over me as I heard him speak of a formal marriage; for I dreaded this even worse than music, which otherwise appeared to me the most hateful thing on earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in unison with each other and working in concord, for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screeches, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band-master himself is in this happy delusion, and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to pieces. In the marriage state even this is not the case, for although it is but a duett, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom; for while the man gives out one tone, the wife directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last wind-instruments themselves cannot reach it. And now, as harmonical music itself is an offense to me, it will not be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure.

Of the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can say nothing, for I paid small heed to any of them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements, I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I entrenched and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this was to get the unhappy ring off my finger; an enterprise, however, which would by no means prosper, for on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave the metal grew straiter, and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose.

Early in the morning I awoke, (for my little person had slept and very soundly): I was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers and leaves there fell, as it were, something like sand and grit in large quantities; but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of ants rushed down upon me! No sooner did they observe me than they made an attack on all sides, and though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly, whereupon an ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy, nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learnt that the ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here then was little I in the hands of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage; nay, I must now thank Heaven if my father-in-law were not wroth—if my fair one had not taken the sullen.

Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies: in a word—we were wedded. Gayly and joyously as matters went, there were, nevertheless, solitary hours, in which I was led astray into reflection; and now there appeared to me something which had never happened before—what, and how, the reader shall learn. Every thing about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants; the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio to a little toper, nay, if you will, better measure, in proportion, than with us. In my tiny palate the dainty tit-bits tasted excellently; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature; and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of bygone greatness, and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their ideal, which they say so plagues the mind of man. I had an ideal of myself, and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and re-

strictions, made me utterly unhappy, so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance.

Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court-jeweler, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck I was left-handed, as, indeed, throughout my whole life I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work: it was not small; for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionally thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task, and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of doors.

This was a wise measure: for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence, that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky; and at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace; nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness,

have destroyed this summer-residence altogether. Here then was I standing again; in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more foolish and helpless. On recovering from my stupefaction I observed the royal strong-box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it and carried it down the foot-path to the next stage, where I directly ordered horses and set forth. By the road, I soon made trial of the two side-pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key: it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out I made use of the carriage; by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me, having no hope of its ever filling again. And thus in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady and the cook, where, gentle reader, you were first introduced to me.

TO MY WIFE DURING ABSENCE.

WRITTEN FROM NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE DELAWARE.

BY EDWARD FOLLOCK.



THE west wind bends this sheltering tree,
And moans amidst the slanted leaves;
Sad sounds its voice, as if, like me,
It sings because it grieves.

Dear love! since gleamed the earliest dawn,
My feet these briery paths have traced,
And many a flowery bank and lawn
Unsatisfied have paced.

The sweet red-clover scents the air,
And songs the woodland echoes swell
But absent hours are hard to bear
From one who loves as well.

Oft do I hear a voice go past—
Oft whisper—to an absent ear;
And oft my glance I sideward cast
To one—who is not here.

Oft, too, this devious infant stream—
While wandering by its brink, dear wife—
In many a dim fantastic dream
I liken to my life.

From upland glooms, and solitudes,
My life, like this lone wave, I drew;
And joyless rocks, and dreary woods,
Have frowned around me too.

Its lonely spring, its earlier track,
The first fair rill that swells its flood,
Deep vales, bare hills, and branches black,
Like dreams I've understood.

No flower the gloomy boughs bestowed,
No glancing pebble decked the shore,
Till, murmuring, unto me you flowed,
And earth was dark no more.

A stainless current, pure and sweet,
That moment warmed and tempered mine,
And stirred its deeps with noble heat,
And many a bold design.

Here, lingering in this shady copse,
The infant flood, asleep, seems
Our strangely mingled fears and hopes—
Our youthful years of dreams.

But on those waves, that feebly roll
With dog-wood blooms my hand has cast,
What eye could see the stately hull?—
Behold the bending raft?

Or who could guess, who heard their course,
Scarce told, these whispering rocks among,
That mountain-cliffs, and caverns hoarse,
Should tremble to their song?

Yet, by yon far full-bosomed hills,
Where morning's yellow beams repose,
Swelled by a thousand springs and rills,
This stream a RIVER flows.

Fair Commerce wakes, or sinks to rest,
Responsive to its changing tides,
And o'er its broad expanded breast
A nation's navy rides.

And, dearest, thus—though dark and cold,
Through vales obscure, our course now veer,
Mine eyes the far-off hills behold
Where lies our broad career.

Fair forms, and scenes of gentle mirth,
Shall round us brighten and rejoice,
And—for *THEY* sake—the pausing earth
Shall listen to my voice.

Let Time decay!—thy name shall be
Consigned, in many a deathless rhyme,
To those few words Eternity
Shall learn from dying Time.

Thus heaven shall, for thy changeless love,
Her choicest blessing twice bestow,
For Virtue deathless dwells above
And Fame endures below.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

BY CATHERINE ELIZABETH.

"Do EDITH! have done rubbing up old plate and arranging that glass! One would suppose you intended giving a splendid entertainment, from the satisfaction you appear to take in your occupation. I wonder that you do not call Moses and let him attend to it, instead of degrading yourself to such a menial employment?" And as she thus addressed her sister, Grace Dormer, wrapping a splendid cashmere around her, threw herself into an elegant velvet *fauteuil* with the air of a spoiled beauty.

"How I wish, dear Grace, you would throw aside your airs of fashion, and, realizing our present position, come and assist me; for do you not know I have persuaded papa to dismiss Moses?"

"Well, Edith, for a young lady who sets herself up as a pattern for wisdom, I must say you have acted like a fool. Why, what are we to do without Moses?"

"Dear, dear Grace, how many things you will be obliged to do without; articles you have supposed indispensable to your happiness; but, my dear sister, this is not all, you will find those who were most forward to flatter and caress you in prosperity, shrink from you now that misfortune has reached you."

"You need not be preaching to me, you can do as you like, but I assure you I am not going to spoil my hands with hard work. Did not George Augustus Stillwell say last night I had the prettiest little hand in the world? And that just reminds me I am engaged to walk with him, so I must away and dress"—thus saying, she arose and walked out of the room with the air of a princess.

Edith Dormer sighed, and a bright tear-drop was seen to rest on her cheek, but hastily brushing it away, she resumed her work of arranging all the china, glass and plate they possessed upon a large table in the centre of the room—to the best advantage for an auction.

While Edith was thus engaged, the door opened and a gentleman apparently about fifty entered, and seemed surprised to find the room thus occupied. He said he presumed he was under a mistake—but he was told that he should find Mr. Dormer there.

Edith requested the stranger to be seated, and said she would call her father, as he had not yet been down stairs, having been quite ill through the night.

While she was absent the stranger took a general survey of the apartment, and could not forbear exclaiming, "it is no wonder honest men suffer, when they trust men living in such extravagance!"—and a frown gathered upon his brow; but just then Edith entered, and said her father would not detain him long, but would see him in a few moments.

Whether it was the sweet voice of Edith, along with her gentle manner, that soon cleared the brow

of Mr. Claireville, or being ashamed to appear unamiable before a lady—whatever the cause, he soon forgot his irritation, and entered into conversation with her. He managed to introduce the subject of her father's failure, and by the interest he manifested, and the kind tone in which he inquired of their arrangements, he drew from her her views and feeling. She said she did not regret the splendor and luxury of which they would be deprived, for these she had never cared—but she fervently hoped her father would be enabled, by giving up every thing, to satisfy every creditor. After a few other remarks, Mr. Dormer entered, and Edith retired, leaving them to the free discussion of their business.

Mr. Dormer in early life had married a belle, a most lovely and fascinating being; but in saying this you have said all. She was selfish and ambitious—living for fashion alone. In marrying Mr. Dormer—though she could not entirely resist the influence of his fine and noble character—it was her ambition that was gratified, as his immense wealth enabled her to become a leader of fashion, and thus was the first wish of her heart realized.

Mr. Dormer became aware, when too late, how incapable his wife was of constituting his happiness—but being blessed with two lovely children, he endeavored in their society to forget his disappointment. Happy was it for Edith she was not born a beauty—on the contrary, she was a very ugly baby—so that her mother gave her over to the charge of a nurse, and but for the fond care of her father she had been desolate indeed. But with Grace it was entirely different; she was possessed of all her mother's beauty, and became her especial favorite. When children, there was little outward difference in their situation, for Mr. Dormer had made it a positive command that whatever was procured for Grace her sister should have also, but Edith, with the intuitive perception of childhood, felt she was not equally beloved, and the more closely clung to her father for that reciprocity of affection which is as necessary to life as air. As they advanced in life, and were sent to school, the difference became more manifest. Edith was suffered to pursue the bent of her inclinations, but Grace must have every accomplishment. Fortunately for her, she was endowed with capacity to acquire whatever she willed, and taking a fancy for French and Italian she soon became an excellent scholar. On the contrary, Edith had no taste for languages, but being passionately fond of music and drawing, she became a proficient in both, and when Mrs. Dormer decided it was time for them to enter the world of fashion, she had two accomplished daughters without intending it.

Edith had now attained her eighteenth year, and there were few that could look upon her without being interested. She was rather tall and delicately made, having full, dark eyes and chestnut hair added to a complexion dazlingly fair; but her chief charm consisted in the intellect that was stamped upon her brow, at once causing respect and admiration—her father often laughingly called her his ugly baby. But Grace was the personification of ideal loveliness, whatever was her ruling mood for the moment was the most charming, whether trist or gay she was still lovely, and if she had allowed the dormant qualities of her nature to assert their sway over her character, she would have been all her father desired; but led on by the example of her mother, she soon became one of fashion's most faithful votaries; and when by her wit and beauty she seemed to enthrall the senses of those around her, many admired while they silently condemned.

For some time before Mr. Dormer's failure, Edith had remarked a care and restless anxiety in her father that caused her many a pang, for with all her fond persuasions she could not draw from him the cause of his uneasiness. But when night after night she refused invitations for amusement, to remain at home and cheer his loneliness, he at last confided to her the cause of his trouble, the fear of bankruptcy. When the startling fact burst upon her it seemed to overwhelm her, for, like the world, she had deemed his wealth inexhaustible; but when she began to realize the truth her first thought was for her mother—how would she bear such a change of fortune. But soon forgetting all else save her father, she endeavored by her cheerful conversation to win him from painful foreboding—hoping that all was not lost. When the crash did come, while all the world was in amazement and confusion, she alone was calm. And now the strength of her character was fully tested. Her father had determined to give up every thing, and it was her approving smile and ready assistance that alone aided him at this trying time, while his wife had either a fit of sulks or hysterics.

Care and anxiety had affected Mr. Dormer's health, and for some time he was unable to attend to business. Mr. Claireville being one of his principal creditors, had waited several days to see him in regard to a settlement, until worn out with impatience, and perhaps unconsciously led on a little by curiosity, he sought him at his residence, and fortunately first encountered Edith.

He inquired of Mr. Dormer if that was his daughter, he had heard his son speak of so often as the most beautiful and accomplished young lady he knew, the belle of every party.

Mr. Dormer sighed, and said no; he must mean Grace, this was his eldest daughter, Edith.

Mr. Claireville had many reasons for inquiring about the family and their arrangements; but one most important one was the happiness of his eldest son. He had heard him talk in such raptures about the beautiful Miss Dormer, that he had become quite curious to see her—above all he dreaded lest

his present admiration should deepen into a strong attachment, and thus he constantly warned him against marrying a fashionable woman.

Frank Claireville, under a gay and careless exterior, carried a warm heart with a calm and sober judgment. That he admired Grace Dormer more than any lady he had ever seen, he acknowledged to himself; but when he saw her surrounded by the gay and fashionable men of the day, charming all by her wit and beauty, he, too, would join in with sportive jest and ready repartee, but sometimes catching the admiring eye of Grace, he felt he was on dangerous ground, and withdrawing himself from her would shake off the influence of her beauty, for well he knew that she who lived alone in the admiration of crowds could never be happy as the star of a domestic home; but had she been all his judgment approved the admiration he felt for her would have ripened into a deeper sentiment.

It was in the evening of the day of Mr. Dormer's auction that Bond Street was alive with carriages. The elegant and wealthy Mrs. Stapleton had thrown open her house to the world of fashion, her magnificent mansion reflecting one blaze of light. Who, to have seen the gay and beautiful, decked in all the taste and extravagance of fashion, would have believed beneath the rich folds of silk and satin many carried an envious and malicious spirit? Alas! that it should be so. Many there that night exulted in the downfall of the Dormers.

But among the guests was one who, buoyant with hope and anticipated enjoyment, had sought the gay scene fully expecting to meet there the beautiful sisters—great then was his disappointment and sorrow when the intelligence of Mr. Dormer's bankruptcy was first communicated to him.

Charles Douglass was an orphan, the son of Mr. Claireville's only sister, who having married unfortunately, soon died of a broken heart, bequeathing to her brother's care her last and only treasure. Faithfully did Mr. Claireville fulfill the trust. He soon learned to love the little Charles, and determined to educate him for a lawyer, thus giving him the power to become an eminent and useful man, knowing that to a high and noble spirit there is nothing so galling as dependence. Deeply did young Douglass feel his uncle's kindness, and by attention and the closest application to his studies endeavored to profit by it.

Charles Douglass, unlike his cousin Frank, loved with the full approval of his judgment; and had been master of that wealth which would have enabled him to follow the desire of his heart, he would have selected Edith Dormer from the world, as the one above all others possessing those qualities which would insure his happiness. But alas! Charles Douglass was poor; and shutting his heart to all save the exquisite enjoyment of her society, he never by any outward sign manifested a preference for her, but he never refused an invitation where he thought it likely to meet her, for he could not forego the pleasure of seeing and conversing with one he so passionately loved. He often asked himself the

question, could he, poor as he was, engage the affections of one reared in the lap of luxury and accustomed to every indulgence? He answered no; but he thought as long as he refrained from expressing his admiration there could not be danger to Edith. He forgot that superior talents and true nobleness of character, like burning lava, cannot be stopped in its course, but will assuredly make its impress upon all that comes in its way. Thus Edith soon perceived young Douglass's superiority to those around her, and enjoyed a conversation with him above all the amusements of the evening, for she felt she was the gainer—but too modest to ascribe to herself the powers of fascination which she possessed, she had settled it in her own mind that Mr. Douglass was not an admirer of ladies—thus unconsciously riveting those fetters that were to bind her forever.

Young Douglass had been absent from the city on business, and had only returned the night of the party. Finding Mrs. Stapleton's card upon his table, he dressed and hastened to the scene of festivity. Judge then with what mingled feelings he first heard of Mr. Dormer's misfortunes—sorrow for him, joy for himself; for he thought now I may seek her for my own. But soon reason, asserting her sway over feeling, made him acknowledge he was still too poor, and he again resumed his calm exterior, which for a few moments had been so terribly ruffled.

There was one other heart that could not as easily recover its tranquillity. Young Claireville when he heard of the failure, like the rest of the world, was perfectly amazed, but, unlike the generality of mankind, true to the impulse of a generous nature, could not endure the thought of Grace deprived of that station she seemed born to fill, and determined to offer himself at once and secure to her the continuation of all to which she had been accustomed. Hearing his father was the principal creditor he wished to consult with him on the subject, and decided upon the night of the party as most convenient to do so. Mrs. Stapleton resided a few doors from Mr. Claireville, and Frank, after escorting his mother and sister there, slipped away to have a few moments quiet conversation with his father.

Fortunately, for father and son, there was no reserve between them, and Frank unhesitatingly addressed his father by asking his intentions in regard to Mr. Dormer, and acquainting him with his own respecting Grace. It was a long time before Mr. Claireville answered, he at length said—"I am happy, my dear son, to see you are above the foolish notion of the day that children should not confide in their parents, and I will be candid with you in return. I am not one of those who consider that in securing their own interest they have only done their duty, and that is all that is required. No—I have always looked upon it as extremely selfish and unfeeling to secure ourselves at whatever expense, without considering the misery we may be bringing upon others. I have never yet had a debtor to settle with, that, when I found his misfortunes originated from a complication of adverse circumstances and

not from dishonesty, I have not endeavored in some way to secure to him the opportunity of regaining his position; and though I may not have reaped any particular advantage from thus acting, I have never yet lost any thing. In regard to Mr. Dormer's affairs I have been much troubled. His difficulties have arisen from the non-arrival of two of his vessels, which are supposed to be lost—he had depended upon their valuable cargoes to meet his payments, but their not being here in season has obliged him to stop. Of course he intends paying every thing, and I am afraid he will have very little left. I, too, have thought much of his daughters—but, Frank, it is very hard to break the web of folly fashion has woven around us, and to become that, which God intended we should be, useful members of society. I tell you, Frank, misfortune to the character, is what fire is to gold, refining it from that base alloy that would otherwise render it useless. Thus they are sometimes blessings in disguise. And now, my dear son, as I have your happiness alone at heart, I will offer Mr. Dormer a situation at a moderate salary, which will enable him to live comfortably—nothing more; and if, at the end of a year, Miss Grace has profited by her loss of fortune, you shall wed her with my fullest approbation. What say you, Frank, can you wait the trial?"

"Indeed, father, it was her love of pleasure and admiration that has alone made me hesitate so long; I have always considered it wisest to suffer a little pain than run the risk of being made miserable for life, by marrying for love when our judgment does not wholly approve. I therefore trust I shall not be disappointed in the end, and that Grace will become all you can desire. I promise you, then, to abide the trial."

Young Claireville returned to the party for his mother and sister, better satisfied with the course he had taken, yet still doubtful and anxious as to the issue.

—
And how did Grace and her mother bear their change of fortune?

Alas! for Mrs. Dormer, her mortification was so great as to cause her a severe fit of sickness—but Grace did not fully realize the change until settled in her new home; then, as she looked around her, and found every thing for their comfort had been provided, but of the plainest kind, she sighed as she thought of the luxurious couches and chairs, and the splendor to which she had been accustomed, wondering how her father and Edith could appear so happy. Mr. Claireville's offer had been gratefully accepted by Mr. Dormer, for he felt it was better to be employed, and trusting still that all was not lost, with a mind now free from anxiety, began to hope that in losing a fortune he might yet find domestic happiness.

Edith had assumed the management of the household, and had arranged every thing with the greatest neatness and taste. She had procured for her mother a plain, but comfortable chair, and drawing it near the fire, she placed a small table beside it, upon

which lay some of her own beautiful books, and while engaged upon some useful piece of work, endeavored by pleasant conversation, and the most devoted attention, to beguile her from painful reminiscences and cheer the tedious hours of illness. At first, all that Mrs. Dormer could think of was—what would that one think and this one say, and how glad that vulgar Mrs. Tallman would be, now that she had no fear of being eclipsed by taste, where money could procure every thing else—but gradually she seemed aroused by the affection of Edith to think of better things, and conscience began to assert her sway by asking—why should Edith thus devote to her her time and attention, when she had always neglected her from her birth—preferring Grace?

And where was Grace that she did not share with Edith her various duties and labors of love?

Alas! she could not so easily shake off her love of pleasure, and was too often to be found among the daughters of fashion, for there were many who still invited her, hoping thereby to attract some distinguished beau. At first Grace did not perceive any difference in the treatment of her friends, but soon many a cold recognition, and in some cases none at all, aroused the pride of her nature, and she asked herself—What have I done to merit such treatment? Envy could have told her—they thought it presumption in one deprived of wealth to place her beauty in competition with them—for all admitted she bore off the palm for loveliness wherever she appeared. And young Claireville never thus met her but he sighed and turned almost hopeless away.

One evening Edith and Grace had been invited to a large party. Edith persuaded her sister to remain at home and hear a very interesting book she intended reading aloud. It was a stormy night, therefore they did not fear interruption. Edith, as usual, had drawn the table near her mother; her father was seated in the opposite corner, his face beaming with love for his wife and daughters, while Grace, carelessly seating herself on a low seat by his side, had gradually become so much interested in the book, that drawing closer and closer to him, she rested her arm upon his knee, her face turned upward with her lips slightly apart, as if afraid to lose a word. O! she was the embodiment of a painter's dream as she sat there in her unconscious loveliness. They had all become so deeply engaged in the story that none heard a ring at the door, and thus the two gentlemen that now entered appeared spell-bound, as if afraid to move for fear of disturbing the lovely scene before them—they were Charles Douglass and Frank Claireville.

Charles had not seen Edith for some time, and had chosen a stormy evening to visit her, being certain of finding her disengaged. Meeting his cousin, he inquired where he was going in such haste; having answered, he said he would accompany him; and thus they had stood for a moment, each unconsciously tightening the chain that bound him. As the sweet voice of Edith fell upon Charles' ear, the

wish arose in his heart that he might thus listen to her forever; while Claireville, as he gazed, sighed and thought—Why is she not always thus? A bright blush suffused the cheek of Grace as she arose to greet her visitors, and Frank would have given worlds had he possessed them, to know whether it was called forth by pleasure, or embarrassment at being taken by surprise—but Edith, closing her book, welcomed them with frank cordiality.

Young Claireville said he regretted having disturbed her in such an agreeable occupation, although he considered it by far the most rational way of spending one's time. Edith said it had always been her task to read to her father, she was happy now in having a more extended audience—and she glanced at her mother and sister—"but," said she, "I do not consider the finest work equal to the conversation of a highly educated and tried friend." The sweet smile that accompanied the remark, made at least one heart pulsate with a quicker bound.

"Do you know," said Grace, "I was considering how much happier I have felt to night than if I had gone to Mrs. Jones' party. Indeed! I begin to think the approbation of those we esteem is much more to be valued than the flatteries of thousands."

As she spoke she caught the eye of Claireville fixed upon her, with such a lightning glance of joy and approval, as again sent the eloquent blood in burning blushes to her cheek. And why was it that glance made Grace so happy?

She had not felt the many derelictions of her former friends without pain, and though seemingly unconscious of any change, she had more closely studied the characters of those she met, and it was with disappointment she did so. But with regard to Frank Claireville it was different. The closer she watched his general bearing in society the more fully was she convinced of his superiority, until at last she acknowledged to herself that the esteem of him who had never flattered her follies, was worth all the admiration bestowed upon her. That glance was the turning point in Grace's character.

It was not long before Grace learned to assist her sister in the care of the household, so necessary in their present circumstances, and in a short time was rewarded by the sweetest of all pleasures, the consciousness of fulfilling her duty.

But this was not all—as she was now seldom found among the gay and fashionable, young Claireville sought her at home, and made no secret of his preference for her. Now, as Grace looked on the furniture and home which she had formerly so much despised, she almost loved it for its plainness, for here she first realized in what true happiness consists.

And how fares it with Charles Douglass?

Why! Dame Fortune, in one of her fickle moods, had at length given him an opening whereby to make a name.

In overlooking some old papers in the office of the lawyer with whom he was studying, he found an old deed entitling a Mr. James Seymour to a large property, with the copy of a lease to a distant branch

of the family for fifteen years, from George Seymour, deceased. Mr. Seymour dying in the meantime, his son could not recover the property for want of the original deed. This he knew from part of the property having been offered for sale, and the purchase of it prevented by there not being any title-deed for it.

He determined at once to seek out Mr. James Seymour, and if possible, restore to him his rights; but he knew he must be cautious in his proceedings, for the present possessor was not only wealthy, but one that would not easily part with that which he had so long considered his own. And now, to discover Mr. Seymour. After many fruitless inquiries he began to despair of finding him. One evening, at Mr. Dormer's, he was particularly thoughtful. He had been directed to a family of the name, and had immediately sought them out, but they had removed, and he lost all trace of them. He knew from many circumstances that if it was the one he was in search of, they must be fearfully reduced. He was pondering in his heart the changes of life and its disappointments, when he was aroused from his reverie by Grace playfully asking him if he was "conning over his maiden speech with that rueful visage? If so, she was sure she did not wish to hear it."

Charles good-humoredly replied that the object of his thoughts had more influence over his maiden-speech than she was aware of. He then said he had been very anxious to find a Mr. Seymour, but thus far had been unsuccessful, and he could not but regret it as it was of importance to him.

"I do wonder if it can be Mary Seymour's father! But here comes Edith, and she can tell you more about them than I can, as Mary is a *protégé* of hers."

Charles then asked Edith what she knew of the Seymours?

Edith said very little, excepting they were very poor, and she judged had seen better days. In former times she had given Mary work, but now she could only recommend her to others.

All he heard from Edith concerning them but redoubled his anxiety to discover if it was the one he was in search of, and after taking the directions, he set out at once to be satisfied. After traversing several lone and dismal streets, he found the house as directed; and a poor, dilapidated place it was.

Knocking at the door several times, it was at length opened by a little boy, who timidly asked, as if half afraid of the answer, what the gentleman wanted?

Charles asked if Mr. Seymour was in.

The little boy replied—"Please walk up stairs as high as you can go, and you will find him."

And then hastily retreated into a back room, leaving Charles in the dark. Nothing daunted, he groped his way up the stairs until he found he could go no farther, when directed by the sound of voices to a door on the right, he cautiously felt his way toward it and knocked.

A soft voice said, "Come in."

There! before a miserable fire, sat a young girl sewing, while in one corner sat her father, with

many a line of care and sorrow furrowed upon his brow, and in the other, his wife, endeavoring to warm her chill and wasted frame by the few remaining embers.

As Charles entered, the young girl arose and handed him the only unoccupied seat, then hastily resumed her work as if fearful of losing a moment—and she was so, for their daily bread depended upon her exertions.

It was some minutes before young Douglass could speak—as he surveyed the apartment, where every thing was scrupulously neat and clean, even in the midst of poverty, and thought of the millions that were wasted, and for what? to pamper a depraved taste for extravagance, while but a small portion would carry happiness and comfort to the homes of many such as this—shaking off the influence of the scene before him, he inquired if this was Mr. James Seymour, the son of George, deceased; for if so he had something of importance to communicate?

The person he addressed hesitated before he answered, then said—"I am—but what you can have to communicate to my advantage I cannot surmise—unless!—you can restore to me the lost deed." And, for a moment, a ray of hope shot across his pallid face—but it as suddenly died away, and was replaced by a settled look of care and disappointment, as he said—"But that cannot be, as I have searched in vain for it and have given up all expectation of finding it."

"But it is to bring you that very deed I am here," said Charles. "And to offer you my services in recovering your property, gratuitously," he added, as he handed him the deed to look at.

Mr. Seymour took it and examined it, then hastily covered his face with his hands, while his frame was shaken by fearful agitation; but recovering himself a little, he caught Mary by the hand, as he said—

"Come here, child, and kneel with me to call down blessings on the head of him who has been the first to speak one kind and cheering word of comfort for years."

"Not so!" said Charles, as he caught him by the arm. "I have only done my duty in placing the deed I have found where it belongs. But can you tell me how it could possibly have been lost?"

"For that I never could account," said Mr. Seymour; "but that you may understand my position, I will relate to you why you find me thus:

"I had been in business some time, and was doing very well, when my father was suddenly attacked with paralysis—and before he could make known something he desired to communicate, expired. I knew he had leased the disputed property for fifteen years, and gave myself no uneasiness about it, expecting to have control of it at that time; but we cannot foresee all things. In a couple of years after my father's death I was unfortunate, and lost every thing. I then obtained a situation as a clerk, intending to wait until the lease should expire, to obtain the means of resuming business. Judge, then, what was my surprise when I was told I had no deed

to prove my right to it. Whether the person intrusted with my father's papers had made the lessee acquainted with the fact—that the deed was not among them—I do not know; but he was aware I did not have it, and was determined to take advantage of it. Unfortunately, my father had always been a very careless man; and when I turned to the records for a copy of the deed, I found he had neglected to record it. This must also have been known; and thus, by carelessness in one, and dishonesty in another, I was stript of my sole dependence. But, sir, it is an old, yet nevertheless true saying, that troubles never come single—and I found it so to my sorrow. Anxiety of mind brought on a severe fit of sickness, so that I lost my situation; and when I recovered, I found I had barely enough to defray the expenses attending it. Suffice it to say, the descent of the ladder is easy; my wife was taken sick, and I was glad to get any kind of employment to keep us from starving. But in the midst of all I have been attended by an angel of light. My Mary has soothed me in my irritation, and aided me by her exertions; and I tell you, sir, when I have looked upon her, thus wasting her young life in toil and deprivation instead of taking the place which of right belonged to her, my lot has seemed harder than I could bear;" and he again covered his face, to hide the emotion he could not control. His wife now approached him, begging he would be calm, for now his trials were at an end—when, hiding his face on her shoulder, he found relief in tears.

Charles Douglass, after a few consoling remarks, arose to depart, and giving Mr. Seymour his address, charged him to be at his office as early as possible. Many were his ruminations upon the vicissitudes of life, as he contrasted the expectations of the man he had just left, now living in a garret, while he was the heir of thousands.

The next morning Charles acquainted his friend, the lawyer, with the case, and requested permission to undertake the suit. His friend not only congratulated him upon the opening before him, but promised if he gained the cause to take him in as a partner. Here, then, was a double motive for exertion—the pleasure of assisting the worthy, and gratifying Edith Dormer. His heart beat quickly as he thought of her; but not trusting himself to indulge in hopes that might be disappointed, he prepared to proceed at once in the business.

He served an ejectment upon Mr. Thompson, the lessee, in behalf of Mr. Seymour, the rightful owner, to appear before the Supreme Court, and show cause why the property was unlawfully withheld. He also inserted an advertisement in the paper, requesting any one having any knowledge of the late Mr. Seymour's ownership of said property, to call and give information of the same. Several days had passed without any notice being taken of the advertisement, when one afternoon, just as Charles was preparing to leaving the office, an old gentleman inquired for Mr. Douglass. He requested him to be seated, and said that he was the person.

The gentleman said he had called to answer an advertisement he had seen, having been an old friend of the late Mr. Seymour, and was present when he delivered the lease to Mr. Thompson. He had been residing in India for many years, and had regretted very much not finding any trace of his friend's family since his return. He was most happy in now having it in his power to serve his son. This witness was all important—and Charles now waited impatiently for the day of trial.

Mr. Thompson had engaged one of the most eminent lawyers as his counsel; and when he saw the youthful Charles arise as his opponent, he thought he had nothing to fear; but when he produced the long-sought deed, and then his witness—one whom he had long thought dead—he began to tremble for his ill-gotten wealth.

Charles now, in an eloquent appeal to the heart of every just man, in which he did not spare the spoiler, described the exertions of the young and beautiful daughter of the injured party, by a life of toil and deprivation ministering to the necessities of her parents, while the usurper of her rights was reveling in luxury, until Mr. Thompson was glad to retire, feeling that every honest heart must despise him.

The case was decided in favor of Mr. Seymour; and he found to his amazement the property had increased so greatly in value, that he was now master of two hundred thousand dollars. Turning to Charles, he grasped his hand firmly in his, and said, "For this I am indebted to you; but I shall not express my gratitude by empty thanks. I not only consider you a tried friend, but I place my business in your hands, and you shall be rewarded liberally."

And now, under the firm of Sheldon and Douglass, Charles found as much as he could attend to. His disinterested conduct had not been lost, and he soon reaped the reward of his generosity.

How Edith's heart thrilled with delight as she listened to Mary Seymour's praises of Charles; and when he asked to claim that hand as his own, for which he had so long sighed, she unhesitatingly placed it in his, feeling that to share his lot, was more honor than any wealth could bestow.

Mr. Dormer was now an altered man. Happy in the bosom of his family, he almost blessed the loss of that fortune which had been the means of restoring to him his wife's undivided affection. Deprived of the society of her fashionable friends by her position, and confined by illness, her loneliness was only cheered by a few of Edith's friends, who, admiring her fine and noble character, still considered it an honor to be classed among them. Thus she had ample time given her for reflection; and as she learned to value the attentions of the world for what they were worth, she began to appreciate the treasure she possessed in her husband's unchanging love; and as she still saw him honored and respected by all, she was prouder of being his wife than she had ever been in the zenith of their prosperity.

The year of probation was nearly expired, and young Claireville hoped in a few months to call Grace his own, when the unexpected arrival of Mr.

Dormer's two ships caused him considerable uneasiness. They had proceeded to the western coast of Africa for ivory and gold dust, but not being as successful as desired, their captains concluded to try the eastern but more dangerous coast. After many vexatious delays, caused by contrary winds and severe storms, they arrived safe at their destination. After disposing of their cargoes at an enormous profit, they prepared to return, when the greater part of the men were attacked by the country fever, which proved fatal to nearly half the crew. This, of course, retarded their movements, being short of hands, they were obliged to proceed slowly, and with great caution, until they could reach some port to complete their numbers. They were fortunately enabled to obtain the crew of a vessel that had been wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, when they set sail for home, having been gone nearly double the time expected.

Deep and fervent was Mr. Dormer's thankfulness at his unexpected good fortune—for the profits of the voyage would more than realize his most sanguine expectations; and he thus found himself enabled to resume his former standing as a merchant. But now came the test. Would his family bear their good fortune as nobly as they had a reverse. For Edith he had no fears, but he trembled when he thought of Grace and her mother—for he well knew how easy it was to revive old habits.

When he communicated to them the intelligence, Mrs. Dormer exclaimed, "Now my star is once more in the ascendant, and that odious Mrs. Tallman can no longer pass me by as a nobody!" but seeing the distress, almost amounting to agony, depicted in her husband's countenance, the wife and mother conquered, and throwing herself on his bosom, said, "forgive my momentary weakness, for indeed I would not exchange my present happiness for all the riches in the world."

"And what says Grace?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, papa, I am mortal still; and I assure you it is a great satisfaction that the fashionable world shall know whatever I may do now is from choice and not compulsion. But if you dread a return to my former mode of life, do not think I intend to resign the prize I have just obtained—the approval of a good conscience."

It was not long before Mr. Dormer had the satisfaction of seeing his daughters married to the men of their choice. Neither Mrs. Dormer nor himself could bear the idea of parting with Edith; so it was determined she should remain at home, while they removed within a few doors of Grace, that their intercourse might be as uninterrupted as possible. Mrs. Claireville now, as the wife of a wealthy husband, and mistress of a handsome house, could have resumed her former position among the gay and fashionable; but her experience of the instability of seeming friends, and the fickleness of fortune, had not been in vain. While choosing her friends among the intellectual and virtuous, she found that the rough casket sometimes contained an inestimable jewel; and she oftentimes blushed to think how in former days the polish of society had satisfied her.

But the one most esteemed among their friends was sweet Mary Seymour, who still retained all her simplicity and truthfulness of character. And now that the natural joyousness of her nature (no longer chilled by the rough winds of adversity) had full sway, she charmed all by her beauty and naivete. And, as report sometimes speaks the truth, it will not be long ere a brother of Claireville's will call her his own. It is not the least of Mary's happiness that she will be in reality related to those whom she already regarded as such in her heart. And now, my young friends, if misfortune overtake you or those you love, murmur not; for who shall say, that out of evil there shall not come good.

STANZAS.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

By magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn. KEATS.

I WANDER in dreams by the desolate shore
Where the waves ever murmur "No more, never more;"
I awake 'mid the silence of midnight to hear
That lone song of the surges, so mournful and drear.

I look o'er the wide waste of ocean alone,
When its heavy heart heaves without murmur or moan,
And my soul is more calm in its passionless rest
Than yon cold line of silver that circles the west.

Yet tell him our own fairy "Isle of the Sea"
Is still dear in its desolate beauty to me,
Though a hollow wind sighs through the echoing bowers
Where I wander alone through an Eden of flowers;

Though the wing of the tempest o'er shadows the wold
Where the asphodel meadows once blossomed in gold,
And the silence and chill of the sepulchre sleep
On its dream-haunted woodlands that border the deep.

And say, though the night-wind blew chill, and the gloom
Of our parting was drear as the night of the tomb,
I know when all shadows are swept from the main
Our own star o'er the waters shall tremble again.

Though we meet not again in our island of flowers,
Though a hollow wind sighs through its echoing bowers,
Every bud that the wing of the tempest has riven
Shall blossom again in the islands of Heaven.

THE HAUNTED ROCK.*

(A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.)

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

THERE is a place—a lonely place,
Deep in the forest, green and old,
And oaken giants interlace
Their boughs above the fruitful mould.

Though fled have many weary suns
Since rose wild yell and cry of fear,
Its bower the roving Indian shuns
When belted for the chase of deer.

Man seldom is intruder there,
And lightly near the partridge treads,
While breathing fragrance on the air
Frail wood-plants lift their nodding heads.

Linked with the fair, enchanting scene
Sad legend of the past he knows,
And with a deeply troubled mien
Wild, watchful look around he throws:

As if fell murder's purple stain,
Wind, sun and shower had failed to dim,
And the pale phantoms of the slain,
Through leaves, were looking forth on him.

Gloom to thy fairest nook, oh, earth!
Dark deed of evil can impart—
An awe that stills the lip of mirth,
And sends a coldness to the heart.

Wa-noo-sah was a chieftain's child,
And sweetest flower of womanhood
That ever grew, untaught and wild,
Within the green-roofed, mossy wood.

A suitor, hated by her sire,
Had seen, till night's chill gloom was gone,
And morning tipped the hills with fire,
Love's torch in her bark lodge burn on.†

Cheered by this token dear, a plan
The daring Tuscarora laid,
Regardless of parental ban,
To bear away his dark-eyed maid.

Thus spoke he, in a fatal hour,
To her he loved, in whisper low—
"When dew is on the fainting flower
I will be near with steed and bow."

"The home that waits us far away
Is girt by greener woods than these;
There hath the moon a softer ray,
And clearer notes have bird and breeze."

* On the Indian trail that ran from Avon to Genesee, and about three miles from the former village, lay a huge rock, that is said by tradition to have been rolled there by the Senecas, to mark the burial-place of the "lovers." My father, an old pioneer, has often seen the red man move slowly round it, with solemn look and suspended breath. This famous rock, a few years after settlement, to the regret of poet and antiquary, was blasted, and the massive fragments converted into mill-stones.

† In conducting a courtship, the Seneca lover visits the cabin of the maiden after she has retired to rest, and places the burning torch of bark, previously prepared, on the hearth-stone. If she rises and extinguishes it the offer of marriage is rejected; but if it is allowed to burn on he returns home an accepted suitor.

He won the maid's consent to fly
When gone was sunlight's parting smile,
But little thought an evil eye
On him kept earnest watch the while.

When she beheld the day depart,
While dim with shade the landscape grew,
Wa-noo-sah, with a fluttering heart,
Counted the moments as they flew.

A distant hoof-tramp on the sward
The listener heard at last, and found
For vigil lone a rich reward
In that long-wished for, welcome sound.

Loud, and more loud that hoof-tramp rang,
Then paused a horseman in his race:—
The maid behind him lightly sprang,
And on he rode at fearful pace.

"My sire to find his Singing-Bird
In vain will scour the wood and dell,
When comes the morrow"—not a word
In answer from that horseman fell.

Though small of frame, his thick-maned steed
Up stony hill, through coppice toiled,
Nor flagged his wiry limbs in speed
When swampy loam each fetlock soiled.

The rising moon began to shed
A glimmering light on wave and wild,
When reached a thicket, dim and dread,
Deep in the forest green and old.

There did his course that horseman stay,
And pointing to the forest floor,
On which a fallen warrior lay,
"Dismount!" exclaimed—"your ride is o'er!"

Cry long and loud Wa-noo-sah raised,
Then fell as if by arrow shot;
One instant her stern father gazed,
And galloped wildly from the spot.

Two ghastly skeletons, when came
The sad moon of the falling leaf,
A hunter on the trail of game
Found, and his heart was touched with grief.

He hollowed for the bones a grave,
And earth above them gently piled,
Then for the beautiful and brave
Sang a low dirge, with gesture wild.

A mighty tribe, with groans and tears,
Rolled a huge rock the mound above,
To mark where slept, in other years,
The victims of unhappy love.

Thenceforth it was a haunted place,
And deeply worn that rock around,
By children of the hunter race,
In passing, was the solid ground:—

Each walking, with suspended breath,
Heard spirit-voices in the breeze,
While shadows from the realm of death
Glided among the whispering trees.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY MISS SUSAN A. STUART.

" 'Tis a lesson you should heed—
Try, try again;
If at last you would succeed—
Try, try again."

SANG the little Laurie Ainslie, as, interrupting herself in her song, she jumped up from the low ottoman upon which she had been seated, and ran lightly to her mother sitting near the window.

"Only see, my darling mother, how nicely I have sewed this. Ah! you may turn it over, all is safe *this* time. Not *one* pucker—not *one* false *stitch*! Now, mother, have you not some hopes of me? Praise me, I beg you; for I am dying for a few words from your lips."

"You will not give me a chance to slip in a word edge-ways, chatter-box," laughed her mother. "But I will say, your piece of work looks very nice for a little seamstress of twelve. It is essentially necessary that every woman should learn to sew; and 'what is worth doing at *all*, is worth doing well.'"

"Thank you, mother; let me kiss you for that. And now you must not forget the promise you made me. See!" and she held back the curtains from the window, "only see how beautifully fast the snow is falling. Old Mother Goose is picking her chickens finely this afternoon; and there will certainly be no papa to-night. This is the very time, mother, for—but look how sweetly little Eddy is sleeping in his crib! Dear, dear baby!" and she kissed his chubby hand, extended on the coverlet.

"Don't wake him, Laurie, but bring me my knitting-basket, and I will tell you a story. But what must it be about?"

"Something about yourself, I hope. Do you know, mother, I had rather hear about yourself and papa than any other persons in the world. So please think about something concerning your young days to tell me."

"I have told you, I believe, every thing I can recollect about myself; but as it is a reward for careful and neat sewing, I will tell you a story about a seamstress, who lived with my mother, when I was a child."

"Oh! that will be delightful. Here, mother, put your feet on my ottoman, I have plenty of room; and now you are so nicely fixed, you can begin at once."

"Well, once upon a time," said Mrs. Ainslie, smiling.

"Oh, mother, you are doing that to tease me, when you don't wish to tell it good. Don't begin—'*once upon a time*!'"

"Ah! I see my little daughter is out-growing that pretty commencement to my nursery stories. I shall soon have you criticising my manner also. Well, to commence anew. My mother, whose health was

very delicate, was obliged, from that circumstance, to keep a seamstress to do all the making and mending incidental to a family of which I was the eldest daughter. By the way, I may as well add, in speaking of myself, that it seemed from my earliest childhood, that I was wedded to books, and above all other books, were novels. My mother allowed me to read whatever I wished; trusting to her own excellent precept and example to counteract whatever of evil tendency they might inculcate. This I mention as a warning to you; for my passion for that kind of reading prevented me from employing what leisure time I had in learning to sew, and other useful employments, which might be of service to me in time to come. A piece of work like that which you have executed this afternoon so neatly, would have seemed as impossible to me, as the most difficult of the problems of Euclid.

"About this time, there came as seamstress for my mother, the prettiest, most gentle, and most lady-like young person I ever met with. I was about your age when she came; and my heart was taken instantly captive by the dove-eyed Susie Lee—for so she was named. She lived with us as one of our family; going home once a month to see her widowed mother, who lived five miles from our residence. Everybody's good opinion seemed won by her gentleness as well as mine—for a sweet creature was Susie Lee, and one who had undoubtedly seen trouble. Sometimes I would be sitting in the room, reading, when she was employed at her work, and I would be startled at the sobbing sigh which often escaped her lips.

"One day I had been reading a story, in which the heroine was, to use a common expression, '*in a peck of trouble*' about a lover, to whom her father was much opposed. At last love conquered; and I closed the book with the expression, uttered aloud, of '*How glad I am she married him!*'"

"Who, Miss Laurie?" said Susie Lee.

"A young gentleman and lady, about whom I have been reading. But let me tell you all the story." And I accordingly, in my child-like language, gave her the substance of the tale. Susie's head, as I spoke of the young girl's grief, bent lower, and still more low over her sewing. Finally, as I brought my narrative to a close, by the question, 'Would n't you have acted as she did, Susie, if you loved any one?'

"She lifted her face, and I was surprised to see the mild eyes full of tears, and the generally pale face now flushed and stained by the drops which had been falling plentifully.

"What is the matter?" questioned I, sympathizingly; my own eyes filling at her apparent grief.

"'Nothing—nothing now. Forget that I have been foolish enough to cry, for I was only low-spirited. You asked me what I would do if I loved any one, as the lady you were speaking of? I should *not* act as she did, my dear child; for the first duty, after our love and obedience to God, is that to our parents. No man truly loves a girl if he wishes her to act in disobedience to their commands. No, no—never!' she spoke lower and more agitated, as if communing with her own heart—'impossible to love her, and yet try and make her act in direct contradiction to her Maker's will. It is hard to do what is right in this world; very, very hard, when one's *own heart* is pleading and urging you on to disobey. But then the Father will strengthen the weak ones, who know their frailty, and will call on him.'

"Her face was like the face of an angel in its expression, as she finished her communings, as I may term them, by an upward glance, full of hope, yet humble. Child as I was I watched her; for this show of feeling from the meek seamstress was interesting to me. But, except the trembling of her fingers, as she threaded her needle, or arranged her work, she gave no further evidence of it.

"April, that month which always reminded me of childhood, with its sunny smiles and tears, had come; and my mother, always indulgent in every way, had promised that I should accompany Susie Lee home the next time she paid a visit to her mother. The Friday—the day of our promised visit—was looked forward to by me with all the glad anticipation with which a child ever dreams of something new. The carriage was to convey us there; and, moreover, my entreaties and Susie's own good deeds had obtained a week's holiday for our visit—a whole week, think of that. Even her rather sad face became almost glad some at the prospect. As for myself, I bounded here and there over the house till I am sure my poor mother congratulated herself when I was gone.

"We rode on chatting, or rather, I questioning and my companion answering and describing, till we arrived within a mile of the village, or the remnant of what had once been a village. I proposed to Susie to get out and walk to her mother's. Accordingly, out we got; and I began scampering along like something wild, for the mild, clear atmosphere appeared to have infected every thing with a spirit of frolic and joy. Light fleecy clouds were in the blue expanse; and on the still evening air came the delicious perfume of the crab-apple, yellow-jessamine, coral honey-suckle, and numerous other odors, all mingling together and pervading our senses with their exquisite aroma. Soon we came into the village, which, like another Talmud of the desert, was thickly spread with its ruins, dismantled cottages, with here and there an old chimney showed where families had once dwelt, who were now, perhaps, resting in the cold and silent tomb, or had, with the spirit of migration, moved off to the far-distant West, that El Dorado of our many day-dreams. Many other houses were there closed; and some five or

six were alone tenanted, if one might judge from the smoke which 'so gracefully curled' up into the now purpling vault of heaven.

"'Are we most at your home, Susie?'

"'Yes. Do you see that little white house, with the garden in front? Well, that is it. Drive there, Uncle John, and put down my trunk and Miss Laurie's band-box, and tell my mother we are close behind.'

"The last house on the *one* street was Mrs. Lee's—and we quickened our pace as we drew nearer to the end of our journey. The remembrance of that simple visit is as fresh in my memory now as if it chanced but yesterday.

"We passed through the little garden, in which grew some simple flowers, such as roses, crocus, etc. Susie sprang eagerly forward to embrace her mother, who was standing in the door-way to welcome us. How she must have loved that old mother, for her face was beautiful with its tender expression. Mrs. Lee was a neat body, tall and straight, and dressed tidily in a purple calico gown, and thin muslin cap. She shook my hand warmly as she invited me in. In the centre of the room stood the round-table, already spread, with its snow-white cloth, blue plates, and brightly flowered tea-tray.

"'I thought, Susie, that you and the little Miss might be hungry after your ride—and so I got tea ready. After you have rested a bit, sit up to the table and eat.'

"And whilst the old lady stirred about actively, finishing her hospitable arrangements, I glanced around. The floor was as white as soap and labor could ever get boards; and the room, though poorly furnished, certainly had the charm of neatness. On one side of the apartment was an old-fashioned mahogany table, black with age, and whose legs looked so thin as to render it doubtful how long they would be able to support the body. Around the room were ranged a half-dozen of chairs, gorgeous in flowers, and gilt, as when first brought from the cabinet-shop; and before the fire a large and comfortable-looking rocking-chair, with a cane-seat, and which Mrs. Lee afterward told me was a present from Susie. A piece of home-made carpeting served as a hearth-rug; and burning on the newly painted hearth was a cosy fire, before which, to keep warm, was the *cunning-looking* little black tea-pot, and two covered plates. On the mantle-shelf were brightly burnished brass candlesticks, and a little flower-pot, filled with spring's early blossoms. A large family Bible lay on the table, above which hung the profiles of the family, in small gilt frames.

"'Come, sit up, Miss Laurie, to our plain fare. Susie, take that seat, and help the young lady to a piece of ham, if she will choose a bit.'

"What a delicious little supper that was! I am sure I never enjoyed such another one—for I was very hungry, and every thing looked so clean and inviting. Mrs. Lee, too, was so hospitably pressing, which, as every one knows, is pleasant to a child; and, for the first time, also, I drank *real* tea, not hot water.

" 'Take another bit of this toast, 't is so thin, you can eat more than one slice. You will not? Then, Susie, hand that plate of cake, and saucer of preserves; you must try these.'

" I know that all these details, simple though they be, are pleasing to you, my daughter; but any one else would be heartily tired by this time. I learned from the conversation between mother and daughter, that Mrs. Lee had a son called John, at that time at sea; and 't was through him, aided by Susie's simple earnings, that she derived her support. The little house in which she lived also belonged to her; and she concluded, raising her eyes in thankfulness, 'I am sure I ought to be grateful to God for his many blessings. I owe no body; and though I am not rich, yet I have health, and two of the best children on earth. Yes, Miss Laurie, that child washing up the tea-things, I will say, even before her face, is the best daughter in the world. I could not tell, and if I did, you would hardly be able to understand, all that she has done for me. May Heaven bless her!'

" The tea equipage being washed and put away, and Mrs. Lee having retired to the kitchen—an adjoining room—to smoke her pipe, Susie and I seated ourselves on the door-steps, as it was twilight, and the room warm from the fire.

" 'Good evening, Miss Susie,' said a young man, who stood on the outside of the gate. 'I saw you go by, and so I thought I would call to inquire how you were getting on.'

" This salutation was most commonplace, as well as Susie Lee's answer; but yet the voice of the young man was agitated, and my companion visibly trembling and blushing as she replied.

" 'I have not heard from you, or of you scarcely,' continued he, 'for the last two months. Was this right, Susie? Was this doing as you would be done by? God knows that we have had no quarrel; and yet I must suffer *all*. Yes, I will repeat it, *all*; for you surely never loved me, to treat me in this manner.'

" 'How unkind of you, Robert, to speak thus. Never loved you! You *men*,' continued she, speaking indignantly, 'can never understand *us* thoroughly. It is *you* that never really loved *me*, or you would not reproach me for doing my duty, but would encourage me. Oh, Robert—'

" She had advanced to the gate, and seemed, in her grief, to be forgetful of my presence, and thus I listened to a *real* love scene.

" 'Why do you drive me then to it, after all that we have been to each other for the last two years. You are a free woman, as I *am* a free man; and will you let the quarrel of two old women part *us* for life? You have never had cause to find fault with *me*; and, but for some meddling fool, who had to repeat to you and your mother what mine uttered in a moment of anger, all this had never happened. But I can stand it no longer. I have followed your footsteps for the last six months, though uncheered by you, and frowned on by your mother, content to steal like a thief in the dark round your house, so I could but catch a glimpse of you, or a chance word from

your lips. And then you left here; and my life has had no comfort since. But, as I said, I cannot stand this any longer; and I have determined that *you* shall decide for me to-night. Now, Susie, if you *ever* loved me, or do *now*, listen to my proposal. Marry me at once, dear Susie, and the old people will be obliged to make it up. Do not answer now, but take till to-morrow to think of it.'

" 'I *do* love you, Robert; *that* you well know, though you talk as you do. But my answer will be to-morrow as it is now—as it will *ever* be. I cannot marry you without the consent of your mother and my own. Let us wait patiently and lovingly, and God will yet bring it right.'

" 'No, 't is no use for me to wait any longer. I am losing the best years of my life in this hoping, doubting state. I had better, a long sight, be dead at once. Well, you will *not* marry me, you say. Then here 's for the sea—and may I never see this cursed place again. Good bye!' and the excited young man held out his hand to her.

" Meekly she took it; but her feelings overcame her self-command, and she laid her weeping face upon it, whilst her heart-anguish wrung forth the cry of 'Oh, Robert!' The young man was softened; his voice trembled, and he passed the other hand across his eyes, as he said,

" 'Then consent, Susie. Why will you make yourself and me both miserable?'

" 'No, Robert—my answer is still the same; and though, if you will go my heart *must* break, still, if I cannot induce you to stay without swerving from my duty, then I must say, farewell! and may God help us both!'

" At this moment Mrs. Lee came to the door, and the young man turned off. Susie, weeping, passed her mother and myself, and went up stairs, and from thence we could hear her convulsive sobs.

" 'Poor thing! poor thing!' said her mother, as she rocked to and fro. 'T will be the death of her yet, I am sure.' She questioned me closely about all that I had heard. I told her, and begged her to comfort Susie, by granting her consent.

" 'No, my child, she is seeking comfort from *One* who can give it to her better than I can. Most gladly would I give *my* consent if that would insure her happiness; but 't is not mine she needs, 't is *his* mother's, who not only withholds it, but utters harsh words against my daughter. Of course, she will not go into any one's family against their will; for Susie Lee, though poor, is as well born and well raised as the next one's child. Mrs. Murray, Robert's mother, is as good-conditioned a woman as you would meet any where; but some wretch has been poisoning her mind against Susie; and we cannot come to an understanding. When it first took place I advised my child to run over to Mrs. Murray, and ask her, up and down, what she had heard. She did so; but Mrs. Murray would give her no satisfaction, but insulted her. Since then we have had no intercourse at all; and I hear she says she would rather see Robert a corpse in her house, than to marry my child. Robert, poor fellow! will keep hanging about

when Susie is here; but I give him no encouragement. But it will all come out one of these days, mind my word, who is to blame.'

"I have told you, my daughter, that I was naturally romantic, and that novel-reading had increased this tendency. As I lay awake that night, and listened to her sighs—for she slept in bed with her mother, and shared the same chamber as myself—I resolved to act the part of a heroine, and to smooth the path of Susie Lee's true love. And with this resolution I sunk into a sweet slumber.

"The morning sun, beaming on my eyes, through the undraped windows, awakened me. The first object that my eyes fell upon was the still paler, and more sad-looking face of Susie Lee, as she sat near the window sewing. When she found that I was regarding her, she endeavored to smile and speak cheerfully. My heroic resolutions still continued in full force; and, so after breakfast, whilst the old lady was engaged in her household duties, and her daughter arranging the room up stairs, I took my bonnet and slipped out on my proposed jaunt.

"I inquired the way to Mrs. Murray's. A white-headed, dirty-faced little fellow, who was rolling in the sunshine and scratching with his naked toes in the dirt, jumped up, and very willingly agreed to show me. On I started, with a courageous heart, after my dirty little guide. When I arrived at the house, and had knocked, I found my courage, like Bob Acres', 'oozing out.' It was by far, the most respectable looking mansion in the village, and every thing around showed that the owners were in comfortable circumstances.

"I heard a quick step in the passage—a moment—and an old lady, with an open, pleasant countenance, came to the door. How my heart beat as she said 'Good morning,' and glanced at me inquiringly. But, she looked so fat and good-humored, that I took 'heart of grace,' and when she asked me with a smile—'What do you wish, my little daughter?'

"'I wish to see Mrs. Murray, ma'am,' I stammered out; and again my little heart went *pit-a-pat*, for I knew not what to say next.

"'I am Mrs. Murray, my dear. Come in, and tell me your business, for 't is as cheap sitting as standing. Come in'—as she opened another door, and ushered me into a neat little room nicely furnished, and looking as bright as a new pin.

"'Now, tell me what you wish?'

"'You must not get angry with me, Mrs. Murray, but I must tell you about Susie Lee. She sews for my mother, and is so good and so gentle that we all love her, at home, very much. Mother allowed me to come with her, and I am to stay a week; and although she always looks sad, as if in trouble, we never heard her complain; but I thought 't was because she was poor, and was obliged to sew for her living, and was forced to leave her mother and stay among strangers. But, I found out myself last night what caused her sad looks. Do listen, and don't get angry now, please ma'am,' said I, approaching her, for I noticed an ominous frown and a portentous pucker of the mouth.

"'Why, bless me, child! but you are mighty young to talk about such matters. Did the girl or her mother send you?'

"'Neither, Mrs. Murray,' said I, proudly and boldly, for I was indignant. 'I tell you that I both *saw and heard myself*. And, last night, when she sobbed, and prayed to God so earnestly for help to do her duty—and that when she thought we did not hear her—I determined to come and tell you; for I had heard Mrs. Lee say you were a good woman, but that some mischief-maker had set you against Susie.'

"'Did she really say *that*?' asked Mrs. Murray. 'Well! I must say, it was neighborly and Christian-like after what has passed. Perhaps I have been too hasty. And the poor girl herself, I always loved, with her nice, tidy, affectionate ways. My boy, too, has never been like himself since this trouble began. Tell me all about it, my dear, I will promise to listen.'

"And I did tell all, exactly as it occurred. The best orator surely could not have received a greater compliment than myself when I finished, for Mrs. Murray, with tears streaming from her eyes, said:

"'Bless your pretty little mouth! I must kiss you, for you speak like an angel. And you will be blessed, my child, depend on it, for God himself says: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Wait, till I change my cap, and I will round with you to Widow Lee's, and it shall not be my fault if we don't make every thing straight between our families.' Mrs. Murray brought me a plate of nice cake to refresh myself whilst she completed her toilette.

"What a glad heart and light step had I, as I walked through the village beside Mrs. Murray. I knocked at Mrs. Lee's door, which was opened by Susie, whose pale cheeks became beautifully crimsoned as she saw my companion.

"'Forgive me, Susie,' said Mrs. Murray, as she held out her hand. Susie Lee extended her hand most readily, but tears choked the words she attempted to utter. Mrs. Murray embraced her, and then turning to Mrs. Lee, who had risen, said: 'Forgive me also, old neighbor, and let me explain it all. I am sure you will not blame me so much.'

"It is not needful, my dear, to enter into this explanation; at least, as it was given by Mrs. Murray, for I assure you it was a lengthy one. More than one pipe-full of tobacco was smoked during their chat. I hated the smell of tobacco, but I inhaled it with considerable *gusto* that morning, for it seemed to me that all the angry feelings were smoothed off by it, and I began to imagine that I could see prejudices and objections, in tangible form, whirling and curling as the smoke ascended, till, like it, they vanished into thin air. I must tell you, however, that mischief-making tongues had been busy with these loving hearts. A girl, not much older than Susie, whom it was believed had a fancy for Robert, had whispered to the old lady, his mother, many a speech as if from her future daughter-in-law; Mrs. Murray, not being blessed with the patience of Job,

returned them with interest, and proceeded to active measures, such as had caused the sorrow of those young and attached hearts.

"'Good bye, Susie. I will send Robert here as soon as I get home,' said Mrs. Murray, to the smiling, blushing girl, as she parted with her. 'You two must make it all up between you, and make haste, too, and come home to us, for that will keep mischief from brewing again.'

"Let me say to you here, my Laurie," said Mrs. Ainslie, "always avoid the gossips as you would a snake, for they are quite as dangerous.

"And now but little remains to be told. I stayed the week; the old lady amusing me with tales of her

own young days. Susie and Robert, though very grateful, had their time fully taken up with each other. Susie returned with me, but she gave notice to my mother of her marriage. My kind parents, when I had told them of my share in the romance, kissed and praised me, and allowed me to purchase presents for Susie Lee's marriage *corbeille*. I was at the wedding, and afterward used often to go to see them, and I never beheld a more loving couple, or a family that enjoyed more domestic peace.

"And now, love, if you will be as good a daughter to me as Susie Lee was to her mother, I shall not think my time lost in having told her love story."

"A DEAD DOUGLAS WINS THE FIELD."

BY MRS. JULIA C. E. DORR.

Proudly waved the English banner
Scotland's hills and vales among;
In the glen and on the mountain
Loud and clear the war-cry rung.

True hearts answered to the summons;
Forth the stalwart warriors came—
And on every spirit-altar
Brightly glowed the battle flame.

Forth they came from cot and hamlet,
Forth they came from lordly hall;
Highland chief, and sturdy vassal,
Quickly at their leader's call;

And around brave Douglas rallying,
Swore they 'd conquer, or they 'd die!
Scotia's sons would yet be freemen,
Or they 'd perish gloriously!

Proudly waved old England's banner
O'er a stormy battle-field,
And beneath the lurid sunbeams
Glittered sword, and spear, and shield.

List ye to the noise and clamor!
Hark! how steel doth ring on steel!
Hear the sullen tramp of war-horse,
And the trumpet's thrilling peal!

With impetuous speed advancing,
On the English lancers rush—
Soon from many a Highland bosom
Doth the life-blood warmly gush!

Wilder, fiercer grows the conflict!
Ha! brave Scots, why falter ye?
Douglas falls—upon the greensward
Faint and dying lieth he!

Round him do the chieftains gather,
Gazing mournfully on him;
Quelled is every haughty spirit,
And each flashing eye is dim.

But a smile lights up his features—
A faint flush steals o'er his brow—

Eagerly he gazes round him,
And his voice is clear though low—

"Know ye not tradition tells us
A dead Douglas wins the field?
Even when a Douglas dieth
Doth the haughtiest foeman yield!

"Onward, then, for Truth and Scotland!
Onward, warriors! Fall not now—
Lo! the pledge of victory 's given,
'Tis the death-damp on my brow!

"Onward! here no longer tarry,
I must die, so speed ye on!"
Now his voice is hushed forever,
And brave Douglas' work is done.

On they press—their trusty broadswords
Grasping in each sturdy hand;
And the dauntless English Lion
Quails before that valiant band.

Now the Scottish banner waveth
Proudly o'er that battle plain;
And the foeman's ensign droopeth,
Like a pall, o'er hosts of slain!

Martyr! thou whose life-stream ebbed
Fast and silently away,
'Neath the wrongs that press upon thee
Heavily by night and day;

Thou who for the truth art dying,
With thy mission half revealed,
Fear thou not! thy cause will triumph—
"A dead Douglas wins the field!"

Ye who o'er a champion fallen
Bend with bitter, burning tears,
Trembling for the distant future,
And oppressed by doubts and fears,

Know ye not in self-reliance
Untold strength may lie concealed?
Press ye on! and shrink not ever—
"A dead Douglas wins the field!"

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

In the history of nations, especially of free republics, there are names which acquire a kind of political sanctity. The public mind venerates them—the public heart beats with a warm pulsation of gratitude for the services of those who bore them. If with great intellectual ability there is blended amiableness of temper; if along with vigorous reasoning powers there be a certain winning gentleness of nature, a most grateful impression is made upon the observant mind. Such a personage was Judge Marshall. Virginia can boast of many gifted, and not a few illustrious sons. Not the least among them was MARSHALL. The particular sphere of action which he chose when entering public life did not admit of those brilliant exploits which, as in the case of the successful warrior, strike the public imagination and dazzle the popular eye. He rather selected a laborious profession, in the practice of which the few become preëminent, while the many do not rise above mediocrity. It was not his destiny, like that of SCOTT, to chain victory after victory to his march, and thus to win swords and medals, but peace hath her victories, too, and there are civic wreaths for the serene brow of the advocate and the jurist, as imperishable as any that ever adorned the brow of the conqueror. Nor is the stain of blood upon them. The tears of the mourner have not wet them. If the early enthusiasm of John Marshall, fed by that love of applause so common to youthful minds, prompted him to turn an ambitious eye to the field of danger and glory, those aspirations were repressed by a providential influence that led him into those walks through which he was predestined to pass to a point of elevation on which the whole country should contemplate him as the ornament and glory of her jurisprudence. If genius may seem to some minds to be invested with a dignity superior to that which appertains to industry, the example of Marshall would disprove its claim to that distinction. That he possessed genius is not to be denied. It sat enthroned in that small, dark eye, brilliant as a “gem of purest ray serene,” reflecting the holy light of heaven, but it was only the impulsive power to that intellect which, incessantly toiling in the mines of the law, conducted him to those profound discoveries that gave him so exalted a fame, and inspired such confidence in his legal decisions. His was a thinking, industrious mind. It must have been so, for it did not suit his mode of professional, and especially of judicial action, to quote extensively from books. To an ornate style, to rhetorical excellence he did not pretend—his *Life of Washington* sufficiently proves this. Nor, as may truly be affirmed of Wirt, was he a model of the graces of elocution. His voice was too weak, his physical powers too feeble for efforts in this department. He never seems to have cultivated the imaginative powers,

because in them are found none of the elements of *demonstration*. Abstract principles were his delight, yet not abstract in the sense of being inapplicable to the affairs of human life, to cases actually occurring in the process of the administration of justice. For discussing the relations and dependencies of various truths he had a natural aptitude. His mind steadily penetrated all their complications. It was rather synthetic than analytic. I do not mean that it could not easily resolve a compound subject into its original elements, but that it preferred broad and comprehensive structures, where principle would rise on principle in beautiful proportion and indestructible firmness. Facts weighed with him as they afforded the means of deducing those principles which were vital and important. A succession of facts in the history of our country, especially as connected with her progressive settlement, giving rise to disputed claims, which were brought before the supreme tribunal for final adjudication, created the necessity of extensive reasonings and well-considered decisions, involving the interests not only of multitudes of individuals, but of rising states. Through many years of toil did the patient mind of the chief-justice investigate these subjects, and apply to them those great principles of law which are as immutable as the throne of justice itself. The dignity of law, the claims of justice, the sanctity of charters, the faith of treaties, and the rights of the people were all nobly vindicated in the lucid arguments and comprehensive judgments of the illustrious tribunal over which he presided, and of which he was not only chief justice, but the chief ornament. We have often looked with veneration on that distinguished array of judges, MARSHALL in the midst, on either side STORY, THOMPSON, MCLEAN, BALDWIN, BARBOUR, nearly all gone to take their place with the humblest before a higher tribunal to which alone could any appeal lie from their own.

Story lived to compose an eloquent eulogy on his judicial associate, in which with great sincerity he ascribes to him more virtues and fewer faults than commonly fall to the lot of humanity. His advantages for knowing the very interior of his life were peculiar, so frequent is the personal intimacy of the judges. During the court term they seem separated from the rest of the world, constituting a conclave by themselves. Story declares that his was “a fame founded on public and private virtue.” He was a man of a quiet, thoughtful turn of mind, free from all those extravagances which not seldom deform even genius itself; looking at the objects of human pursuit through a fair and honest medium; never seeking by small arts to attract admiration to himself; not even expecting the full measure of that homage which men were naturally inclined to render to so pure and eminent a character, but rather disposed to esteem

others better than himself. The grace of modesty pervaded his whole demeanor, the measure of it seeming to be proportioned to the real worth of the man. This quality was in fair keeping with that other characteristic, as extraordinary as the very eminence of the judge, which is stated by Story: "During a most intimate friendship of many, many years, I never upon any occasion was able to detect the slightest tincture of personal vanity." In him, however, the love of fame might have existed, as it does in all human breasts, it was not that irregular and dangerous passion which absorbs all other passions, and even principles and virtues, becoming predominant over the hopes, and independent of the happiness of our fellow beings. It was softened by the benevolence, guided by the wisdom, and restrained by the integrity of the man. It was dedicated to the service and glory of his country. There was in his character and habits a self-sacrificing disinterestedness, worthy the imitation of the youth of our country. "Meet with him in a stage-coach, as a stranger, and travel with him a whole day, and you would only be struck with his readiness to minister to the accommodations of others, and his anxiety to appropriate the least to himself. Be with him, the unknown guest at an inn, and he seemed adjusted to the very scene, partaking of the warm welcome of its comforts whenever found, and if not found, resigning himself without complaint to its meanest arrangements." That, we take to be an exemplification of the high resolve, the noble and well-earned lesson of a great mind: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be CONTENT." This is the true secret of happiness, the charm of this

checkered life. A man with such a spirit is the regent of external circumstances.

But however exalted the official sphere, however select the occasional society in which MARSHALL moved, his warmest affections clustered around the home circle. Domestic life had strong and enduring attractions for him. He loved the associations of home, was assiduously devoted to his wife, fondly attached to his children. There did he give full play to all the gentle and all the joyous emotions so apt to be kindled in the domestic circle. Even the sports of childhood diversified the tranquil tenor of his life.

The judge was not curious in matters of dress. The most nicely-cut garments could not well be adjusted to his tall and almost fleshless form. Even the judicial robe which he wore in official hours could scarcely be made to appear graceful on his person, except when in a sitting attitude. His steps were long and ungainly, but who thought of that when looking upon his fine countenance, in which were blended dignity, suavity, benevolence and penetration.

It happened to the writer to be walking one sunny afternoon in the cemetery at Richmond, when he found himself by the grave of Marshall, which is covered with a stone tablet bearing this inscription:

"JOHN MARSHALL,

Son of Thomas and Mary Marshall,

Was born the 24th September, 1755.

Intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler,

the 3d January, 1783.

Departed this Life

the 6th day of July, 1835."

PLEASANT WORDS.

Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. PROVERBS, xvi. 24.

MANY truths the Wise Man gives
To his sons and daughters,
Useful, pure, and strong, and bright,
As streams of living waters;*
But one I choose from all the rest,
And call it now the very best.

Pleasant words, he says, are like
A comb of fragrant honey,
The savings-bank of thriving bees,
Whose cells contain their money,
Where they, in little space, lay up
The gains of many a flowery cup.

"Sweet to the soul"—they gently soothe
In days of bitter anguish;
"Health to the bones"—they cheer the sick,
And lift the heads that languish;
And prove, in every state and mood,
A quiet way of doing good.

Let us, then, ask God to plant
In us his flowers of beauty,
And teach us to watch over them
With humble, patient duty,
Sweet flowers that grace the heart of youth,
Love, meekness, gentleness and truth.

* Proverbs, xviii. 4.

For as honey is not found
Where no flowers are blowing,
So, unless within our hearts
Love and truth are growing,
No one on our lips will find
Pleasant words, sincere and kind.

But—unlike the fragile flowers,
Who die as soon as ever
They have given their honey up—
The more that we endeavor
To lavish kindness everywhere,
The more we still shall have to spare.

Pleasant words! O let us strive
To use them very often;
Other hearts they will delight,
And our own they'll soften;
While God himself will hear above,
Pleasant words of truth and love.

Pleasant words! The river's wave
That ripples every minute,
On the shore we love so well,
Hath not such music in it;
Nor are the songs of breeze or birds
Half so sweet as pleasant words.

CAR. MAY.

HYMN TO THE DEPARTED.

BY WM. H. SMITH.

'Tis the o'erflowing heart now speaks to thee,
Thou dear departed one. This heart—all thine,
Which daily thou didst guide, on bended knee,
To Faith's most holy shrine,
For mutual utterance of thy pious love
In soul-enrapturing, heart-impassioned prayers
Which thou didst dictate, prompted from above,
This heart now prays in tears.
God raised thy soul with chariot-haste from earth—
Our hour of evening prayer gave thee immortal birth.
To thee, how sweet the visions of that hour!
When thou the messengers of God didst greet,
Upborne by pinions of Almighty power
Jesus, thy life, to meet.
Around thy spirit golden ladders rose,
And Heaven's loud anthems pealed thy welcome home,
God gave thy soul repose.
Bursting at once from Heaven's high-arching dome,
What scenes of bliss and glory blessed thy sight,
Ravished thy soul—thy cup o'erflowing with delight.
How can I speak from earth thy soul's release,
Or tell thy blessedness in realms of peace;
Eye hath not seen—ear hath not heard—nor mind
Of wing mortal scanned those joys refined.
Myriads of seraphs there all glorious shine;
Ten thousand harps celestial praise the Lamb with thine.
How must thy soul exult in songs divine!
Gazing on past with wonder and surprise—
On present scenes with ravished heart and eyes—
With future mysteries, by harps prophetic told,
Mingling Redemption's mysteries, of old.
What joy unspeakable!
To sit on thrones, near-by the Great High Priest,
And banquet freely on perpetual feast,
Crowned with a coronet, star-like and bright,
Radiant thyself with light.
Louder, still louder peal the funeral knell—
Linger, ye mourners, thronging round her bier—
Weep, weep, still let the dirge its cadence swell—
The heart's wild grief must shed its bitterest tear.

Night's coldest storm—night's darkest shadows fall—
Lift not the pall
Till this wild brain—these wandering senses feel
The balm which messengers invisible reveal.
Say not farewell—breathe not that sad adieu—
Chant ye her welcome to a world all bright—
Bid rainbows shine—till clouds are lost in light
And opening scenes of glory greet our view.
Bright-jeweled are the treasures slumbering here—
Such gems of wealth untold,
More precious far than gold—
For as below, so in the spheres above
Beauty sparkling with love,
Humility and grace
Still speed thee on thy Christian race.
Say not farewell—breathe not a sad adieu—
Stay, sister spirit! linger in our view—
Still charm my soul—still lead my footsteps right,
My guardian angel, through life's joyless night.
Thy flowers—our flowers—I'll water with my tears,
Fit emblems of thyself—how lovely yet how frail!
Oft in bright sunny climes, where Flora rears
Her gorgeous pyramids of flowers, we've trod the vale.
What luxury was ours, to inhale each homied breath,
Each pearl-tint, and deep crimson hue to trace—
Spicy aroma to drink in, ere death
Withered for aye this fair ephemeral race.
Often from earth to heaven thy thoughts arose—
Oft spoke of climes where softest zephyr blows—
Where amaranthine flowers, all pure, all bright,
Shall bloom eternally in God's own light.
Transplanted now above—
Glorious in Paradise—distil on me thy love
Around my wakeful senses—over all my soul—
Till I have burst the clod—till I have passed the goal.

* The departed one, Mrs. Caroline C. Smith, daughter of the late Dr. John Sen Trescott, of Charleston, S. C., and wife of Rev. Wm. H. Smith, of Philadelphia, died suddenly Sept. 10, 1851. Her last words, addressed to her husband immediately before her death, were—"Have you watered our flowers?"

I HAVE GAZED ON HER BEAUTY.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

I HAVE gazed on her beauty,
When dazzlingly bright
It gleamed o'er the ball-room,
A meteor of light;
When her bright brow was wreathed
With its loveliest smile,
And her dark glancing eye
Shot its lightnings the while,
Enchaining each heart
With the depths of the spell,
In those moments of triumph,
Around her that fell.
I have gazed on her beauty,
Too lovely for earth;
To her home in the skies
Her pure spirit sped forth.
Like the hue of the rose-leaf—
When summer's soft breath

Hath breathed its last sigh
Round the desolate wreath—
The bloom of her soft cheek
Had faded away,
And fled from her dark eye
Its wild flashing ray.
I have gazed on her beauty,
Nor knew, till 't was gone,
How radiant a star
O'er our circle had shone.
When the bright ray grew dim
That we cherished the most,
And its light to our circle
Forever was lost,
Then burst the deep truth
Of the voice that declares,
How man may with angels
Commune unawares!

BOB CARTER'S COTTON SPECULATION.

BY CHARLES P. SHIRAS.

"Bob! Bob! you *must* come with us to California!" exclaimed half a dozen delicate-looking young gentlemen, as they encountered one of their friends on the street.

"Indeed I will not," answered Bob.

"Remember, this is your last chance! We will not be here to-morrow to coax you," said one of the adventurers.

"I am very sorry to part with you all, but really I must tell you (I hope for the last time) that I can't go."

"And may we ask the reason? You had the fever as bad as any of us at first."

"Ah! I have caught a new idea since then," replied Bob, with a chuckle, expressive of great self-approbation.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the half-dozen young gold-washers in the same voice. They were curious to hear what road to fortune could be preferred to the one they were about to seek.

"You will all be secret? as Hamlet says."

"Yes! yes!"

"I would not have it talked about for the world!"

"Go on! honor bright with us always!"

"Well, then, I am going to marry an heiress."

"Hurrah!" shouted the weakly young gentlemen, with all the energy their weakness would permit. "Who is she? Don't be afraid, we will all be as silent as the grave!"

"Pshaw! you misunderstand me. I don't know yet who the lady may be; I speak in *general* terms, and, I repeat, I am going to marry an heiress."

This anti-climax was received with a laugh of derision.

"You must be mad!" said the weakest of the weakly young gentlemen; "have we not all been marrying fortunes, in the same way, for years? And would we go on this fool's errand if we thought there was the smallest chance of catching heiresses in these sharp witted times? Let me tell you, Bob, money marries money now-a-days. The days of romance, like those of miracles, are past. Cupid has lost his ultra-democratic principles, and no longer pairs off a page with a princess; he now stands upon one broad estate, and shoots his arrows to another. Undying affection can, therefore, no longer be turned to account."

"Yes it can!"

"Not, at all events, when a dashing young gentleman seeks to be the hero of the adventure; your finished manners would always cause you to be suspected. You should know all this as well as the rest of us, however, for your failures can hardly be counted."

"I have never yet made a systematic attempt,"

answered Bob. "I have always been too careless; but I am in earnest now, and I have strong faith that no adverse fate can prevent my success."

"Well, it is to be hoped you are not deceived by your pleasing faith; but we must lose no more time in talking. We meet again to-night, of course?"

"Of course," answered the marrying man.

These young men, whom we have introduced to the reader, all belonged to a class which, unhappily, is becoming quite large in this country. They were born and bred gentlemen, with a family dignity and a personal dignity to support, and nothing to support them with. Two or three of them had studied law; but who would trust a case with a youth of fashion, who is supposed to enter a profession merely for fashion's sake? They were in a more degraded position than the unjust steward in the parable; for while he was ashamed to beg, it may be justly inferred that he would have been willing to work had he been able; but they, on the contrary, were not at all ashamed to beg, (that is, depend upon their relations for support,) and yet they would have murdered themselves and all their fashionable connections if they had ever ventured upon such an enormity as physical labor. It would, probably, be unjust to say that they were never moved by a desire to plunge into the stream of enterprise, like thousands of young men around them; no doubt there were times when, in the desperation of empty pockets, they envied the hod-carriers and street-scrappers; but the chains of family dignity are generally too strong to be broken by any thing short of positive want.

As a matter of course, these young men were among the first who caught the gold fever. California offered a chance of making a fortune, and an escape from the restraints we have just described; and it may here be remarked that their class is very strongly represented in the valley of the Sacramento.

"Bob," alias Robert Carter, Esq., met his friends that night at a party which was given by the parents of one of their number, in order to send them away with eclat. Our mercenary knight saw several new faces that he could have admired, but he turned from them in disdain, well knowing that to be a genuine fortune-hunter he must close his heart to the temptations of beauty. He had not been long in the room, however, till his eye rested upon a young lady, whose beauty of form and feature imperatively demanded more homage than a passing glance. She was trying to listen to a song which, amid loud talking and laughing, a fat little dame was squeezing out of a very delicate pair of lungs. Bob was taken by surprise. The longer he looked the more handsome the lady appeared. "It will not do to

approach beauty such as that," said he to himself, "or all my wise plans will vanish like a dream." Still he had not strength of will to turn away. One of his friends, seeing how he was occupied, and recollecting the conversation of the morning, approached him, and whispered in his ear,

"Ah! Bob, I see you have your eye on one of them already."

"One of what?" asked Bob, in an absent manner.

"One of the greatest heiresses in the country!"

"No, no! you are mistaken! I have been looking at that angel in the fawn-colored—"

"And that angel," interrupted the other, "is Cordelia Cotton, one of the finest speculations within the circle of my acquaintance."

"Impossible!" cried Bob; "she is not the daughter of old David Cotton, the owner of more estates than would make a German principality, and the greatest miser—"

"She is his only daughter, and the sole heiress of his broad acres; moreover, she is the finest looking girl in this gaily company."

"She is indeed; and the first of her class that I ever looked upon, who could boast of personal beauty. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Yes, I met her once about a month ago, and have had a conversation with her this evening. I can easily effect an introduction."

Before ten minutes Bob was engaged in an agreeable tête-à-tête with the charming stranger. This conversation convinced him that she was not merely the most lovely girl he had ever seen, but the most witty, sensible and agreeable. He was astonished, moreover, to find her thoroughly educated. He was in raptures; but he looked upon the prize as almost too great for a reasonable man to hope for. In conceiving the project of marrying a fortune, he had fully nerved himself to encounter all the drawbacks of ugliness, ignorance, stupidity, etc. It is no wonder, then, that the union of great wealth with all that he most admired in woman, almost threw his senses off their balance. He regained his presence of mind, however, and proceeded cautiously in the determination to concentrate his energies, and tax his faculties to the utmost, in the pursuit of this *rara avis* among heiresses.

He soon felt that he was meeting with reasonable encouragement. He found little difficulty in leading the conversation into that confidential tone which gives such a charm to a new flirtation. Miss Cotton lived about twenty miles away in the country, and before the evening was over, Bob hinted that he would like to undertake the journey, in the way of a visit. To his surprise and joy the lady naively answered,

"No doubt *pa* would be glad to see you, for I have often heard him speak of your father as one of his oldest friends."

The next day, when Bob had passed through the farewell scene with his friends, he retired to the "solitude of his chamber," and began to *rehearse* a plan of attack upon the heart of the heiress. He

held the maxim that nine in ten of those who fail in the attempt to win the affections of women, have no right to blame any thing save their own awkwardness. He looked upon love-making as an art, in which a man may improve himself by care and study; and he was determined that, if he failed, he would not have the additional mortification of recollecting any *faux pas* in the manner of conducting the campaign. He repeated the warning to himself, that he must refine his flattery up to the tone of the young lady's mind; that he must not venture upon a single anecdote or reminiscence of any kind; that he must deal very sparingly in wit; and, in fine, that he must attempt to shine by the display of his *moral* rather than of his intellectual faculties. He felt, also, that in placing himself under all these restraints he must appear perfectly natural or all his labor would be lost.

There was another consideration which annoyed him exceedingly in spite of all his philosophy. As Miss Cotton resided in the country, every visit would create a bill of several dollars at the livery stable—and his purse would not bear many such drafts; hence arose a necessity for forcing a climax. After mature deliberation he concluded that he would have to come to the declaration before the conclusion of the third visit.

But we must here stop to say a word in our friend Bob's defense, lest we should make him appear worse than he was in reality. His motives were not wholly mercenary. Although he intended to make love upon scientific principles, he was not the less sincere. He thought much more frequently of Miss Cotton's beauty and amiability than of her fortune. It is true, that if she had been ugly and ignorant he would still have tried to win her; but he would not have entered upon the business with any thing like hearty good will. The logical reader may here say that we have merely proven that he was saved from positive rascality, by circumstances nearly allied to chance. This is true, but there are many honest men in the world who hold their integrity by the same slender thread. If it be a fact that many are led into evil by the oft recurring temptation of opportunity, it is equally true that others are saved from the evil they have contemplated, by the special interposition of their lucky stars.

In less than a week Bob ventured on his first visit. He was fully prepared to encounter an ill-bred, suspicious reception on the part of the miserly father, and a cool forgetfulness of the warmth of her late flirtation on the part of the daughter. His joy was, therefore, intense when he was greeted with quiet indifference by the former, and unaffected cordiality by the latter. He had a fair field, and made much greater progress during the visit than he had dared to anticipate; and when he took his leave, his naturally skeptical temperament had given ground, and his hopes were beginning to run away with his cautious philosophy; for, whereas he had met with nothing but bad fortune during his previous life, he now seemed favored by the purest kind of luck at every step.

The second visit was even more encouraging. He was evidently received with favor as a serious suitor; and, during a prolonged ramble in an adjoining wood, the conversation became so decidedly tender, that Bob departed the second time in the certainty that he had gained the commanding position of a lover whose declaration is anxiously expected.

The third visit was the one appointed for the climax; and as our hero had succeeded far beyond his expectations, all fears concerning the danger of haste had vanished. And, in truth, his course was no easy one. He greeted his lady-love with tender warmth, proposed another ramble in the wood, and soon began to approach the subject of his passion. At this point, however, he forgot all his training. A *bona fide* affection for the charming girl had taken possession of his heart, driving away all mercenary calculation; and when at length he began to speak of his passion in plain terms, it was with all the awkwardness and (to a third person) ludicrous ardor of a green lover. He was accepted with becoming confusion; and when they re-entered the house they had arrived at a perfect understanding. Miss Cotton was certain that *pa* would not give his consent to her marriage for at least a year to come; and it was concluded between them that he should not be "spoken to" on the subject for the present. Bob, of course, proposed running away, for he recollected the proverb: "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip;" but the lady would not consent. The bill at the livery stable was not much increased, however, until this decision was reversed. The elopement was managed in a less undignified manner than is usual in such cases. Bob brought a carriage to the door at high noon, and Miss Cotton stepped into it with a careless remark to the old housekeeper that she "would be back shortly." They were driven to the private dwelling of a justice of the peace with whom Bob had made the necessary arrangements, after eloquently overcoming scruples, and fears of prosecution. They were shown into a little parlor, where they were soon joined by the 'squire, who brought with him two witnesses, drawn by lot from the female portion of the household—all the others being restrained to the privilege of peeping through the numerous knot-holes in the partition.

"You are sure," said the 'squire, taking Bob aside, and speaking in a low tone, "you are sure there is no danger in—"

"Not the slightest," answered Bob, cutting off his question; "not the slightest, I assure you. Let us proceed to the ceremony immediately. It is no time now to parley."

"Well," said the 'squire, "I suppose, as you say, there is no retreating now. What are the Christ'n names?"

"Robert and Cordelia," replied Bob; "let us be quick."

"Miss Cotton was led to the centre of the floor by the two witnesses, and the 'squire immediately began. He read the ceremony from a well known

book of law forms, called "The Lawyer's Pocket Companion." This form commences with a very solemn exhortation, which, reduced to common English, means that "wedlock is a ticklish thing;" and that people should be very careful how they engage in it without due consideration. This finished, "Robert" was asked if he would "take this woman to be his wife, etc., to all of which he answered in a firm voice, "I will."

The squire then turned to the lady and began:

"Cordelia! will you take this man—"

"*Amelia*, you mean," interrupted the bride, in a half-whispered, trembling voice.

The squire blushed to the ears at what he supposed his own error, but he quickly substituted the name *Amelia*, and finished the ceremony. He then walked to the other end of the room, as if to shake off his official dignity, and returning in three hasty strides, shook hands with both, saluted the bride, and expressed a hope that they might enjoy long life and uninterrupted bliss. But Bob, instead of returning thanks for this civility, was gazing at his wife with an air of curious wonder; and, as soon as he could get to speak, he inquired in an anxious tone:

"My dear, did you not make him call you *Amelia*?"

"Of course I did! Is it possible you do n't know my Christian name? He called me Cordelia at first—that is my cousin's name."

"Your cousin!—what cousin?"

"My cousin who is away at school—the daughter of my uncle, David Cotton, whose house you have just left."

"And are you not his daughter?" inquired Bob, in the wildest astonishment.

"And have you been *making love to me and marrying me*, thinking that I was Cordelia Cotton?" cried the bride, giving question for question.

"But you always called the old gentleman 'pa.'"

"I called him 'pa' because Cordelia did. We were always such friends, and whatever she did I—"

"But I could take my oath I called you 'my dearest Cordelia' more than once."

"If you did, I never heard you."

"But, my friend, by whom I was introduced to you, said you were Cordelia Cotton, and he seemed to know."

"But he did n't know—how can I help other people's mistakes? But I see how it is," continued she, beginning to grow hysterical, "I see the whole truth now! You thought you were marrying Cordelia Cotton, *the heiress*, and I am a wretched, broken-hearted, deserted—"

"No, no! you are my own dear wife," interrupted Bob, catching her in his arms in anticipation of a swoon, of which there were decided symptoms.

"Oh, I am ruined! You have been deceived and will hate me! I have nothing to hope for but death!"

"My dearest wife, you wrong me!"

But Bob saw that there was no use in finishing the speech, for the lady had already "gone off."

The squire, with commendable delicacy, had withdrawn at the beginning of the scene, forcing the two witnesses to follow and be content, as he was, with the view through the knot-holes, and when he saw the melodramatic turn the affair had taken, he was not slow in re-entering with water, hartshorn and other restoratives.

The bride soon recovered her senses, but her grief immediately sought a new relief in a violent flood of tears, accompanied by heart-rending sobs.

Bob's distress knew no bounds. He now began to realize how deeply he loved his wife, heiress or no heiress. He had already made up his mind to shoot himself in case he should fail in regaining her confidence. He was not without hope, however, and wishing to conclude the scene in a less public manner, he led her to the coach, which she entered without apparently being conscious of what she was doing. Having directed the coachman to drive slowly toward the city, the distressed husband sprang in after her, and commenced an explanation in good earnest.

It was necessary, however, to protest, yea, to swear in the most solemn manner that he loved her more than life, that she loved her for herself alone, that he would go mad if she would not hear him, etc., before she could be brought to listen to him at all. This effected, he made an apologetic confession of his own part in the affair, claiming that he had fallen in love with her before he was told that she was an heiress. This was, in a great measure, true. He also, in a very delicate manner, used a most logical argument, which, when stripped of its long preamble and its lover-like rhetorical imagery, amounted to this: that inasmuch as he now showed himself perfectly satisfied with his bargain, it was immaterial whether he had hoped to marry an heiress or not. This common sense could not long be resisted, and before they reached the city, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Carter were perfectly reconciled. Several important explanations were then given on the part of the lady. She informed her lord that she was an only child, that she had lost her mother while yet an infant, and her father about two years back. When the debts of the estate were paid she found herself mistress of only one thousand dollars, and no one to look to for assistance or advice save her miserly uncle.

"But tell me," said Bob, when she got thus far, "what led you to think that he would object to your marriage with the man of your choice?"

"Because, when he took me to his house, in the madness of his avarice he made a bargain with me

that I should pay him three dollars per week for my boarding. This he considered a profitable speculation, and as I had expended only five hundred dollars, I knew he would not wish to part with me until he had secured the other five hundred."

"The old rascal!"

"No, no! he is really crazy on the subject of money!"

"By the bye!" interrupted Bob, "speaking of money puts me in mind of something I had forgotten. How am I to support you? I am as poor as an author."

"Go to work!" answered Mrs. Carter, coolly.

"That's a fact!" exclaimed Bob, opening his eyes, as a new light broke in upon him, "I will have to go to work now, and no mistake!"

From that moment he was a new being. The crisis called forth the energies of the man. With his wife's little dowry, and a reasonable credit obtained through his friends, he was enabled to enter as a partner in an active and profitable business. His beautiful and amiable wife, who has nobly sustained and fostered his newly found energies, declares that when he has acquired a competency she will coax him to retire, lest he should become too fond of money, and fall into the disease of her uncle, who still hangs on to his life and his—dollars. Should she keep her word, she will certainly be a pattern among wives.

Bob has lately heard some strange stories from his friends in California. They are all driving carts for one hundred dollars per week, and paying ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents for board and washing; but as our hero has thoroughly studied the mysteries of "profit and loss," he does not grow dizzy at the thoughts of such a lucrative business.

In winding up this authentic history there is one thread which we have not yet touched. The question will undoubtedly be asked—"Did the very quitted Miss Cotton really never suspect Bob's error until the moment of explanation?" This same question occurred to Bob himself, during the scene in the coach. It certainly did seem strange that he had never uttered any thing which would betray his mistake. He said nothing at the time, however, and he has been too happy ever since to think about the matter. Perhaps he is right—"bygones should be bygones." As far as I, the faithful narrator, am concerned, let me say that I eschew all empiricism. I am too well aware of the boundaries which have been placed upon the penetrating powers of the human mind, to attempt to search the heart of a woman in the hope of finding a secret of this delicate nature.

LINES ON WINTER.

THE landscape wears a shroud of snow,
The cold winds sweep along the plain,
And all above, and all below,
Show Winter's melancholy reign.

Oh ! well this season may compare,
To that deep sadness of the heart,
Which comes in withering coldness there,
When Hope's enliv'ning beams depart.

THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

MR. EDITOR,—Doubtless some of your many correspondents have ere this described, and well described, the calamitous condition of a *private tutor*. To such it may afford some consolation to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends I obtained, prospectively, an honorable and lucrative employment; but there were certain arrangements to be made which delayed my introduction to it for nearly a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a particular favor, that I would bestow the year which I could call mine in *reading* with the only son of the rich Mr. Flint, of Baltimore. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family into which I was received with so many marks of favor and distinction.

Rowland Flint, Esq., was born of parents in the humbler walks of life; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at an early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency* which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Yankee lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became "in easy circumstances, well in the world, of great credit, a man to be relied on, and to be advised with, and even one superior to all shocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to inquire after his poor relations whom he could not assist; and after he made his fortune he thought it was equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Baltimore. Yet a multitude of unforeseen obstacles retarded his return: some new mortgage was to be settled, some company concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry account to be

adjusted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death surprised him at the age of three-score and ten.

Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it: *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew Rowland.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-suits, which the court uniformly determined against him with costs.

But of every other science he honestly avowed his ignorance; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, *although it should stand him in ten thousand dollars!*

My pupil was in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my task to *bring him forward*, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth was of a docile disposition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother; her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own.

Baron Bielfield, an eminent German author, observes, that in the United States there is a disease called *le catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. Flint lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of housekeeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain Winterbottom, who, as he was wont to say, "could bear a hand at any thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the East India trade, and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear somewhat of a uniform, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. As intimated above, the captain dealt occasionally in politics.

The last of the family that I shall mention, was Miss Julianna Winterbottom, a maiden sister of Mrs. Flint. Her original name was Judith; but when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to Julianna, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Mrs. — was advised to spend a winter at Marseilles, for the recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of an unusually gay winter in her native city; and she easily prevailed on Miss Juliana to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the sea, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company and the damps from the Patapasco had begun, and Mrs. — lived not to *re-see* her American physicians.

Miss Juliana, on her return home, passed through Paris and got a peep of M. Talleyrand, chanced to be in company with M. Thiers for half an hour, and she actually purchased a volume of music written by the great Rousseau himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *litterati*, she commenced a sort of *litterati* in her own person. She frequently advanced those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagined, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatized with diffidence, and was a very stammerer in infidelity.

Having seen Paris, and having picked up many French words in the course of her travels, she thought that she was authorized, and in some sort obliged to speak French. Nothing could be more grotesque than her traveled language. When she left Baltimore "her speech," to use a phrase of Lord Bacon, "was in the full dialect of her nation." At Marseilles she conversed with English and Irish; and by imitating the language of each, she realized a compound quite indescribable. But still her own country language predominated, for during her residence abroad she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the housemaid, who was born in the county of Middlesex, England.

In pronouncing French, she blended the tone of all those dialects, and her phraseology was as singular as her pronunciation, for she faithfully translated every word from her own mother tongue. An example of this presents itself which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said: "*Je doute pas que vous ayez perusé les ouvrages de Mongeser le Comte de Buffon; que un charmant creature! il met philosophes et divins par les oreilles.*" That is, "I doubt not that you have read the works of Count Buffon, what a charming creature! he sets philosophers and divines by the ears." I answered her that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton.

"Why, indeed," replied she, "Sir Isaac may have been a man of better *principles*, but *assurement* the *theories* of the count are wittier."

It is a happy circumstance that Miss Winterbottom never visited Italy. Had she done so, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she was in philosophy. I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At

dinner, she said, "I remember that in Italy they have something very like our veal, which they call *vitello*."

"Well, sister Judy," cried Captain Winterbottom, "and why should they not? For if *vitello* means veal in their lingo, what else would you have the poor devils call it?"

It was resolved to postpone my lessons for awhile, "that," as Mr. Flint expressed it, "I might come to know the ways of the house first."

Miss Juliana constantly teased me with questions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I said, that some weeks hence, I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses. "*Misericorde!*" cried she, *nonsense verses!* Is that part of the *etiquette*?"

"Let the boy alone," added Captain Winterbottom; "when he is old enough to be in love he will make *nonsense verses*, I war'nt you, without any help of yours; ay, although it should be on mamma's chamber-maid."

Mr. Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, "Oh fie, brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavored to explain their nature, and observed that their main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

"Quantity of syllables," exclaimed the captain. "There is modern education for you! Boys have their heads lumbered with great quantities of Latin syllables and words, when they should be taught to understand *things*, to speak their own language rough and round, and so cut a figure in Congress. I remember Will Morris; but he is gone! Honest Will knew no tongue except a little of his own, and yet he would talk to you for an hour, and you would have thought that he had scarcely entered on the subject at all. He never valued any of your outlandish lingo, not he!"

"I said that if my pupil were of an age to go into Congress, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of Pythagoras, and be silent for seven years."

"He must have been a sure card, that Mr. Pythagoras," observed the captain, "and I do suppose he lived up to his own precepts, for I never heard of any speaker of that name; no, not even in committees. People, to be sure, may hold their tongues, and have a slice of the great pudding; but *this* is not a time for your dumb senators. No, we must have bold, well-spoken men, to tell poor America that she is beggared, and bleeding, and expiring; ay, and dead, too, for aught that some folks care." He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

"Were all men to make speeches," said I, "what time would there be left for doing business?"

"Business," cried the captain, "is not oratory business? And why cannot they set to it watch and watch, as we do at sea?"

Mrs. Flint expressed her hope that I would not load her poor boy's memory by making him get a deal by heart.

"When I first got the multiplication-table by heart," said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, "it was a plaguy troublesome job, but now that I am master of it, I don't perceive that it loads my memory at all."

"Learned men have remarked," said Miss Juliana, "that it is not the getting by heart that is censurable, but the getting by rote, as one does one's catechism."

"There she goes, the traveled lady," cried the captain, "she must always have a fling at her catechism."

"Mr. Winterbottom," replied Miss Juliana, with exceeding dignity, "you wrong me much; I am sure that I should be the last woman alive to say any thing, especially in mixt companies, to the disparagement of religion, which I have always considered as the great *lyeng* (lien) of society."

"You have always considered religion as *great lying*! and who taught you that, sister Judy? Your God-fathers and your God-mothers! No, sure."

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain Winterbottom that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own idea, "that religion was the great tie of society." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

"Well, well," said the captain, "if *her tongue was tied*, society would be no loser."

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of Juvenal, a poem, for method, composition and animated language, universally admired.

"What does that Juvenal write about?" said Miss Juliana; "I am not acquainted with his works—he was he a member of the French Academy?"

"Perhaps," replied I, smiling, "he would be no favorite with you, Miss Juliana; he has been very severe upon the Roman ladies."

"Ay, they were Papiats," said Captain Winterbottom, "and they were all no bet—"

"Give me leave to tell you," cried Miss Juliana, in a higher key, "when I was abroad, I had the honor of being known to several ladies of the Roman persuasion, and they were strictly virtuous."

"I suppose you asked them whether they were virtuous, and they said they were. Poor sister Judy! It is true I never was up the Mediterranean, as you have been; but I have touched at St. Helena, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and anchored at Calcutta, and that is farther than ever you traveled; and I say they are all no bet—"

How this wonderful controversy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with *the ways of a house* in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I should begin my lessons. Appearances, I must acknowledge, were not very favorable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations

of which I have given you a sketch, and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered myself, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would increase his love for letters.

In what way our studies were conducted will best appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week.

MONDAY.—Mrs. Flint had previously informed me that her son's constitution did not agree with much study before breakfast, and that whenever he read on an empty stomach he was apt to be disturbed with uneasy *yawnings*; we therefore resolved that he should have a short lesson only at eight in the morning. After waiting in the parlor till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her son had been observed to turn himself twice or thrice during the night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of stuffing and wheezing, and that by way of precaution, she judged it best to give him a little senna, and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without interruption.

Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of Juvenal. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirists, I began—

"Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Godibus usque,
Auroram et Gangem."

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss Juliana and her sister, with Mr. Flint and the captain a little behind, and walking on tiptoe.

"You must pardon our *femelle curiosité*," said Miss Juliana, "we come to see *Jemmy* take his first lesson from you. What have you got here? I fancy from my knowledge of French, that I could pick out the meaning of some parts of it. Oh! I understand, there is *auroram*, does not that mean *break of day*?

"Que l'aurore
Nous trouve encore."

I learned it in a French *Chansong a boar*."

"What is that boar song?" demanded Captain Winterbottom, "is it a hunting one?"

"Oh fie, no," said Miss Juliana, "it is a drinking-song."

"And who taught you drinking-songs, sister Judy; did you learn them from your outlandish ladies of honor?"

A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of consequence.

"The governor's lady."—On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Flint presently returned—"I must make an apology," said she, "for thus interrupting the course of my son's studies; but Mrs. — has made a flying visit to tell me that there is a meeting of young people at her house this evening, and that there will be a dance and a little supper, and she insists to have *Jemmy* of the party; but I would not engage for any thing without asking your leave, as you have

the whole charge of his education. There will be many rich folks, and many fine folks; and there will be Miss Punaise, the great heiress; she has a vast immoveable estate near the city, and who can tell—" The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that possibly he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch cold* would have awakened all her feelings, but at present Mrs. Flint was elevated above the regions of alarms. "Never fear," said she, "we are going to a close, warm house, without a breath of air in it. Come away, Jemmy, and put on a pair of white silk-stockings as fast as you can; Mrs. — waits us."

TUESDAY.—My pupil had been kept out of his bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast.

"Cheer up, my boy," cried Mrs. Flint. "You look as if you had been dreaming all night about your partner, Miss Punaise; come, let us take an airing, and refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the ball. These late sittings don't answer well with my old bones. You see, Mr. —, that I have been as good as my word, and that Jemmy, poor man, has caught no cold. You shall go along with us on our airing; there is room for you in Mr. Flint's carriage and four, and you may talk over your lessons by the way, for you will find the carriage quite easy."

"Nothing, indeed, could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed."

"We must, first of all, shut out the common enemy, the east wind," said Mrs. Flint, pulling up the glasses.

The weather was warm, and Mrs. Flint grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me the catalogue and the character of the company; she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing:

"A gentleman at Mrs. —'s, who said he was lately come from London, told me Jemmy was vastly like the Prince of Wales, particularly in the *polka*; but remember, Jemmy, that to be a great scholar is a much finer thing than to be a great dancer. I am sure, Mr. —, that my boy will profit by your instructions; he has a charming memory, and he will take in his learning as fast as you can give it him; and I am sure *that* is saying a great deal; for, from all that I can discover, Mr. Flint could not have bestowed his money better."

She was going on, but alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear; we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out and walk home, as I felt myself not well.

"Oh, to be sure," said she; "I have known people sick in carriages for want of practice; don't be alarmed Mr. —. But here, Jemmy, do you wrap this handkerchief about your neck before the coach-door is opened."

I walked home in great spirits, animated by every

gale around me, and I forgot for a while that I was not my own master.

In the evening my pupil came to me dressed out with hair in curl. "Mamma," said he sheepishly, "has made me engage to drink tea with Miss Punaise, my last night's partner. I don't much like her neither, for she is pitted with small-pox, has a yellow-skin, with a bleared eye; and besides, she dances out of time. There was a Miss with black hair—"

Not inclining to become his confident, I said—"Master Flint, all engagements that can be kept with honor *must* be kept, and therefore you must go."

"No," said he, "there is not any must in the matter, for I believe the Miss with the black hair lives with their Miss Punaise. However, I can do a double-task to-morrow; and my aunt is accustomed to saying that a young man ought not to be always at his books."

He seemed to have treasured up this precious apothegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.—My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly seated ourselves when Captain Winterbottom arrived.

"No lessons to-day," roared he. "This is my sister's wedding-day, and therefore we keep holyday, and come for to be merry. Why, you young dog, if it had not been for this day, you would either have not been at all, or have been a bastard."

It was indeed a day of festivity and riot.

THURSDAY.—All the servants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlor about eleven, and we resumed the fatal first line of Juvenal. "The French master is here," said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that *that* was impossible without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city.

"It is no great matter for an hour," said Miss Juliana, "you have *always* my nephew at your command; but poor Signor Bergamesco is much hurried, and his time is not his own."

"Signor Bergamesco," cried I; "is your French master an Italian?"

"Yes," said she, "of a noble family in the dominions of the Dog of Venice, but a younger brother with a small patrimony, which he unfortunately consumed *en travaillant par l'Europe*. It was a fancy of my own. I thought that after the Signor had taught my nephew French, he might teach him the Italian also; for you know that it is a great loss to change preceptors, and that young men who have not seen much of the world are shy with strangers."

The task imposed on my pupil by S. Bergamesco, occupied all his leisure till dinner-time; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read, *omnibus in terris*, when a servant said, "Here is the French master."

"What!" cried I, "can S. Bergamesco, who is so much hurried, afford to give two lessons in one day to the same scholar?"

"It is another French master whom they had got for me," said my pupil.

I applied to Miss Juliana for the explanation of this phenomenon.

"It was none of my advising," said she, "but my brother knew Mr. O'Callaghan when linguist to Commodore Firebrace, and *he wished to throw a good job in the poor fellow's way*; these were his very words; and so Mr. O'Callaghan came to be employed; but, indeed, after recollection, I thought it would answer well enough, as both masters taught by the same grammar, and both of them read *Telemac*."

The linguist of Commodore Firebrace had just taken his leave, when a smart young fellow burst into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance.

"What!" cried I, "more French masters?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Mrs. Flint, who accompanied him; "it is only the hair-dresser, who comes to put up my boy's hair in papers. Pray don't ask me why, for it is a great secret; but you shall know it all to-morrow."

FRIDAY.—"You must know," said Mrs. Flint, at breakfast, "that I am assured that Jemmy is very like the Prince of Wales. Now Jemmy is sitting for his picture to —; and I thought it would be right to get the hair-dresser, whom you saw last night, (he is just arrived from London,) to dress his hair like the Prince of Wales, that Mr. — might make the resemblance more complete. Jemmy has been under his hands since seven o'clock—oh, here he comes!"

"Is it not *charmant*?" exclaimed Miss Juliana.

"I wish Miss Punsaise saw you," added the happy mother.

My pupil, lost in the labyrinth of cross curls, seemed to look about for himself.

"What a sheep's head have we got here?" cried Captain Winterbottom.

We all went to Mr. —'s, to assist him in drawing Jemmy's picture. On our return, Mrs. Flint discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye, by looking steadfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed—so there was no more talk of "*omnibus in terris*" for that evening.

SATURDAY.—My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black. His curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige to mark the skill of the London artists.

"Bless me!" cried I, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Flint; "a relation of mine is to be interred at twelve, and we have got a burial card. We ought to acknowledge our friends on such melancholy occasions. I mean to send Jemmy with the coach. It will teach him how to behave himself in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expressed a desire to go to the play. "There is to be George Barnwell," said he, "and a vastly comical and entertaining afterpiece."

"Why, Jemmy," said Mrs. Flint, "since this is Saturday, I suppose your tutor will have no objection; but be sure to put on your great-coat, and take a cab in coming home."

"I thought," said I, "that we might have made some progress at our books this evening."

"Books on Saturday evening," cried the whole company; "it was never heard of."

I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect that he, who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, sir, etc.

HYFODIDASCALUS.

LINE S.

BY CLARA MORTON.

ALL day long I have mourned thy absence—

All the day I've watched in vain,

Sadly looking down the hill-side,

Through my frosted window pane.

Now the herds are straying homewards,

One by one, adown the vale;

And my eyes are dim with watching,

And my cheeks with fear are pale.

Heavy clouds, in shades of purple,

Sail along the eastern sky;

And the "sunset's golden arrows"

On their crimson edges lie.

Now they glance athwart the tree-tops—

Falling on the yew and pine—

Trembling in their brilliant glory

Midst the low and leafless vine.

In the west, by yon blue mountain,

Sinks the mighty one to rest,

While the clouds, in arches looming,

Look like pathways for the blest.

Pathways paved with rubies glowing—

Massive gates of burnished gold—

Walls of amber, from which banners

Float in heavy, gorgeous fold.

Far above, in gentle glory,

Gleam the stars from azure fields,

And the moon, in opal chariot,

Proud her silver sceptre wields.

Wherefore lingers my beloved?

Tell me, oh, ye stars of night!

Answer to the heart that yearneth

For his eye's deep, loving light!

Ah! in vain! in vain I question!

Mortal form may not be told—

Mortal lip may not hold converse

With the changeless stars of old?

Cease, my heart—be still repining,

God will care for thee and thine,

Trust in Him—His love believing—

Trust in Him, and ask no sign.

THE LOVED OF OTHER YEARS;

WORDS BY

EDWARD J. PORTER,

COMPOSED WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

J. C. BECKEL.

Dedicated to

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

Allegretto.

Piano Forte.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto' and 'Piano Forte'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'When sum-mer flow'rs are wea - ving their perfumed wreaths in air, And the Zephyr's wings re - ceiv - ing the love gifts gen - tly bear; Then'. The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part features various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

When sum-mer flow'rs are wea - ving their perfumed wreaths in
air, And the Zephyr's wings re - ceiv - ing the love gifts gen - tly bear; Then

THE LOVED OF OTHER YEARS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a double bar line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

mem' - ry's spir - it steal - ing. Lifts up the veil she wears, In
all their light re - veal - ing, The loved of oth - er years.

II.

When summer stars are shining
In the deep-blue midnight sky,
And their brilliant rays, entwining,
Weave coronals on high;
When the fountain's waves are singing
In tones night only hears,
Then sweet thoughts waken, bringing
The loved of other years!

III.

The flowers around me glowing,
The midnight star's pure gleams,
The fountain's ceaseless flowing,
Recall life's fondest dreams.
When all is bright in heaven,
And tranquil are the spheres,
To thee sweet thoughts are given,
The loved of other years!

DORA AND I.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

I've a natural modesty, Mr. Graham, a sort of *mauvais honte*, that clings to me so tenaciously I cannot even introduce myself to you alone; and so, as Dora and I are "hand-in-glove," sir, have literally crept beneath her protecting shadow—for Dora is half a head taller than your humble servant.

You do n't believe I *am* bashful?

Well, that's the "unkindest cut of all." What! doubt a lady's word? I had not thought you guilty of such rudeness. I would not have confessed it so candidly if I were? Why not? That shows how much wiser we women are about such things. Let me whisper in your ear a moment. 'Tis the safest way by half to own a thing of this kind frankly at once. It saves a world of trouble; and so with this convenient knowledge, I have mortified myself into a "confession," and thrown myself on your mercy.

Nay, now! don't look incredulous again; you may ask Dora herself—(when you have an opportunity.) So, doubt on, my precious unbeliever, to the end of the chapter, while I tell you a story—(shall I?)—of a May-day frolick. To be sure the day *was* coolish, but the birds trilled and gurgled with summerish delight, and the warm sunlight broke in through the trees, and laid a loving hand upon us, as if to make amends for the coolness of our reception. Then we were such a merry party in ourselves. There was May Lindsey, (she was christened Marion, but we call her May, for brevity,) looking as bright and fresh as the day itself, while by her side, replying as indifferently to her gay sallies as if she were a spinster on the shady side instead of the bright dazzling creature she was, was Winthrop Lansing, our village lawyer. I was fairly provoked out of all patience with the man. Had he no sensibility whatever, to remain proof against so much loveliness. Mayhap the sweet, girlish laughter that gurgled out its melody so frequently behind him, disturbed his gallantry; I should n't wonder—for no one has a more beguiling laugh than Dora Lawton; though I never heard that it ever disturbed anybody. But people are differently constituted, I'll own; and the light tones, and lighter laughter that were fast bewitching the gay heart of our wild, good-natured Bob Russell, *might* have had the contrary effect on our young L. L. D. *Truth is stranger than fiction*, as you will see when I get to the end of this May-day ramble. But we are not half-way yet, and I hav'n't told you of half our party. There was May's sister, Kate, little more than sixteen, with a bearing like a princess, and my thoughtless brother, Will, for her cavalier. Ah! what a couple they made! Kate's slight figure, shrouded in a crimson shawl, which did not conceal her native grace. And then a little gipsy hat sat on her little gipsy head of clustering curls. She reminded me of a picture I once saw of

one of Scott's heroines—"Rose Bradwardine," with a light in her eyes half dreamy, half coquetish. I don't wonder my susceptible brother was captivated. And this brother of mine is a young sophomore, rather good looking, (resembles his sister, they *say*), and rather vain, as young sophs are apt to be—not at all resembling his sister in this particular. Ah! I had forgotten we were such short acquaintances, Mr. Graham, and my vaunted modesty, too! But remember, "*truth is stranger than fiction*," and pardon me for this digression. I wonder if you like young school-teachers as well as I do? We had a love of a one with us that day—Kate Dexter—a perfect jewel of a "school-marm;" not a demure, old-maidish jewel, but a fresh, charming young girl, somewhere in the twenties. I have a fancy, too, for male teachers sometimes—young ones, of course. Oh! I hate your dull, stupid old prigs, with their white, starched neck-cloths, and deceitful-looking spectacles. But Arthur Lovel was any thing but dull and stupid; and as for spectacles, his eyes were much too handsome to hide. Then we had a young Southerner, and his sister. She, a little, dark, indolently graceful creature, with the smallest possible hands and feet, and the softest black eyes I ever saw. And he, a proud, passionate fellow, with the southern fire breaking out in his energetic speech, and only half hid in his dark, liquid eyes. And last, though not least, came Agnes Leslie, whom I will pass without a word of comment, for modesty forbids, and introduce you to her companion—my cousin, Leslie Lindsey, sir; a slight, aristocratic figure, with a pair of dark-blue eyes, that talk faster than his tongue. Do you recognize yourself, dear Leslie, in the slight sketch, or have your perceptive faculties become obscured since last we met? I was satisfied with my companion, though it seemed that some of our party were not with theirs. The sparkle in May's eyes waxed brighter as her companion became more abstracted. The haughty little mouth took a look of ineffable disdain, and the thin nostrils dilated with every breath. She was piqued quite out of her usual good-nature. Why, the thing was unbearable. She, who had captivated older and wiser men, to be so neglected by this village lawyer! But Winthrop Lansing was of different metal from these men. In one or two seasons, as I learned subsequently, he had gone through society from the gilded door of bright anticipation, to the very midst of the gay arena, and so had grown sick of city airs and graces, and—but I will not anticipate; one thing was clear, he was bent upon enjoying himself after his own heart, unmindful of all the frowns that might be lavished upon him from a score of belles and beauties. May's eyes were opened a little when we came to our destination—a cluster of rocks nestled in amid a

wilderness of trees—divans and ottomans of nature's own fashioning, with a carpet for our feet softer than a Wilton, its ground-work of unbroken green, relieved by butter-cups and daisies. The foliage was not yet thick enough to exclude the welcome sunlight, and its warm rays proved very convenient to one little pair of feet, with a portion of rock for a hearth-stone. I was not the only person that saw those little feet laid out to dry, for our delinquent lawyer, no longer in a mist, had walked out of his abstraction when he caught sight of those feet aforementioned, came round and seated himself beside the owner. You would certainly have thought he was a rising physician by the anxiety he manifested for the welfare of a certain pair of feet.

"Indeed you had better remove your boots, or suffer me to do it for you," I heard him say, and then the sweet voice of Dora Lawton broke in, like the campana attachment in one of Boardman & Grey's pianos.

"No, I thank you, I think the sun will dry them nicely."

"And so my advice goes for nothing, Dora?"

"No, I thanked you, did n't I?" and up went the dusky fringes, and a little sly smile crept round the saucy mouth at this demure speech.

"Yes, and I suppose I ought to be content with that—should n't I, Agnes?" appealing to me.

"Yes, because your advice was unprofessional as it were. Do you understand?"

"Ah, but it was not *professional* advice that I was giving."

"What then?"

I did not hear the reply, for Lansing stooped to gather a cluster of violets, till his face was on a level with Dora's, but I noticed the rose color deepen to crimson in her cheek, and a bright glance shot out from under the fringes that shaded her brown eyes. And then she started up, exclaiming, half pettishly, "Can't we have a swing, or go a sailing, or something? It's so stupid sitting here."

Some people say they do n't like swings, it makes them dizzy or sick. I pity such people, from my heart I pity them. They know nothing of the intense enjoyment that is brought with the "rush of the breathless swing." To feel the clear spring air growing fresher as you go away up in the blue sky, leaving the earth behind you, as it were, while you are getting nearer heaven. I do not mean one of your new-fangled affairs, with its cushioned seats and silken curtains. No, but a regular old-fashioned country swing. There is a spice of danger in it, too, which renders it more exciting. Happily if all danger terminates as pleasantly as ours did. That's the thing after all. It is n't the danger one dreads so much as an awkward ending. A woman so hates a dilemma of this kind when she is the heroine. Well, the rope was none of the strongest, but it would have done very well if Bob Russell had n't endeavored to perform some of his dare-devil feats upon it. I thought I heard it give way slightly, but I had made up my mind for another flight in the air, with Dora for my companion, so I said nothing.

But other ears than mine had caught the sound, slight as it was, and "you had better not try it, Agnes," cautioned Leslie, as I sprung into the swing, "it is n't firm."

"Nonsense, do you think we, two such little mortals as Dora and I, can break this great rope?"

"But it is n't strong, it has given way somewhere."

"Do n't *you* think it will bear us?" said I, appealing to Sinclair, the Southerner.

"Two such little mortals as you and Miss Lawton," he laughed, quoting my words, and then laying his hand upon the rope to test its strength. "Yes, indeed, you're much too light to break it, even if it is won't a little."

"Yes, vanity is light, you know, Mr. Sinclair—come, Dora."

"It is very careless for you to venture," broke in Leslie again.

I was in a perverse, reckless mood that day, and I hated to give it up. Sinclair observing my look of vexation, with his usual impulsive gallantry exclaimed.

"There's no danger, Mr. Lindsey, I've tried the rope, and I'll take the responsibility."

"There, Leslie, three against one," and away we went whizzing into the keen, fresh air. "Higher, Mr. Sinclair! higher, Robert!" I called out in my exultation, and away again till the larks fairly took us for one of them.

"Is n't it delicious, Dora?"

"Enchanting! What did Leslie mean by its being unsafe *now*, Agnes?"

"He thought it had given way somewhere."

"What if it had? Just think of it."

"Nonsense, Dora, stop thinking."

"One more," I halloed, and up, up we went again into the blue ether. Whiz—a sudden quiver of the rope, and I knew that Leslie's words had proved true. "Oh, Agnes, the rope has broken!" screamed Dora, and at the same time my cousin shouted,

"Keep your hold!"

Back we went in a twinkling, and I heard the Southerner ejaculate, "Good heavens! they will be killed!" I was terribly frightened, I'll own—for the thought shot into my head what if we *should* be dashed to pieces. But no such fate was in store for us, for suddenly a strong hand arrested us in the rebound, and we escaped unhurt, save a little bruise on my temple and a few rents in our dresses. Ah! I forgot—Dora received a heart rent that day, which I am afraid will prove mortal, though happily her friends seem reconciled to her fate. I tried to put on a brave look after it was all over, but the reaction was too powerful. Oh, dear! I wanted to cry sadly, and then I thought it would be so silly after my recklessness, so I determined to laugh the matter off. It would n't do, for at my first attempt I caught a pair of calm blue eyes fixed upon me with such an incredulous expression. I knew the game was up in that quarter, at least, and then the owner of the eyes whispered, "It won't do, little girl, you might as well let them come." And they did come—I could n't help it—and though I tried to hide them, it

was of no use, they would gush through my fingers in spite of me. And Sinclair, who never does things by halves, reproached himself incessantly for his folly, as he termed it, in advising us, and in his passionate remorse declared if we had been injured he never could have forgiven himself.

"I was completely unnerved," he said to me—"so much so that I played a mere child's part, when I should have played the man's, and thereby lost a share in a golden opportunity."

"And who," I questioned, "*was* our preserver?"

"Mr. Lansing, yonder—look, a picture for a painter, Miss Leslie."

Sure enough, so it was. Dora sitting upon a moss-covered stone, looking so charmingly weary, and Lansing at her feet playfully endeavoring to assist her in mending a prodigious rent in her dress.

I do not think he was very successful, for his tongue was more active than his fingers, so while the rent in Dora's dress was slowly closing up with the aid of his unskillful fingers, another one somewhere in the region of that little heart of hers was growing larger under the influence of his skillful tongue. Oh, these lawyers, with their smooth, oily tongues! what wounds they can give! And this one, though "not so deep as a well nor as wide as a church-door, 't is enough." It was passing strange; here had this man of the world, young, talented and high-bred, passed through the ordeal of gay society, where the highest beauty, the most exquisitely cultivated intellect and the rarest fascinations were within his reach. He had but to stretch forth his hand to pluck the queenly rose, and yet he had turned away and chosen this little blue-violet. For Dora is not beautiful, nor elegant. You would not admire her so very much if you saw her; you would only think she was quite a pretty little brunette. But

there is something fresh and piquant in this little brown gipsy, with her dark, satin-smooth hair, and hazel eyes in their dusky eyelids. Something so altogether sweet in her rippling laugh and buoyant spirits. I did not marvel he turned away from the "low lute tones" and ravishing beauty of Marion Lindsey to this little wood-flower. He had seen enough of exotics, and he was not a man to be beguiled away from nature even if he had lived apart from her so long. He was true at last to the instincts God had given him. He had found his destiny in sweet Dora Lawton. But where was the slighted belle all this time, May Lindsey? Ah, that was the best of it. Our regal Marion, with her aristocratic pride and guarded heart, had been listening to the dreamy, spiritual conversation of Arthur Lovel, the poor school-master, whom she had deemed so much beneath her, till her pride and pique were washed away by that nameless charm which he exerts over everybody that comes within the sphere of his influence. I never estimated that influence more highly than I did when I saw this gay, proud girl subdued and chastened to the love of such a man as Arthur Lovel.

I imagined, though, I saw a little flush upon her delicate cheek once when she glanced at Lansing on our way home, he was so gay and chatty, yet with a certain air of enjoyment pervading it that revealed a deeper source of happiness than they wot of. It may have been all imagination after all, for Dora says I am famous for seeing things that other people never think of. Still I do honestly think there was "more truth than poetry" in that "little flush." And so ended this May-day ramble. What came of it—for of course something *did* come from such a May-day ramble—I will tell you another time, mayhap; till then, *Adieu*.

THE FLOWER SPIRITS.

It would seem that these particles of matter can not move in any other way than they do. There may be particular intelligent beings guiding their motions in each case, or they may be the results of mechanical dispositions. PALLEY

A LOVELY thought! perchance 't is true,
And every flower that bends
Beneath the silver moonlight's dew
Some guardian may attend,—
Rejoicing in its perfect bloom,
Its color warm, its rich perfume—
Who rears above the fragile stem,
And heeds the deepening shade,
With which the hand that placed it there
In beauty hath arrayed;
Opening its petals to the sun,
And folding when the day is done.
Thou knowest not, perchance some friend,
Whom thou hast loved, and wept,
About the radiant flower hath long
A joyous vigil kept—
Some cherub watched this summer rose
Its young and blushing leaves unclose.

That guardian eye, long veiled from thine,
May still its course pursue,
And now its happy task is o'er,

May rest on it, and you—
The form familiar to thy gaze
Unseen may hover round thy ways.

Then let this queen-like flower to thee
No idle message bear,
But fraught with meaning deep its own
Mysterious beauty wear;
That which an angel's hand hath blest
By careless hand should not be prest.

Preserve it, for the gentle thoughts
Which round the flower will cling,
When, withered, not a fragrant breath
Upon the breeze its flings,
And when long months have flown away
These thoughts again may o'er thee stray.

Preserve it, for the dreamer's sake,
To whom its glorious dower
Hath been a spirit chord to wake
Of sweet, controlling power—
To give one dreamy hour of bliss
Within a fairer realm than this.

FLORENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the United States of America, from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. 2.

Mr. Hildreth has presented in this volume a very distinct and animated view of the administrations of Adams and Jefferson, written with much force and independence, and inculcating decided opinions both of men and events. The narrative is full, clear, and compact; and the analysis of important Congressional debates, and the statement of the questions of principle and policy which divided the nation into parties, exceedingly able and lucid. The characters of the statesmen of the period are exhibited with a sort of surly honesty of purpose, which wins upon the reader's confidence. The principal figure in the present volume is Hamilton; and for him Mr. Hildreth evinces a regard which will displease all partisans interested in giving Hamilton a bad name. No man in our history, who could present such eminent claims to the gratitude of his countrymen, has been so assiduously underrated as Hamilton. He was a great thinker, and a great patriot; and in spite of occasional acts in his career which will always be the subjects of vehement dispute, he is worthy, now that the party passions of his age have died away, of the veneration of every American. Mr. Hildreth's view of Jefferson is less comprehensive than his view of Hamilton. He does not so thoroughly appreciate his ideas and aims.

Judging from the two volumes of this history already published, we have little doubt that when completed, it will be altogether the best work of the kind we have at present in our literature.

The Literature and the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. By Abraham Mills, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

These well printed octavos contain a biographical and critical view of English authors from the earliest period to the conclusion of the eighteenth century, illustrated with appropriate extracts from their writings. The extent of the field over which Mr. Mills is compelled to travel, leaves him little opportunity for a thorough discussion of any portion of his great subject. But he is evidently familiar with the writings of all the principal philosophers, poets, dramatists, theologians, and miscellaneous writers of Great Britain, and his criticism is commonly judicious, and his selections evince a quick eye for characteristic passages. We cordially hope that his work will have an extensive circulation, and do its office of educating the taste of the public mind. In a country of readers it is important that each individual should know what to read; and this information he can obtain from Mr. Mills's book. While the selections are commonly of such a fascinating character as to provoke a curiosity to read the originals. Such a book as this is calculated to wage a successful war with the feeble stuff ironically styled "popular" literature, by silently presenting what is good and great in letters as a rebuke to what is low and mean.

Jo; A Tale of the Olden Time. By K. Barton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume exhibits a melancholy example of an author

of ability using every talent and accomplishment of his nature in a successful attempt to make his book unreadable. We broke down at the eleventh page, when we came to this passage of galvanized verbiage: "What does devotion teach us? What? It teaches the greatness of man's unfettered spirit; with the finger of intellect it points to his onward destiny; it says there is truth in the ideal. The universe is full of idea. Sublimity rises far beyond the range of human optics; the animated eye cannot ascend to its burning sphere; the material wing would crisp and wither ere it touched its lurid atmosphere." This may be fine writing, but it is altogether beyond the range of our "optics" and "finger of intellect." The thoughts of Bacon or Burke could not make such a style endurable.

Alban; A Tale of the New World. By the Author of "Lady Alice." New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This novel has much to recommend it in the general excellence of its narrative and descriptive style, the occasional felicity of its theological hits, and the power of representation exhibited in detached scenes; but, as a whole, it appears to us an agglomeration of the unnatural and the common. The author has no imagination, considered either as an instinct or a power, and accordingly fails, not only in the conception of plot and character, but in seizing that middle ground between the actual and the abstract, which is the field of the novelist. His personages are mostly personified commonplaces, and would be dull if they were not mingled up with events sufficiently unnatural to provoke wonder, and opinions sufficiently absurd to excite amusement. One glaring inconsistency must strike all the readers of the book. The author is a continual declaimer about purity, and especially emphasizes the superior excellence of the Roman Catholic system to promote it; but he rarely mentions the word without managing to convey an idea of its opposite, and excels even the novelists of the French school in the habit of lingering lovingly over voluptuous images. The best portions of the novel are some scenes connected with Yale College.

The Nile Boat; or Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By William H. Bartlett, Author of Forty Days in the Desert. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

Few works which have been published on the subject of Egypt are so well calculated for popularity as Mr. Bartlett's "Nile Boat." Without pretending to any scientific importance, it aims to give correct and vivid impressions of men, manners, and scenery, with such explanations of the antiquities of Egypt as the researches of French and English savans have made common property. The volume is illustrated with about forty engravings and twenty wood-cuts, from sketches made by the author on the spot, and these pictorial embellishments are really palpable embodiments to the eye of what the author so felicitously describes in the text. It is one of the cheapest, most elegant, and most readable of the numerous issues of the Harpers, and will doubtless meet with the success due to the beauty of its execution, and the value of its matter.

Keep Cool, Go Ahead, and a Few Other Poems. By George W. Light. Boston: Published by the Author. 1 vol. 18mo.

This little volume contains thirteen short lyrical poems, full of vigorous sentiment expressed in vigorous language. Mr. Light belongs to the movement party in human affairs; but while he is ever for "going ahead," still believes in "keeping cool"—a rare combination in the philosophy of a practical reformer. The best of the volume is, that every page is instinct with the individual life and experience of the author; and he says nothing, even in rhyme, the truth of which he has not brought to the test of personal action. This makes his volume both small and good.

Memoir of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, late Rector of Walton, Herts. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is the biography of a man of great energy but limited mind, intensely religious both in opinion and action, but lacking in largeness of view and knowledge of other minds. He is a proof that the saint implies large mental as well as moral faculties. There is a religious prostration of the soul before God in which humility becomes abject instead of ecstatic—and of this sort was the humility of Mr. Bickersteth. Though a good man, his goodness has too much of a "do-me-good" air, and wants freshness, geniality, and power.

The United States Post Office Guide. By Eli Bowen, late of the Contract Office. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This useful work embodies, in the most condensed form, a world of information relating to the Post Office throughout the world, and more particularly to that of the United States. It contains, among other important matters, a list of 6000 mail routes, numerically arranged, and an exposition of the American scheme of Distribution, accompanied by a large county map of the United States. To post masters and business men it is an invaluable compilation.

Letters from Three Continents. By Matt. F. Ward. Second Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The success of this pleasant volume is doubtless to be attributed to its off-hand style both of thought and expression. It is a collection of random letters, really written to familiar friends during a tour of eighteen months in Europe and Asia, and embodies the very information which the public are always hungry to know. We cannot speak very highly of its merits in respect to elegance of style; and many of its judgments are doubtless sufficiently presumptuous; but it is racy, independent, and full of life and the spirit of enjoyment.

Travels and Adventures in Mexico. By William W. Carpenter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this interesting volume belonged to the Kentucky volunteer regiment. He recounts the adventures which occurred to him in a journey of 2500 miles performed on foot, and presents life-like accounts of the manners, customs, and character of the Mexican people, especially the humbler portion of them. The information regarding the agricultural and mineral resources of the country is always valuable, and occasionally new. The

object of the book is to add something to the stock of useful knowledge about Mexico; and this object the author has certainly attained, both as regards the country and its people.

Vagabundo; or the Attaché in Spain. Including a Brief Excursion into the Empire of Morocco. By John Esaias Warren. New York: Charles Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

A volume of travels in Spain must necessarily have the fascination of a romance, if the tourist possesses any soul for the romantic in scenery, manners, or character. Mr. Warren's genial book proves that he has a mind and disposition quick to discern and eager to enjoy the wealth of beauty which courts the traveler's eye in that enchanted land. Among the many interesting topics of which the volume treats, we should particularize the Spanish women as the most attractive. One glance from a burning black eye melts his style at once into poetry.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica, M. E. S. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1 vol. 8vo.

We know not who is the author of this book, but it would certainly do equal credit to his powers of observation and fancy. It is the very poetry of entomology, and crickets, butterflies, spiders, and the whole family of insects, are brought into the sphere of our sympathetic regard. The engravings are also finely executed, and both illustrate the text and lend beauty to the volume. The book is the quaintest and pleasiest introduction to the science of entomology we have ever seen.

Caleb Field. A Tale of the Puritans. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a delightful volume, in which an interesting story is told in a style of greatest purity and sweetness. The author is evidently a student of the old English prose writers, and has caught some of their grand serenity and repose in the movement of his own thoughts and sentiments.

L. A. GODEY.—We have seen an excellent likeness of our friend Godey, of the *Lady's Book*, engraved in mezzotint by T. B. Welch, which is an admirable picture in all respects, truthful and life-like. This is a most excellent method of giving to personal friends a token of remembrance; and as the cost of one of these plates is not great, it enables the possessor to distribute among his scores of friends a token of remembrance more valuable than any other kind of present which we can think of.

Mr. Godey is happy in having many hundreds of friends, who will be gratified with this most admirable likeness; and it is a subject of regret that so excellent a picture could not be presented to the seventy or eighty thousand readers of the *Lady's Book*.

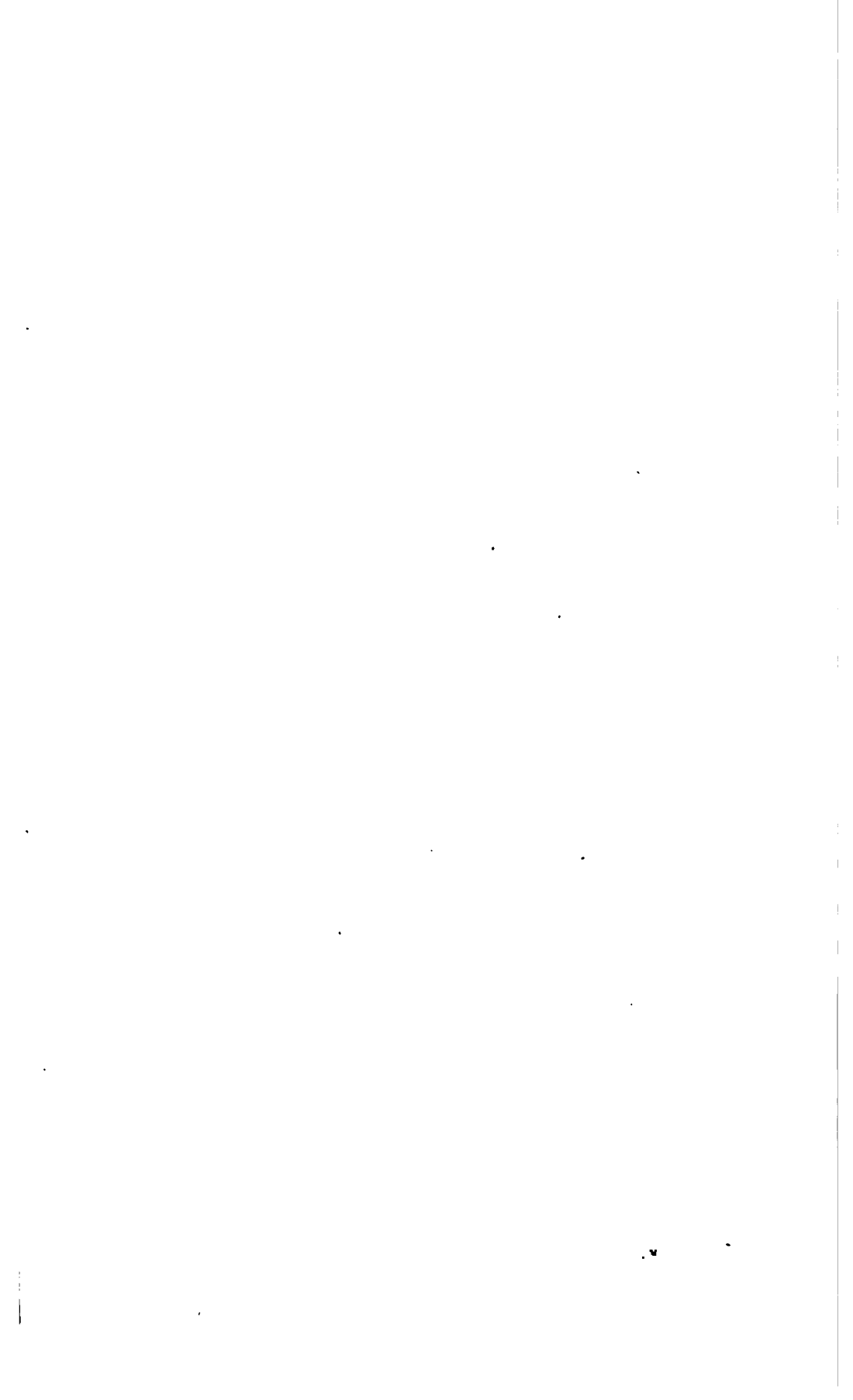
GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.—We again call the attention of our readers to the splendid weekly paper, published by Gleason, of Boston, and the prospectus of which appeared on the cover of our last number. It is, perhaps, the greatest enterprise of the day, and deserves encouragement. The terms are unquestionably moderate. One subscription, one year, Three Dollars; a club of sixteen, Twenty-three Dollars; retail price, six cents per copy.

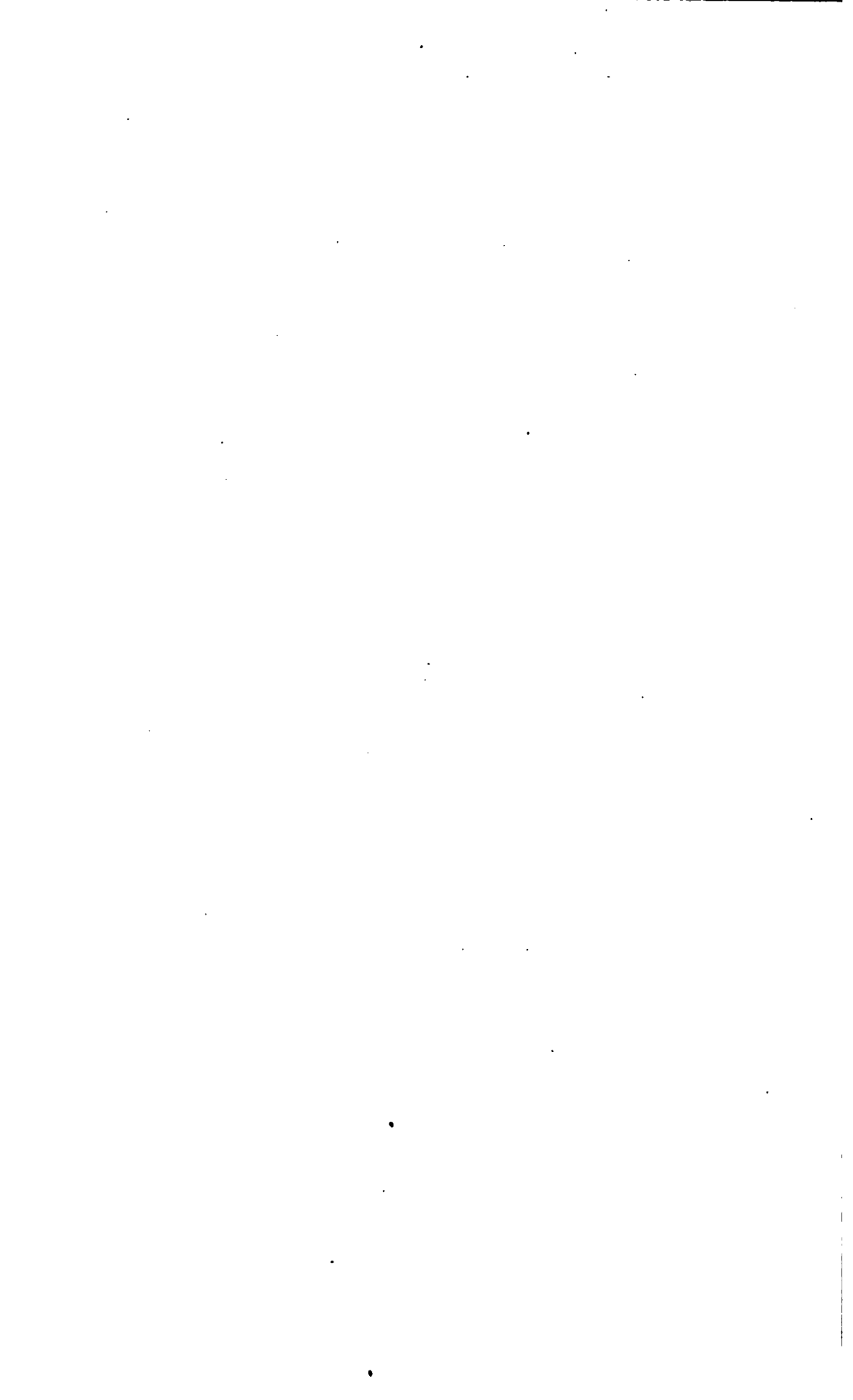




THE
LIFE OF
THE
LORD OF THE
MOUNTAINS
BY
THE
LORD OF THE
MOUNTAINS
1850









HIGHLAND CHIEF.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine by Y. B. R.



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TRIFLES.

BY M. POPEHAM.

"What great events from trivial causes spring."

"In this world," said an eminent writer, "nothing is a trifle;" but if one should mix much with his neighbors, he would be led to suppose that there were a great many trifles; for he would frequently hear old and young, male and female, giving utterance to the expression. He would frequently hear old gentlemen grumblingly utter, old ladies sharply pleading, young ladies pertly replying, and young gentlemen sulkily rejoicing, as a sufficient excuse, for some alledged neglect, that it was only a trifle. The contradiction thus created between the opinion of the philosopher and what we fear to be the ordinary opinion of society, naturally suggests an inquiry into the existence or the non-existence of trifles, and to that desire after truth which every inquirer must or ought to experience, is superadded a hope, that in the present instance the result will be of some practical benefit to our readers.

Let us, then, in the first place, inquire for the definition which has been given to this phrase. Johnson defines it to be "a thing of no moment." With all proper respect for this great man, we must nevertheless be permitted to observe, that this definition is about as satisfactory as was the Irishman's answer to an interrogatory as to who he was? "The son of my mother," was the reply. That a trifle, if it exists, must be of no moment, is as self-evident as the assertion that Paddy was the son of his mother, but the knowledge of what will be of no moment would be, if not impossible, at least far more difficult to ascertain than the required identity of our hero by his reply. One may from experience suppose, that because the neglect of a duty has been unattended with injurious consequences, the neglect of an analogous duty would be attended with a similar result. But who that has passed through the struggles and the difficulties of life, would not confess that that course is dangerous and uncertain—that they had seen it produce many misfortunes, blast

many a once fair prospect, deprive many of their fortunes, and reduce many to want. To be able to predict that a thing is of no moment, however apparently trivial that thing may be, requires the gift of looking into futurity, but who, except a madman or a fool, would lay claim to that gift? We know not, nor cannot foresee what will be or will not be of moment. A prick from a needle may seem a trifle, but that trifle has been known to destroy a human being. A small piece of ice upon a doorstep may seem a trifle, but there are those who can tell that such a trifle has deprived them of a long-loved friend. The picking up of a pin has even made a millionaire and a minister;* the skill in making bird-traps made a peasant boy a duke,† and hurried on the French Revolution; the fate of empires has depended upon the cry of an infant; and dynasties upon the delay at a dinner table, and, oh! if we studied and observed well what passes around us, the humblest and the greatest would perceive, that not the smallest trifle is destitute of a useful, and oftentimes a momentous power, and that the minutest particle has a necessary position in the elements of this mysterious universe.

We humbly conceive that the power of God is even more displayed in the important functions which he has assigned to what the world would call trifles, than in those greater objects which are usually classed among the wonders of creation. We survey the noble oak, and we observe its topmost branches holding as 't were communion with the clouds, and we acknowledge it to be the king of trees; but our interest is increased when we are told that that stately plant is the offspring of what was once a small acorn. We gaze with awe upon the ocean, its roaring waves, and the ships which are struggling upon its bosom; but our wonder becomes far greater when we remember that every drop of "that great

* M. Lafitte.

† Duke of Laines.

deep," is pervaded with countless living beings, which are endowed with limbs and organs like ourselves! The mariner on the broad and distant Pacific has doubtless viewed with unusual curiosity the islands which appear so strangely upon that ocean, and which extend to hundreds of miles in length; but would not his curiosity be greatly heightened, if he were told that they were created by worms not larger than a pin's head? And ought not, then, the fact that the acorn produces the oak, that the smallest drop of water gives life and sustenance to thousands of animalculæ, that insects create islands, and the deposits of rills produce "the seat of empires and the abode of millions"—ought not, we repeat, these facts to impress vividly upon the mind of every one of us, an idea not only of the power and the skill of the Creator, but also with the conviction that as he performs such vast results from trifles in the material world, we ought also to study whether trifles have not equally important functions to perform in the moral world?

Nature is not only the source of man's sustenance, but also the spring from which he may draw examples for his guidance. The laws by which the Creator regulates his works may be usefully studied by man to regulate his conduct. Our ideas of the beautiful and the terrible, of grandeur and simplicity, of unity and harmony, are derived from nature; and we may even study industry with advantage, by observing the habits of the ant, and frugality, by imitating the care and ingenuity of the beaver; yea, the humblest and the smallest plant can teach lordly man many useful lessons. Well said our great poet there are

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

She teaches us in a thousand ways that in the eye of God nothing can be a trifle, "where nothing can be great." She whispers it in the rustling of the leaf, she heralds it forth in the voice of thunder, she repeats it in every drop of rain, in every tiny seed—that there is nothing in this great universe of no moment. Watch the penciling of the leaf, the delicacy of the tint, and the unapproachable construction of the smallest flower, as an evidence, among many, that the minutest bear alike with the greatest the impress of the Creator's care and skill. "The river," said an American writer, "rolling onward its accumulated force, was, in its small beginning, but an oozing rill, trickling down some moss covered rock, and winding like a silver thread between the green banks to which it imparted verdure." And man, the lord of creation, great as he undoubtedly is, and skillfully as he undoubtedly is formed, may nevertheless be instantaneously deprived of his existence, by the cessation of vibration of a small piece of flesh which is suspended within his breast. These facts ought surely to humble the proudest of us, and to convince us of our surprising littleness amidst all our boasted greatness, of our surprising weakness amidst all our boasted strength.

"Show me a spot to stand upon and I will move the world," is an oft-quoted saying. Show us a

truly wise man who willfully neglected trifles, and we will promise to perform a feat as possible as that promised by the Grecian philosopher. Every sensible man knows that an observance of them is the secret of his success—that they form the substance of all great events. Ask the learned student if he succeeded otherwise than by husbanding every moment of his time, and an unremitting attention to every detail of the subject of his studies? No man became eminent in any calling, trade, or profession, who thought any thing a trifle connected with that trade or profession, and as such to be trifled with. We may take upon us to say that there never was a great lawyer, who, during his studies, considered the least important part of the least important branch of jurisprudence a trifle; that there never was an eminent physician who considered the slightest change in the human frame, or the minutest property of a medicine, a subject too trifling for observation; and that there never was a skillful general who did not value the smallest detail connected with his profession. We can recognize the success of a Coke, a Kenyon or an Eldon, in the avidity with which they followed, day after day and year after year, the various sinuosities of law. We can easily comprehend how Abernethy attained his celebrity, by the many sleepless nights which he devoted to the study of medicine. And there is no anecdote we have read of the Duke of Wellington which so vividly illustrated a cause of his invariable success as that which represents him, on the eve of one of his great battles, sitting in his tent and writing upon the comparative merits of tin and copper canisters for soldiers' use. Nor in the life of his great rival, Napoleon, could we find an incident more instructive, and illustrative of the same virtue, than that which took place on board the *Bellerophon*. It is said that when he boarded that ship the first object which attracted his attention was the mode in which a sentinel carried his musket, and the first remark he made there was, show the soldier a superior method of carriage. The watchfulness of, and attention to, what weaker minds would have considered to be trifles, which caused one great soldier, though burthened with the anxieties of an approaching battle, to write folio after folio; and another mighty warrior, who had ruled empires and governed princes, to watch and instruct a private soldier, although suffering at that moment from the loss of a powerful army, of a crown, and even of his personal liberty—the regard to trifles, we repeat, under such circumstances as are betrayed by these two anecdotes, are, to our minds, the strongest illustrations of the means by which Mr. Wellesly became the Duke of Wellington, and by which a poor Corsican adventurer became the emperor of the largest portion of Europe!

It must not be inferred from the foregoing remarks that we hold up men of genius, in general, as examples for their observance of trifles, in the various departments of life. Unfortunately, many of these gifted beings have been nearly as distinguished by their carelessness as by their talents. The posse-

sion of a powerful intellect and the want of common judgment, with regard to the ordinary but necessary affairs of life, is by no means an uncommon occurrence. As poor Goldsmith said, "The conversation of a poet is that of a man of sense, while his actions are those of a fool," and we fear that this expression may be applied with equal justice to other geniuses than poets, although there are, undoubtedly, many of both classes who unite good business abilities and a sound discretion with a higher order of talent—many Walter Scotts, Dr. Johnsons, and Spinozas, as well as Dermody's, and Burns's, and Goldsmiths. But even the existence of this latter class does not disprove the doctrine we are advocating. Goldsmith, for instance, reckless and extravagant as he was in pecuniary matters, was the most careful of all writers, and it is his writings which created his fame. He would empty all his wealth into the hands of a beggar, and idle away his time until his importunate creditors compelled him to work, yet in his labors in that field on which his fame is based no man was more observant of trifles—he would alter and realter a sentence, and devote a whole day to the improvement of a couplet.

As examples are said to be more forcible than precepts, we would endeavor to substantiate our precepts by adducing a few more examples. The biography of eminent men, and the history of important inventions, afford several highly interesting illustrations of the important part which trifles have performed in the origin of many valuable discoveries, and in forming the bent of many great minds. We presume that all of our readers have heard of the anecdote of the apple's fall in a garden, which suggested to Newton the law of gravitation. D'Israeli informs us that the taste of Vaucanson, for mechanics was determined by means of an accident. While a boy, he was compelled to accompany his mother in her long and frequent visits to the confessional, and while this pious lady "wept with repentance," her son "wept with weariness." During the performance of these, to him, disagreeable visits, and while, doubtless, praying for the speedy conclusion of his mother's disclosures, instead of for the forgiveness of his sins, his attention was attracted to the uniform motions of a pendulum attached to a clock in the hall. He approached and examined its mechanism, it aroused his curiosity, and induced him to study mechanics with unwearied zeal. The effect of this incident was the means of enabling him to construct a clock, then some very ingenious contrivances, and eventually a fluting automaton. This anecdote bears a resemblance to another which happened to Galileo. While reclining, during one of his early days, against one of those majestic pillars of the Cathedral at Pisa, his silence also was disturbed by the movements of a pendulum which hung suspended from the Cathedral's clock. He applied his fingers to his pulse, and observed that the beating of the pulse and the pendulum corresponded. It was thus he conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time, and to the ascertainment of the health by the pulse; and it was through this

discovery that Newton made another application of this instrument in determining the resistance of fluid media, and by which Cavendish still further applied it to ascertain the density of the earth. See how one event grows out of another—see in this gradual growth from a trifle to an important series of discoveries—and, more than all, see in this the workings of a law which regulates all physical and intellectual progression. Man cannot be more powerful than his Creator. The latter produces all great changes by slow and imperceptible degrees—and it is by the same process that his offspring must accomplish all valuable and important events. It would be as unjust to ascribe to Stephenson the invention of the steam-engine, because he first applied it to railroads, as to give to Watt the merit of discovering the power of steam, because he first applied it to practical purposes. Give to the latter all the praise he deserves, but let us not forget, nor let us be ungrateful for the services of his unsuccessful, though highly useful predecessors. Looking into the history of steam, we shall find that though not successfully applied to machinery until the close of the last century, its capabilities as a motive power were known many centuries ago. In that history we may also trace, step after step, the successive developments of that element, from the experiments of Hero and Savary, to the more advanced efforts of Newcoman and others, until we reach its final conquest at the hands of James Watt. Nor in looking upon a handsomely printed volume, must we ascribe all our praise to John Guttenberg—for the invention of printing was attained by the same gradual process as the invention of the steam-engine. Chinese blocks, wood-cuts of saints, and the printing of cards, afforded the same assistance to the immortal German as did the labors of Savary and Newcoman to the no less illustrious Scotchman. What a lesson these facts suggest! The experiments by Hero and Savary, and the printing blocks of the Chinese, are, as regards themselves, but mere trifles, but when the former is considered with reference to the steam-engine, and the latter in reference to the printing-press, then, what an importance they suddenly assume! And if the history of inventions could be thoroughly investigated, we should find that though one here and there may have suddenly arisen, like some of those mysterious islands in a distant ocean, that, nevertheless, the great majority of them may be traced to some trifling occurrence, and, like the physical world to the eye of the geologist, may be traced up from thence strata after strata, and series after series, to the period of their final completion!

Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, though attributed to the fall of an apple, forms no exception to the rule we are contending for. The apple may have suggested the existence of that great fact, but it was the discoveries of Copernicus and of Galileo which assisted him in finding it, and it was a discovery of Kepler's which enabled him to prove it. And in contemplating the *radix* of modern science, during which these and other great names

flourished, the mutual assistance which one mind afforded the other, and the close relation which one discovery bore to another, forms by no means the least uninteresting or the least instructive feature. The same law which we have endeavored to show subsisting in trifles frequently displayed itself, during this era, in a very conspicuous manner. The system of Copernicus, great and valuable as the solution of the system is, only proved a theory of Ptolemy. The invention of spectacles by a Dutchman, by which old ladies read their Bibles, suggested to Galileo the invention of telescopes, by which men read the stars. And Kepler assures us that his celebrated laws, by which many other astronomic discoveries have been made, would never have been found by him without the observations of Tycho Brahe.

The biography of many eminent men also furnish us with examples of the importance of trifles. Most of our readers must have heard of Lord Clive, the founder of the British empire in the East Indies, but few, perhaps, are aware of a very remarkable incident connected with his life. Like most men who possess a powerfully active mind, he was occasionally subjected to fits of severe mental depression. During one of these attacks, which was more severe than usual, he attempted, like Wallenstein, to commit suicide, by shooting himself with a pistol, but was prevented from doing so by the instrument missing fire, to his great astonishment. This escape from destruction made a deep impression upon his mind, and induced him to believe that he was saved by the special interposition of Providence, and that he must be destined for the accomplishment of some great work—a belief which his subsequent career fully realized, although we would by no means defend all the means by which his successes were attained. Thus the absence or dampness of a few grains of gunpowder, or an imperfection in the mechanism of a pistol, was a means of adding eleven hundred thousand square miles to the British territory, twenty millions sterling per annum to British wealth, and one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants to the population of the British empire.

An oft-repeated anecdote of King Robert Bruce bears so strong a connection to this subject, that we must be pardoned for its reproduction. It is said that this hero was infused with the perseverance which enabled him to rescue his country from the English by means of a spider. While concealed in a cave, and borne down with despondency, by the failure of his efforts, he observed this little worm endeavoring to ascend his web. Objects like this, though in active life uncared for and despised, become in solitude and confinement a fruitful source of interest; and Bruce, though perhaps negligent of much more important matters, in his conflicts with the world, eagerly watched in his hiding-place the labors of a spider, and learnt from them a lesson by which his efforts became crowned with success. He noticed that the first attempt of the spider failed, and so on to the sixth, but undaunted by these failures it made a seventh trial and succeeded. "Ah!"

exclaimed its spectator, "you have won at last. In six efforts I also have failed to gain my country's freedom, but may I not also win it at the seventh?" He rushed from the cave, and the battle of Bannockburn was the result. This anecdote furnishes a moral as valuable as it is interesting. It calls for our humility, by showing us that even a king may be taught success by a worm, and that a nation may be indebted to a spider for the effort which made it free.

A similar tradition is connected with the life of Mahomet. It is said that when this prophet was pursued by his enemies, his life also was saved by a spider's web, which was spread over the mouth of a cave in which he had concealed himself. When his pursuers reached this spot they declined to enter, because this little animal's labor was a sufficient proof in their eyes that the object of their pursuit was not within. Here is another wonderful example of the important results of a trifle. A worm's web, whose appearance in our homes is an immediate signal to domestics for its immediate consignment to the dust-pan—a worm whom we frequently crush beneath our feet with a feeling of disgust, here becomes the indirect instrument of effecting one of the greatest revolutions the world ever saw. This uncleanly offspring of an insignificant insect was a means of establishing the Mahomedan empire, an empire which extended itself over the greater part of Asia, into Africa and Europe. If this little animal had not then and there manufactured his trap to catch flies, we should not now have heard of Moslemism, nor would history have presented us with the remarkable and rapid conquests of Mahomet.

Another anecdote, suggesting a similar moral, happened during the commencement of that political earthquake—that social and religious convulsion—that period of unparalleled contrast, with which are entwined so many deeds of romance and horror, of virtue and crime, of superstition and infidelity, of mob tyranny and kingly despotism—the first French Revolution. According to Madame Tussand, Louis the XVI. was prevented from effecting his escape from France, by his unnecessary delay at an inn upon the road for his dinner. That delay enabled his pursuers to overtake him, his wife, his sister, and his companions. That meal, we may say, cost him his life, and that of those two beautiful and accomplished ladies; if it had not been waited for, according to the advice of this monarch's companions, him and his unhappy family would not have expired by the guillotine, France, in all human probability, would have been spared many of the excesses into which her misguided sons led her, Europe would not have been deluged for twenty years in blood, and Napoleon would have lived and died an obscure soldier!

Sir Walter Scott informs us, that one day, while walking along the banks of the Yarrow, he observed Mungo Park, the celebrated traveler, throwing stones in the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles which succeeded. Sir Walter smilingly inquired of

him the object of this amusement. "I was thinking," he replied, "how often I had tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time elapsed before the bubbles appeared upon the surface, and how often my life depended upon these trifling circumstances." And if we search further into history, we shall find still further proofs of the doctrine we are advocating, and unmistakable evidences of the sad consequences of its neglect. We shall find that the discharge of a musket, on the field of Lutzen, determined the fate of Protestantism in Europe; that the success of a battle won by Charles Martel prevented the Saracenic influence from preponderating over Christianity; that a satirical medal was sufficient to induce Charles II. to wage war against the Dutch in 1672; that the use of insulting remarks toward Franklin by the British ministry, precipitated the dispute between England and the States, into the long and bloody War of Independence, which resulted in the establishment of a powerful and rapidly progressive empire. In the arena of history, we shall see, in every direction to which the eye may turn, a noble monument of the result of what are called trifles—a witness that some of our greatest blessings, some of our most valuable improvements, some of our most important discoveries, have been their offspring; and furthermore, an unmistakable proof, that in the eye of the Disposer of all events, every thing is alike trivial, and every thing is alike great!

An anecdote which happened to the writer may not be unworthy of mention. While a boy, he agreed with some companions, in a seaport town in England, to take a sail in a boat. On his way across the beach where the boat was moored, he picked up a cork, and after having amused himself as he walked along, by paring it with a knife, he placed it in his pocket. We entered the boat, and had proceeded a great way out, when, by some unaccountable accident, the plug disappeared from the bottom, and water rapidly entered. We had nothing by which the water could be bailed out fast enough, we could find nothing by which the hole could be closed, and before the shore could be reached, destruction seemed inevitable. In this conjuncture the writer remembered the cork. Taking it from his pocket, he rapidly applied it to the hole, and to his joy and astonishment it was found to be sufficiently large to check the further ingress of the water. Cheers of gratitude from his little playmates succeeded this fortunate discovery; and he can assure the reader, that he has often been reproved for his subsequent occasional neglect of trifles, by a remembrance of this little incident connected with the cork.

The daily intercourse of the humblest person will afford interesting and instructive examples of the importance of trifles. A stray thought, a mere word of encouragement has changed a poor man's destiny—has poured hope into despair—and nerved despondency to wrestle with misfortune. A smile—"one sunny smile," drops balm upon all it shines upon, invigorates the weak, reanimates the drooping, and gives joy to the sorrowful. A look—one kind

look—who has not felt its influence, but who can estimate its power? It has melted hearts upon which aught else would have striven in vain; it has converted bitter enemies into life-abiding friends; and many a mother could doubtless add, "it has turned a rebellious son into a dutiful child." It is only by trifles, as they are called, that we can form opinions upon the character of those with whom we associate, and we all know how much our success in life depends upon our character. A stray expression, an apparently insignificant action, a benevolent look, a quiver of the lip, a whisper, or a sigh, frequently form the standard by which our dispositions are judged; and such trivial events, unobserved as they may be by the careless eye, have made enemies or friends for every one of us, and have caused the weal or woe of thousands of our race.

One of the mental deficiencies which a disregard for trifles displays, is a want of reflection, because a reflecting person would see enough with a little observation to convince him that trifles are not to be trifled with; and however narrow may be his sphere of action, a retrospect of his past life would unquestionably recall many circumstances suggesting a similar moral. This failing also betrays a want of common sense. Whoever heard of a trifler, or a careless person, as they are called, considered to be a wise man or woman by those who are capable of judging? Who, with ordinary precaution, would entrust them with what required care, or follow their advice with any degree of confidence? Look around the circle of your acquaintance, and do you observe that those who bear the character of carelessness have either acquired wealth by their exertions, fame by their industry, or a reputation by their judgment? Is not every man of sound sense the very reverse of a trifler; is not he who excels in any kind of labor attentive to the minutest matter connected with that labor; and is not every architect of his own fortune found to be a careful man? We scarcely need to observe that triflers clearly betray a want of frugality. Many a fortune has been lost, and many persons have been prevented from making a fortune, by a disregard for trifles. That "pence make pounds," and that "if we take care of our pence, our pounds will take care of themselves," are true sayings. There are some who have desired to save a portion annually from their incomes, but have delayed doing so from one year to another, in the expectation of being able at a future period to commence their savings with a larger sum. At last old age presents himself, and they discover themselves to be destitute of means for the hour of adversity, and that the annual payment of their formerly despised sum would now amount to a considerable fortune. There are many such in the world. Now no man will ever amass wealth who disregards the smallest item. John Jacob Astor would not have died a millionaire if he had thrown away his cents when an orange-boy in the streets of Philadelphia. If we had sufficient courage we would dare to address a few remarks upon this point to those young ladies who wear thin shoes in wet or cold weather, and bring on colds and

consumption, who spoil a new dress once a month, and sacrifice twice the necessary materials in their needle-work, etc., and call all this, with a toss of the head, "mere trifles."

We would press the foregoing remarks upon the attention of young persons especially. Youth is the period when the seed of our after life is sown. It then becomes important that no tares should be mixed with the wheat—that no habits should be imbibed which will inflict us with future pain. One false step amid the precipices of life may destroy us; one good resolution, fervently embraced and rigidly adhered to, may rescue us from many difficulties. And we hope the few facts we have presented may corroborate what we say. In youth, also, the field of our future labors is generally selected, but that selection, important as it always is, entwined as it is with our prospects in this world, and our destiny in the next, has not unfrequently been influenced by a trifle. You have all heard of Corneille, the Shakespeare of French dramatists, the immortal author of "Cid," and "Melié," and I may add, that it was an apparently insignificant incident in his youth which directed his genius to the drama. It was a mere exclamation of his grandfather, which induced Moliere, while a youth, to abandon his tapestry

trade, and to write the satire of "Tartuffe," and the humor of "L'Etourdi." Cowley said he became a poet by reading Spencer; and it is not unlikely that our great Shakespeare would never have given us those glorious offsprings of his brain, had not his want of success compelled him to abandon the stage as an actor, and to appear upon it as an author. Hamstead, the astronomer, and Franklin, the philosopher, ascribed the cast of their genius to accident; and Byron tells us that his Giaour, Corsair, and Bride of Abydos, were inspired by a volume of Turkish history he had read in his youth.

It would be folly for us to promise, or any observer of trifles to expect that that observance would make him a Byron, a Franklin, or a Corneille; but we may safely promise him a gift more valuable, though less externally attractive. An attention to trifles, as well as of what are considered more important duties, will be the surest means of giving success to the merchant, fame to the student, and skill to the mechanic; and what is more, that unalloyed satisfaction which every one must feel who is conscious that he has always striven to do his duty—a source of enjoyment, without which the fame of Homer or of Shakespeare would be bitterness and gall.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY J. P. ADDISON.

DESCEND upon my soul, O beauty of the night!

And shed thy starry dew

On the still garden, where thy chastened light
Doth holier life infuse.

Come gentle memories of love and tears

That moved my soul before;

Come o'er the silent wave of vanished years,
Again to Being's shore.

Uplift thy rosy spray, O slumbrous sea!

Thy spray of dewy hours

That sparkled in the morn of Infancy
In iris-tinted showers;

Thy music, where along the verdant isles

Of Youth it broke in light,

And dimpled ever into sunniest smiles,
And mirrored heavens as bright.

And the wave answereth, from the misty sen,

And rippling to the shore,

I hear the tones of mingled melody
That moved my soul before.

Voices that wooed me to the dream of bliss,

And were as angel wings

To lift my spirit to such harmonies
As only angel sings.

And forms of light wreath from the mist of years

Unto my soul's embrace;

The summoned memories of love and tears
Make holy all the place.

The veil is lifted from the slumbrous sea;

Bright gleam the verdant isles;

The air is thrilled, as then, with ecstasy;

The wave in beauty's smiles;

Joy mantleth o'er the sky, and shining wings

Of hopes that heavenward soar,

Alike the bird of Heaven that soaring sings,
Make music evermore.

The purple hills that wrapped the rosy time

Of youth, as in a dream—

Whither in thought 't was a delight to climb
And catch a blissful gleam

Of the bright worlds that shone in mystery

Beyond its soaring line—

The purple hills lift from the folding sea,
The crested summits shine.

Dim through a gathering mist and sunny rain

Of tears that veil the dream,

The home I loved floats faintly there again
Beside the willowy stream.

I live once more the blessed morn of youth,

And taste anew the joy

That welled unceasing from the fount of Truth
Ere yet the dark alloy

Of grief and doubt had mingled with its flow.

That April time is past,

And life hath taught me it is pain to know
A joy that cannot last.

The vision fades, and cloud-wreaths fold around;

Its glory is no more;

And the sea lifteth still its solemn sound
Along the darkening shore.

Rest still upon my soul, O beauty of the night!

Rest with thy starry dew

On the still garden, where thy chastened light
Doth holier life infuse.

THE MOUNDS OF AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

COME to the mounds of death with me! They stretch
From deep to deep, sad, venerable, vast,
Graves of gone empires, gone without a sign,
Like clouds from heaven. They stretched from deep to
Before the Roman smote his mailed hand [deep
On the gold portals of the dreaming East;
Before the Pleiad, in white trance of song,
Beyond her choir of stars went wandering.

The great old trees, ranked on these hills of death,
Have melancholy hymns about all this,
And when the moon walks her inheritance
With slow, imperial pace, the trees look up
And chant in solemn cadence. Come and hear!

"O, patient moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, are old,
Though not so old as thou. The ancient towns,
The cities thronged far apart, like queens,
The realms majestic, the shadowy domes
Slept in thy younger beams! in every leaf
We hold their dust, a king in every trunk.
We, too, are very old: the wind that wails
In our broad branches, from swart Ethiope come
But now, wailed in our branches long ago,
Then came from darkened Calvary: The hills
Leaned ghastly at the tale that wau wind told;
The streams crept shuddering through the dark;
The torrent of the North from morn till eve
On his steep ledge hung pausing; and o'er all
Sach silence fell, we heard the conscious rills
Drip slowly in the caves of central earth.

"O, patient moon! go not behind a cloud,
But hear our words. We know that thou didst see
The whole that we would utter—thou that wert
A worship unto realms beyond the flood—
But we are very lonesome on these mounds,
And speech doth make the burden of sad thought
Endurable; while these the people new
That take our land, may haply learn from us
What wonder went before them; for no word
E'er came from thee, so beautiful, so lone,
Throned on thy rolling cloud, superbly calm
And silent as a god.

Here empires rose and died:
Their very dust, beyond the Atlantic borne
In the pale navies of the chartered wind,
Stains the white Alp. Here the proud city ranged
Spire after spire, like star ranged after star
Along the dim empyrean, till the air
Went mad with splendor, and the people cried
'Our walls have married Time!' Gone are the marts,
The insolent citadels, the fearful gates,
The glorious domes that swelled within like skies—
Gone are their very names. The royal ghost
Cannot discern his old imperial haunts,
But goes about perplexed like a mist

Between some ruin and the awful stars.
Nations are laid beneath our feet. The bard
Who stood in Poesy's large light, as stood
The apocalyptic angel in the sun,
And rained melodious splendor on the world;
The prophet pale, who shuddered in his gloom
As the white cataract shudders in its mist;
The hero shattering an old kingdom down
With one clear trumpet's will; the boy; the sage;
Subject and lord; the beautiful; the good—
Gone, gone to nothingness! The years glide on—
The pitiless years—and all alike shall fail,
State after state, reared by the solemn seas,
Or where the Hudson goes unchallenged past
The ancient warder of the Palisades,
Or where gigantic o'er the enormous cloud
Beam the blue Alleghanies: all shall fail:
The centuries chant their dirges on the steeps;
The palls are ready in the peopled vales;
And nations fill one common sepulchre.
Nor goes the earth on her dark way alone:
Each star in yonder vault doth hold the dead
In its funeral deeps; Arcturus broods
Over mausoleums that had grown old
Before this earth was made; the universe
Itself is but one mighty cemetery
Rolling around a solemn central sun.

"O, patient moon! go not behind a cloud,
But listen to our words. We, too, must die;
And thou! the vassal stars shall fail to hear
Thy queenly voice over the azure fields
Calling at sunset: they shall fade: the earth
Shall look, and, missing their familiar eyes,
Go mournfully crouching to the general death.
Then come the glories, then the nobler times,
For which the orbs travailed in sorrow; then
The mystery shall be clear, the burden gone,
And surely men shall know why nations came
Transfigured for the pangs; why not a spot
On this wide world but hath a tale of woe—
Why all this wondrous Universe is Death's.

"Go, moon, and tell the stars, and tell the suns,
Impatient of that grief, the strength of him
Who doth consent to death; and tell the orbs
That meet thy mournful eyes, one after one,
Through all the lapses of the lonesome night,
The pathos of repose, the might of Death."

The voice is hushed; the great old wood is still;
The moon, like one in meditation, walks
Behind a cloud. We, too, have themes for thought,
While as a sun God takes the West of Time
And smites the pyramid of Eternity:
The shadow lengthens over mighty realms
Doomed to the dark mausoleum or mound.

THE QUORNDON HOUNDS;

OR A VIRGINIAN'S DEBUT AT MELTON MOWBRAY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.

(Concluded from page 270.)

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST FOX.

HAD every thing been prepared to order, with a view of gratifying to the utmost the wishes of the keen assembled fox-hunters, it could not have been improved on the Monday morning succeeding Fairfax's arrival at Melton Mowbray.

There had been rain enough during the past days to render the country most suitable for holding scent, and yet not enough to make it inconveniently heavy for horses of sufficient stamina. It was precisely such a dawn as is described in the famous old hunting song, for "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" did, indeed, "proclaim it a hunting morning;" nor was there a single dew-drop gemming the thorn-bushes, or any of that low-creeping mist on the low grounds, or rising net-work on the grass, which augur badly for the lying of the scent, inasmuch as while the process of exhalation is going on, it would appear that the delicate particles which hold the effluvia of the beast of chase in suspense, are exhaled likewise together with the watery globules among which it was deposited.

At an early hour—early for them, be it understood, for it is not now the mode of Melton to get up as our forefathers did, hours before the sun, and painfully hunt up the cold trail of the fox to his lair—when Matuschevitz and his friend were aroused by the valet with shaving-water and the needfuls of the toilet, the word went that the sun had shone brightly an hour or two before—that is to say, an hour or two after his late December rising—but that the sky was now all overclouded, and the south-westerly wind as soft as if it were young May and not mid-winter.

Half past nine found them in the breakfast-parlor, similarly rigged in plain scarlet dress-coats, white kerseymere waistcoats, white buckskin breeches, and top-boots, with blue bird's-eye handkerchiefs about their necks—the true dress, and the only true one for the genuine Meltonian; though a few years before the time of which I write it was the fashion to run down the leathers as snobbish, and to vote nothing correct but white cords, and the handsomest dress, be it observed, in the wide world for a well-made man, whether sportsman or no.

There was no necessity under the sun for hurrying, since *mors Meltonico* the hounds do not meet until eleven, nor are thrown into covert until half-after, or by 'r lady! nearer twelve.

"Very well—very well, faith!" said the count, laughing, as the Virginian made his entree perfectly self-possessed and quiet. "You look as if you had been born in pink and leathers, as I believe Osbaldiston was, and Sir Tatton into the bargain, for that matter; though I would lay a hundred to a shilling you never had a top-boot on your leg before in your life."

"You may swear to that, count. But these fellows get one up with no trouble to himself whatever."

"Trust them for that," replied Matuschevitz, "with Pike and Uphick for his leathers, Dean and Davis for his tops, and Stultz, Willis, or Magee for the rest of his outfit, one may be pretty sure of not putting his foot in it. By the way, whose saddles do you use?"

"Whipple's, of course. I used his saddlery long enough before I left Virginia, and I should hardly cut him here. Give me a cup of black tea while you are about it, I don't go the cafe in a morning—some of that prawn curry, Antoine, and a slice of that dry toast."

"Lay in a good stock, Fairfax, no luncheon to-day, recollect; and as likely as not, a late dinner to boot."

"How far off is the meet—uck—uck—what the devil do you call it? It is as bad as some of our Virginian names, which stuck so fearfully in poor Tommy Moore's jaws."

"Uckleby Gorse. Why yes, it is almost as great a jaw-breaker as 'Rappahannock,' 'Occoquan.' Oh! not more than eight miles off. We can do it in half an hour easy. If we get off by eleven, or a quarter before, it will be lots of time. What horse do you ride first, Fairfax?"

"Thunderbolt, brother or half brother, or whatever he is to Slasher, and the white 'Moonbeam' for my second."

"No one better mounted in the whole field than you will be. Only mind you don't discredit them. Give me a wing of that cold partridge, will you; and, Antoine, a glass of the white Maraschino. Now, pardon my giving you a word or two of advice, *mon chere*, as I am an old hand here, and you a novice; not that I doubt you can sit and manage a horse as well at least, very likely better than I can myself; but there are two or three things that it will be just as well you are put up to. In the first place, nothing is so desirable for a man, who wants to take his own line and go well to the hounds, as to get a good start, for then you are out of the crowd in a twinkling, and can get away with them handsomely without being

either crossed at your fences, or ridden over, if you chance to get a fall."

"I see—I see; but the how—show us the how, count."

"Why, as soon as the fox is hallowed away, get resolutely forward at once; let nothing stop you; better take two or three big ugly fences in cold blood at first, when other people, not liking them, are jamming the gateways, and blocking up the bridges, than twice as many later in the day."

"Well, that is easily done enough. Who is the best man to look to? I don't mean to *follow*, you know, but to look to for the direction in which the fox is heading before the hounds are out of covert."

"Oh, there's half a dozen! None better than Val. Magher, or Harry Goodriche, or Frank Holyoke, or Campbell of Saddell—any of these are good as gold; but pin you faith on the sleeve of no man. Ride hard, and ride steady. Lay yourself forty or fifty yards to leeward, nearly abreast of the leading hound, but perhaps thirty yards or so back of him. Keep your eye on him all the time, and as he turns, so turn you; and look out if he throws up his head, or turns short upon you, hold hard—pull your horse short up on the instant."

"Any thing more?"

"Not much. Take your fences as you find them. No time for looking out for easy place. Hold your horse's head hard and straight at it, and if it needs be, cram him. Take care to cross no man's line, specially at a fence. If there is a check, jump down from your saddle and turn your nag's nose to the wind, if it be but for a minute. It shall be worth a mile to you in a long run. You see I do n't fear for your nerves, but only for your knowledge of this English science—for to ride well to fox-hounds is a science, and a hard one, too, I assure you."

"I thank you for your good opinion, and I do not think you need fear me on that score; if I were inclined to be nervous, it would be rather at the idea of doing a gawker, or, as your friends here would call it, something snobbish, than of getting a fall at a rasper."

"Or of coming to grief, colonel."

"Coming to grief—ah! there you are too much for me, count. Coming to grief—and what may that be, I prithee?"

"Why, you will understand, my good friend, that in modern fox-hunting, we ride no longer, as they did in King George the Third's day, when the man who came in first at the death, it mattered not how, perhaps by riding all the lanes, cutting of corners, and shirking fences, by knowledge of the country, was the best man, and won the honors of the day. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, now-a-days, and the best man is he who lives longest, nearest to the hounds, riding his own line manfully and straight, no matter for his place at the end, though, of course, he who is best from first to last, is the best of all. When you fall into the second flight, when you get so thrown out, either by such a false turn, or such a fall as prevents your being in the same field with the hounds, or if your horse stands still, or dies, you are

said to come to grief. But some one must come to grief, remember, always; and if it do not happen till at the but-end of a severe burst, or if it be by an unavoidable mishap, there is no shame in it—it may be in case of a very bold though unsuccessful leap, the reverse."

"I see. I shall try not to come to grief, then, in the first field, or at the very first fence. That, I suppose, will save a *novus homo* from ridicule."

"A *novus* is never ridiculed *here*, if he rides boldly, and makes a good offer at his own line. Every one here knows that riding *well* to fox-hounds requires a great many combinations—a very bold heart, a very light hand, a very firm seat, and these three are nothing, unless combined with a very quick eye, a very cool head, and a very clear judgment. So that for every stranger who goes tolerably, ten go wretchedly at the first start; and if one give himself no airs, commit no absurdities, but be simple, frank, and manly, he will get on at Melton past a doubt, and make both acquaintances and friends, even though he came unintroduced and a stranger."

"I note your advice, and will take it. But I see our hacks are before the windows, and here comes James with our hats and overhauls. Hand me that taper, and I will light a cigar; then, unless you have still another last word, let us be off. I want to be at work, and I am dying for a look at the lady-pack."

"I have a last word—but *one*. Here it is; remember, the worst thing you can do is to refuse a necessary fence, because that looks like funk. The next worst is to take an unnecessary one, because that looks like display, which is snobbish, and takes the powder out of your prad, which is, or may be, ruinous. And now to horse and away! and see, there go Beaufort and Forester, and here come the McDonalds, and half Melton at their back—away! deuce take the hindmost."

The hacks were, indeed, waiting—and two cleverer or better need not to be bestridden by mortal man; Fairfax's was a switch-tailed iron-gray, quite thoroughbred; and, though a little pertaining to that type of beast which is familiarly known as a weed, being somewhat ewe-necked, and a little tucked-up in the flank, it yet had so very many good points in the long, sloping shoulder, the deep and roomy chest, and the breadth of its loins, beside having four as good legs under it as often falls to a covert-hack, after its second season, that none but a very superficial observer would have apprehended its sufficiency to carry even a heavier weight than that of Fairfax for a short distance.

Matuschevitz did not on this occasion bring his Cossack, Moscow, into play, but backed a powerful chestnut, trotting cob, for which style of *monture*, a good deal to the wonderment of the Meltonians, he had no inconsiderable penchant.

Meanwhile their cigars were lighted, their beavers donned and secured by a black ribbon to the collars of their pinks, their buckskin gloves had been assumed, and the hunting-whips, or, to speak more correctly, the stocks of the hunting-whips, *minus* the thongs, thrust under the left arm as they mounted;

and just as a clattering cavalcade, all in scarlet jackets, with cloth spatterdashies over their boots and white leathers, came tearing down the street at a hard gallop, smoking like as many animated steam-engines, they, too, wheeled from their door to the left, and then to the right, and greeted by a merry shout of gratulation, rode onward merrily, surrounded by that gay and goodly company, on the high road toward Lincoln.

After they had ridden perhaps a couple of miles, the party, consisting of Aleck and Jem McDonald, than whom two better fellows never rode, Tom and Dick Gascoigne, Horace Pitt and Harry Peyton, besides our friends, the Virginian and the hunting diplomatist, just as they were slackening their pace a little, seeing that there was a toll-gate just ahead, which, with the hounds not running, it behooves every man to pay, there came a harsh cheer from behind, and as two or three of the company turned in their saddles to see who or what was come, the short and slender form of Gardner was seen, bending over the withers of a neat black filly, which he was spurring furiously along in mad emulation, seeking, although there was not the slightest hurry, to overtake those ahead of him, till she was covered from counter to tail with white lather.

"Just like Gardner," said Cecil Forester, "cursing her with all his breath at every dig of his spurs, I'd almost take my oath. What a d—d shame!"

"I almost wish she'd break his neck," said another. "I'm sure he richly deserves it."

As the last charitable wish was uttered, the party had all pulled up in front of the gate, about opening which, from some not very apparent reason, there was some little delay, when a second shout from Gardner made them first turn round for the second time, and then open their ranks in haste, moving to the right and left in order to make way for the madman.

"Out of the way! out of the way!" he shrieked; "d—n you all, are you afraid of a little gate like that, or do you funk the pike-man. Out of the way, and let me show you how to do it!"

They scattered at the cry, for knowing the reckless character of the rough-rider, they were well assured that the next minute he'd be in the thick of them; and on he came at full speed, over the hard Macadamized road, intending evidently to take the stiff five-barred gate in his stride.

"Don't, Gardner, don't—what folly!" cried Lord McDonald, holding up his hand to wave him back. "He's opening the gate now."

But the warning was all in vain to one who never in his life gave any heed to warning. On he came at full tilt, gave the black mare the spur, and lifted her at the leap with a sort of cheer. Bravely she rose, and although half-blown, and put full too fast at it, would certainly have cleared the gate; but in the very point of time when she rose at it, the turnpike-keeper unconscious of what was passing, having received from Matuschevitz payment for the whole party, flung the gate open, so that it swung out directly in front of the filly as she took it. No horse that ever was foaled of a mare could now have got

over it in safety; and after a fruitless writhing scramble to clear herself of the obstacle, she went down on her knees and nose on the hard, stony road, on the farther side, breaking the former fearfully, and throwing her rider on his head with such violence that his hat was flattened like a crushed egg-shell, and that he, after stretching out his arms with a deep groan, lay stunned and senseless. In an instant the whole party were dismounted and around the sufferer; and Tom Gascoigne, whose words had so strangely coincided with the occurrence, and were so widely at variance from his warm feelings and kind heart, was prodigal of his care and assistance.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said he, "I am afraid he is gone, indeed, and forever! bring water, some of you, for God's sake."

A bucket was speedily appropriated, and on the application of a very sufficient dose of cold water, the patient soon opened his eyes, stretched himself, and a moment afterward stood erect as if nothing had happened, giving the earliest symptom of a return to his senses, not by thanks to the friends around him, but by a deep and beastly oath at the unfortunate beast which had given him the fall, and which, though innocent, was by far worse hurt than her merciless and reckless master.

So soon as it was ascertained that the fellow—for if he were a peer, he was no less a fellow, and a low one—had sustained no serious hurt, not one of the party felt the slightest sympathy for him, or desire to assist him further, but mounting as quickly as they could, rode off at a hard gallop toward Uckleby, leaving him *planté là* beside his lame hack, wondering how the deuce he should get to covert, and swearing furiously at the idea of being late for the meet, until when his patience and his hopes had both well nigh expired, a phaeton came up from Meltonwards, containing two or three of his acquaintances, who gave him a seat, leaving his poor hack to such accommodation as the cow-stable of the turnpike could afford, until the man who had charge of his hunter should return for her.

Meantime Fairfax and the rest had pricked gayly but steadily onward, until at the distance of about a mile, to the left of the road, they got the first sight of Uckleby Gorse, a long, irregular, straggling furze-covert, stretching along the northern brow of a gentle acclivity, with a few tall old trees scattered here and there above the low undergrowth, but nothing that one could call a wood.

Even at this distance the scene was gay and animated in the extreme, and such as no other land but England ever has exhibited, or probably ever will exhibit. In a large grass-field, divided by two or three enclosures from the covert, and containing at least fifty acres of pasture, the many-colored and glossy pack were slowly parading to and fro, to the number of full five-and-twenty couple, not varying an inch in stature between the highest and the lowest, and so well matched in speed and strength that they could run together on a breast-high scent through the longest run, in as close array as ever flew a plump of wild fowl. These were attended by no less than

four men, a huntsman and three whips, easily distinguished from the field by their scarlet frocks and round caps, in addition to the master, no less a personage than the far-famed Squire Osbaldiston, who hunted them in person, and now sat a little way aloof, clad like his men, and mounted on nothing less than the far-famed and almost immortal Clasher, who probably, in his day, was the best hunter *par excellence* of all that went to hounds in England.

He was surrounded by a group of veterans, easily recognized, even at a distance, by some peculiarities of size, form, or dress, and who turned out to be Lord Alvanley, conspicuous then for his jack-boots *a la* Horse-guards, at that time worn by him alone in England; Valentine Magher, the king of the heavy weights; Campbell of Saddell, the best son of the Gael, Kintore not excepted, that ever crammed a thoroughbred at an impracticable fence; Sir Harry Goodriche and Sir Richard Musgrave, crack riders, and good sportsmen both, *arcades ambo*, both true Yorkshire tykes; Jem Baird, longer of limb than Longshank was of old; George Payne; and Brudenel, characteristically employed in fighting with a horse, which seemed to be almost as wicked and ill-tempered as himself; and half a dozen others of less note in the general sporting world, although well known at Melton, and thence to the broad waters of the brimming Trent.

In the foreground of the animated picture at least a hundred grooms were leading to and fro as many noble hunters in their body-clothes, awaiting the arrival of their masters, who as they dropped in one by one—and they might be seen on all sides, skurrying in across the country, like so many shooting-stars, all concentrating toward a common nucleus—doffed overcoats, and Macintoshes, and mud boots, and turning out as spick and span as if for a hunt-ball, mounted their horses, glittering as if their skins were of shot satin or highly burnished metal, and formed little groups, the coffee-house of the hunting-field; wherein, as the ladies are wont to insist, more scandal is talked, and more characters are ruined, than in the most gossiping cotery of antiquated spinsters that ever congregated round a village fire to stimulate their ascerbities with cogniac and lubricate their excess with hyson. Be that, however, as it may, it was a brilliant and soul-stirring spectacle, if regarded as a spectacle alone, the rather that in addition to all that has been described there were six or eight phaetons, pony-carriages, and barouches, filled with the fairest of the fair, pre-eminent among whom were the magnificent daughters of the ducal house of Rutland, each surrounded by a chosen knot of adorers, as it would seem, beyond measure, by the “becks and nods and wreathed smiles,” of the delighted delicate beings who disdained not to be observers of the rude sports, and witnesses of the pluck and peril of their admirers.

By this time Matuschevitz and the Virginian had betaken themselves to their hunters, after looking duly and warily to the length of stirrup-leathers, the strength and tightness of girths, and all those nice minutiae which may not be neglected save at severest

risk of a fall; a thing never desirable, and no where less so than at Melton, where it is, unless a fortunate check intervene seasonably, almost synonymous with the loss of a place in the run; and the count being well horsed on a fine brown hunter by Lottery, while Fairfax bestrode Thunderbolt, the nigh of kin to Valentine Magher's famous Slasher, they had no reason to fear their inability, *ceteris paribus* to go in the first flight, and live as long as their neighbors.

The first words that the Russian spoke, were, “Just in the right time, by Jove! Osbaldiston looking at his watch. Yes! now he nods to Jack Stevens—they'll be in covert in five minutes or less. Come along, Fairfax!”

Then, as the other followed him easily, but promptly, toward the hounds, he turned in his saddle to his friend, and said laughingly, “Ah, ha! you'll have to win your laurels before you wear them to-day, my gallant colonel, for yonder I see Valentine is mounted on the very horse they were talking about in our stables yesterday. There he goes—that's Slasher—and neither he nor his master are very easy to beat, I can tell you.”

“He is very heavy to look at it, whatever he may be to go,” answered the Virginian.

“Do n't plume yourself too much on your weight, I'd advise you. It is a common saying here that the feather weights take more out of their horses by rash riding than makes up the difference between themselves and the welters. Ah, how do Goodriche? Holyoke, how are you? Fine scenting morning, I fancy. Let me name Colonel Fairfax, Sir Harry Goodriche, Sir Francis Holyoke.”

And they all rode on together, chatting about any thing rather than the business of the hour. Gardner's absurd riding and heavy fall not being forgotten.

“How like him,” said Holyoke. “Well, if he get here in time, I would not be his horse for something; whenever he gets a fall before we find, he rides as if he were possessed by the very fiend incarnate.”

“This way,” said Goodriche, turning his horse's head abruptly to the right, as they entered the field immediately adjoining the gorse-covert, while Osbaldiston and the hounds, which were a hundred yards or so ahead, diverged a little in the opposite direction. “This way. They'll cast them in at the south-west corner, and draw this way.”

“All right,” said Matuschevitz, nodding to him. “We'll join you in five minutes; but I fancy my friend here would like to see them draw—we'll go along with the hounds, Fairfax.”

“Very well,” said Goodriche, laughing, “but you'll have to make up for it by and bye, I can tell you; for he's sure to go away down wind this morning, the more so that the wind and the hill are together.”

The hunting plenipotentiary nodded again, and rode away after the Squire, while Fairfax observed that full nine-tenths of the sportsmen did the same, though a few, and those the men who had been pointed out to him as the *best* men, first loitered be-

hind in groups, and then sauntered slowly along in the direction taken by Goodrich and his friends.

At the extreme southern angle of the gorse-covert, which was a long hanger, bounded on the upper side by a ditch and plashed hedge, on the further side, running along the crest of the hill, and sloped gently downward for the breadth of perhaps two hundred yards, while it must have been at least a thousand in length, Osbaldiston paused, and drawing in his bridle, sat for a few moments perfectly quiescent in the middle of his hounds, while the field diverged a little in all directions, according to their ideas of the chances of a start.

The hounds, all perfectly aware that the decisive moment had arrived, stood gazing with full, eager eyes, heads erect, and waving sterna, toward the desired covert; but so perfectly were they disciplined to obey, that not one stirred or attempted to move on, nor did a single whimper denote their intense eagerness. In a moment, casting his eyes right and left to the second and third whips, who instantly took their cue, and rode off toward the two lower angles of the gorse, Osbaldiston waved his hand forward with the shrill cry—

"Eleu! Eleu! Eleu in! Eleu in, good lasses!"

And without one impatient cry, twenty abreast, the beauties dashed at the ditch and fence, as if by a single impulse and a single motion. It seemed to Fairfax that the hedge crashed but once, as their lythe, sleek, many-spotted bodies were seen for one instant writhing upon the top as they struggled over it, and were then lost among the dark green prickly foliage, if foliage it can be called, of the dense furze. Without another word, the Squire gave the rein to Clasher, and pressing his knees gently to his side, but giving him no spur, the good horse made three easy strides in advance, cleared the bank and plashed hedge, as if it had been nothing, and landed over the steep drop beyond, as steadily as a troop-horse performs some ordinary evolution. Jack Stevens and the other whip followed, and with now and then a word of encouragement, and now and then a gentle rate, they proceeded to draw, for the first fox, the far-famed gorse of Uckleby.

Meanwhile, the bulk of the field had moved onward, taken the fence to the south of the gorse, and were riding slowly down hill along its western border; but so soon as the hounds were in covert, Fairfax and the Russian trotted gently forward, and soon joined the group of veterans, who waited coolly and collectedly at the northern corner, above the fence on the ridge, assured by the sportsman's instinct that if the gorse held a fox—and when did Uckleby not hold one—he would go away somewhere near the north-eastern corner, at which stood, or rather sat, one of the whips, still as a carved statue on his horse, which was equally motionless, and which gave no token, save in the erected ears and the occasional quivering of the whole frame, how deeply it felt the excitement.

Before them stretched away a long, long slope, so gentle that it seemed almost a plain, divided by huge bull-finches, and occasional barriers of heavy timber,

into pastures of fifty and sixty acres in extent, without an acre of plough-land or fallow in sight, till, at about five miles distance, the occasional gleam of blue water, and the long line of pollard willows told the presence of a large brook, while several smaller streams were indicated midway by fringes of alder, and an oxier bed or two. Beyond the brook there was another long gentle acclivity, headed far, far away to the southward by the majestic woods and turreted heights of Belvoir; and surging up, nearly north-east of the point at which they stood, into a gentle knoll, crested by a small patch of high woodland and a long stunted covert, apparently distant from the gorse they were drawing by some nine or ten miles.

"I am glad you have come," said Beaufort, who had joined the veterans. "This, Colonel Fairfax, is the finest bit of country in all Leicestershire—that is the Whissendine which you see glittering in the bottom, and he is bank full after these rains; that covert on the hill is Billesdon Coplow, and if we have any luck, with the wind as it is, that will be his point to-day."

"Hist! Beaufort!"

"A challenge, by all that's holy!"

The faint whimper of a hound came up the wind, a sharp, shrill, treble challenge, and then Osbaldiston's scream—"Have at him—Ha-ark to Charity! Have at him!"

"Charity, hey?" said Magher. "All's right, then, for a thousand."

An instant of breathless silence, again Charity's shrill voice, and then another, and another, and another—

"Ha-ark! Ha-ark—to vengeance! Hark to Bluebell!"

Now, now it is one crash of terrible, discordant, furious music—and now one more scream of the Squire, "Hark together!"

"A sure find—and they are coming to us," said Goodrich.

Magher gathered up his reins, and moving a little to the left, sat ready facing the fence. Holyoke pulled off his gloves, and Alvanley pulled up his boots.

The whipper-in at the corner below them, pulled off his cap and lifted it high in air. "He has broke by them!" cried Dick Musgrave. "Not a word, boys, or we'll have him back."

"Tallyho! whoop! Tallyho!" burst from the lips of the whipper-in; and the next moment pug was seen going straight away across the grass-field in a right line for the Coplow, having broken about a hundred yards to the south of the corner, where the whipper-in was waiting, and perhaps three hundred from the group, who were watching at the upper angle, in a right line above him.

Osbaldiston's yell, "Gone-away! whoop—go-on-a-way!" might have been heard a league, three quick *toots* of the horn followed, and the gorse was alive with the rush and rivalry of the fierce lady-pack, and rang merrily but wildly to their furious chiding.

"Plenty of time, gentlemen," said the whip, raising his hand with a gentle caution, as one or two of the youngsters leaped the hedge impetuous.

"Hold hard! hold hard! for Heaven's sake!" shouted Musgrave. "You can't catch him with your mouths. Hold hard!"

"Heaven knows there's time enough for all!" cried Magher.

"And what's more, a fair field and no favor," said Valentine Magher, as cool as a cucumber.

As they stood on the crest of the ridge, the same fence which the men had taken as they threw off, lay before them, a deep ditch of perhaps twelve feet, with a high bank and a plashed hedge on the other side, and a nasty drop over it; then came a narrow strip of upland pasture with a second hedge, a tremendous ox-fence of old thorn, with a double ditch and a rail on each side of it, being a continuation of the lower boundary of the gorse. In this, however, there was a gate close to the angle of the gorse, which the whipper-in was holding open. Above the upper fence about thirty horsemen were collected, Fairfax being the farthest from the crest on the extreme right; Cecil Forester and Aleck McDonald had jumped the first fence, but, ashamed of their impetuosity, stood rebuked and motionless.

Another crash, nearer, and now close at hand, of shrill dog-music, and then, twelve abreast, the leading hounds topped the hedge of the gorse, the tail hounds came tumbling each over each across it, and away, on a breast-high scent, over the open.

"Now go it!" shouted Magher; and at the word, almost in a line, thirty horses shot over the drop-leap. Fairfax had cleared it cleverly; a score at least of the others were rushing blindly toward the gate; ten or a dozen only of the old ones had taken their own line; Fairfax *remembered*. Holding the brave horse hard by the head, and gripping him, monkey-like, from crotch to ankle-joint, he rushed him at the great leap, giving him the spur sharply as he rose to it.

For an instant the sensation was that of being enthroned on the back of a soaring bird, so easy was the long swinging stride; then came the crash of the topmost branches of the tall bullfinch, as he was borne violently through them; and then, firm as a rock, the good steed alighted well in the next field, with an unshaken rider on his back, and went away without stop or stagger at a long slashing gallop.

So Percy Fairfax saw the finding of his First Fox.

CHAPTER VI.

A SHARP BURST AND A HARD RUN.

The first sound that met Fairfax's ear, as he landed well over the fence into the second field, was a wild cry, half curse and half cheer; and a loud crash instantly succeeded it, as yet another rider plunged through the abattis of branches offered by the bullfinch, and spurring up savagely alongside half checked a fine black Smolensko horse, equal to double his weight, a few yards ahead of Thunderbolt. It was Lord Gardner, who, by aid of the lift

he got in his friend's phaeton, had come up to the ground just in time to hear Osbaldiston's scream, as "pug" was viewed away, had sprung to his hunter's back, and, seeing of whom the group at the northern end of the gorse covert consisted, had made up his mind on the instant what was the thing to be done, and by dint of desperate riding had done it, so as just to make up for lost way and no more.

The hounds were going heads up and sterns down, never stooping for an instant to the tainted grass, but taking the scent as it reeked up on the air hot from the traces of the recent quarry, racing as it were in eager emulation each against the other, and running all so well together, with twelve or fourteen nearly abreast in the front rank, that it seemed as if a well-spread table-cloth might easily have covered them.

The Squire and Jack Stevens, who had come full tilt through the gorse close at the tail of the leading hounds, had leaped into the field almost abreast of them, and were now bowling away a few yards more or less to the left of the pack, which were bearing slightly to the left, while Magher, Beaufort, Campbell, Goodriche, Holyoke, and Alvanley, lay close at the right hand of the tail hounds, though a few yards astern of them. Matuschewitz and Fairfax lay yet further to the right, but the latter was almost abreast of the leading hounds, having kept his line quite straight, instead of bearing to the southward, by which he had gained something in headway, though he had increased his distance from the pack. At this moment Gardner came up, yet farther to the right, standing up in his stirrups, and pointing forward with his hunting-whip toward the next fence, as if to challenge Fairfax, to whom, either from jealousy or the mere natural perversity of his temper, he seemed to have taken an instinctive dislike.

Some fifty or sixty yards to the rear of this the first flight, came fifteen or twenty others, who, though many of them capital horsemen and bold riders, had lost time and way through indecision, by riding for the gateway instead of breasting the ox-fence, and it was clear enough that if the scent held and the present pace were to be kept up, they would have all they could do to maintain their present ground, without gaining on their leaders.

Half a mile to the left, or the southward, the bulk of the field, who had chosen the western edge of the gorse at the throw off, might be seen to the number of two hundred scarlet jackets, with a sprinkling of green, indicative of Ned Christian and his burly brother yeomen, and a few neat black cut-a-ways, well to the front of these latter—for who ever saw a fox-hunting parson who did not fly the first soar—were seen streaming straight away in a line nearly parallel to the course taken by the fox, though somewhat favored by the southwardly inclination of his line, and hoping therefore with good show of reason to nick in cleverly at the end of a mile or two.

In spite of Gardner's half insulting manner and expression, the Virginian was neither himself hurried, nor hurried his good horse, but keeping a steady hand on his snaffle sat firm and *galloped*, not like a

provincial, but like one who knew Melton. The field across which they were going was rather wet, without being very deep or heavy, and became more splashy, with a few tufts of rushes interspersed as it neared the headland, where it would seem there was a drain on this side the fence, which was a tall, newly plashed, stake and bound rasper, full four feet in height at top of a moderate bank, the whole coupled by a recent binding, that no horse which touched it could hope to break and so escape a fall.

All this Fairfax twigged with half an eye, and apprehending that it might be boggy, drew a little further to the left, where a sound, recently mended cart-track, led direct to a stout gate, a few inches lower than the fence, doing the whole so gradually and so quietly that his horse never lost his stride, nor fell at all to the rear.

"Aha!" said Dick Musgrave, who rode close behind him, as he saw the manoeuvre, "Yankee or no Yankee, that chap knows what he is about."

The next moment they were at the fence, with his hands down, his heels dropped, no touch of the spur or flourish of the whip, the Virginian popped his horse over the difficult gate, as if he had been doing it all his life, neither slackening his pace nor increasing it the least. Gardner, who had gone a little too fast at the plashed hedge, felt the ground shiver under him, when he was within three strides of taking off—a less daring and sagacious rider would have tried to get him in hand too late, checked his horse, made him flounder, and as likely as not brought him chest on upon the binding. But the viscount was too knowing, and probably his impetuous and obstinate mood would not have suffered him in any event to pull up. As it was, he did what was unquestionably for the best, kept him held hard but spurred him right onward through the deep, and by a vigorous and well-timed lift carried the Smolensko clear over the hedge, though his heels tipped it, as he landed safely.

Still he had taken something, if it were but a little, out of his horse, and as much Fairfax had saved, and two or three of the old hands nodded their approbation.

The whole of the first flight got over safely, but two or three crashes in the rear, and a stray horse or two coming up riderless, with flowing reins and flying stirrups, showed that the field was already thinning rapidly. The next field was one of the worst in Leicestershire to gallop over cleverly—an old piece of grass, which would have been wet had it not been laid down in very deep furrows, almost as deep as grips, and steep, high-backed ridges, dotted and broken up by mole-hills. Instinct led Fairfax, for certainly he had never seen much less ridden across a field in the least degree like that before, to lay his horse a little diagonally across the furrows, and he of course did so to the left, bringing him still closer to the line of the leading hound, and as he raised his eyes he observed that the others had done the like, and so felt that he had done well. His horse, too, a great advantage, evidently was a made hunter, and knew thoroughly what he was about,

being previously accustomed to such ground, so that he got along very well, alighting over the furrows in his stride, and alighting stout and steady on the crown of every ridge. His good fortune, of which in this instance he was not unaware, for he perceived himself deficient in the peculiar qualities of hand and horsemanship which would have enabled him, as he saw at once it would Magher, Goodriche, and Saddell, and even Gardner, to compel a raw horse so to measure his stroke, lent him courage and confidence; and, finding how strongly and solidly his horse strode under him, when not one or two but many of the others were laboring heavily, he ventured to make play a little, and without putting him to his full speed, shook him a length or two ahead, and took the next fence foremost of the field at a fly. It was a very nasty one, a tall, ragged oak paling, leaning toward him from the top of a bank two or three feet high, with a broad drain on the hither side, and what he neither saw nor suspected, a little ditch or grip about two feet wide and a foot deep, at some two yards distant from the paling on the other side. This sort of arrangement, seeming, as it does, to be intended precisely for the purpose of catching the forefeet of any horse leaping the fence in that direction at full swing, is termed a *squire-trap*, and is perhaps more dreaded by the fox-hunter than any other modification of ditch, rail, and bank that he is in the habit of encountering. This place, lying in so famous a piece of country as it did, between the two most crack coverts in the hunt, was of course well known to every one who had hunted Leicestershire even a single season, and it was always taken warily and with the utmost exercise both of hand and judgment, so that in the very point of time when Fairfax charged it, quite too quickly for that style of leap, the oldsters were screwing themselves well down into their pigskins, and the youngsters were, to say the truth, some of them shaking in their stirrups. All presaged, as they saw him shoot ahead, a certain fall to the bold stranger; Gardner grinned a malicious smile of triumph, and Matushevitz, who was almost as anxious for his protégé's success as for his own place in the run, would have shouted a warning, but that he feared to disturb him rather than put him on his guard.

But friend and foe were both destined to be disappointed, for the brave horse Thunderbolt, whether it was that he knew what was to be done better than his rider, or what is more probable, that he balked for the tenth part of a second at the unexpected sight of bright water, checked himself instinctively at the drain's brink, and took the up-standing pales by what is called a buck leap, having cleared them, and doing so only by bringing his hind legs quite close under him up almost to his belly, and then by a sudden twist alighting on them. That is a very common trick of leaping with Irish hunters accustomed to perpendicular stone walls with no ditches, but is unusual with English horses, and not in them considered an advantage, since in most of the midland and many of the northern coun-

ties the hedges are backed by broad drains or brooks, into which a buck leap is sure to precipitate both horse and rider neck and crop. It is, moreover, a very hard leap to sit, and shakes an unpracticed rider more than any other. At this crisis, however, it stood our friend in good stead, for used to timber jumping most of any he sat it firmly, and the good horse seeing the trap at a glance, barely tipped the bank with his heels, stretched over the second grip without an effort, and was galloping the next instant at his ease across the best and soundest piece of greensward they had yet traversed.

Meanwhile the man-trap had done its work as usual, for no precautions of management or lifting can be certain to avail even with the best riders, especially where, as in this instance, the first leap is of great magnitude. Fairfax would have given much to look round and see how his followers fared, for he was now well nigh three lengths ahead, but he knew it would not be courteous, so he galloped right forward, if anything pulling upon his horse a little on the sound land, with his eye riveted on Charity, the leading hound of the pack up to this moment.

Osbaldiston on the unrivaled Clasher, whom he swung at it hard held, with a dig of the persuaders, a cut of his whip across the haunches and a scream, cleared the whole at a stride, drain, palings, bank and man-trap, covering nine-and-twenty feet in length from toe to heel prints. Magher purposely achieved what Fairfax had by luck accomplished, Jack Stevens followed suit, so Holyoke and Matuschewitz, but Goodriche, whose weight had told severely on his horse in the bad ground, and Gardner, who was watching the Virginian instead of minding his own business, literally put their feet in it—into the ditch of course, and rolled over and over it. The former with his welter weight getting such a push as stunned both his horse and himself for a moment or two, the latter with genuine and characteristic pluck holding on to his reins like grim death, and being again in his saddle and under way within a minute after his downfall. The others fared as they might, some balked it altogether, some got over safely, some were nabbed in the squire trap, one unfortunate chested the palings with a blown horse, and went backward into the train, and thence home, with a lamed horse, a wet jacket, and a sprained ankle; but, save with the first flight, we have nothing to say.

Up to this moment the line of the run had lain considerably to the left, or south-westward, of the point whence the fox had broken, and the leading hounds were looking up a full mile to the south-west of Billeedon Coplow, the point for which every one had supposed he must be making, so that every thing up to this time had favored the party who, taking the western instead of the eastern end of Uckleby Gorse, would so have been to a certainty thrown out had the hounds gone straight away due south from the gorse, had they kept on six fields further as they were going they would have crossed the line of these skirter, and so placed them on an equality with the

eight or ten men who had ridden from the beginning side by side with the pack. They had not, however, gone above half way across the good sound pasture-field in which they were now running before the leading bitch threw up her head for a second, cast herself beautifully to the right, and without checking carried the scent right off on an opposite tangent to the eastward, right across the head of the Virginian's horse. He pulled up on the instant, and though it was but an instant, no one but he who has ridden long to fox-hounds knows how vast is the relief given to a horse, which has been going twenty minutes at three quarters speed, by a dead stop even for five seconds.

Away they went, as hard as they could lay legs to the ground, now in a direct line for the Coplow, running now so fast that they literally were unable to give tongue; and that only a solitary yelp or wimper from time to time showed that they would have spoken to the trail if they had had the breath to do so.

This turn, of course, favored Fairfax, who had been riding from the start to the right of the pack, and who was now, of course, riding the inner circle, while all the old Meltonians, who had been previously a horse's length or two behind him, were now thrown a length or two farther behind, and left with the option of riding the outer circumference, or checking their horse's stride and crossing behind the Virginian, so as to get the inside of him. This was a point of judgment, and one did one thing, one another; but there was one person to whom that sudden turn was victory, or the chance of it—that person was Gardner, the last of the whole squad since his fall, and far the outermost to the right, now made the innermost, and enabled, by laying up direct for the leading hound, to ride the chord of an arc, and to bring himself once more fairly abreast of our hero. He had still, however, this disadvantage, that whereas his rival having been from the first well up to the hounds, had been able to take the profit of every variation of pace—for it must not be supposed that hounds, even when running at their best pace across a country, always go at their very fastest, for scent will differ with soils, and so speed likewise—he had been able to pull upon his horse once or twice, and once to give him a fair stand still with his nose to the wind for a few seconds, while Gardner being all the time a little, though but a very little, way behind, and striving to make up leeway, had never an opportunity of easing or sparing his fine black hunter for a single yard. On the other hand he had the advantage in weight considerably, in perfect knowledge of the ground, and in being a thorough practiced and old fox-hunter, though but a young man, against a comparative tyro. Away! away went the lady pack, as if they had been winged; wo to the fox whose ill fate had set him before them on that sporting morning. Of all the skirting squad, late so hopeful of cutting it, their fate was sealed forever, should the fox hold to his point for the Coplow.

There were but a handful now of the whole field, which must at the break have numbered full three

hundred scarlet jackets within two fences of the hounds. All the rest had come to grief.

First rode, abreast, on parallel lines, literally neck and neck, taking every fence as they found it in their stroke, Gardner, the crack young one of the county, and Fairfax, already mentally admitted by good judges to be a good one. Close behind them, and all nearly abreast, not following their leaders, but each resolutely riding his own line, came Osbaldiston, Alvanley, Musgrave, the Duke of Beaufort, Holyoke, and Campbell of Saddell. The weight of Val Magher, and his hard pounding had told the tale and he was tailing. Goodriche, though riding game, had not yet made his loss good, though he was up with the McDonalds, the Gascoignes, Oliver, Ciss Forester, and Henry Peyton, who were doing all that could be done to retrieve the time lost at the first gate, and who, though far behind, were still in the same field with the hounds.

On they went, faster, and yet faster—or it seemed that they went faster as the stride of the good horses gradually shortened. Fields flitted by unseen, fences were topped unnoticed, and by this time the Virginian blood of Fairfax, never the coolest in the world, was getting up; and as he saw that the viscount was making a dead set at him, like a true Virginian, he met him half way—and so by this time they had admitted to themselves, what all the field who were within eye-shot had seen the last half hour, that they were riding no less at one another than to the hounds.

Together they plunged through a crashing bullfinch, so stout, that had they been going one iota slower, it would have hurled them backward into a good grass-field of about twenty acres, rising away from them a little, and bounded on the farther side by the brimming bankfull Whissendine, the broadest jumpable brook in England, now slightly overflowed, and running with a furious current.

"Have at you now," cried Gardner, forgetful in his impetuosity of the laws of conventional courtesy, and he pointed with his whip ahead, then rushed the Smolensko at it. At that very moment Fairfax took a pull on Thunderbolt, and dropped two horse's lengths at least astern of Gardner. The viscount thought his heart had failed him, and that he would blink his pace, and rode yet more fiercely forward. It was his temper, not his judgment, that so swayed him; for no man of all the field knew better that no horse can sweep the Whissendine unless he has the puff well in him.

Till within some ten strides of the red surging river, Fairfax held hard, then set him at it straight, that he could neither stop nor swerve, and in went the persuaders twice; but he knew too well to raise his whip, and with both hands well down, he charged it like a Thunderbolt.

The black Smolensko, although half-blown, cleared it nobly, but scarce far enough, for the treacherous verge gave way under his hind feet, and he went down, though finding foot-hold in the bank, he recovered, after a heavy lurch, and brought his rider up, clinging to him like a bull-dog, though clean out

of the saddle, and upon his withers. Thunderbolt had earned his name, for he not only cleared it as though it had held no water, but had landed high and dry with good foot feel to spare, and gone on steadily without a stint or stumble. All the next flight cleared it cleverly; but when the loiterers came up, two or three heavy splashes gave note of wet jackets; and the leaders learned afterward that it was not wholly without risk and difficulty that three or four horses were got out of their cold bath.

On the bank several second horses were waiting for their masters; and to these all eyes were turned wistfully, for the pace had told more or less on all, and at the pace they were going, it was certain that no horse could stand it many minutes longer. But it so chanced that not one of the party in advance had a horse there, not even Gardner, who wanted his the most. Goodriche's was there, and Magher's, and those of one or two gallants who were nowhere. But of all the first flight, the boys with the second horses had taken the west end of the gorse, where they found, and were now a mile to windward, and no hope of coming up at all.

About fifty yards below the spot where they leaped the rivulet, a muddy drain falls into it, with an osier patch of about two acres in the angle between the two; this the pack had already passed, when on a sudden they threw up their heads, and were at fault badly. On the instant Fairfax was out of his saddle, in another Thunderbolt's nose was well to windward, and half a pint of sherry from his master's flask was down his gullet, and his nostrils spunged out, for the first time, probably, in his life with a cambric handkerchief, redolent of extract de jockey-club.

"The best thing of the season by all odds," said Sir Richard Musgrave, looking at his watch; "five miles and a half as the crow flies in twenty-three minutes!"

"I wish you joy, Fairfax," cried Beaufort, good-naturally. "If this is really your first day with fox-hounds, though I can scarce believe it."

"His first day!" said Musgrave, laughing. "He has been at it all my life."

"No. He only takes to it very kindly," said Matuchevitz, laughing; "as I was sure he would to any thing, when I saw him stick a pig that everybody else was afraid of, in a *chasse aux sangliers* near Rennes."

"No, but you don't mean that it is really your first day, Colonel Fairfax," said Dick Musgrave; "for if you do, this is a—a—I do not know what."

"A d—d thing," said Gardner, who had just come up with his horse limping, and himself dripping; "a d—d thing, ain't it, to be done this way?"

"It is really my first day in England," said Fairfax, quietly.

"In England!—why where do they hunt foxes else? In England, quoth'a!" said Holyoke, laughing.

"In Virginia, a little; though not in such style, certainly, nor across such a country," he replied.

"Virginia! Where the deuce is that?" asked Gardner, half recurring to his first idea that he had been riding against a Hottentot.

"Somewhere in Southern Africa, I believe, near the Cape," answered Beaufort, gravely. "But what the deuce are the hounds about. It is a curious affair this."

Osbaldiston had made by this time a short cast forward in the line of the Coplow, but not hitting it off, was coming back at full trot, with the ladies at his heels.

"Overrun it, I fancy," he squealed, as he passed them, "and laid up in the osier holt. Eleu-in! Eleu-in there, good lasses!"

And in an instant the osier holt was crashing as the high-strung pack dashed into it, and the next moment made ring with a full-mouthed chorus.

"Have at him there! Hark a-wa-ay!" and a "whoop" of a countryman at the other end followed, and all who had dismounted sprang back into their saddles.

"Exactly three minutes to a second," said Musgrave, as he put up his watch; "but it's a cursed bore his running back to those out-siders."

But even as he spoke, Jack Stevens' rate was heard from the other end, "Hark back! Hark back, I tell you, Charity! Get away, Bedlam Bess! Ha-ark back!" followed by the sharp reports of his heavy whip; and at the next instant, black with sweat, tongue out, and brush down, the hunted fox dodged out under their very horses' feet, and skurrying through them unhurt, went away on his old line as good as new.

"Whoop! gone-away, whoop!" shrieked the Squire; and at that well known yell, "the ladies" came streaming up and away again, breast-high, for the Coplow.

"A fresh fox went away back, sir," said Jack Stevens, "and the place was so foiled with the ould devil, I don't wonder if Charity did take it. They're setting on him now, sir;" and he touched his cap.

"Now for his brush," squealed the Squire; "he'll scarce reach the Coplow."

And away they went four miles further; and now up hill, all with a fair start; all with horses that had been well tried, wind and limb, that morning, all emulous and abreast.

It boots not to dwell on fences; for, after all, except as you ride at them, they are all pretty much alike. There were no checks any more, nor falls, until at the very last fence, when Thunderbolt chested a high stake and bound fence, and came on his knees and nose, to be cleverly recovered by his rider, just as the Squire's incomparable and indescribable scream, "Who-whoop! who-

whoop! who-whoop! was heard from Bellesdon Coplow on the hill, within three fields of which they killed him, fairly ran into in the open, all the way back down wind to the Whissendine, where it met the ears of the stragglers, and told them that the best fox had died who had run that year before the ladies.

Point to point, from the find to the kill, it was nine miles and a quarter as the crow flies; and there was about half a mile to add, so nearly straight was the gallant fox's line, for the one deviation he had made in the true line.

In forty-four minutes it was done, the check included, over difficult ground, and some of the hardest fencing in England. The greatest speed ever held for an hour, is twelve miles, and that across common-land without fences; so that it is no wonder if that burst be remembered and quoted as one of the best and hardest ever known; and if that fox's scalp be visible to this day, as it is marked with three crosses as super-excellent, on the doors of the Quorndon kennels.

From that day forth Percy Fairfax was free of Melton Mowbray; and it was quite useless that he affirmed and asseverated that it was his first day with the hounds in England. So he gave up saying so.

And Gardner swears to this day that it is all nonsense about Fairfax being a Virginian, because every one knows the Fairfaxes are a Yorkshire family; besides, he knows that the people are all black in that country; and as to their fox-hunting at the Cape, or in South Africa, he is not quite such a fool as not to know that it's too hot to hunt there; and besides, there are no foxes there, only jackals; for didn't poor Power tell him so; and hadn't he been there himself—Power, not Gardner—and so mustn't he know.

But though Percy Fairfax did sink the first day's fox-hunting, I never heard that he sunk the Virginian.

I am not sure whether he has returned yet from his travels; but if he have, gentle reader, and you deign to ask him, I am sure he will tell you that my memory has served me well, though it be twenty years and over since I saw Uckleby Gorse, or ridden with the good company we have kept these last four-and-forty minutes.

And so I'll wind up with a word to which I have seen many a bumper emptied. "Long life to Osbaldiston and his ladies!" and you may throw in the three cheers more which Percy Fairfax added at the club dinner, on the night of his first fox-hunt.

FANNY'S ERROR.

FANNY shuts her smiling eyes—
Then, because she cannot see—
Thoughtless simpleton! she cries,
"Ah! you can't see me!"

Fanny's like the sinner vain,
Who with spirit shut and dim,
Thinks because he sees not Heaven,
Heaven cannot see him!

CLARABELLE.

BY GEORGE DE WORDE.

["In the material world nothing is lost. The elementary atoms in the ever changing circle of nature are constantly assuming new forms, so that the dust of monarchs may appear again as the scanty herbage, in turn yielding nourishment to the beasts of burden."]

SHE was a pure and gladsome child,
Born when rule the brightest powers,
At winter's sullen frown she smiled,
And caroled 'mid the vernal flowers.
Unconsciously she moved in life,
No thought the note of bliss to quell;
A form of joy 'mid human strife—
The little maiden, Clarabelle.

Time passed—the little child was gone;
The birds their playmate seek again;
They wait her song at early dawn,
But wake their sweetest notes in vain.
It was a thoughtless flower they sought,
As chirping in the narrow dell,
They fled the glance which soul had wrought—
The deep gray eye of Clarabelle.

'Tis now a joy that dwells in tears,
As the arch of promise in the storm,
When fancy bids the buried years
Again give up that maiden's form.
Once more we sit within the glen,
The silent hours their minutes tell,
Her hand is warm in mine again—
The soft, fair hand of Clarabelle.

Ah! Summer's voice was sad and low,
For Autumn's wind was in her bower,
And dew-drops strove in evening's glow,
To cool the lip of the dying flower.
When last beneath yon ancient pine
I felt a deep and holy spell;
For a heart had twined itself to mine—
The trusting heart of Clarabelle.

Amid the Autumn's hazy light,
Gently fading day by day,
As sinks the evening into night,
Drooped the maiden's form away.
Her smile so sweet yet saddeneth,
Vainly with decay hath plead,
Bright as the hope that gladdeneth—
Him who sitteth with the dead.

Alas! to see the sun grow pale,
Long ere his morning hour is gone,
Weaving his shroud by the glowing dawn,
With the sky-lark's song for a funeral wail.

For as love lay sweetly ending,
'Mid its first and joyous swell,
Ere its notes with sadness blending—
So dieth Clarabelle.

The fire had left the autumn beams
Cold o'er the dead flowers lying;
But there gathers still the brightest gleams
Where lingers a blossom dying.

For the noontide rays were glowing there,
Around the bed of death,
Twining their gold with the trembling air,
That waited her passing breath.

Her hand was laid upon my cheek,
While lowlier sank her drooping head;
And oh! her voice was broken and weak,
Praying for me in that hour of dread.

As clouds detain the parting ray,
A tear grows bright in her fading eye;
For e'en with hope to gild the way,
'Tis hard in youth and love to die.

And then she spoke of God and grace,
The comfort of a Saviour's love;
And the glow that lit her dying face
Was kindled in the world above.

She bowed her head and prayed for me,
That ere I sought the world sublime,
More than her formless memory
Might linger on the mists of time.

Her words seemed meaningless to fall,
As light upon a palsied brow;
But ah! my heart had heard them all,
The only treasures left it now.

A chill of dread ran through my frame;
With trembling hands I raised her head,
And bid her smile, and called her name—
But, God of mercy! I called the dead!

She is sleeping now by the ancient pine,
Within whose arms the cold winds moan,
While solemn whispers from that shrine,
Echo to my heart—thou art alone.

Alone! alone! while winter's chill
Holds the earth in its icy spell,
My senseless heart is dreaming still—
That spring will bring me Clarabelle.

But when the winds had hushed their roar,
And gentler voices softly wake,
Its simple dream of hope was o'er,
And then my heart was like to break.

For the fickle earth was wed anew,
And in the arms of spring carcass'd,
Forgot the autumn flowers that grew,
And bloomed and died upon his breast.

The flowers she nursed in growing
Still perfume
The little streamlet flowing
'Round her tomb.

Nature in our throes,
Hath no part,
Smiling at our woes,
Mocks the heart.
Our very notes of sadness,
Wrought in pain,
Are echoed oft in gladness
Back again.

And now I wandered forth alone—
Alone amid the fair sunshine;
And where the light but darkly shone,
I sat beneath the ancient pine;

For when the bright beams glowing dart,
And chase the shadows from the lea;
They gather closer 'round my heart,
And darken all but memory.

For what of joy had life on earth
To recompense for her who died?
Wouldst offer to the broken spirit—mirth?
To him that waiteth—worldly pride?

As sunk the sun, a kindly ray
Adown his golden presence threw,
And o'er a blossom seemed to play—
A tender flowret white and blue.

Till now I had not marked it there;
And it spoke reproach so sad and sweet,
As gently it waved in the evening air,
And strove, I thought, my glance to meet.

A pretty flower—I said no more;
But then my pulse beat wild and high;

And tears—I had not wept before—
Down strangely fell, I knew not why;

Until a strain that through me rung,
Deep in my heart soft echoes woke
Of voices hushed, of songs long sung,
Clear as from silence erst they broke.

As music dreamt seeks not the ear,
Swelled o'er my soul her dying prayer;
That all her love that lingered here,
An outward impress still might bear.

The beam reluctant left the flower,
In haste to join the sunken sun;
And my heart had strength in that solemn hour,
To sigh—thy will, O Lord, be done!

And day by day I loved it more,
And sat the summer by its side;
While flowerets blue and white it bore,
And withered at the hour she died.

But when earth moved in winter's arms,
And warm beams gild a softer air;
Earliest born of young spring's charms—
The tender blossom waits me there.

And that flower will bloom upon the lea
While rests my foot on this weary sand;
But its leaves shall fall, and its parting be,
When death shall take my offered hand,
And my darling's smile shall welcome me,
To an endless love in the golden land.

DIVERS GIFTS.

BY MRS. O. M. P. LORD.

We set an Alfred watching cakes,
And wonder that he burns them!
Give Dorothy the place, and see
How skillfully she turns them.
Now honors be
To Dorothy—
In truth she fairly earns them.

Here, feeble hands a ponderous bow
Essay to bend forever;
And all the while Ulysses' arm
Hangs idly o'er the quiver.
Grant him the bow,
Thou soon shalt know
His strength, deriding giver!

Here droops in graceful folds, a garb—
The mantle dropped of Haydn;
Up man! nor longer twine accords
As golden curls, a maiden.
The spreading oak
Awaits thy stroke—
Hence come, with glory laden.

Ah no! there's John, with stalwart arm,
Would set the forest ringing;
While awayed by Haydn's listless hand,
The axe is idly swinging.
He notes the while,
With dreamy smile,
The strain his soul is singing.

By solar beam and stellar ray,
The mystic ether reading,
We look for gracious augury,
Some happier scheme acceding.
And lo! afar,
One radiant star,
To proper concave speeding!

Escaped from alien sphere at length,
The august polls abettors!
With gold that lingered in his hands,
The while he toiled in fetters.
Freed now, he trains
The wreathed grains
About his glowing letters.

THE DISPUTED MAGDALEN.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.*

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

"Yes, it is Guido's style! and there are thousands of the uninitiated who would fail to detect in it any inferiority to the works of that unrivaled master!"

Such was the exclamation of Pierre Mignard, as, casting aside his palette, he remained gazing with infinite satisfaction on a Magdalen to which he had just given the last touches of his pencil.

"It is perfect," he continued; "the expression, the coloring, the harmony of the whole piece is faultless. I have succeeded beyond my hope in imitating the style and character of Guido—even his peculiarities I have caught; and if but one connoisseur, in the presence of Count de Clairville, will pronounce it the veritable work of that artist, my triumph is complete—for fame and Eulaliè are won!"

A glow of joy lit up the fine face of the artist as he uttered these words; and in the excess of his emotion, he rapidly traversed the space which paintings, casts, statuary, and other auxiliaries to his noble art, left vacant in his crowded studio. In passing a small stand of porphyry, the elaborately wrought pedestal of which declared it an antique of no mean value, he paused, and taking up a small and richly-set miniature, gazed upon it till tears of intense feeling moistened his dark and lustrous eyes. Pressing his lips fondly upon it, he said,

"For thee, sweet Eulaliè! to win thee, my peerless one, have I wrought without ceasing at this task, not for fame—for what were fame without thee to my doting heart? What to me the praise of having successfully imitated the greatest master of my art, if I see not thy cheek kindle at my well-earned triumph! Thy father's word—'When thou canst paint like Guido, thou may'st ask and win the hand of my daughter'—though spoken in scorn, writ themselves as with a sunbeam on my soul, and have been my incentive to perseverance in this work, the greatest which I have ever before accomplished, and which now I send forth, the silent, yet eloquent arbiter of my fate."

Hiding the miniature in his breast, he turned again toward the Magdalen, and fixed his pleased regard upon it, as in the rich and massive frame to which it had that day been transferred, it stood there, a fitting ornament for the palace of a prince. A moment or two he lingered, then throwing his cloak about him, he sallied forth, and with a light and rapid step he threaded street after street—for evening was approaching, and he feared to find the office of the opulent broker whom he sought, closed before he reached it. But he arrived in time to find the man

of business at his post; and the heap of gold and of unredeemed notes which covered his table, showed that the day's harvest had been an abundant one.

Paul Roussard was a portly personage, with a shrewd yet jovial countenance, and a cordial warmth of manner that won him many friends. He was called a usurer by the class whose vices and extravagance compelled them to seek his aid, and to accept it also on his own terms—for toward such he showed no mercy, deeming it a duty to make their excesses prove the means of their chastisement; but he was a firm and true friend to the deserving, and a liberal benefactor to the needy and depressed. He had always felt and professed for the young artist, Pierre Mignard, an interest peculiarly strong; and as he now saw him approach, he greeted him with a cordial smile and grasp of the hand, saying as he pointed to the gold piled on his table,

"How fares it with thee, my young knight of the easel? Has thy art brought thee such a goodly heap of gold as this since the sun rose this morning? Tell me that it has, and I will say that thy craft is better than mine." And as he spoke he swept the glittering coin into a capacious drawer, which he double-locked, then rose and drew forward a seat for his visitor.

"Let it bring me fame, and the hand of Eulaliè, Master Paul, and I care not for the gold," said the artist, fervently.

"Tush! the boy's head is full of romance!" said the broker, impatiently. "Fame is a good thing, Mignard, I grant; but if it bring not along with it something more tangible than an empty breath, pray will it feed thee, or furnish one real comfort for thy pretty wife, when thou hast won her? Earn fame if thou canst—and who shall blame thee? But rest not content with that which will not yield thee wherewithal to buy bread. Want ever lacks friends; and even genius, if clothed in rags, may lie in the ditch for rich fools to trample upon."

"True, too true, good Master Paul! I know well that a silken doublet wins more regard than an eloquent lip; yet, as I believe that gold must needs be the consequence of a fair and honorable fame, I will first strive for that which I covet most, and never doubt but the other will speedily follow. And now tell me—hast thou seen the count to-day?"

"Ay, have I, and fulfilled my task to a nicety; so if thou fail not in thine, thou shalt shortly reap love and glory to thy heart's content."

"Thou hast taught him, then, to expect a veritable Guido?"

"Nothing less, I warrant thee, than a chef-d'œuvre of that great master which I told him I daily ex-

* The anecdote which forms the groundwork of this tale, is related by several authentic writers, of the French artist Mignard, who was remarkable for his admirable imitations of the great masters.

pected to arrive from Italy. He was in transports of joy, begged me to speak no word of it to any other person, but to send it as soon as received immediately to him; and as to the price of such a gem—that matters not; he would pay me the demand willingly, whatever it might be. In good sooth, the poor man is picture-mad, and without any knowledge of the art, thinks himself competent to decide at first sight on the merit and authenticity of the veriest old painting that might chance to be disemboled from Herculeaneum. Therefore, my boy, if thou hast not made a vain boast, but in truth made the smallest approach in thy Magdalen to the style and manner of thy great prototype, thou wilt not fail to deceive this vaunted connoisseur, and carry off both his gold and, what thou dost prize more, his fair daughter.”

“I deny not that my hopes in this matter outweigh my fears, friend Roussard; that I shrink not from submitting the piece to the close inspection of any amateur who may be called to sit in judgment upon it; nay, that I do not even dread the acumen of Lebrun, whose life has been devoted to the study of the art, till the peculiarity of every school has become as familiar to him as the alphabet of his mother tongue—for I bestowed on the Magdalen the highest finish of my pencil, and caught so successfully the great master’s style, that I do not believe Guido himself would feel dishonored, should it be ascribed to him.”

“Thou art over confident, boy, which is so unlike thee, that I tremble for the success of thy experiment. God grant thou meet not disappointment; but in truth I see not how thou canst now have so greatly surpassed all thy former efforts, and achieved so entirely to thine own satisfaction this most difficult task.”

“Dost thou remember, friend Roussard,” asked Pierre, smiling, “the Italian proverb, which says, *‘Chi ha l’amor nel petto ha lo sprone a i fianchi?’** If thou dost thou mayst know by what magic I have accomplished this seemingly impossible task. Such I should have deemed it once; but since the day when I declared my love for Eulaliè, and her proud father spurned me with the words, *‘When thou canst paint like Guido, thou mayst ask and obtain the hand of my daughter,’* I have resolved to win on his own terms the prize I coveted. He never dreamed of my essaying such a task, but deemed his taunt equivalent to a final rejection. He knew not the force of love—the stern resolution of a determined will; for from that day the works of Guido have been my thought by day, my dream by night. Every light and shade of that unrivaled master, the grace, expression, coloring, harmony of his paintings, have been my ceaseless study, till I seemed to catch his very spirit, and my own canvas glowed with a near semblance to his perfection. And then I commenced the Magdalen; but as the work grew into breathing beauty beneath my pencil, another passion, and you will say a nobler one than that which first aroused me to the full exertion of my powers, awoke within my breast, and now a burning thirst for fame

* Who feels love in the breast, feels a spur in the limbs.

possesses me—and the glory of being called a successful imitator of Guido would almost—yes, I may say it, *almost* recompense me for the loss of Eulaliè.”

“I would fain believe thee, Pierre—for what to thee or any one, should love be in comparison with that goodly heritage of fame, which, as thou sayst, is the precursor of wealth—wealth that will place thee above princes; for thou hast the gift of genius, which God has not liberally bestowed upon them, and which neither their sordid gold can purchase, nor their arbitrary power command. And yet thou art so desperately enamored, that, notwithstanding this sudden breaking forth of a noble ambition, I warrant me, wert thou left to choose between the praise of men and the love of thy fair mistress, thou wouldest be fool enough to prefer the latter.”

“On what ground dost thou build that opinion after the avowal which I have just now made to thee?”

“On very fair ground, I trow—namely, that to win thy mistress thou hast achieved what else would, according to thine own acknowledgment, have seemed to thee an impossible task.”

“Ay, I did say that the hope of winning her was my first incentive, and the strongest; but said I not also that another, and what thou callest a nobler passion, soon joined itself to the tender one, and urged me on to the completion of my work?”

“Thou didst so, I confess; and I rejoice to know that thou art so stirred—for though I deny not that thy sweet Eulaliè is a fair guerdon enough to struggle for, yet methinks that one gifted as thou art, should find nobler incentives to exertion than the frail and fickle love of a woman, though she were peerless as the bride of King Solomon, of whom the royal poet sings in such enamored strains.”

“I agree not with thee, Master Paul; there is naught in my eyes more worthy of desire and effort than the affection of a pure and virtuous heart. What joy to see it consecrate to thee its holiest and tenderest emotions; what bliss to dwell in the paradise of a home lighted by the smile, gladdened by the voice of love—to find there a blessed retreat from the world’s tempests, a haven of peace where strife, and jealousy, and ambition are forbidden to intrude, and where the soul, soothed by gentle influences into a heavenly calm, rejoices in its earthly life, and blesses the immortal hope which whispers it that the happiness but commenced here is to endure more perfect and more glorious in a fairer world forever.”

“Thou understandest well thine art, Mignard, or thou couldst never sketch thy vivid imaginings with such poetic grace,” said Roussard, smiling as he gazed on the rapt and glowing face of the young artist. “For me, the picture is illusory all; I have lived long enough to know the realities of life, and to learn from them that fancy is a deceitful limner; her colors, like the prismatic rays that fall through shivered crystal, are beautiful to gaze upon, but intangible and evanescent as they are brilliant.”

“Thou mayst have found them so, my friend;

may, if we may believe rumor, I grieve to think thou hast; but I marvel how any disappointment, deep though it may have been, should engender in a heart kind and dispassionate as thine, such a root of enduring bitterness."

"Didst thou know all my history, Pierre, thou wouldst cease to marvel, or rather thy marvel would be greater still, that from a heart so wronged, gay and bright thoughts could ever issue more. But it matters not now; some day thou shalt learn my adventures—they may profit thee much in thy journey through life, and thou wilt then pardon me that I distrust woman, and am sometimes cynical toward my brother man."

A cloud for an instant darkened the brow of Rousard, but directly the joyous light of a kind and gladsome nature triumphed over it, irradiating with the soul's sunlight his open and benevolent face.

"Pardon me," he resumed, "that I have chafed thee and myself with that which concerns not the present moment—but let it pass from thy memory; and now tell me if this *Guido* of thine is ready for delivery?"

"It is, and may be transported hither this night."

"Good! for a Florentine brig now lies at the pier, by which I am receiving a consignment of casts, bronzes, cameos, et cetera. Your Magdalen, Mignard, must be packed to correspond with those, numbered and labeled in Italian; and, in order completely to mystify the count, I shall have it carried to his house by the sailors of the brig, who are to transport hither all belonging to me from their vessel. So now haste thee and take a last look at thy Magdalen, for I am to sup with De Clairville, and the choicest crypt in his cellar will furnish wine for the board, if I carry him tidings that the treasure will soon be in his possession. But prithee, Mignard, one word in thy ear before thou departest—I would not wound thee, but my friendship forbids me to keep silence;" and bending toward the artist, he said in a subdued tone, "I fear thou art deceiving thyself in hoping to win the fair Eulalië with this picture of thine—for it is currently reported that the young Marquis De Montenaye is paying suit to thy mistress, and that the light of his favoring smiles is reflected with dazzling lustre from the diamonds that adorn his handsome person."

Mignard started at the insinuation conveyed in his friend's words, as though stung by a serpent; he had heard of the pretensions of the marquis, but knew it to be untrue that the lovely Eulalië favored them; still he could not listen to the rumor unmoved—and he became pale with suppressed emotion as he exclaimed,

"It is false, Rousard! thou knowest it is false! True, I see her not of late—but have I not frequent tokens of her faith, penned by her own hand forbidding me to doubt? I have no fear of De Montenaye; his wealth is but as dust in her eyes—his title an empty sound to her. It is the fire of genius alone that can kindle in her pure soul the undying flame of an exalted and enduring love."

As he uttered these words, the agitated artist,

without waiting for a reply, hurried from the presence of his friend, and passed rapidly through the streets, pausing not till he reached the door of his own dwelling. His impatient knock was quickly answered by an ancient serving-woman, who preceded him to the entrance of his studio, and having lighted a lamp from the one which she held in her hand, she departed in silence, leaving him alone.

Closing the door after her, he seized the light which stood upon the porphyry stand, and approaching the picture of the Magdalen, gazed upon it as earnestly as though he now for the first time beheld it. As his eye dwelt on the canvas, where with daring hand he had sought to imitate the exquisite touches of the immortal Guido, it gradually lighted up with intense joy and satisfaction, till subdued by his emotions, he gave them involuntary utterance, still gazing with the rapt look of a devotee upon his picture.

"Yes! I have been successful, and I shall win thee at last!" he exclaimed—"thee, my heart's flower—light of my soul—star of my dim and solitary horizon! Ah! how much I deceived myself when I believed that one aspiration after fame mingled with the passion which consumes me for thee—thee alone, sweetest, most beautiful Eulalië."

He cast himself upon a seat, and bending his head upon his folded arms, fell into a long, delicious reverie. The past came back to him like a dream. That balmy summer morning, on which he was first summoned to paint a likeness of the young Eulalië De Clairville—the moment when he entered her boudoir, and beheld her, half child, half woman, sitting on cushions at her doating father's feet, pleased, yet childishly ashamed to have her lovely semblance pictured by a stranger's hand. And then the long, sweet sittings that succeeded, when he was left, unmarked, to study those angelic features, and note and treasure in his heart of hearts, every changeful charm of that eloquent and girlish face.

And the soft, low tones of that musical voice—how they stole into the secret chambers of his soul, and how, as day succeeded day, and still his sweet work remained unfinished, for each day he found something to undo that so he might prolong the witching task—their eyes learned to utter mute language, and Eulalië's fitting blushes told that new and delicious emotions were waking in her heart; and then the light words that each had spoken so gayly, became hushed and low, falling in half-breathed tones from his lips, and trembling in broken words from hers, which, mingling with bursting sighs, alone broke the eloquent silence, that as in a rapturous trance enchaind the young souls now learning love's first enchanting lesson. But soon came the flattering avowal, the mute yet eloquent confession—and they were happy, too happy! for, alas! they were all unguarded in their joy, and when the jealous father read the dear secret which they strove not to hide, what a changed destiny was theirs!

How harshly she was chidden! and he—a sentence of banishment exiled him forever from her presence who had just revealed to him a joy which glorified

his life—hopeless, endless banishment, unless the inspiration of this new master-passion could work within him the power and will to equal one who stood alone and unapproachable in his great and noble art. It was a cruel mockery to bid him paint like Guido, before he might aspire to the hand of her he loved—a command equivalent to a positive denial of his suit, for only a miracle could enable him to do it. So he at first thought—and despair was in his heart; yet he yielded not to it, but sat down to the study of Guido's works, till he seemed to catch the glow of that great artist's genius; and then he essayed, what only love, all potent love could have emboldened him to attempt—an humble imitation of the style and manner which the most gifted had hitherto pronounced inimitable. He trembled at his own boldness, yet faltered not in his purpose, still striving to imbibe the spirit of his prototype, till through toil, and trial, and discouragement unspeakable, he so far succeeded as to marvel at his own work.

Frequent, during this period of doubt and anxiety, were his stolen interviews with the gentle Eulalië—and the breathings of her tender affection, the firmness of her unwavering faith in his genius and his love, inspired him with fresh strength and courage to press onward in the achievement of the task which was to win for him a prize, coveted even above the laurel which any approach to Guido's excellence was certain to bestow on him. At length, however, those sweet and stolen interviews with his loved one were suspected by her father, and in consequence she was subjected to a more jealous care and espionage than ever, which enforced their discontinuance; but the lovers still contrived to interchange almost daily, notes and messages.

Yet of late, notwithstanding Mignard's deep faith in Eulalië's truth and affection, he had felt himself disturbed by the knowledge which she herself communicated to him, that the young Marquis De Montenaye had made overtures for her hand, and notwithstanding her positive rejection of his suit, still persevered, encouraged by her father in his addresses. Although since this event transpired, her notes had lost nothing of their tender tone, nor were her vows of constancy less deep and earnest, yet two days (an unusual length of time) had now elapsed since the receipt of her last missive; and the slight uneasiness occasioned by her silence, rendered him less able on this night to hear unmoved the whispered words of Paul Roussard.

In fact they stung him to the soul, although he did not, nor would admit the belief that Eulalië smiled on another, even though that other wrote his noble name in diamonds. But to have it so thought and said, even by one individual, seemed to cast a shadow over the brightness and purity of the faith of her he so fondly loved, and for whom he had as deeply tasked his strength as did those chivalrous knights of legendary lore, who periled life and limb in attempting impossible feats at the command of the cruel lady of their love.

Such was the train of the young artist's meditations, mingled, however, with sun-bright hopes that

whispered of approaching triumph, when they were interrupted by the entrance of M. Roussard's deputies, who arrived to pack in its case, and convey away his precious Magdalen. And as the treasure on which hung so many cherished hopes—which had cost him more sleepless nights and toilsome days, more sighs, and headaches, and despairing thoughts, than ever Pygmalion lavished on his worshiped statue—as this treasure was borne from his studio, he breathed a prayer, deep and fervent, for the successful issue of that experiment which, as he fondly thought, was destined to give the hue of joy or woe to his future life.

How dreary looked his studio, when casting a glance around, this object of long and anxious labor no longer met his view. For so many months he had been accustomed to behold it there, to study it, to touch and retouch it, and watch it growing, day by day, into fuller beauty, that in its absence he felt sad, and solitary, and deserted, although he had sent it forth firm in the belief that it would crown his hopes with fame, and the hand of his Eulalië.

A summons to supper disturbed his meditations; and as he sat down at his simple and solitary board, a note, lying on the napkin beside his plate, attracted his attention. Eagerly he took it up, cast one joyous glance at the delicate seal, with its expressive Italian motto, and breaking the scented wax, ran his eye over the beautiful characters traced by the hand of his faithful and tender Eulalië. She spoke of the persecution she was enduring from her father and the marquis, and of her fixed determination to resist them, but entreated Mignard to hasten the completion of his picture, sanguine that he would prove successful in his imitation, and that they should be reunited, no more to separate.

This sweet note, full of hope and affection, caused the young artist a sleepless night—sleepless through the mingled emotions of joy, hope, and anxiety which it awoke in his bosom; and when he awoke in the morning, he hastened to the dwelling of M. Roussard, to converse with him on the subject nearest his heart.

He found his kind friend at breakfast; but wifeless and childless though he was, it could not be called a solitary meal—for on one side of his chair sat a huge Maltese cat, on the other a noble greyhound, and at his feet, watching for *tit-bits*, crouched a long-eared sitting spaniel. Over his head hung a mocking-bird, singing its thousand notes in concert with two canaries, and a nightingale, whose cages were half hidden among the vines that trellised an open window; and to complete the coterie, a pugnacious parrot, the noisiest of his species, clamored with all his might to drown the other and more harmonious sounds with his intolerable jargon. The good broker himself, in his velvet slippers and morning-gown of flowered brocade, looked the very personification of comfort, loling in his capacious arm-chair, the daily *Mercuré* in one hand, at which he glanced between every sip of the delicious coffee, whose fumes filled the room with fragrance; while the snow-white

rolls, fresh laid eggs, and cold paté that stood before him, might have tempted an epicure to eat.

He greeted Mignard with a cordial grasp of the hand, and drawing a chair toward the table, said, as he beckoned him to sit,

"Thou art here at the very right time, my prince of artists; just as I predicted thou wouldst be—for it needed no soothsayer's skill to divine that thou wouldst come to share my morning's meal, and learn the result of my last night's interview with the count. But wherefore that lugubrious visage, man? She is constant as the sun, and thy *Guido* will not fail to make her thine, spite of her silly father's haste to wed her to this young gallant, whose wealth has won his heart."

Mignard shook his head with a faint smile—for why he knew not—none can account for the fluctuations of a lover's hopes and fears—but at that moment he despaired of the success of his piece, and he looked sad and spiritless.

"Nay," resumed his friend, "faint heart never won fair lady! so courage, Pierre, and sit thee down; thou seest a bachelor's fire doth not lack comforts. Sit thee down here and taste a cup of this Arabian beverage—it will put new life into thee, albeit, I warrant me, thou wouldst deem even this incomparable extract more delicious, were it poured out for thee by the white hand of thy dainty little Eulalië. Down, Argus, down! how darest thou thrust thy long nose upon the table, sir? And thou, greedy vagabond," to the Maltese cat, "hast filched the best morsel of truffled partridge from my plate, and but now I cast to thee what might have sufficed a soldier for a day's ration. Take that, with thy innocent look and thy thievish paw, and be gone with thee;" and he gave the huge grimalkin a rap on his head that sent him into a distant corner of the room to discuss his stolen morsel.

At another time Mignard might have been amused by this scene, but now he felt only annoyance at the interruption of their tête-à-tête; and mechanically he sat down, but with a grave and spiritless air, that immediately awakened the sympathy of Roussard.

"In good truth thou art the very image of despondency," he said; "but wherefore, now that thy task is accomplished, hast thou lost the self-confidence which upheld thee last night?"

"But is it accomplished?" said Pierre; "and if it be even—how am I sure that the count will yield me the reward which, doubtless, in mockery he promised to my success?"

"Will he, indeed? whether his word was given in mockery or not—dare he refuse to keep it? Listen, Mignard; but first I pray thee break thy fast with this sip of coffee, and a new-laid egg—it will brace thy nerves to hear that which I have to tell. Hush, Barbare!" to the parrot; "by my troth, the creature makes as much noise as the seven devils that were cast out of thy Magdalen, Pierre. Silence to thee, thou chattering minion, or I will send thee to quarrel with old Ursula for the rest of the day."

"Que vous êtes aimable!" screamed the parrot with a saucy laugh, and such an insolent jesture of

his gaudy body, as he stood upon his perch, looking down with the utmost sang-froid upon his master, that neither Roussard nor his visitor could refrain from laughter. Emboldened by their mirth, the bird continued his jests and jeers till his noise became unbearable, when old Ursula was summoned to execute his sentence of banishment.

"And now, Pierre," said the broker, settling himself again at the breakfast table, "I will tell thee, for thy comfort, that thy Magdalen was conveyed to the Count De Clairville last night, and opened in the presence of those guests who were invited to sup with him; that, furthermore, it was beheld by all with surprise—delight—admiration; and by them pronounced without hesitation a veritable *Guido*!"

"Pronounced so—and by whom?" inquired the artist, starting with nervous haste from his seat.

"By all present; and the general opinion was ratified by three experienced connoisseurs, among whom was no less a judge than Lebrun himself, who confidently declared it to be not only a true *Guido*, but one of that great master's happiest efforts, and bright with the glow of his unrivaled genius."

At these words the young artist clasped his hands convulsively together, his eyes kindled with an intense light, and the flush of a noble joy crimsoned his before pale cheek. "Thank God!" he fervently ejaculated; then bending his head upon his folded arms, he yielded for a brief space to the long suppressed but now overwhelming emotions of his heart. It was to him the most exciting, the most agitating moment of his life; to have the product of his pencil mistaken by able judges for *Guido*'s! What a proud triumph had he achieved! and in the pride of such an issue to his almost hopeless efforts, the image of her, the lovely and beloved, of whom he had impelled him to exertions, for one instant faded from his thoughts, lost in the resplendent blaze that seemed to light up with glory the long unfolding vista of futurity. Yet but for one brief moment did he remain dazzled by this vision, and then, more pure, more beautiful than ever, rose to his view that "bright particular star" which his soul loved—his own forever! won by the efforts of a noble and untiring genius.

The kind Roussard sympathized in the emotions of his young friend, and expressed his feelings with a warmth that sensibly touched the artist.

"So far thou hast done well," he said. "Thy picture is pronounced a *Guido*, and occupies, as such a treasure of art should do, the most conspicuous place in the princely gallery of the Count De Clairville. Fame and love will doubtless be thy guardes for this piece of thine, and with these, I fear me, thou art silly enough to rest content. But, Pierre, wert thou not so young and thoughtless, thou wouldst care more for the substantial profits of thine art, which are not to be despised, and ere this would have spoken of the gold which I won for thee from the old connoisseur, in payment for thy work."

"I care not for it! Why should I, who trust to gain that which is a thousand-fold dearer to me than would be the garnered wealth of Midas; so, my tried friend, if thou hast aught in keeping for me, let it

abide with thee still. I have more than enough for my present wants; and if at any time I have need, I will not fail to apply to thee for a loan."

"A loan, forsooth! nay, foolish boy, take that which is thine own, and be chary of it, for all thy pictures may not prove Guidos; and how art thou to furnish silks and velvets for thy dainty Eulalië, if thou dost not better hoard thy gains. Thank the saints! I am not forced to barter my gold for such gauds, and in the way of my honest calling, I e'en take back from those who aforetime have played the usurer with my necessities, loose coins enow to furnish golden collars for my dogs, and glittering cages for my birds, if so I choose to want them;" and speaking thus, he moved toward an ebony cabinet, which unlocking, he drew forth a bag of gold, and returning to the table, poured out the yellow coin before the eyes of the astonished artist.

"This is all thine," said Roussard; "two thousand crowns paid me for thee by the purchaser of thy Magdalen—a goodly sum it is, and comes, I am bold to say, not an hour too soon for thy wants, however much thou mayst affect to despise it."

"And though my need of it were ten times greater than it is—nay, though I were reduced to my last florin, yet would I not take that to which I have no just claim," said the young man, pushing from him the shining heap, while a glow of generous pride mantled on his cheek. "The count," he continued, "owes me not a sum like this—it was no Guido that he has purchased; and not yet are the products of my pencil worthy to bring me in wealth like a flood—so let the gold remain with thee, good friend, till he learns the true name of the artist he would so liberally remunerate, and then, if he will but give me his daughter—"

"Nonsense, Mignard!" interposed the broker; "if the count, by accepting thy picture for a Guido, acknowledges that thou hast painted like him, he has paid thee no more than thy due—so scruple not to take it, for the sum, after all, is but a single drop in the ocean of his boundless wealth."

"At least, then, good Roussard, keep the gold in store for me till the count shall have learned that his precious Magdalen is the work of the despised Mignard; let him gloat upon his possessed treasure for awhile, and then the name of the true artist shall be whispered in his ear, reminding him of a promise which thou avest he will never dare gainsay."

"But how, without proof, wilt thou convince him that thou art the author of the piece in his possession?"

"I have provided for that; do thou but set in motion a rumor, which shall reach his ears, that the alledged origin of the painting is doubted; and if he is stirred by it, as he will be, send thou for me, and I will give him a proof of its true authorship which shall silence the most incredulous."

"I see thou hast a plot to unravel; but it matters not—I will serve thee as best I may in the affair, partly for thy own sake, and partly because I owe this proud old count a grudge, which I am glad, without doing him any serious ill, to repay. Thou

hast heard, Pierre, that I was in my youth the victim of perfidy; but I have never told thee that it was this false De Clairville who bribed my betrothed wife, the mother of thy pretty Eulalië, from her parents. She was as sweet and gentle a creature as thy mistress; and if for a time she was dazzled by her rich suitor's splendor, and submitted with but faint resistance to parental authority, I have cause to think she soon repented her too ready obedience, and that she died as true to me in heart, as she was on that day when she first pledged to me those vows of love which to the unhappiness of both, she so soon violated."

Roussard for a moment turned away to hide his unwonted emotion, but quickly rallying, he said,

"You know now why I have so long lived a lone man, and why I feel so deep an interest in Eulalië, whom I am resolved never to see sacrificed, as was her mother, at the shrine of Mammon."

"Thou hast deserved a happier destiny than this, my kind friend," said the artist, with feeling. "I would my Eulalië were, indeed, *thy* child; yet shall she be to thee as a daughter; and it shall be my joy to render thee the duty and affection of a son. I have heard somewhat of this passage in thy life before, but I knew not how much of fiction might be mingled with the truth, for to me it seemed too great a mystery, if such things had been, that thou couldst go smilingly beneath his roof, and treat with courtesy the man who had so deeply injured thee."

"It was for thy Eulalië's sake that I did so; there was a solace to my wounded heart, in watching over the orphan of her I had so fondly loved, which I could not forego. And then, knowing the selfish nature of her father, I deemed it not unlikely that occasions would arise when I might render her service; and so I put restraints upon my feelings, and have frequented the house, and sat from time to time at the table of a man whom I despise too much to hate."

"It is well for me that thou couldst do so; and mayst thou reap the reward which a forgiving temper merits. And now, my friend, wilt thou replace this gold in thy cabinet, and suffer it to lie there till this affair is decided, for as yet I do not look upon it as belonging to me."

"But wilt thou not take a moiety of it, Pierre? To that, with all thy scruples, thou art entitled."

"Not a solitary crown, Master Paul; I need it not, for my wants are few, and the harvest which I reap by my pencil, abundant. Nay, at this very moment I am engaged to paint a piece for the Prince de Ligne, at a price named by himself, which will make me rich. So, my good friend, put thy mind at rest on my account, for if I am in any strait of mind or body, thou art very sure of knowing it. And now I perceive I have trespassed on thy hour of business, so, craving thy patience, I will begone."

And thus he departed leaving his friend to plunge into the busy vortex of active life, while he sought his solitary studio, there to brood over the bright prospects of love and fame that were unfolding to his view, and to employ his pencil in embodying

new forms of ideal beauty, over which he shed the light of his creative genius.

In the meantime the saloons of the Count De Clairville were thronged with the elite of Paris, who came to view the splendid Guido that had lately enriched his collection, while he, the happy possessor of the coveted gem, displayed with the pride of an amateur, its various points of beauty, and discoursed with an acumen that astonished the unlearned, on the different kinds of style which characterized the celebrated masters of the art.

So a week or two passed on, and then a whisper obtained circulation that the piece was not a Guido. It reached the ears of the count, and he studied more diligently the Magdalen, and spent hour after hour in comparing it with an undoubted Guido that adorned his gallery. Then arose another whisper, ascribing the painting to Pierre Mignard; and as the count heard it, other feelings than those of anxiety for the genuineness of his Guido awoke in his breast.

He remembered the promise he had made to the artist, safely, as he then thought; but if Mignard had, indeed, fulfilled the condition on which he was to win the hand of Eulalié, how should he, on his part, refuse the performance of his voluntary promise? It was impossible for him to do so consistently with truth and honor.

The picture had been pronounced a Guido by competent judges; the count had believed it himself to be the work of that great artist; but if Mignard should now give proof of its being done by him, what would become of the splendid alliance he was on the eve of completing with the Marquis De Montenaye? Ay, but could he bring this proof? The count was willing to believe it impossible; at least he would yield his conviction to no slight testimony, and did it depend on his mere word, what could the most solemn assertion of an individual, as yet so little known, weigh against the evidence of the painting itself, which bore indubitable marks of the great artist's style and manner, to whom by able connoisseurs it had been ascribed.

Still this plausible reasoning failed to quell the secret anxiety of the count. He wondered within himself if Eulalié were in the secret, provided any existed—and he more than half suspected that she was, for, since the arrival of the picture, her entire manner and appearance had undergone a change. Her wonted buoyancy had returned; the voice of song was again upon her lips, and light and joy beamed from her eloquent eyes. Quietly, too, she hovered round the Magdalen, or, shrinking from observation, she stood apart from the group of amateurs who met, day by day, to discuss its merits, and drank in each word of commendation which fell from their lips with an intense delight that revealed itself in her cheerful and expressive face.

The count communicated his doubts and fears to his son-in-law elect, whom he also found in a state of nervous anxiety on the subject; for though as yet the marquis had vainly sought to create an interest in the pre-occupied heart of Eulalié, he still pressed

his suit, urged to do so by her father, and fondly hoping that his devotion would at length win its coveted reward.

But the new aspect which affairs had suddenly taken caused him the liveliest alarm; and though not destitute of generous feelings, he was so desperately enamored, that he yielded readily to the count's proposal for an immediate marriage, his daughter's consent to be won by persuasion if possible, if not, to be extorted by the force of parental authority.

This, however, was a task of no easy accomplishment, for Eulalié, with true feminine tact, evaded rather than resisted her father's importunities, and managed to retain her freedom without declaring her fixed determination never to relinquish it, except in favor of the despised artist. Hopeless at present of achieving his wishes, and piqued by her indifference, the marquis at length left Paris, resolved not to return till the authenticity of the Magdalen was decided—assured his hopes must perish if Mignard succeeded in establishing his claim; but should he fail, why then De Montenaye would renew his suit with fresh zeal and courage, and also, as he trusted, with a more flattering prospect of success.

The count was chagrined by his departure, and in the hope of being able shortly to recall him, he resolved, under pretence of examining a St. Cecelia, which was said to be in the style of the Magdalen, to visit the studio of the young artist, and either directly or indirectly arrive at the truth, and thus terminate his suspense. Accordingly, one morning, when Mignard, made aware by his friend Roussard of all that was transpiring, had just received a note from Eulalié, and was still poring over the delicate characters which revealed to him many a sweet and tender thought, he was suddenly startled by the abrupt and unannounced entrance of the Count De Clairville. Hastily thrusting the note into his bosom, he arose, and with perfect yet courteous self-possession, greeted his unaccustomed visitor, whom he had not before seen since the day on which, for his presumption, he was dismissed from his presence with those memorable words, which seemed, as they were intended, to cast a blight upon his hopes, though in reality they proved the "*open sesame*" which unlocked to him the treasure-house of intellectual wealth, and crowned his attainments with the rich and priceless gifts of those affections which belong to the soul, and are like it, immortal.

The count returned the graceful salutation of the artist with an air of ill-disguised embarrassment; hardened as he was by constant contact with the world, he could not on the instant divest himself of it, nor, impressed by the dignified yet gentle courtesy of Mignard, fail to be conscious of his own intellectual inferiority, though arrogant in his self-boastings, he would have scorned to avow the mortifying conviction even to himself. With native good-breeding, Pierre affected not to notice his palpable confusion, but framing some slight apology for the disorder of his studio, he busied himself for a moment in setting aside several cumbrous pictures that occupied too much space in the apartment. The

count thus gained time to recover himself, and casting round a glance of inquiry, he said, in his accustoméd cold and passionless accent,

"I am attracted hither, M. Mignard, by the fame of a St. Cecelia, which I am told reflects great honor upon your pencil. May I be permitted to see it?"

The artist bowed, and drawing forth the piece from behind several unfinished pictures, exposed it in a favorable light to the view of the count. The man of pretended acumen, gazed on it long and earnestly.

"This is fine," he said at last. "I have not heard its merit too highly extolled, nor have I seen any painting of the day superior to this. Really you are making rapid strides toward perfection; that head reminds me of Corregio's. Do you prefer his style to that of any other artist?"

A covert smile lurked upon Mignard's lip as he replied,

"No, sir; Guido is my model, and the dearest wish of my heart is to attain as near as my humbler genius will permit me, to his perfection."

There was a depth and feeling in the earnest tones of the young artist as he uttered these words which brought unwelcome conviction to the mind of the count. The style of the St. Cecelia was too much in unison with that of the Magdalen not to have been done by the same hand; and so he felt himself answered by the very words he had uttered to crush the artist's hopes, yet he could not resist the secret belief which circumstances pressed home upon him, that the picture which he had extolled as a Guido, was in reality the work of Mignard's pencil. And yet, if the piece were his, why did he not avow it, and claim the reward promised to his success? And very willing to let his not doing so weigh against the conviction of the preceding moment, the count again became skeptical on the subject of his fears.

Desirous, however, to be satisfied beyond a doubt before quitting the studio of the artist, he still lingered before the St. Cecelia, alternately criticising and admiring, till at length he proposed to become its purchaser. It was already disposed of to the Italian Count Adriani for five hundred crowns. De Clairville expressed his regret, and turning away, paused before an unfinished painting, still extended upon the easel.

"This, too," he said, "gives promise of early excellence—may I inquire what subject you have chosen to illustrate?"

"Certainly, sir. It is a scene from Tasso—the arming of Clorinda."

"And for whom designed?"

"For the Prince de Ligne—to complete a series he obtained from Italy, illustrating scenes in the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and intended to adorn a particular saloon in his palace."

"Really!" exclaimed the count, in an accent of surprise. "The prince boasts a rare collection, and he pays you no light compliment, M. Mignard, in placing your works beside those of the great masters that enrich his magnificent galleries."

"The Prince de Ligne is a munificent patron of

the arts," said Pierre, with a haughty smile, "and doubtless wishes to encourage the efforts of so humble an artist as myself; therefore, I am bound to be grateful, and not vainly elated by his patronage."

"Nay, doubtless he thinks highly of your paintings, and looks forward with confidence to your increasing excellence, of which many of these pictures give assurance; this landscape, for instance, with its fine perspective and depth and richness of coloring."

"Pardon me, sir, you do me too much honor—that is a Dominichino, which I may never hope to equal," said Pierre, unmoved by the mistake of so self-sufficient an amateur.

"Ah, true!" said the count, mortified to have betrayed such want of discrimination on a subject which he professed to have by heart—and raising his glass, he scrutinized more closely the painting.

"The light here is imperfect, or I could not have been deceived," he added, apologetically. "And yet I have heard of imitators, professedly so, who were almost as successful as their originals. In fact—" (the count had become desperate to learn the truth, or he would not have said this.) "In fact, I have a Magdalen in my possession which I purchased of Paul Roussard for a Guido, and now, as you may be aware, there is a rumor bruited about that the painting is the product of your pencil."

"Of mine!" exclaimed Mignard, with affected surprise, while the hot blood tingled to the very tips of his fingers; "and did M. Roussard tell you this?"

"He pretends to know nothing of the matter, further than that the box containing the picture was delivered to him along with other packages invoiced to his care, by the sailors of a Florentine brig, and by them, at his order, conveyed to my house, where shortly afterward it was opened in his presence, and for the first time displayed to his view. But there may be some ruse in all this; and since we have come to the point, I wish to hear from your lips the truth."

"You flatter me too much, Count de Clairville, by the bare expression of a doubt upon the subject," said the artist, with well feigned humility. "I paint like Guido! Look once more, if it please you, at that St. Cecelia, one of the most elaborate and highly finished of my paintings, and say if it can bear the most distant comparison with the works of that unrivaled master. Or look at this—and this!"—and he drew forward several indifferent specimens of his earlier works—"and tell me if the hand which executed these imperfect pieces would dare to cope with, or even at a humble distance emulate the genius of a Guido?"

"Candidly, I should think not," returned the count, deceived by the artist's manner into a disbelief of the rumor he was so reluctant to credit. "Permit me to say, however, that the honor of having had a piece of Guido's imputed to you is only second to that of having been his successful imitator. But you must see this disputed picture which now graces my gallery—it may afford some hints for your pencil, and it is a peculiar pleasure to me to lend what aids are

in my power to the advancement of a promising genius."

Mignard bowed, but with an air of cool contempt which he could not wholly disguise. He felt, however, that he was about to gain an important point, and he answered with constrained courtesy,

"I thank you, sir—I find it ever a pleasure, independently of the advantage, to study fine paintings, of which, if my memory serves me, you have many in your collection."

"It does not lack them, I am happy to say," returned the count with self-complacency, "and, M. Mignard, I have often regretted the little circumstance which debarred your visits to my gallery—but that is past, and I trust with you quite forgotten, for, as you doubtless know, my daughter is on the eve of marriage with the young Marquis de Montenaye, though," he added with a bland smile,—"had you substantiated your title to this Guido, I cannot say how far the marquis' claim might have been endangered by the promise I once jestingly made you."

"Not jestingly, sir!" said Mignard, his very lips pale with indignant emotion—"and were the painting to which you refer, indeed mine, neither the marquis' claim, though he reigned the monarch of this broad and goodly realm, nor that of any living man should stand in the way of mine! Pardon me, Count de Clairville," he added, suddenly checking his impetuous words; "you have wounded me too deeply by alluding to the past."

"Let us speak of it no more then," said the count, shrinking from Mignard's flashing eye, while a pang of unwonted self-reproach shot through his callous heart. "Come to me to-morrow, as you were wont to do;—you will meet Lebrun and several of the first connoisseurs at dinner, who are once more to sit in judgment on the authenticity of the Magdalen."

The heart of the young artist leaped with joy at these words, for he saw the fulfillment of his hopes drawing nigh, and was about to consummate his triumph just where and when he could most have wished it—in the house of the Count de Clairville, and in the presence of witnesses who would appreciate and honor his genius as it merited. Veiling his deep emotion from the eyes of the count, he yielded a calm assent to his invitation, bade him a courteous farewell, and when the door closed upon him, he threw a glance of self-congratulation round his studio, and mechanically taking up the pencil, began to work at his *Clorinda*, soon, however, he cast it from him with a laugh—he had given to the martial maiden the soft and smiling eyes of his *Eulalië*, and though they looked at him with love, he had the courage to blot them from the canvas—then throwing aside his palette, he walked forth to dine with his friend *Roussard*. He had done for that day with his art.

The morrow anxiously expected and longed for came at length, and at the hour appointed Mignard found himself again occupying a seat at the table of Count de Clairville. *Eulalië*, beautiful and happy, sat beside her father, and it was bliss to him to gaze

unchecked upon her loveliness, and read in her soft eyes the delicious certainty of her unchanged affection. He had for one moment clasped her warm and yielding hand, and the few words of greeting they had exchanged gave to each the sweet assurance of constant and enduring love.

High-born ladies also graced the board, and a select number of artists and amateurs, whom the count, piquing himself on his love for the fine arts, was fond of assembling around him—though on this occasion they were assembled to discuss the merits of the *Magdalen*, which formed almost the sole topic of conversation.

In order that the picture might engross the entire attention of his guests, the count had caused it to be brought from the gallery where it hung, and placed in a niche opposite that side of the table where were ranged those deemed most competent to decide upon its merits. He was excessively solicitous to hear the general voice pronounce it an undoubted Guido; for, like many weak persons, he felt a pride in being an object of envy to those who, with probably more taste, had less wealth to expend in the purchase of pictures and statuary. Mignard had silenced in the count's mind every fear respecting his claim to the piece, nevertheless he was greatly amazed when, on Lebrun's asking his opinion of it, he heard him reply—

"I do not believe it to be a Guido; strongly marked as are the paintings of that great master, it is still possible to be deceived by a good imitation. But even if it can, beyond all doubt, be proved to be his, I do not hesitate to declare that, in my opinion, it is far from being executed in his best manner."

"Pardon me, sir, that I differ from you," replied the amateur, "I have studied not only this picture, but the general style and manner of Guido, till they are as familiar to me as the lines of my child's face, and I unhesitatingly pronounce this *Magdalen* to be his, and executed in his very best and most faultless manner."

The proud exultation with which the youthful artist listened to these words, uttered by one whose judgment in matters of taste had become a law, could scarce be concealed. He dared not trust himself to speak, but paused in silence, while the bevy of amateurs around the table echoed the decision of one, from whom to have dissented would have been to cast a stigma on their own powers of discrimination.

"And what say you now, M. Mignard?" asked the count in a tone of triumph; "surely, you will no longer defend your ground against the host opposed to you?"

"I will maintain it against the world, sir, for my opinion remains unchanged," said the artist firmly, but with modesty—"nay, so persuaded am I of its justice, that I will wager three hundred louis against any person present that the piece is not a Guido."

"Absurd!" ejaculated Lebrun angrily,—"Mignard, you are yet too young in years and in your art to hold out in this manner against older and more experienced men,—but, as your obstinacy merit-

punishment, I will accept your foolish wager, which I am sure of winning—the sum will be a matter of convenience to me just now, and its loss, a lesson that may profit you.”

Every word which had been uttered relative to the picture, brightened the glory of Mignard—nothing could be added to enhance it, and, moreover, he felt that the subject was producing too much excitement, and that were he longer to conceal the truth, it would seem that he did so, to feed upon the praises which were lavished on his work, and therefore, with a blush of mingled pride and modesty, he replied to Lebrun—

“No, sir, I cannot permit you to accept a wager which I am certain of winning, nor was I in earnest when I proffered it. Count de Clairville, that Magdalen cost you two thousand crowns, but the gold remains untouched and shall be returned to you. Believe me or not—and you gentlemen who have criticised the painting—for, in presence of all, I declare it to be my own work—an imitation only, as you will perceive on closer inspection of that great artist, to whom you have done me the honor to assign it.”

Eulalié actually gasped for breath, as her lover made this announcement, so intense was her emotion, and the eyes of the friendly Roussard glistened with joy, while the words “Impossible!” “Absurd presumption!” and similar exclamations were uttered from various parts of the table.

“Give us proof that this bold assertion has any claim to truth,” shouted the count, reddening with anger; “yesterday, you disclaimed the honor imputed to you, on what ground, then, are we to believe your word to-day?”

“Recollect, sir,” said Mignard calmly, “I did not *disclaim* it—but only evaded the acknowledgment I have just now made.”

“And from what motive did you so?” asked the count.

“Because, sir, I wished to substantiate the fact in the presence of witnesses; and because the moment had not arrived when to avow it, would confer on me the greatest honor and advantage—you are aware, count, of the guerdon promised to my success, and therefore cannot marvel that I wish for the voices of those who have your confidence, to corroborate my truth and dispel all doubt from your mind.”

The count too well understood an allusion which was enigmatical to most of his guests—but he affected not to notice it, though his frown grew still darker, as in a petulant tone he exclaimed—

“We will bandy no more words on the subject, M. Mignard, neither do we deny your claim, though we require you to substantiate it by incontestable proof, before we feel bound to yield our assent.”

“That can be easily done, sir,” said the artist, unmoved by the fixed gaze of every eye; “the canvas on which I painted that Magdalen”—(he heeded not the covert smiles of the critics)—“is a Roman one, and bore, when I purchased it, the portrait of a cardinal. Wait but a few moments, and I will show you his cap.”

“And so ruin my picture!” exclaimed the count indignantly.

“The hand that painted it shall repair the injury, or I consent to forfeit the esteem of all this goodly company,” said Mignard.

The doubts of Lebrun and his followers began to yield, and with one voice they clamored to behold the cardinal’s cap. The count, reluctant to be convinced, yet ashamed to refuse the offered proof, remained silent, and his silence was received as an assent to the general wish.

Mignard accordingly drew from his pocket a small case containing the requisite materials for his experiment, and dipping a pencil in oil, touched the dark, rich hair of the Magdalen, effacing a portion of it, and discovering the red cap of the cardinal beneath.

A murmur of admiration arose from the company who had crowded round the picture, on beholding this unanswerable proof of the artist’s skill and veracity. Lebrun alone remained silent—he seemed more chagrined by the reproach cast on his own infallibility as an amateur, than pleased at the triumph of Mignard.

“If this painting is yours,” he said, “and there is no longer room to doubt it, give us always a *Guido*, but never a *Mignard*,” and turning abruptly away, he walked into an adjoining saloon.

The successful artist smiled, and as he followed with his eye the retreating figure of the mortified critic, his smile was caught and answered by a brighter one from the sweet lip of his Eulalié, who stood with her father somewhat apart from the group that still clustered round the Magdalen. He could not resist its magic power, and notwithstanding the repellant power of the count’s gloomy and displeased frown, in another instant he had approached and clasped the fair hand which she timidly extended toward him. The count regarded them for a moment with a frown as dark as Erebus, then moved away with an irresolute step, but quickly returning, he said hurriedly—

“You have fairly won her, Mignard, I cannot gainsay it if I would. Take her—she is yours, and may she never look back with regret to the more brilliant lot she has renounced.”

He walked from them before the happy artist could pour forth the thanks and blessings that trembled on his lips;—but they were breathed into the ear of Eulalié, as she stood beside him on a shaded terrace to which he led her; how, or when, in the blissful confusion of the moment she scarcely knew. But there she found herself—her hand clasped in his—the blue sky above them, nature with her thrilling melodies around them, and no stern eye, nor idle whisper near to check the sweet flow of those emotions which they had so long been forbidden to indulge.

And there when the sun sunk to his rest, and the vesper planet hung her golden lamp amid the crimson clouds of twilight, they still lingered, till the deepening shadows of evening warned them to rejoin the festive circle, who, within were marveling at their absence.

A few weeks subsequent to this denouement, a brilliant party sat at supper with the Count de Clairville. He presided with more than his accustomed self-complacency, for it was the bridal eve of Mignard and Eulalié, and the crowds of noble amateurs who daily thronged to admire and commend the reputed Guido, had not only inspired him with respect for the genius of his destined son-in-law, but reconciled him to his daughter's alliance with an artist whose talents already gave an earnest of no common fame—though still in secret, he ceased not to regret the rank and wealth she had renounced with De Montenaye.

The saloon was brilliantly illuminated. The great,

the gay, the gifted, and the fair honored the nuptial feast with their presence, and Mignard, the happiest of bridegrooms, sat beside his beautiful and blushing bride, envied by many and admired by all.

In his secret heart he blessed the words that had incited him to excellence, and crowned his perseverance with those gifts which most on earth he coveted; and often during that blissful evening, the silent incense of gratitude ascended from the altar of his soul to the great Giver of all blessings, while his gaze turned from the lovely face of his Eulalié, to rest upon the Magdalen which still occupied the niche where it hung on that eventful day, which witnessed his triumph as a lover and an artist.

TO ONE ABSENT.

BY H. WILDE.

THE day is gone, and night has come again,
Clad in glittering robes of silver light;
Lulling the earth to sleep with that soft strain
That falls from lips unseen by mortal sight.
Unseen, yet not unfelt; for as they sweep
With mystic music through the dreamy air,
They stir within the soul the mirror's deep
That chains their spirit forms in features there.

Where art thou, love, to-night? I sit alone
Beneath the shadows of the whispering tree,
Where we have sat while thrilling hours have flown,
Thy soul wrapt up in mine, and mine in thee.
Where art thou, love? No form sits at my side,
Breathing in broken sighs a wordless love;
No dewy eyes within my bosom hide,
While angels bear our mutual vows above.

Where art thou, love, to-night? I seek in vain
The darkened room—the casement curtained shade,
Where, in my arms, thy precious form has lain
Till swelling hearts their wild'ring bliss betrayed.
Where art thou, love? No gentle step is there—
No voice, nor music from thy thrilling tongue;
The casement stands deserted, still and bare,
And o'er thy harp a faded wreath is hung.

Where art thou, love, to-night? Ah! I have prayed
For thy sweet presence till the stars sink low;
Have lingered by the stream, where we, unstead,
Let time and waves uncounted onward flow.
Where art thou, love? I wander on in vain,
Heart-broken as the matchless mourning dove;
The waves flow on breathing but one sad strain—
"We may not meet again!" Where art thou love?

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY J. R. BRIGGS, JR.

Sun and sunlight, long departed, left the earth in silent gloom;
Type of shadows soon to gather thickly o'er the Saviour's tomb.
Once again the sable empress had resumed her ancient throne,
And the crescent of her coronet in brilliant beauty shone.
Shone the million stars bespangled o'er her rich and flowing robe;
Day or darkness, still forever bathed in beauty swings the globe.
At that sweet but solemn hour, to the mount the Saviour wandered;
O'er the future, o'er the moment, o'er his mission deeply pondered;
Pondered o'er his life of sorrow—o'er the daily cross he bore;
O'er the fate of his disciples, soon to see his face no more;
O'er the blindness and perverseness of the children of his love,

Whom to save from sin and suffering he left his home above;
Left the glory, and the worship by angelic legions paid,
Which he shared with the Father long before the world was made;
By his teaching and example made the path of duty plain,
Leading from the hell of error back to Paradise again;
Every toil and temptation, every trial strong and sore,
For the love of Man and Heaven, with a manly heart he bore;
But the end of all his labors his prophetic soul could tell;
For he knew that in the counsels of his Father all was well.
Feeling now that all was over—that his work on earth was done,
And the world's regeneration through his humble self begun,
Meekly calls he to his Father—every high result in view—
"It is finished! It is finished! All thou gavest me to do!"

THE LITTLE FAMILY.

BY H. DIDIMUS.

"MATCHES?"

"No."

"Oh, buy my matches, sir. They are very good; the last I have; three packages for a picaune!"

This was said in a small, piping voice, by a sturdy little boy, with a round, plump face, cheeks full of health, hatless, shoeless, a little ragged, but cleanly, hair thick, matted and curly, and eyes which promised much in the future. There he stood, in my doorway, with an empty paper-box in one hand, and three small packages in the other, extended toward me. "Will you buy my matches, sir?" His perseverance pleased me; so I bid him come in, close the door, and we would see if we could drive a bargain between us.

"Now, my lad, you look like an honest, good-natured little urchin, and seem very willing to earn your bread; tell me, how many matches have you sold to-day?"

"These are the last of the box, sir."

"And how many did your box hold?"

"Three dozen."

"Three dozen, at five cents for three packages, are equal to sixty cents. What did you pay for them?"

"Thirty cents."

"Then you have gained thirty cents. Do you succeed as well every day?"

"Not always—and, then, again, sometimes I do better."

"So you average thirty cents. And your mother; do you give her all your money?"

"I have no mother, sir."

"No mother! Your father, then."

"I have no father," and the tears grew in the little fellow's eyes, ran over, and rested upon his cheeks.

"No mother, and no father!—poor lad! Who in the world takes care of you?"

"My sister, sir."

"Ah, you have a kind sister, married I suppose, with whom you live?"

"No; sister is a little girl—a nice little girl—and so sister, brother, and myself all live together."

"Indeed; and how old is your sister?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"And your brother?"

"Nine."

"And yourself?"

"Seven."

"Twelve, nine and seven—quite a venerable family! And, pray, what does your sister do?"

"She does every thing; washes, cooks, mends our clothes, sweeps the room, makes up the beds, and sings to us."

"Sings to you! Then you are very happy as well as very young!"

"Yes, sir."

Perhaps I should have said, in consequence of being very young; but the boy will learn that truth soon enough, as he grows older.

"And does your brother also sell matches?"

"No; he cries the morning and evening papers. The Delta, Crescent, and Picaune. He makes a deal of money; three times as much as I do; sometimes a whole dollar in a day."

"Why, then, do you not cry papers?"

"My voice is not big enough yet; but next year, when brother goes into a better business, I shall take his place."

"A better business, eh? Pray, what better business has he found?"

"That of a marchand."

"A marchand—and what is a marchand?"

"He will cry all sorts of goods in the streets."

"So, so; now, my little fellow, do you know that I do not believe a word of all you have told me!"

"Sir?"

"I believe you are a precious little scoundrel, and have told me a great many falsehoods, merely to sell your matches."

The poor boy colored to the eyebrows, put his matches into his box, and turned toward the door—

"Tell a lie! I would not tell a lie, sir, for all the world."

"Come back—here is the picaune—I will buy your matches. Now tell me where you live?"

"In ——— street, sir."

"That is in the Third Municipality. Has your house a number upon the door?"

"No, sir; we live back in the yard."

"But the gate has a number upon it."

"Yes, sir; it is 436."

"Very well—now you can go—I will call and see you."

"Will you—Dora will be very glad. When will you come?"

"Never mind; some evening when you are all at home. You are at home in the evening?"

"Yes, we are all at home after dark."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, sir."

This boy of seven years—precocious enough—this battling with the world for bread is a ready teacher; it makes a man of one at ten—carried my heart with him over the threshold.

"He is honest," said I; "his face shows it; his words speak it." And this leads me to say something of a truth, which, if obvious, is not always attended to. Every emotion of the mind, each condi-

tion of its being, has its own peculiar formula by which it expresses itself. Love and hate, anger, honesty and deceit, are easily recognized; not in the words used, but in their arrangement, or what may be called style. No two passions play the same tune. The melody of a sentence expressive of love, and the melody of a sentence expressive of hate, differ as widely as the music of Mozart and Rosini; and no art can wholly obliterate the distinction. Observe, then, and watch, and you will never be deceived. Therefore it was, that I said—"He is honest; his words speak it."

One fine evening, some three weeks later, when I supposed that I had been forgotten; or that all expectation of the promised visit had been laid aside, I put on a benevolent look, and walked into the not very agreeable precincts of the 3d Municipality, in search of the little match-boy's residence. I felt already acquainted with the family; for, judging from a strong likeness, I had repeatedly seen the elder brother crying the morning papers; and my fancy had drawn a picture of the sister, so vivid and flattering, as to awaken a warm interest in her behalf.

Although the 3d Municipality is the most intricate portion of New Orleans—a city which is, for the most part, laid out with great simplicity—the street was readily found; and I soon stood before the gate which bore upon its lintel the number which had been given me. It was an old gate, a very old gate—there is hardly any thing new in that quarter—and seemed half inclined to quit its fastenings, and lie down. The house against which it abutted, was a fine specimen of the sort of building erected by the worthy settlers of the Mississippi marshes, at a time when it was supposed that earth and water, mixed in equal proportions, were not the most stable of foundations. It was a one-story, wooden, French-built tenement, with nothing heavy about it but the roof, which was covered with tiles, seemingly more for the purpose of keeping the whole structure down, and in its place, than from any other necessity, for so cumbrous a head-piece. The usual plank window shutters—open during the day, just so far as to admit a single ray of light, and closed at night, equally against thieves and air—bespoke the jealous privacy of its inmates. But, with the house we have nothing to do, for my little fellow lives back in the yard, so I gently opened the gate and walked in.

Every one who has strolled, with his eyes open, through the older parts of New Orleans, must have noticed the frequent *affiche* suspended from projecting eaves, or balcony, swinging in the wind, and announcing to the passers-by that a "*Chambre à louer*" was to be found "*dans la cour*;" but every one does not know what a "*Chambre à louer dans la cour*" is. The first time this primitive advertisement met my eye, written in a wretched scrawl, and with not the best orthography, I pictured to myself a neat, quiet apartment, looking out upon a spacious court filled with flowers and foliage, not forgetting mocking-bird and fountain to sooth the rest, and enliven the early hours of its happy occupant. Pleased with expectation, and being a bachelor of retired

habits, I at once sought out the landlord, or landlady, I should rather say—for these things are usually managed by Quarteronnes of a certain age—and pointing to the *affiche*, asked to be introduced to the *Chambre dans la cour*. Great was my surprise to find the *cour* a miserable yard of sorry dimensions, filled with dogs, a parrot or two, several naked children of the mistress' own color, and many other unclean things, not calculated to gain favor in the eyes of one new to the city. I took a view of the *Chambre*—a low room, in a sort of back-kitchen, detached from the house—from a long distance, and being informed that it was to be had at the very reasonable rent of ten dollars per month, begged pardon for the trouble I had given, with many thanks for the knowledge which I had obtained as to the true meaning of a *Chambre à louer dans la cour*. I was, therefore, not at all disconcerted to find my entrance into the court, inhabited by my little friend, welcomed by the barking of some half dozen curs of uncertain breed, while an educated parrot cried out, "*qui es la*!" Had a monkey suddenly dropped upon my shoulders, I should have merely concluded that my friend's landlord was either an Italian or a Spaniard. But the *cour* promised well; it was nicely swept, and had the air and neatness which I had expected to find around "matches' premises." So, quieting the dogs with a soft word—a dog, like a child, is a quick interpreter of character—I answered the parrot's question by asking another. "*Dans la cour; en haut; en haut; dans la cour!*" said the parrot, "thank you"—and I raised my hat to the intelligent bird; for there, sure enough, was the room I was in search of.

The back building, more pretending than the one to which it was appurtenant, was of two stories, and the narrow stairway, running up to a balcony upon the second floor, carried me at once to my friend's domicile. It was a frosty, starry evening in February, and a ruddy light which showed through the neatly curtained window, told me that all were at home. I hesitated, for I had, indeed, come there from no idle curiosity, but with a purpose of doing some good, so the path lay open for it, and a feeling akin to solemnity took possession of me, as I thus stood upon the threshold of the infant family. And well it might. I am what I am, through the means and appliances of others. He whose footsteps are guided through childhood, through youth and early manhood, by another's watchful care, knows not until middle life, if at all, what self-dependence is; its greatness, its nobility, and its dangers; and to find it here, dwelling with tender years, embraced by tender years, loved, and firmly held to, might command respect, and justify humility in the best. I hesitated; collected myself; then, giving no other notice of my approach than what might have been taken from the salutation with which my entrance into the court below was received, opened the door, and the Little Family was before me.

The room was a small one. A single glance was sufficient to embrace all that it contained. Two small cots, a few chairs, a chest of drawers, a movable

cupboard, a table, and some chimney ornaments, of which I shall have occasion to speak bye-and-bye, were more than enough to give to it a crowded appearance. Upon one side of a wood fire, which burned merrily upon the hearth, giving warmth and light, and boiling a pot as well, sat young "Matches," with a book in his hand, taking a lesson in reading from his sister; while upon the other, sat the elder brother, looking over one of his newspapers.

"Good evening," said I.

"Matches" threw down his book with a shout, and running out, caught me by the hand, said he was most glad to see me, and hastened to proffer the hospitalities of the house.

"Oh, Dora," he cried, "this is the gentleman who promised me to come and see us!"

"Yes," said I, "and if we like each other, I intend to come again, and leave with you something better than gold."

The elder brother laid aside his newspaper, saluted me, and made big eyes; while Dora blushed a little, courtesied, and began to smooth her apron. But with the aid of Matches, who kindly gave me the only soft chair in the room,—it had a seat of wicker-work—we soon understood each other; and at the end of fifteen minutes, I found myself with Dora upon my right, the elder brother upon my left, and Matches standing between my knees, telling a simple story of difficulties overcome by virtue and perseverance, which I improvised with the purpose of shadowing forth what I hoped would be their own future history. Having thus won the confidence of my hosts, I asked Dora to tell me, in return for my tale, how it happened that she and her brothers were thus left alone to take care of themselves, and where she, at her tender age, found the courage to set-up as a housekeeper.

Dora was a pretty girl, with dark hair, and a great deal of it. The climate, together with the early necessity of thinking for herself, had pushed her personal appearance somewhat beyond her years. She looked fourteen, or something over, and a goodly quantity of embonpoint, with a womanly carriage of her person aided the deception. Her eyes were large and sprightly; her face delicate, though German; her speech ready; and her dress, although homely, as neat as her young hands, with a good will, could make it; so that, taking her all in all, she equalled the picture my fancy had drawn of one whom I had believed to be worthy of a large share of physical excellence.

"Father and mother died last summer, of the fever," said Dora, choking a little in her utterance, "and truly, when they went away, both in one week, we did not know what to do."

Matches sat down upon the floor, at my feet, while the elder brother looked up into my face, as if watching for the effect which his sister's words were to have upon it.

"We then lived in the other house," continued Dora, "for father had that and the kitchen also, but when mother had gone, and father was buried, Herr Schneider, with others of our friends—and we have

a good many friends—said they would put us into an asylum, where we should be taken care of until we were well grown, and could manage for ourselves. But I did not like to leave the old home, for father and mother seemed still to be in it; and then, we were born here"—

"Yet, you are Germans," said I.

"Yes, but this is our fatherland," cried Matches.

"Stille! Bruder, der Herr weiss das schon," said the elder brother.

"Und vollkommen zufrieden bin ich es zu wissen, doch obgleich ich die Deutschen sehr gern habe, so ist es mir doch sehr lieb zu finden, dass drey die so schöne Hoffnung lassen meine Landsleute sind."

"Hurra! Der Herr spricht wie unser seliger Vater!" exclaimed Matches; and with his knuckles he played a tattoo upon the floor. Dora's eyes lighted up with pleasure, and the elder brother turned his hands, one within the other, with a show of great satisfaction.

"Since you know our language, I will use it," said Dora. "It was our mother's, and I like it better than yours"—

"As you please," said I; and Dora continued her story in the most copious, and at the same time, the most vague of all the modern tongues. The reader will pardon me, if, in my translation, I do not keep closely to the simplicity of my original. Unused to the arts of composition, my pen wants the facility of practice; and forms its sentences more in accordance with the rules of the schools, than upon the happier models given by nature. The grammarians have done much to denaturalize our language; and when we consider the number now daily at work upon it, disjoining and putting out of tune all its finer relations, we may well fear, lest, in time, they should destroy it altogether.

"I could not bear to say good-bye to our old home," said Dora; "so I asked Herr Schneider to wait a little, for then I might, perhaps, find out a better way for my brothers and myself. It was hard, very hard, to think about, and I studied a long time upon it; but it came to me in the night, in the deep, black night, when my little brothers were silent, and the whole world was asleep around me. In the morning I will run, said I, and see Herr Labeuve—father hired the house of Herr Labeuve—and tell him that father and mother are dead, and that I and my brothers are all too small to keep what father had, but that if he will let us live in the little room upon the balcony back, he may be sure we shall find something to do, which will enable us to take care of ourselves, and pay him his rent. Ah, how glad was my heart, when this plan perfected itself in my thought! I could not rest, but crept softly out of bed—fearing to wake Frau Schneider, who staid in the house with us after father's death, and slept with me, and who kept ever saying that we must go—and went into the open air. The blessed stars, how they smiled upon me, and twinkled, and said I was right; that I was indeed a big girl, and could do very well, if I would! And the cool air wrapped me all round, and strengthened me, and also said that I could do

question the genius of a man who, for more than half a century, has been acknowledged by a numerous people to be its deepest thinker, and the truest expositor of its thought; one whom language obeyed with the facility of love, assuming all the forms of beauty at the order of his will; and genius does not labor without an end. And what is that end, which the translator declares to be 'deeper than many a poem which has called itself epic?' He, most certainly, did not find it, or he never would have condemned Meister as a 'milksoy, whom, with all his gifts, it takes an effort to avoid despising;' neither would he have looked upon the other characters as 'samples to be judged of, rather than persons to love and hate.' And Mignon, too, 'the thread of gold'—is she something apart from all the rest, 'of earth, but not earthly?' This is to transform the labor of ten years into a mere collection of wise sayings and true observation, taken from the pages of a commonplace book, to be awkwardly tacked to a story most awkwardly told; and, indeed, I fear there is a great deal of the commonplace book at the bottom of it."

"Let us turn to the history of the world, generalize that history, personify the generalization, and see if we have not Wilhelm Meister as he is," said Herr Labeuve. "Wilhelm Meister is man's history in all ages, as it has been, and will ever be. He is the history, not of one man, not of any one collection of men, not of a nation, nor of a race; but of all, taken as a whole, who have lived, or will ever live. He is thus a personification of the one sole interest of the world's life. In him we find the same purposeless aims, the strivings after we know not what, to end in utter futility. The other characters are but parts of his whole, while Mignon is the world's love, the love of the good earth, which made it, and is its truest home. Man, as an individual, designs, labors, attains, and is complete; but man, representing the whole human family, is without design, has no continuity of labor, never attains, and is never complete. Now does the structure which Goethe built stand forth in its full proportions, vast, most harmonious, and sad as night. In what a flood of sorrow was my soul whelmed, when this knowledge of his labor first entered into it! Ah! my friend, such is genius—such the isolation—such the gulf between! But let us have the song, Dora; that is certainly practical enough."

Dora, with ready will and much taste, sung the following words, accompanied by Matches and Wilhelm as tenor, and the merchant as bass; the grouping and the high, serious import of the language, affected me strongly.

*Gut verloren—etwas verloren!
Musst rasch dich besinnen
Und neues gewinnen.
Ehre verloren—viel verloren!
Musst Ruhm gewinnen,
Da werden die Leute sich anders besinnen.
Muth verloren—alles verloren!
Da ware's besser nicht geboren.*

"Again," said I; and the song, if song it may be

called, and not rather hymn—a hymn to man's will, bidding it grapple with the world for mastery—was repeated. Some one has thus roughly translated it:

*Goods gone—something gone!
Must bend to the ear,
And earn thee some more.
Honor gone—much gone!
Must go and gain glory;
Then the idling gossips will alter their story.
Courage gone—all's gone!
Better not have been born!*

"This is of the earth, and has here its application," said I.

"The will—it is the will that makes us; and it is to be exercised and made strong, as we exercise and make strong the muscles of the body," said the merchant. "The young are best taught by precept and example; and my pupils shall have enough of both. Standing upon the solid earth, we may climb higher; but without a firm footing there, without a knowledge and a performance of the duties we are born to, and which life, the life present, buckles upon us as the price of our right to live, we can never reach heaven. These three orphans are mine, by the best purchase—care awarded them in the past, and care prepared for them in the future. Whatever of worldly wisdom my years have garnered up, they shall have the use of, to do battle manfully with the trials which every day is thickening around them, as they thicken around all, increasing with age, from the cradle to the grave. With Goethe, whose words we have just sung, not without a design, I hold that it is enough for some to be teachers of the earth; to walk upon it, and not to look above it; while others wisely set themselves apart, as instructors of those great truths which most concern eternity."

I bowed lowly to the merchant, and loved him more and more.

"Pax vobiscum!"

"Amen!" said the merchant; and turning toward the door, "Come in, holy father," he continued, "for peace you will ever find among those who willingly listen to the divine teachings of your Master."

The door opened, and a priest of the Catholic persuasion entered, and sat down among us, but not until he had made the sign of the cross before the print of the Virgin, and had taken the three orphans, one after the other, to his arms.

"Father Albani gave us the crucifix," said Dora; referring to my question as to the hand from which she had received the sacred symbol.

"And I hope that I have given you much more, even a knowledge of that God whose incarnation and suffering it typifies," said the priest, stroking down the glossy, clustering curls of the fair girl, who stood at his side, nesting her head trustingly upon the churchman's shoulder.

"Yes, Father Albani is my compliment here, and our labors complete the circle, bringing earth and heaven nigh unto each other," said the merchant. "When I, with my worldliness, my maxims of trade, and wisdom gleaned in the marts, have filled these

young minds with hopes of temporal success, and nerved their little limbs with the courage necessary to win it, marrying the soul to matter, he comes in and corrects all that in me, and in my teachings, is gross. He holds up a higher and a nobler success, a future more lasting to be striven for, and to be won as well; thus loosening the chords which I had drawn too tightly, and giving to eternity an interest equal with time. With me alone, our pupils might too often neglect their God; and with him alone, they might too much forget the earth; so that virtue, which lies in a just medium of enjoyment and gratitude, is most likely to be secured with the joint action of us both."

Father Alboni assented to the merchant's words, saying "that it was, indeed, true that the world, with its affections, its activity, its promises of wealth and station, and religion, with its life to come, its acknowledgment of benefits received, and its assurance of an infinite happiness, have each their several claims upon us; equal in dignity, because imposed by the one hand which made all things good."

Father Alboni is a fine looking man, of about forty-five years of age, of easy address, and a brow which showed that in him a noble intellect had been subdued to the most humble duties of his profession. The cultivated grace of his manners, in which the man of the world and the priest were happily blended, prepossessed me at once in his favor; but when I saw him draw a small book from his pocket, entitled "Lives of the Saints," and present it to Matches as a volume full of wonders, in some part true, which would aid his efforts at reading through the allurements of the imagination, my heart was his own.

The merchant smiled, and remarked that "the church had become less exacting in its articles of faith."

"The church has been greatly misunderstood," replied Father Alboni. "Its history is one with that of modern civilization; and if it has not kept on in an equal pace with its offspring, it is because prudence, rather than a rash confidence, has ever determined its counsels. We build deeply, and with us, innovation is of slow growth; but our eyes are ever fixed upon the end. As in the middle-age the church, for wise and holy purposes, adapted itself to the condition and knowledge of men, so now, a change is working within it, which promises to restore the empire it has lost, and fulfill the assurance given to Peter, that the world should not escape his grasp."

"True, worthy father, it is so," said the merchant; "and with the disappearance of those superstitions with which the warm imagination of ignorance was well pleased to be instructed, I see the seceding Protestant return repentant into the fold, until all again acknowledge the one universal church. Blessed be that day! But whatever else may change, of mere form, or of doctrine not essential, the church will never forget the noble hymns written in its service; and as I, with our young hosts here, just before your coming, sang in praise of an earthly courage, we will now, you consenting, rise to a

higher argument, lest the chords of this life, as you sometimes say, be drawn about the heart too tight."

Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiit gladius.

"The good Jacoponus, who, when in the world, loved earth too much, and when in the church, loved earth not enough, bequeathed the song as a rich legacy to the faithful; and many a sinner has it won to Christ," said Father Alboni, taking up the next stanza.

O! quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti.
Quam morebat et dolebat
Et tremebat cum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Dora followed in the chant which I had often heard on the festival of the "Seven Sorrows."

Quis est homo qui non fletet
Christi matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio.

Then Wilhelm—

Pro peccatis sume gentis,
Videt Jeum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulem natum,
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Then Matches, with his small voice, not big enough to cry the morning papers, but big enough to be heard of the ear he then spoke to—

Eia mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
Ut illi complaceam.

Again the merchant—

Sancta Mater! istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati
Poenas mecum divide.

And the priest—

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,
In planctu desidero.

And Dora—

Virgo virginum preclara!
Mihi jam non sis amara,

Fac me tecum plangere;
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
 Passionis ejus sortem,
 Et plagas recolere.

And Wilhelm—

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
 Cruce hac inebriari,
 Ob amorem filii.
 Inflammatus et accensus,
 Per te, virgo! sim defensus
 In die judicii.

Matches closing—

Fac me cruce custodiri,
 Morte Christi premuniri,
 Confoveri gratia.
 Quando corpus morietur,
 Fac ut animas donetur,
 Paradisi gloria.

As the last line died upon the boy's lips, the chanters rose, turned toward the print of the Virgin upon the wall, bowed, bent the knee, and made the sign of the cross. Protestant as I am, full Protestant as I am, my soul was with them in that worship, the worship of thee, mother of God! the mediator with the mediator! Who knows our weaknesses, as a mother knows them? Who feels for us as a mother feels? In whose bosom does the child nestle in its hour of suffering? And are we not all children, here upon this earth? Church, poets, and painters, are these thy fashioners; did these create thee, Mary? Thy story is told in the word of life; and therein do I find all that is lovely, all that is pure, all that is holy in woman; well, then, might my heart bow down to thee, where thou standest, beside the throne; and, as the resonance of thy praise ascended to heaven, send a prayer with it that I also might not be forgotten.

Herr Labeuve took the orphans' hands in his, and bid them good-night. I imitated Herr Labeuve, with the addition of a kiss upon Dora's modest cheek, which I could not deny myself, and went out with the merchant, leaving Father Alboni behind us.

"How happens it that you are acquainted with my young friends?" asked Herr Labeuve, as we passed along the street together.

"It is my first call," said I; and then I related the incident at my office, the consequent questions which I had put to Matches, and the story which Dora had told me.

"Ah, Heinrich is a good boy, and a bright one. He has now taken to his books with a strong appetite. Father Alboni, who, in his daily rounds of Christian charity, saw much of the family before the parents' death, says that he is apt; if he holds on, I suppose I must give him to the Church. He may one day be our Bishop!"

"And Wilhelm?"

"Wilhelm," said the merchant, "has, I believe, a soul for trade. Next year I shall test him at buy-

ing and selling in a small way; should he prove to be of the right metal, I will then, after a two years' trial, take him into my counting-room, and train him to assume a position in the house."

"And Dora?"

"Dora, why, she is the best of them all. Here is the will. She is worth more than all that I have gathered together with my many years' labor. She planned every thing, and has carried forward every thing, just as she has told you. I thought it queer enough, when the little minx came to me and opened her designs, and wished to become my tenant; but her will conquered, as it must conquer to the end. It is in the mind, not in the body, that our strength lies. Flesh and blood, bones and sinews, are slaves of the intellect, made to do its bidding. Why is it, that in wrecks at sea, and in disasters upon land, the stout and hardy of limb, used to labor, often sink into despair, and so die, while the physically weak fight manfully with death, bold to hope with a grasp of iron, and win the life which was more than half lost! It is the will which makes us equal to any fortune, superior to every obstacle. Dora will be a maid worth catching. I shall look after her sharply. At fourteen, as things go, she will be in a situation to seize upon all that instruction can give; and when of age, my son, if he is then worthy of her, and can win her, shall have her."

"I am heartily glad to learn that you intend to do so well by the orphans," said I.

"Do by them! they can do for themselves, sir. I have given them nothing, other than the somewhat high price for the monthly dinner which I take with them, and some good counsel; and if they hold to my advice, they will accept nothing from the goodwill of any one. To boy or girl, just starting in life, a dollar earned is worth more than a legacy of ten thousand. What is labor to the young? It is the health of body and soul. Come, walk in, and take a glass of wine with me, to the good luck of Dora; in looking back through my past life, I see that I am not her equal; and you, in this night's knowledge, have been taught never to despair."

We now stood before the merchant's door; I accepted his invitation; and as I entered his richly furnished halls, bespeaking large wealth, and contrasted them with the narrow room which we had so lately left, and thought of the motives, and the end which had carried him there, I knew, of a certainty, that I stood in the presence of a truly great man. The cup of good luck was drank: his family came around us; the wife, conscious of her husband's worth, and equal to it; the son of promise, if wise, Dora's future mate; and the last half of the evening was a counterpart to the first.

The earth, the beautiful earth, our good mother, who would not love it, when such are to be found among its children.

MOONRISE IN MAY.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

How calm the landscape sleeps around,
How wildly sweet the far-off sound
Of rippling waters as they pour
Their light waves on the distant shore.
The breeze comes laden with perfume
From many an orchard white with bloom,
And all the mellow air is fraught
With beauty beyond fancy's thought.

Outspread beneath me, breathing balm
Into the evening's golden calm,
Lie trellised gardens thickly sown
With nodding lilacs newly blown,
Snow-drops and jonquils, pale and prim,
And flamy tulips, burning dim
In the cool twilight, till they fold
In sleep their oriflams of gold.

With many a glimmering interchange
Of moss and flowers and terraced range,
The pleasant garden slopes away
Into the gloom of shadowy gray,
Where darkly green the church-yard lies
With all its silent memories;
The old church-tower now dimly seen
Through a soft veil of golden green,
That tender foliage that the spring
Doth earliest on the willows fling.

Beyond, a group of stately trees,
Waiting their vernal draperies,
Stands outlined on the evening sky
In fine and pencilled tracery.
Athwart their interwoven boughs
The paling west more faintly glows,
Till the fair moon's ascending beam
Melts all things to a holy dream.

How welcome to the enthusiast's soul
Thy solemn calm, thy soft control,
Lone wanderer of the midnight sky,
Fair queen of dreaming fantasia!
Light of the heart, whose holy spell
Can earth's tumultuous sorrow's quell,
And lend a pensive charm to woes
Thou canst not soothe into repose.

When thoughtful and alone I stand,
An alien in a stranger land,
Hearing, as the swift wings of Fate
Sweep by, an inarticulate,
Strange melody, that murmurs low
Of life's inexplicable wo;—
When the thick stars, intensely bright,
With their far-palpitating light
But mock my solitude, I turn
To thy serenest orb and learn
Its bright evangel—the sweet lore
Of patience, that doth solace more
Than Hope's fair promises the breast
Where memory sits a mournful guest.

Thy solemn light doth interfuse
The magic world wherein I muse
With something too divinely fair
For earthly hope to harbor there;
A faith that reconciles the will
Life's mystic passion to fulfill—
A calm so absolute earth knows
No rapture like that wide repose—
A baptism of peace that lies
So soft upon o'erwearied eyes
That only sorrowing hearts have won
From Heaven so sweet a benison.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

[SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF THAT NAME IN GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.]

BY ELLEN MORE.

CAUTIOUSLY, fair maiden!
Heed thine own soft foot!
Is thy hand light-laden?
Let thy tread be mute!
Purity, like pearl-gems
Woven in thy hair,
Will not save if one foot,
Careless, fail thee there!

Bearer of the night-lamp
In the midnight gloom,
When the torch but ushered
Thine own welcome tomb—

Dost thou see a day-gleam
Rising in the East?
Stay the generous beating
Of thy cinctured breast!

Gaze not on the Orient,
Till the gate is passed,
Which shall pour a light-flood,
Ne'er to be o'ercrest:
Purity, like diamonds
Flashing from thy brow,
Will not save if one foot,
Careless, fail thee now!

MODERN SPANISH LITERATURE.

CAROLINA CORONADO.

"I but give you
A brief epitome of her virtues, which,
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample story."

Why are English readers so little acquainted with the works of their Spanish contemporaries? The names of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, of Calderon, are as well known as those of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, or of Dante, Tasso and Petrarch. The works of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo and Sue, are in the hands of every one, while it cannot be denied that there is a lamentable ignorance of modern Spanish literature. An instructive article might be written in answer to the question just asked. Perhaps, at a future day, we shall be tempted to examine it. At present, however, we propose rather to remove the difficulty than to inquire for the cause, by furnishing a series of papers on contemporary Spanish authors, which shall afford some account of their life and genius, and contain extracts from their writings.

The names of a Larra, a Zovilla, an Espronceda, a Hartzembusch, and a host of others, renowned in their native land, need but the varnish of antiquity, to take a high stand in the temple of fame. Nothing can surpass the exquisite beauty and originality of some of the poetical conceptions of the bards of modern Spain, and the strength and rare elegance of her prose writers yield the palm to none. Among those who have written equally well in prose and verse, the ill-fated Larra stands preëminent. Wielding with like dexterity the delicate pruning-knife of the critic, and the galling lash of the satirist, yet at times laying both aside to sing, in tones of matchless sweetness, the magic of beauty, the pangs or joys of love, the works of this hapless writer exhibit the most varied powers carried to a high degree of perfection. Nor among the dark-eyed maids of the land of chivalry and romance, have the muses lacked successful followers. In the ranks of the Spanish literati, taking precedence of many distinguished names among the poets of the opposite sex, we hail those of a Coronado, and an Noellaneda.

To attempt conveying an idea of the Spanish Literature of the present day, by a series of biographical sketches of some of its chief ornaments, and translated specimens of their different styles, is a task of which one of the chief difficulties consists in the selection. Where the subjects are so numerous, and, though in various ways, equally worthy of our admiring notice, it is scarcely possible to mention all, yet it were unjust to slight any. Nor is it easy to give an adequate idea of the works of an author by a translation, which, whether strict or free, must impair the beauty of the original, and will always lack its power as well as its delicacy. Other objections might be adduced that would seem to preclude all hopes of doing justice to the task now undertaken.

On the other hand, this, which may be considered a labor of love, offers too many inducements to be lightly abandoned; and, among these may be numbered, as not the least, the advantages the writer derives from a personal acquaintance with some of the distinguished personages introduced in these pages. Yet, in bringing before an American audience, the subject of the following sketch, the voice of public opinion in the Peninsula has alone been consulted, and that has long agreed to award the palm of excellence as a female writer, to her, who, to genius of a high order unites charms of person that would satisfy the ambition of an ordinary mind, and qualities of the heart which are best fitted to insure the happiness of the domestic circle—Carolina Coronado.

To those who read for the sake of having their emotions violently excited, this paper will offer little or no attraction. It presents no startling incidents; no romantic scenes; no terrible *coups de theatre*. It will neither exasperate the brain to sympathetic, but momentary frenzy, nor melt the heart with rapturous tenderness. It is a narrative of one yet in the sweet flower of her age—such a life must bear the impress of its subject; simplicity, modesty, and purity, are its components. But, if the narrative lack the fascinations of modern novels, it will have the merit of presenting to the young who falter under difficulties in their path, apparently insurmountable, a picture of rare industry, and of indomitable perseverance under the most disheartening circumstances, and of the bright reward bestowed by fame on those qualities. To those who are inclined to murmur at the wholesome restraint exercised by parental authority, the lesson of docility and respectful submission presented by one gifted with such genius may not be in vain.

To the west, and within nine leagues of the capital of Estremadura, lies a small town that derives its chief charm from its bright, smiling sky. Here, in the year 1823, within a hundred paces of the Casa de Almdrejo, in which the poet Espronceda first came into the world he so prematurely quitted, was born his no less celebrated townswoman, Doña Carolina Coronado, the daughter of Don Nicholas Coronado and Doña Maria Antonia Romero. Fortune, by thus placing the cradle of our poetess in one of the spots still existing in Spain, where the ancient prejudices which condemned her sex to ignorance, are still in full force, would seem to have destined her to a life of obscurity. But genius such as hers creates rather than is guided by circumstances, and forcing a way through obstacles that would have wearied or dis-

heartened less courageous and less gifted spirits, its beams have pierced the clouds that environed it, and shed their radiance over the nation that proudly rejoices in its birth. Brilliant as her success has been, it is almost painful to trace the difficulties through which it has been achieved. In the retired spot in which she was born and brought up, she was not only deprived of the advantages the capital furnishes to the studiously inclined in the perusal of the lore of all ages and nations accumulated in its rich libraries, but she had also to contend with the deep-rooted antipathy to the cultivation of the female intellect that obtains in the provinces, and which, giving to ignorance the sanctity of religion, makes it a point of conscience to restrict the female portion of the community to the pious observances of the church and to their household duties, debarring them entirely from studies that are there held to be the infallible corruptors of the mind they enlarge. The natives of Estremadura keep up so little communication with the world beyond the limits of their own province that none of the so-called improvements of modern civilization ever by chance reach them. While they have thus preserved, in their pristine purity and unimpaired strength, the rude but priceless virtues, as well as the manners, customs, and, it must be added, prejudices of their forefathers, rejecting the gorgeous, but plague-laden robes of modern refinement, they have also deprived themselves of the aid that education affords to those whose natural abilities would, without that assistance, be often stifled in the germ.

The mother of Carolina, far from taking pride in the precocious indications of talent manifested by her child, beheld with trembling anxiety her efforts to pass the bounds of the narrow circle allowed to her sex in that part of Spain. Nay, it is not unlikely that, in her alarm, the worthy mother offered up many a fervent prayer that the impending calamity might be averted. In pursuance of the traditional maxims handed down from generation to generation, she prepared to combat the enemy, and, with praiseworthy, but mistaken zeal, endeavored to crush the fair blossom of genius struggling for light and air. Her daughter was subjected to the drudgery of household duties, and brought up to assist her mother in the charge of a large family, to the utter exclusion of those elegant studies, which, to those of her own rank, in other lands affords an agreeable relaxation. Unlike the generality of our modern misses, the gentle Spanish maiden submitted without a murmur to a course of life, which, to a mind like hers must have been insupportably tedious, and, from the age of nine years, she applied herself to her needle as industriously as though nature had never designed she should use any other tool. In the meanwhile, she received as good an education as the country afforded, but one such as our lady readers of a more favored region would deem equivalent to none at all, for reading, writing, the rudiments of grammar, and the catechism, were all the branches it comprised. But while her busy fingers were acquiring such a dexterity in the elegant

and feminine accomplishment of embroidering, as obtained for her quite a reputation among her acquaintances, her no less active mental faculties were also at work. With untiring ingenuity, she contrived to obtain food to satisfy her craving for knowledge, and, at night, stealing a portion of the time dedicated to slumber, consecrated it to the perusal, not of the light works with which the young and thoughtless are wont to cheat the hours, but to that of such works as Masden's Critical History of Spain, and the masterpieces of our classical poets. The latter especially exercised a fascination over her that plainly denoted the bias of her own inclinations. The volumes of poetry to which she obtained access, she not unfrequently actually committed to memory, that she might continue to enjoy their intellectual companionship after she had returned them to their owners. It is not by the quantity of literary food that the mind is benefited, but by its proper digestion. The study of such models soon aroused the desire to vent her own feelings in the melody of verse, and attuned her naturally musical ear to its harmonious cadence. Thus isolated in a dull country place, void of literary and artistic resources, amid the stumbling-blocks that well meaning parents and friends opposed to her progress, did this gentle girl, unaided, complete her own education, by the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of history, geography, and literature.

But, while fate appeared to predestinate Carolina for the narrow sphere of domestic life, chance brought stimulants to nourish the boundless aspirations after the beautiful and glorious of this soul "formed in the prodigality of nature." During the childhood of Carolina, political vicissitudes disturbed the repose of the Coronado family, who were, in consequence, compelled to remove for some time to Badajoz. Her grandfather fell a victim to the faction in power, and her father, entertaining and proclaiming opinions at that time considered from their outre liberality, to have a dangerous tendency, suffered a protracted incarceration. Each day the prisoner was cheered by the visit of his wife and infant daughter, then in her fifth year. On the mind of the latter, a babe in years, but of precociously matured intelligence, the troubles of the times, the insults of the royalists, and the infinite vexations to which her mother was subjected, in order to obtain access to her husband, seem to have made a lasting impression. Hence, probably, her deep-rooted enmity to Ferdinand—we will not say of the first germ of that patriotic spirit that ever and anon breaks forth in enthusiastic strains from a lyre generally attuned to milder melodies. The love of country is a feeling shared in common by the females of every class and station in Spain, though few may be called upon to evidence it by actions.

The early misfortunes of those near and dear to her, her continual residence in the country, amid the unbroken solitude of nature, diversified only by the picturesque ruins of a former age, and the constant struggle of a proud though gentle nature, to continue her pursuit of knowledge despite the frowns of

friends and the sneers of the envious and malicious, more especially of those of her own sex, have doubtless contributed to foster the slight tinge of melancholy that veils the fair brow of the poetess, and her first efforts reveal its impress.

Her earliest attempt at written composition of any sort, was made at the age of ten. Its subject was the death of a bird, and the little corpse was wrapped in the paper on which was traced its elegy.

At fourteen she wrote her first verses in a letter to a youthful friend. The following literal translation of the concluding stanza will give some idea of the state of mind of the writer whose genius, like another "Picciola," was endeavoring to break through the earthy clods that confined it.

Like the babe that with inarticulate phrase
Its fancies seeks to utter, my struggling mind
Its fetters strives to break. Within my soul lies
Somewhat hid, that with its weight doth burden life.
My inward senses in music strange unite,
As if within they held a concert of sweet sounds.

But it was not until another year had rolled away that the modest muse of Estremadura appeared before the public. Her first printed composition, "The Palm Tree," was greeted most enthusiastically, and called forth a eulogy from the pen of a distinguished orator and literati,* whose name is a guaranty of desert to whatever it sanctions. This exquisite little poem also elicited the tribute of four stanzas addressed to the poetess, by one who had preceded her on the road to fame—Espronceda. With his characteristic happiness of expression, he designated her verses as "the music of innocence."

In the year 1838, the horrors of civil war, of which Spain was the theatre, called forth a slight token of the patriotic feelings of Carolina. Her skillful fingers embroidered a superb banner for the newly raised regiment that was to proceed from Badajoz, to defend the cause of freedom. The provincial deputatation of Badajoz acknowledged the gift in an "oficio," that, among other phrases doing justice to the patriotism of the donor, and to the beauty of its workmanship, contained the following: "The deputatation cannot offer you worthy thanks; the best reward of a heart like yours will be, that the brave men who are to follow your gift to the field of battle, on their triumphant return to their homes, will call to mind her whose delicate hands have worked the emblem, for the defense of which they will so freely have shed their blood." A diamond ring, engraved with the name of the company, accompanied this honorable testimonial.

Let it not be imagined that the young poetess had as yet extricated herself from the trammels that in childhood had clogged her progress. Success in her chosen career had not sanctified her election. Her literary tastes were too much at variance with the received notions of feminine decorum to meet with the indulgence from her family and townspeople, that the more enlightened world beyond had shown to them. Even after her efforts had met with so flat-

tering a reception as seemed to entitle her to the command of her time, her mother continued to exact that it should be devoted to domestic avocations, and, yielding ever to the wishes of a parent, whom, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their views, her child regards with a reverential affection amounting to idolatry; Carolina cheerfully bore her portion of the cares consequent on a family of eight brothers and sisters. The short space of time she could dispose of ere she was required to commence the labors of the day, she dedicated to the perusal of the books she could borrow, and, during the long hours spent at her needle, her thoughts, ranging at large through the fairy realms of fancy, or wandering back to some of the romantic sites she delighted to visit during her rambles, arranged themselves into the beautiful form in which they subsequently appeared before the public; for, strange as it may seem, Carolina, trusting entirely to her memory, has composed all her poetry without the help of the pen. Every piece was entirely finished ere it was committed to paper.

It is difficult to conceive how, without laying by a proper course of study, the foundation for such an undertaking, without method, without leisure, or even materials in this mysterious and almost clandestine manner, was formed the collection of poems that, preceded by an introduction from the pen of the celebrated dramatist, Hartzembusch, was published in Madrid, in 1843. It is probable that Miss Coronado stands alone for the possession of the extraordinary gift of composing solely with the help of memory. The difficulty that attends such a process is defined in the following remarks of the above-named distinguished gentleman—"Those who have attempted this species of composition, can alone understand the intense degree of attention requisite for this painful labor of the brain. The poet who composes, pen in hand, relies on his paper for the preservation of that which he creates, and his sole care is to continue to produce. But, whoever composes without notes, has to perform a double task—that of creating, and that of retaining; and, as the human mind cannot at once perform two distinct functions, reason must perforce become bewildered, the ideas lose their connection, the definition of the idea loses its clearness to the reader, for, to him each thought of a written work is presented in the form given to it, completely isolated and unaccompanied by the auxiliary ideas, or those simultaneously conceived, and which have contributed to form the one before him. In the excitement under which the poet labors, he requires but a slight clue, a mere thread, to understand and satisfy himself. This reader who has not passed through the same phases, is not in the same frame of mind, and requires a perfect form to bring the idea clearly before him. The one is the blind man, whom his exquisite sense of touch enables to name the card he cannot see; the other the man gifted with sight, but who needs the assistance of light to distinguish the figure on the card." This excellent definition of the difficulties attending the composition without notes of poetry, cannot be applicable to Miss Coronado, whose extreme case in

* Don Donoso Cortes, Marquis of Valdegamas, and Ambassador of H. C. M. to the French Republic.

versification renders the composition of prose far less easy to her from the difficulty she finds in avoiding the jingle of rhyme.

Numberless pieces from her pen have been published in every periodical of note of the metropolis and the provinces, and republished in those of South America and the island of Cuba, while their author has been admitted a member of the Instituto Español, as well as of all the literary academies of Spain, including that of Havana. But as Monsieur Gustave Deville observed in the Review of Madrid, "when persevering energy was on the eve of reaping its reward, when real life was opening to her view, when the obstacles against which she had so bravely contended were at length overcome by the efforts of a firm will, the press suddenly announced the death of the poet." This was in the spring of 1844; and the periodicals throughout the kingdom, in token of grief for the loss literature had sustained, appeared in mourning. The grief universally felt for a loss that was rated as a public calamity, elicited from all quarters of Spain, a multitude of poetical laments. These testimonials of affectionate regard found their way to the country-seat in which their object lived in complete seclusion during the greater part of the year, causing her, as may be imagined, no little surprise. As a voice from the tomb, that of the young poet, in a lay of surpassing melody, proclaimed to the delighted nation that the bonds of her laborious apprenticeship had, indeed, been sepulchred forever, but that rich in grace and strength her immortal genius yet lived on earth.

The singularity of this incident, and the sorrow her presumed death had occasioned, suggested to her the idea of writing a work that she intends shall be posthumous, and which bears the appropriate title of "Two Deaths in Half a Life."

Frequent and long-continued vigils, and incessant application to study could not but affect so delicate a frame. The equilibrium between the body and mind destroyed, prostration of the former ensued, entailing severe illness. In search of the health she had lost, our poet sought the delightful sky of Andalusia, and it was after a sojourn of some duration in Cadiz that, on her departure from its sea-girt walls, she wrote her address to "The Sea."

A nervous affection that had well nigh deprived her of the use of her limbs, having led her to seek a cure in some mineral springs in the vicinity of Madrid, the capital rejoiced in a visit from the now famed star. The *Licero Artístico y Literario* welcomed her with enthusiastic honors in a session held especially for that object. The recipient of these honors having read to the assembled members her charming poem of "My Shadow Departs but I Remain," a crown of laurel and golden leaves was placed on her fair brows. In a subsequent session, held in compliment to their majesties, her drama of "The Picture of Hope" was performed. This drama has not been the only contribution of its author to the stage. A historical drama, entitled "Alfonso IV.," and another, as yet unpublished, bearing that of "Petrarch," sufficiently evidence her powers in this the most

difficult branch of literature. Every thing connected with and surrounding Carolina denotes the poetical simplicity of her tastes. Even amid the pleasures of a capital, courted and admired by all, and receiving homage from the most flattering quarters, she preserves the modest simplicity and habits of life of her country home, spending her hours amid birds and flowers, of which she is passionately fond. Her study bears the impress of its occupant, in its classical and unostentatious elegance. A painting by the *divine* Morales, representing St. Teresa in the act of writing, is the first object that strikes her visitor, not so much for its beauty as a work of art, as for the marked resemblance between the features of the saint and those of Miss Coronado.

Her course of life is still as laborious as though her fame were yet unearned; but even amid her indefatigable efforts to progress in her career, she consecrates a portion of her valuable time each day to the assisting of her younger brothers in their studies.

The style of Miss Coronado is decidedly feminine; and while it bears the stamp of originality so desirable amid the deluge of rhyme with which in these book-making days we are overwhelmed, it is eminently characteristic of the author—her verses are a faithful transcript of her mind, reflecting her heart, her tastes, her social position, breathing the warm fresh feelings of her youth, and harmonizing even with the modest dignity of her manners. Whatever may be her subject, while admiring her genius and talents, the reader is struck with the goodness, candor, and tenderness that lend it its greatest charm, while the tone of melancholy that pervades all she writes, is of a nature that softens without saddening the heart. Although, as has been indicated, the majority of her poems are such as only a true woman could write, if her subject demands it, her tone rises to a degree of energy and power that would scarcely be looked for from so gentle a muse. Instances of the loftiness, pride, or stern indignation she can throw into her accents are to be found in several of her pieces, such as her address to "The Palm," "The Christian Faith," "The Cruel Husband;" while again, her lament over "Merida:"

"The wealthy and the proud city of yore
Once yielding sovereign away and power,"

unites to grandeur and sublimity melting pathos. But even her vehemence is kept in subjection, and grace, sweetness, and love, are the distinctives of her poetry—the very choice of her subjects indicating the bias of her inclinations. Her poems belong to all ages and all nations, for they take their source from the heart's most generous feelings, from a soul keenly alive to the beauties of nature; they are impressions that every sensitive organization has received, though it may have lacked the wondrous faculty of clothing them in as exquisite a poetical garb. Her "Memories of Home," of that spot where each of us has left, like a cast-off garment, the charm of infantile years, touches a sympathetic chord in every heart. But the merit of her productions is sufficiently evidenced

in the universal acception they have met with in both hemispheres, wherever the noble language of Castile is the vehicle of the feelings; and every succeeding year can but add maturity to her genius, and leaves to the garland that already wreathes her brows.

Within a year Miss Coronado has in prose proved the variety of her powers; and four *nouvelletas*, or tales—"Faquita," "The Light of the Tagus," "Adoracion," and "Javilla," have been received by an appreciating public with the favor their merit justified. The work on which she is now engaged, "La Enclanstrada"—The Recluse—is one of greater length than the preceding ones, and aims at higher purposes. The idea is very original, and managed with great felicity, its personages exceedingly interesting, though in some instances perhaps, imaginary types that have no counterparts in real life, but withal drawn with a masterly hand; its style is satirical and gay, although at times overspread, not with sombre shadows, but with the semi-tints of melancholy that characterize all her writings. Nay, it is conjectured that beneath the anonymous title of a novel is revealed the history of a life that cannot but cause, when given to the public, a profound sensation. She has also published several excellent articles demonstrating the necessity of a union between the two kingdoms that now divide the peninsula. This idea, that will doubtless appear chimerical until realized, she has treated with a terseness of argument, a sound philosophy truly admirable. The subject and the arguments brought to bear on it, prove the writer a genuine daughter of Spain, whose ambition is centered in the prosperity of her country.

Having spoken of the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Spanish poetess has labored in the attainment of her unsought and unpretended renown, and of the style of her writings, few particulars remain to be recorded, but these are of the most pleasing nature. Her name is as familiar and as dear in the abodes of poverty and suffering as in the literary circles of which she is the greatest ornament. Her zeal for the cause of education frequently

leads her to visit the primary schools, where her gentle voice encourages and assists the pupils, and her co-operation and valuable aid have largely contributed to raise to its present prosperous condition the school supported in Badajoz by the society for the improvement of education in that town. Nor, while manifesting so great an interest in the more important duties of life, is Miss Coronado lacking in the power to impart a charm to the trifling avocations and diversions of every-day life. Her manners unite the native suavity and politeness of the heart that, in Spain, is the characteristic of the meanest beggar as well as of the noble of the land, to the refinement and grace of the *habitué* of the most polished court in Europe. Her conversational powers are exceedingly brilliant; and while the flashes of her wit may surprise and delight her hearers, they are never used as weapons to cause pain or embarrassment. To superiority of intellect, to goodness of heart, to elegance of manner, must be added great personal charms. Just tall enough to escape being called *petite*, but of that happy medium in height and exquisite symmetry of proportions in which are united the bewitching grace of diminutive prettiness and the dignity of more elevated stature, she also possesses those rare perfections, hands and feet of unrivaled beauty, so much so as to make them subjects of wonder and admiration in a country where nature has in that particular peculiarly favored the fair sex. To these add features small and regular, a mouth whose well cut ruby lips close over teeth like perfect pearls, and whose smile is irresistibly winning, large, dark, almond-shaped eyes, where the soul of poetry sits throned, arched brows, and ringlets of glossy black, and you have a faint description of one whom to see is to admire, to know is to love—the Hemans of Spain, in whom are centered the genius of a Sapho, and the heavenly soul of a St. Teresa.

Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man; and men that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEILA.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

How voiceless now is Leila's lute,
How sadly altered grown!
Its song of love's own sweetness mute,
Its breathing rapture flown;
As if the south-wind's breath were here,
Sweeping on withering wings,
And twined the silence of the bier
O'er the once joyous strings.

Untrailed the vines of Leila's bower,
Its flowers are drooped and dead,
That on the breeze, at evening's hour,
Their mingled perfume shed:

The fountain's song is sad and low,
Its wreaths no longer twine
Wild splendors in the sunbeam's glow,
Soft tones at eve's decline.

The lute that once so sweetly breathed,
When Leila swept the strings;
The flowers that in sweet perfume wreathed
The zephyr's gentle wings;
The fountain's wave, whose spirit tone
Wove soft spells far and near,
All mourn the loveliness that's flown,
For Leila is not here!

THE SONNENWIRTH:

OR, LOST HONOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER BY F. T. C.

(A TRUE STORY.)

THERE is no chapter in the history of man that is more instructive to the heart and mind than that which contains the record of his errors. In the execution of every great crime there has been a proportionately great power in operation. Although the secret play of the propensities may be concealed in the manifestations of the ordinary emotions, yet will it become, in the case of more violent passion, so much the more up-springing, colossal, clear; the delicate investigator of man, who knows how much he dare calculate upon the operation of the usual freedom of will, and how far he is permitted, analogically, to conclude, will transfer to his philosophy much experience from this department, and work it up for the moral life.

It is something so uniform, and yet again so complicated—the human heart. One and the same propensity or desire may play in a thousand different directions and forms—effect a thousand contradictory phenomena—appear combined with a thousand opposite characteristics—and a thousand dissimilar characteristics and actions *again* be spun out of the *same* propensity, while the man himself, of whom it is spoken, suspects any thing rather than such affinities. Should there arise for the human race—as for the other realms of Nature—a Linneus, who should classify according to impulses and propensities, how much would we be astonished to find many—whose vices must now be choked in the narrow sphere of common life, and in the straitened hedges of the law—in the *same* class with the monster Borgia.

Viewing it from this point, many object to the usual treatment of history—and it is here, I suspect, that the great difficulty lies—which still continues to render its study so unprofitable to the every-day life. Between the violent passions of the acting man and the quiet disposition of the reader—to whom his actions are exhibited—there exists so broad a space and so wide a contrast, that it is difficult, indeed impossible, for the latter to suspect even a connection. A chasm remains between the historical subject and the reader—tha cuts off all possibility of a comparison or an application—and instead of that wholesome terror which should warn proud health it merely excites a shake of the head by its strangeness. We look upon the unfortunate one—who, even in the hour when he undertakes the deed, as in that in which he atones for it, is a man like unto ourselves—as a creature of a strange species, whose blood circulates differently, and whose will is subject to other laws than ours; his fate moves us little, for

emotion is founded only upon an obscure consciousness of similar dangers, and we are too far removed even to fancy such a similarity. The warning is lost in the coloring—and history, instead of being a school for improvement, must be contented with the paltry honors of gratifying our curiosity. Should it ever become more to us, then it must of necessity choose between these two methods—either the reader must become warm as the hero, or the hero cold as the reader.

I know that among the best historians of ancient and modern times many have observed this first method, and have corrupted the hearts of their readers by their exciting relations. But this style is an usurpation of the author, and offends the republican privilege of the reader, whose office is to judge; besides, it is a violation of established rights, as this style belongs exclusively and properly to the orator and poet. To the historian, therefore, remains only the last method.

The hero must become cold as the reader, or, in other words, we must know him before he *acts*; we must see him not merely in the executing of his deeds, but also in the willing of them. His thoughts concern us infinitely more than his deeds—and the origin of his thoughts still more than the consequences of these deeds. The soil of Vesuvius was examined to explain the cause of its burnings; why do we bestow less attention upon a moral phenomenon than upon a physical one? Why do we not regard in the same degree the condition and circumstances that surround such a man, before the gathered tinder has caught fire from within? The dreamer who loves the marvelous may be charmed by the strangeness and adventurousness of such a picture, but the friend of truth looks for a mother to these lost children. He looks for her in the unchangeable structure of human souls and in the changing conditions that externally surround them, and here will she certainly be found. It surprises him now no longer to see in the same bed where generally only healthy plants are blooming the poisonous hemlock thriving—to find together in one cradle Wisdom and Folly, Vice and Virtue.

Were I even not to take into account the advantages that the knowledge of human nature derives from this mode of treating history, yet it would nevertheless retain its superiority, because it extirpates that horrid scorn and proud security wherewith, usually, untried, upright virtue looks down upon the fallen; and because it diffuses that gentle

spirit of toleration, without which no fugitive can return, no reconciliation be possible between the laws and the offender—no infected member of society rescued from total ruin.

Whether the criminal, of whom I am now about to speak, may have had a right to appeal to the spirit of toleration, whether he was necessarily lost for the welfare of the state beyond recovery, I will not anticipate the decision of the reader. Our gentleness can now be of no avail to him—for he died by the hand of the hangman; but the autopsy of his crimes may possibly instruct humanity, and it may be—even justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper, in a small provincial town, (the name of which must be concealed, for reasons that will hereafter appear,) and assisted his mother in taking care of the inn (for the father was dead) until his twentieth year. The inn was very poorly kept—so Wolf had many idle hours. He had been already known at school as a wanton boy. Young maidens complained of his boldness, and the boys of the little town paid homage to his ingenious head. Nature had neglected his personal appearance. A small, unsightly form, coarse hair of an ugly blackness, a flat nose, and swollen upper lip, which had besides become, by the blow of a horse, a hare-lip, gave to his appearance a loathsomeness that frightened from him all women, and offered a rich amusement to his comrades.

He was obstinately bent upon obtaining whatever was denied to him—and because he was disagreeable, he set himself to please. He was sensual, and imagined that he loved. The maiden whom he had chosen, slighted him—he had reasons to fear his rivals were more successful—still the maiden was poor. A heart that remained closed to his protestations, might possibly open itself to his presents; but poverty was pinching him, and the vain attempt to improve his exterior, consumed the little that he acquired from his wretched innkeeping. Too indolent and ignorant to assist his sinking house by speculation—too proud and weak to exchange the gentleman, which he until now had been, for the peasant, and to resign his adored freedom—he now saw one expedient open to him—which thousands before and after him had embraced with much better luck—the expedient of genteely stealing. His native town bordered on a woodland belonging to the sovereign; he became a poacher—and the produce of his robberies were faithfully poured into the hands of his mistress.

Among the lovers of Janet was Robert, the under-forester. He early observed the advantages that the generosity of his rival had gained over him, and with jealousy he searched after the cause of this change. He appeared more diligently at the Sun—this was the sign of the inn—his watchful eyes, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered to him from whence this money came. Not long before there had been revived a severe edict against poachers—which condemned the transgressor to the house of correction. Robert was untiring in his endeavors to steal upon the secret covert of his

enemy; at last he succeeded in catching the imprudent one in the very act. Wolf was arrested; and he could only ward off the appointed punishment by a fine, that obliged him to sacrifice the whole of his scanty means.

Robert triumphed. His rival was beaten off the field, and Jenny's favor for the beggar gone. Wolf knew his enemy, and that this enemy was now the lucky possessor of his Janet. The pressing sense of want was now united to wounded pride. Necessity and envy together wrought upon his frame. Hunger drove him out into the wide world—passion and revenge held him fast. A second time he became a poacher, but Robert's increased watchfulness a second time outwitted him. Now he experienced the whole severity of the law—for he had no more money to give, and in a few weeks was consigned to the house of correction. The year of punishment was over—his passion through separation, and his insolence under the weight of misfortune, had increased. Scarcely had he obtained his freedom, when he hastened to his birth-place to show himself to Janet. He appeared—every one avoided him; the heavy hand of want at last softened down his haughtiness, and overcame his nicety; he offered himself to the rich of the place and was willing to serve as a day laborer. The peasant shrugged his shoulder at the weak tenderling. The stout, bony-built frames of his competitors supplanted him with his thoughtless patron. He ventured a last attempt. One office was now vacant—the last resource of a decent name—he offered himself to the herdman of the little town; but the peasant would not even trust his swine to such a good-for-nothing fellow. Disappointed in all his plans, pointed at in all places—the third time he became a poacher, and the third time had he the misfortune to fall into the hands of his watchful enemy.

A second relapse aggravated his guilt. The judge looked into the book of laws, but not once into the mental condition of the accused. The mandate against poachers demanded a solemn and exemplary satisfaction—and Wolf was condemned to be branded upon the back with the sign of a gibbet, and to work three years at the fortress.

This period also passed by—and he went out from the prison a wholly changed man. A new epoch had *there* been commenced in his life. He was heard to say, when he confessed to his spiritual adviser—and before the tribunal of justice, "I entered the prison as an erring man, but left it as a villain. At that time there was still something in the world that was dear to me—and my pride had been humbled under disgrace. When I was taken to the prison, they locked me in with twenty-three prisoners, among whom were two murderers—and the rest notoriously thieves and vagabonds. They ridiculed me when I spoke of God, and urged me to say infamous blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sang to me bawdy songs, which I, though a dissolute boy, could not hear without disgust and horror; but what I saw practiced, shocked my modesty still more. No day passed in which some shameful

deeds were not repeated, some worse designs invented. At first I avoided these people, and kept myself away from their talks as much as was possible; but I needed a companion, and the cruelty of my keeper had denied me even my dog. The work was hard and tyrannical, my body weak. I needed assistance—and, to tell the truth, I needed pity; and these was I obliged to purchase with the last remnant of my conscience. So I accustomed myself finally to the most detestable things, and in the last three years excelled my teachers.

"Then I longed for the day of freedom—for I longed for revenge. All mankind had injured me—for all were better and happier than I. I looked upon myself as a martyr to natural rights, and as a victim of the laws. Gnaashing my teeth with rage, I ground my chains as the sun arose from behind the mountains—a wide prospect is a two-fold hell to a prisoner. The free south-wind that whistled through the air-holes of my dungeon, and the swallows that settled down upon the iron bars of my lattice, seemed to irritate me with their freedom, and render more insupportable my imprisonment. Then I would vow implacable, glowing hate to every thing that resembled man—and what I vowed have I honestly kept.

"My first thought on being free—was my native town. The hope of any future maintenance there was as small as the promise of gratifying my revenge was great. My heart beat wilder as I saw the steeple arising in the distance out of the woods. It was no longer that hearty pleasure that I had felt after my first wanderings; the remembrance of all the hardships, all the persecutions that I had there first endured, awoke instantly as out of a frightful death-sleep; every wound bled afresh—every scar opened. I quickened my steps—for it occurred to me to terrify my enemy by my unexpected appearance; and I now thirsted as much more for new degradations, as I once had feared them.

"The bell tolled for vespers, as I stood in the middle of the market-place. The congregation was crowding to the church. They quickly recognized me. Each who met me stepped back horrified. I had always felt a great love for little children; and now it so involuntarily overcame me, that I offered a farthing to a little boy that was skipping about near me. The boy looked at me fixedly, and dashed the farthing into my face. Had my blood have been calmer, I might have remembered that the beard which I carried on me from the prison, disfigured my face to something horrible; but my evil heart infected my reason—and tears, such as had never before fallen, ran down upon my cheeks. 'The boy knows not who I am, or from whence I have come,' said I, half aloud to myself, 'and yet he shuns me as a shameful beast. Do I then bear everywhere a mark upon my brow, or have I ceased to look like a man because I have ceased to love?' The scorn of this boy was more bitter to me than the three years' service at the fortress—for I had done him good, and could not charge him with any personal hatred.

"I sat down upon a timber place opposite the

church. I do not know exactly what I intended—but one thing I know, that I arose with great irritation, as none of my passing acquaintance deigned to speak with me—no, not one. Indignant, I left the spot, to seek for a shelter; as I turned the corner of an alley I ran against Janet—'Sonnenwirth,' cried she aloud, making a motion to embrace me, 'thou here again, dear Sonnenwirth. God be praised, that thou hast returned.' Her appearance showed poverty and hunger; her countenance proclaimed her as the most abandoned of human creatures. I guessed quickly what had taken place. A few princely dragons whom I had met, made me suspect that the garrison had been quartered at this place. 'Soldier lassie,' said I laughing, and turned my back upon her. It did me good to think that there was one person in the world more degraded than myself. I had never loved her!

"My mother was dead. My creditors had paid themselves with my small house. I had no one, and nothing more. The whole world shunned me as a poisonous thing; but I at length, unlearned to be ashamed of myself. Hitherto I had withdrawn myself from the face of men, for scorn was unendurable to me. But now I obtruded myself upon them, and amused myself in terrifying them. It pleased me, for I had nothing more to lose or be afraid of. No good trait was any longer of use to me—for no one suspected me of any.

"The world was before me—I might possibly have passed for an honest man in some foreign country, but I had lost the disposition to become one. Despair and disgrace had at last forced upon me this character. The only thing that remained for me to do, was, to learn to do without honor; for I dared not lay claim to any. Had my vanity and pride survived my degradation, I must have made away with myself.

"I was still uncertain as to what course I should pursue. I wished to do evil—that I can still dimly remember. I determined to merit my fate. The laws, I thought, were benefactors to the world, therefore, I seized the purpose of violating them. Hitherto I had sinned from necessity and levity, now I did it because I preferred it—it was my pleasure.

"My first thing was to continue poaching. Hunting especially, had become a passion with me; besides, I must live; but this was not all—it tickled me to be able to show my contempt for the royal edict, and to injure my sovereign as far as it was in my power. I was no longer anxious about being detected; for now I had a ball ready for my betrayer, and I knew my shot never missed its man. I killed every thing wild that I met—a little only I converted into money on the frontier, the rest I left to rot. I lived wretchedly that I might afford powder and ball. My devastations in the chase were notorious; but no suspicion fell upon me. My appearance prevented it. My name was forgotten.

"I drove at this mode of life for many months. One morning, according to custom, I had wandered through the wood to follow the track of a stag. For two hours I had in vain wearied myself, and I be-

gan to give up my booty as lost, when suddenly I perceived it within gun-shot distance. I was about to take aim and fire, when I was terrified by the sight of a hat on the ground. I looked more particularly, and beheld the huntsman Robert, who, from behind a thick trunk of a tree, was taking aim at the same animal for which my shot was intended. At this sight, a deadly coldness ran through my veins. Here now was the man—toward whom among all living things, I bore the most intense hate; and this man was in the power of my ball. It seemed to me at that time, as if the whole world lay within range of my gun, and the hate of my whole life pressed into the point of that finger, with which I was to give the fatal blow. An invisible, fearful hand waves over me, and hourly points irrevocably to that black moment. My arm trembled as I took the frightful aim; my teeth chattered as in a chill, and my breath was stifled in my lungs. For one minute the aim of my gun was uncertain—hesitating between the man and the deer. One minute—another—and again, one more. Revenge and conscience struggled stubbornly and doubtfully—but revenge triumphed, and the huntsman fell senseless to the ground.

"My weapon fell with the shot—'Murderer,' stammered I slowly; the wood was as still as a grave-yard. I heard distinctly that I had said murderer. As I sneaked toward him, the man died. I stood a long time speechless over the dead; a shrill laugh at last opened my mouth, 'Wilt thou now keep counsel, good friend,' said I, and stepped boldly up to him, while at the same time I turned his face upward—his eyes were wide open—I became suddenly serious and still. It began to seem strange to me.

"Until now, I had committed evil on the score of my punishment—now something had happened for which I had not yet atoned. An hour before, no one could have persuaded me that there was any one on earth more wretched than myself. Now I began to suspect that an hour before I might have been envied.

"The judgment of God did not occur to me; but a something, I know not what, a confused recollection of a rope, and sword, and the execution of an infanticide, that I had seen when a school-boy. There was something peculiarly frightful to me in the thought that henceforth my life might be forfeited—I could think of nothing else. I wished him alive again. I forced myself to recollect all the evil that the dead man, when alive, had done to me, but in vain, my memory was as though dead. I could not recall any thing of that, that but a quarter of an hour before, had excited me to such a rage. I could not even imagine why I had committed this murder. Still I stood before the corpse, and still stood. The crack of a few whips, and the rolling of a wagon through the wood, recalled me to myself. It was at scarce a quarter of a mile from the high road that the deed had been done. I must think upon my safety.

"Involuntarily I lost myself deeper in the wood. On the way, it occurred to me that the murdered man formerly owned a watch. I wanted money to reach

the frontier, and yet the courage failed me to turn back to the spot where the dead man lay. Now the thought of the devil, and of an all-present God terrified me. I gathered up my courage, and determined, should all hell oppose me, to go back to that spot. I found what I had expected, and also, in a green purse, a little less than a dollar in money. Just as I was about to take both, I stopped and thought; it was neither a fit of shame, nor fear of increasing my crime by plunder, that made me dash the watch away, and keep only the half of the money. I would be thought the personal enemy of the dead man, not his robber.

"Then I flew back to the woods. I knew that the forest stretched northward for four German miles, and then terminated on the confines of the country. I ran breathlessly until high noon. The rapidity of my flight had distracted the anguish of my mind, but as my strength grew weaker, it returned with more frightful power. A thousand horrible forms seemed to pass by me, striking like sharp knives into my breast. The dreadful choice of leading a life that was full of a restless fear of death, or of violent suicide, was now left to me, and I must choose. I had no heart to leave this world by suicide, and yet the prospect of remaining in it, was frightful. Thus straightened between the certain torments of life, and the uncertain horrors of eternity—like unfit to live or die—I passed the sixth hour of my flight—an hour pressed full of misery, that no mortal can possibly imagine.

"Absorbed in my own thoughts, and sad, with my hat unconsciously drawn over my face, as if to hide me from the eye of inanimate nature, I had, unnoticed, followed a narrow path that led me through a dense thicket, when suddenly a rough commanding voice, near me, cried 'Stop.' The voice seemed quite near. My abstraction, and the position of my hat, had prevented me from looking around. I looked up and saw a fierce-looking man coming toward me, carrying a large knotty club. His form was gigantic—at least, so it seemed to me, in my first astonishment. The color of his face was of a yellow mulatto; his eyes were crossed, and looked ghastly. Instead of a girdle, he had a thick rope tied round his waist, into which was stuck a broad slaughter knife, and a pistol. The command was repeated, and a powerful arm grasped me. The voice of a man had terrified me, but the look of a villain gave me courage. In the condition that I was in, I had reason to tremble before an honest man, but none before a robber.

"'Who's there?' said this apparition.

"'Thine equal,' answered I, 'if thou really art as thou seem'st to be.'

"'That is neither here nor there. What doest thou here?'

"'What business have you to ask?' answered I boldly. The man looked at me twice from head to foot, as if he were comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure.

"'Thou speak'st brutally,' said he at last, 'like a beggar.'

"That may be so, I have been one since yesterday."

"The man laughed. 'One might swear to that,' said he, 'no one would take you for anything better.'"

"For something worse, perhaps.' I was about to say more.

"Gently, friend. Why didst thou run so? What hast thou to lose for want of time?"

"I reflected for a moment. I know not how the words came to my lips, but I answered slowly—

"Life is short, and hell is eternal."

"He stared at me strangely;—

"I will be damned," said he, at last, 'if thou hast not just escaped from the gallows.'

"That may yet come; therefore, till we meet again, comrade."

"Agreed," said he, and drew from his hunting bag a tin flask, gave a powerful dram, and then handed it to me

"Flight and misery had exhausted my strength; and during this entire terrible day, nothing had passed my lips. I had been afraid of fainting in the forest, where, for three miles around, there could be no help hoped for. It can be imagined then how gladly I drank the offered toast. New strength flowed into my limbs, and fresh courage into my heart; and a hope and love for life. I felt that I might not be entirely miserable; so much did this welcome drink effect. Indeed, the condition of my mind bordered on happiness, for at last, after a thousand fruitless hopes, I had found a creature who resembled myself. In the state into which I had sunk I would have drunk fellowship with the most infernal of spirits, to have had a companion.

"The man stretched himself on the grass. I did likewise.

"The drink has done me good," said I, 'we must know each other.'

"He struck a light for his pipe. 'Hast thou been a long time at this trade?' He looked at me steadily. 'What hast thou to say of it?'

"Has this often been bloody?" said I, drawing the knife from his girdle.

"Who art thou?" asked he fearfully, and laid his pipe down.

"A murderer, like thyself, but only a beginner."

"The man stared and took up his pipe again.

"This is not your home," said he at last.

"Three miles from here. The Sonnenwirth, in L——, if thou hast ever heard of him."

"The man sprang up like a maniac. 'The poacher Wolf?' asked he quickly.

"The same."

"Welcome! comrade, welcome!" and he shook me heartily by the hands. 'This is fine, that I have met thee at last, Sonnenwirth. I have been looking for thee for a long time. I know thee right well. I know of every thing. I have long relied upon thee.'

"Relied upon me! wherefore?"

"The whole place is rife with thee. Thou hast enemies. That bailiff's sentence ruined thee; such conduct cries to heaven!"

"He became furious. 'Because thou didst shoot

a couple of swine, that the prince fed on our lands—did they keep thee in prison for many long years—rob thee of thy house and trade, and make thee a beggar. Has it therefore come to pass, brother, that a man is of no more value than a beast? Are we no better than the cattle in the fields? And could a fellow like you endure that?'

"Can I alter it?"

"That we shall see. But tell me, now, what are your plans?"

"I told him my whole history. Without waiting until I had finished, he sprang up impatiently, and dragged me after him.

"Come, brother Sonnenwirth!" said he, 'now thou art ripe. I have found thee at the right time. I will get honor by thee. Follow me!'

"Whither wilt thou lead me?"

"Never mind. Follow!"

"We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when the woods became steeper, more impassable and wild. Neither of us had spoken a word, until the whistle of my conductor aroused me from my reverie. I looked up; we stood before a steep, sloping rock, that overhung a deep ravine. A second whistle answered as from the bowels of the earth, and a ladder arose as of itself slowly out of the abyss. My leader clambered down first, bidding me wait until he returned—'For I must chain the dog,' added he, 'or, thou being a stranger, he would tear to pieces.' With these words, he descended.

"Now I stood alone before the abyss, and I knew right well that I was alone. The heedlessness of my leader had not escaped my attention. It would have cost only a bold resolution to draw up the ladder; then would I be free and my flight secure. I fully understood it. I looked down into the abyss that was now to receive me; it reminded me of the abyss of hell—from which there is no deliverance. I began to tremble at the course that I should evermore be obliged to pursue—but a speedy flight might save me. I determined upon it. My arm was even stretched out for the ladder—when suddenly a voice thundered in my ears, that sounded like a sneer from hell, 'What has a murderer to risk?' My arm fell powerless down. I had filled up the measure of my guilt—the hour of repentance was past—and the murder that I had committed lay behind me towered up as a huge mountain—forever hindering my return. At the same moment my leader appeared and bade me follow him; there was, therefore, no longer any choice—I clambered down.

"We had gone but a few steps under the rocky wall when the ground widened, and several huts were visible. In the centre of these was a round grass-plot, upon which a company of from eighteen to twenty persons were lying, gathered around a coal fire. 'Here comrades,' said my leader, as he led me into the midst of their circle—'Our Sonnenwirth! bid him welcome!' 'Sonnenwirth,' cried all at once, jumping up and pressing around me. Shall I confess it? The joy seemed to me hearty and unfeigned. Confidence and even esteem were expressed on all faces; this one pressed my hand,

another familiarly caught hold of me. The whole scene was like the return of an old, valued friend. My arrival had interrupted a meal that had just been commenced. They continued it immediately, and besought me to drink a welcome. The repast consisted of game of all kinds, and the bottle was passed indefatigably from neighbor to neighbor. Merry life and brotherly love appeared to animate this whole band, and all were emulous to manifest their unrestrained joy over me.

"They had placed me between two women—it being considered the place of honor at the table. I expected to find them the outcasts of their sex, but how great was my astonishment when I discovered among this disgraceful gang two of the loveliest female forms I had ever beheld. Margaret, the elder, was called a maiden, and could scarce number five-and-twenty years. Her language was very bold, and her gestures still more so. Marie, the younger, was married, but had run away from her husband, who had ill-treated her. She was delicately formed, and looked pale and thin—so did not strike the eye as being so remarkable as her brilliant neighbor. Both women emulated each other to kindle my passions. The beautiful Margaret overcame my diffidence by her bold jokes—but the entire woman was contrary to my tastes, and my heart was captivated by the more timid Marie.

" 'Thou seest, brother Sonnenwirth,' commenced the man who had brought me there, 'thou seest how we live here, and every day is like unto this. Is it not so comrades?'

" 'Every day like unto this,' responded from the whole band.

" 'Now, then, if thou canst make up thy mind to be contented here, shake hands and be our leader. I have been the captain until now, but to thee I will willingly give way. Are you satisfied, comrades?'

"A joyful 'Yes,' was answered by all present. My head throbbed, my brain was stunned—my blood on fire from wine and passion. The world had cast me off as an infected one; and here was brotherly affection, and merry life and honor. Whichever I might tread, death awaited me—here I could sell my life at a higher price. Besides, sensuality had always been my most violent propensity; the other sex had shown me nothing but contempt, while here favor and unbridled enjoyment awaited me. My resolution cost me little. 'I remain with you, comrades,' said I, boldly and resolutely, as I stepped in the midst of the band. 'I remain with you, if you resign to me my beautiful neighbor.' All agreed to grant me this request—and I was declared the possessor of a harlot, and the captain of a band of robbers."

The concluding part of his confession I entirely omit. The exclusively horrible offers no instruction to the reader. An unfortunate one who has sunk to such depths of crime, will indulge himself in every thing that shocks humanity; but he never committed a second murder, as he afterward confessed upon the rack.

The report of these men spread quickly through

the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nightly burglaries disturbed the inhabitants—the name of Sonnenwirth became the terror of the country-people—officers of justice were in search of him, and a reward was offered for his head. He was lucky enough to evade all attempts upon his freedom—and cunning enough to take advantage of the superstitious notions of the wonder-seeking peasants. His companions reported that he had a league with the devil, and could practice sorcery. The district in which he played his part, was inhabited, less then than now, by the civilized Germans. They believed this report, and his person was safe. No one was anxious to engage with the dangerous fellow that used the devil as his servant.

For one year had he followed this sad course, when it began to be insupportable to him. The gang at whose head he had placed himself, did not realize his brilliant anticipations. He had been allured and dazzled by a seductive exterior, and now he perceived how deeply he had been duped. Hunger and misery had succeeded the abundance with which they had entrapped him. He was often obliged to risk his life for a meal—that scarcely kept him from starvation. The vision of brotherly affection and union vanished; envy, suspicion, and jealousy raged in the hearts of this reprobate gang. A reward had been offered the man that should deliver him alive—and should he be an accomplice, a full pardon—a powerful temptation to the outcasts of the earth. The unfortunate man knew his danger. The integrity of those that had betrayed both God and man, was a poor security for his life. His nights henceforth were sleepless; a constant dread of death corroded his peace. The horrible phantom of suspicion clattered behind him wherever he flew, tormented him awake, and was with him while he slept, to scare him with frightful dreams. Dumb conscience likewise again found language, and the sleeping adder of remorse awoke, amidst this universal tempest of his soul. The hate that he had before felt toward man, now turned its frightful edges against himself. He forgave the whole world, and found none but himself to curse.

Vice had completed its instructions to this unfortunate man; his natural good judgment at last triumphed over the sad delusion. He felt how deeply he had fallen—and a quiet melancholy succeeded to clashing despair. He wished back the past with tears, and felt confident that he could live it over again in an entirely different manner. He began to hope that he might yet dare to be honest—because he felt that he could be so. Upon the highest summit of evil, was he nearer good than he had been before his first false step.

About this time the seven years' war broke out, and the enlistments were numerous. The unfortunate man built hope upon this circumstance, and wrote a letter to his sovereign, which I here insert:

"Should it not disgust your royal highness to descend to me, should criminals of my kind be not excluded from compassion, then grant to me a hearing, most serene sovereign. I am a murderer and a thief.

The law has condemned me to death—officers are in search of me—and I voluntarily offer myself up. But at the same time, I bring a strange petition before your throne. I abhor my life, and fear not death; and yet it is horrible to me to die without having lived. I might live, and repair a part of the past. I might live and atone to the State for the injuries I have done it. My execution would be an example to the world—but no compensation for my deeds. I hate vice, and long ardently for honesty and virtue. I have shown capacity for becoming terrible to my Fatherland, and now hope that some little remains that may be useful to it.

"I know that I request a thing unheard of. My life is forfeited, and I cannot make a treaty with justice. But I appear not bound and chained before you. I am still free, and fear has the least share in my petition. What I supplicate is pardon. Any claim to justice that I may once have had am I no longer worthy to make. Yet I may be permitted to remind my judge of one thing. The date of my crimes commenced with that sentence that forever defrauded me of honor. If moderation had then been shown me, I might not be suing for mercy. Let mercy be your prerogative, O prince! If it be in your power to treat the laws for me, then grant me life. It shall from that moment be consecrated to your service. If you can do it, let me learn your most gracious will through newspapers, and I will appear at your princely word in the capital. Should you determine it otherwise—let justice do her work—I will do mine."

This petition remained unanswered, as also a second, and a third, in which the suppliant petitioned to be a trooper in the prince's service. His hope for pardon was entirely extinguished; and he determined upon flying from the country, and dying like a brave soldier in the service of the king of Prussia.

He luckily escaped his gang, and set out upon his journey. The way led him through a small town, where he intended to pass the night. A short time before, severe edicts had been passed, that required stricter investigation of travelers—for the sovereign, a prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. Such a command had been given to the gate-keeper of this small town—who sat upon a bench, near the gate, as the Sonnenwirth rode up. The appearance of this man had something ludicrous in it, yet at the same time something wild and fearful. The broken-down steed which he rode, and the burlesque selection of his articles of dress, in which he apparently had consulted his taste less than the date of his robberies, contrasted strangely enough with a face upon which lay spread so many raging passions, like dumb corpses upon a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the sight of this strange traveler. He had become gray at the turnpike, and a forty years' service had made him an infallible judge of all vagrants. The falcon glance of this blood-hound did not miss his man. He instantly barred the gate, and demanded the passport of the traveler, while he secured his reins. Wolf was prepared for a case of this kind, and carried with him a passport, that he

a short time before had gained as a booty from a plundered merchant. But this single testimony was not enough to overcome a forty years' experience, or to induce this oracle of the turnpike to revoke his first opinion. He trusted his eyes more than the paper—and Wolf was obliged to follow him to the bailiff's house.

The upper bailiff of the place examined the passport and pronounced it correct. He was a great lover of news, and liked especially, with a bottle of wine by his side, to chat over the newspapers. Now this passport informed him, that its possessor had come from the hostile land, which was the theatre of the war. He hoped, therefore, to decoy from the stranger private news, and sent the passport back by a secretary, inviting him to a glass of wine. During all this time the Sonnenwirth had stood before the bailiff's house. His ludicrous appearance gathered a crowd in troops around him. They whispered to each other, alternately pointing at the horse and its rider. The rudeness at last increased to a loud tumult. Unfortunately, the horse was a stolen one. Wolf imagined it had been described in a warrant, and was now recognized. The unexpected hospitality of the bailiff confirmed his suspicion. Now, he considered it as certain that the trick of his passport had been detected, and that this invitation was merely a snare to take him alive and without means of resistance. A guilty conscience made a blockhead of him; he put spur to his horse, and ran off without giving any answer.

This sudden flight was the signal for an uproar. "A rogue!" cried all, and pressed after him. And now he rides for life and death; he had already the start—his pursuers pant for breath—his deliverance is nigh—when a heavy hand invisibly presses him—the clock of his destiny has run down—the inexorable Nemesis claims him as her own. The street that he had trusted himself to, terminates in an enclosure, and he must turn back and face his pursuers. The noise of this affair had produced a tumult through the whole town; crowd gathered to crowd, and all the streets were barred. A host of them came in advance toward him. He draws a pistol—the people give way—he tries to force a way through the crowd. "This shot," said he, "for the foolhardy man that dares to detain me." Fear commands a general pause, when a bold locksmith at last grasps his arm from behind, and seizing the finger with which the raging man was about to fire, wrenches it out of joint. The pistol falls—and the disarmed man is torn from his horse, and dragged in triumph to the bailiff's house.

"Who are you," said the judge, in a very brutal tone.

"A man who is determined to answer no questions till they are framed in a more polite manner."

"Who are you?"

"What I professed to be. I have traveled through all Germany, and in no place, save here, have I found such outrageous treatment."

"Your sudden flight made you suspicious. Why did you go?"

"Because I was weary of being the jest of the crowd."

"You threatened to fire."

"My pistol was not loaded."

They examined it—there was no ball in it.

"Why do you carry concealed weapons with you?"

"Because I carry with me things of value, and have been warned against a certain Sonnenwirth who strolls in this region."

"Your answer speaks well for your boldness, but nothing for your justification. I give you until to-morrow morning to determine if you will speak the truth."

"I shall adhere to what I have already stated."

"Lead him to the tower."

"To the tower, sir bailiff! I shall demand satisfaction."

"I will give it to you as soon as you are acquitted."

The next morning the bailiff thought it possible that the stranger might be innocent—at all events he concluded that violent language would never overcome his obstinacy, and that it might be advisable to treat him with more decency and moderation. He called together the officers of the town, and commanded the prisoner to be brought forth.

"Pardon, sir, if I dealt too harshly with you yesterday."

"Of course, willingly, while you still detain me."

"But our laws are very strict, and your affair has made a great noise. I could not release you without violating my duty. Appearances are much against you. I wish you could tell me something that would contradict them."

"Suppose I know nothing?"

"Then I must report the case to the government, and you must remain so long in close keeping."

"And then?"

"Then you are in danger of being whipped as a vagrant of the frontier, or should matters go more favorably, you might be ordered on the recruiting service."

He was silent a few moments, and appeared to be struggling with some violent emotion; then turning hastily to the judge, he said,

"Can I be alone with you for a few minutes?"

The officers looked suspiciously, but removed themselves on a commanding look of their superior.

"Now, what do you wish?"

"Your behavior of yesterday, sir bailiff, would never have induced a confession from me, for I defy violence; but the kindness with which you have treated me to-day has given me confidence and esteem for you. I believe that you are a noble man."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see that you are an honorable man. I have long wished for such a man as you. Allow me your right hand."

"What is to come out of this?"

"This head is gray and venerable. You have been long in this world. You have had sorrow—is it not so? And it has made you charitable!"

"What has that to do with it?"

"You are now but a step from eternity—soon you will require compassion from your God. You cannot refuse it to man; do you suspect nothing?" With whom do you think you speak?"

"What does it mean? You terrify me!"

"Fear not now. Write to your prince how you have found me; tell him that I voluntarily became my own betrayer; and as he hopes for mercy at the awful bar of God—so may he grant it now to me. Entreat him for me, old man, and as you write, let a tear fall upon your report. I am the Sonnenwirth."

TWO PICTURES:

TAKEN IN THE LIFE SCHOOL.

BY ELIZABETH T. HERBERT.

The magnificence of one class will ever be attended by the degradation of another. The true greatness of any country, the real power and grandeur of our own, lies in the equal condition of its people, and in the exercise of those virtues which forever flow from that equal condition, in the practical recognition of those immutable doctrines of equality, truth, mercy and justice, which form the essence of the teachings of our Saviour.

THEODORE SEDGWICK'S AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"RATHER late to-day, Lucy; what has detained you, my daughter?" said Mr. Russell, to a rosy, panting school-girl, who entered the room in which he was sitting, and threw on the table an armful of books.

"In a moment, father, I will answer you; when I get rid of this more than Atlas burden; for besides the world round, and square, divided and subdivided, here is a world of books and a portfolio of drawings." She seated herself beside her father, took off her bonnet, and resumed—"Maria Proctor asked me to go home with her and look at some beautiful paint-

ings which have just arrived from Italy. Her cousin has been residing there several years, and executes any orders that are sent to him. I was thinking perhaps you would employ him, father—it would be so delightful to own such exquisite things!"

"And what are the subjects of those exquisite things that have so fascinated you, my child?"

"Only one that fascinated me, father, though there were sweet, sunny landscapes which I admired very much, and that was the Cumean Sybil. The Persian was there too, and it was very noble and very beautiful, but the other—oh! it was an angel, and so

like—indeed, father, I am not mistaken”—her voice trembled—“so like my mother.” She threw her arms round her father's neck and burst into tears. Surprised and agitated, he pressed her convulsively to his heart, and silently gave way to his own feelings.

“Forgive me, dear father, for grieving you,” said Lucy, after a few moments, as she raised her head and brushed away her tears—“but if you could only see how splendid those paintings are, I know you would like to own them.”

Mr. Russell did not regain his composure as soon as the buoyant child—her heart had been bruised, his was broken. After a long silence he said—“I have been for some time deeply interested in several pictures, so human and life-like, that I am sure you would admire them. After dinner, if you choose, I will take you to see some of them.”

“Oh! yes,” cried Lucy, “I shall be very glad to go. And what are the subjects, father?”

“You shall try your skill at discovering them,” he answered.

Lucy's dinner was soon over, and her dress carefully arranged. “Will you oblige me, my child, by changing your bonnet for a plainer one?” said Mr. Russell. “It will form too striking a contrast with the drapery in some of the pictures.” Lucy smiled. “You are surely not turning Quaker, father?”

“No, Lucy, although I think their plain attire possesses many advantages.”

The change was soon made, and they proceeded to the outskirts of the city. Lucy's measured tread and decorous demeanor were left with the hard, unyielding pavement, and in all the buoyancy of youth and health she bounded like a young fawn over the green sod.

“E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread,”

exclaimed Mr. Russell, as he tried to follow her eccentric movements.

“Indeed it does seem to me as if a very small pair of wings would raise me from the earth,” cried Lucy, springing forward.

At length they reached a shady lane. On one side a little brook wended its murmuring course, fringed with flowers, and shaded with elms and willows, whose branches bent as it were in silent worship to the all-pervading spirit of loveliness.

“What a sweet picture!” said Lucy. “I wonder if this is the one you brought me to see.”

“No, there is a deficiency here which my pictures have not—human faces.”

The aerial musicians seemed to have got up a regular oratorio, and to be in the midst of a grand chorus, each trying to sing louder than the other. “Well, as there is no talking,” said the sportive child, “I'll join in the singing.” And she sent forth a clear, musical note, as merry and wild as those she was imitating.

On the other side of the lane stood a dwelling, which, though really nothing but a rude hut, had been whitened with lime, and covered with flowering vines, and was now the prettiest box imaginable.

Honeysuckle and cypress twined round the door, like ministering angels, bearing fragrance and beauty to age and poverty. The door was thrown open, and near it, though it would have been difficult to get any distance from it, and remain in the room, sat an old woman knitting. Her dress, though coarse, was exceedingly neat and clean—a black calico gown, a check apron, and a cap whose dazzling whiteness would do credit to the Shakers.

Two chairs, whose seats had been transformed from willow to wood; one deal table, which looked as if it and the scrubbing-brush were sworn friends, and a small bed, covered with a clean patch-work quilt, were the principal articles of furniture.

“Ah, Maister Rouseell, and I'm vara glad to see ye,” exclaimed the old lady, as she handed the two chairs and seated herself on the side of the bed.

Lucy offered to stand, but was silenced by the remark—“An' sit ye doun, lassie, and dinna shame the auld woman's poverty. An' wha may be the young cannie veeasiter ye ha' wi' you?”

“My daughter Lucy, Mrs. Duncan, who is so delighted with your feathered friends and sweet flowers that I know not whether she will be disposed to leave them.”

“Ah, the winsome lassie,” said she, taking the child's hand, “I've na dout when she becam' accustomed to them, that she'd ken thar be ither things mair needfu' that wad na be sae planty. An' may be ye dinna ken wha bro't me the beauty sae pleasin' to your bright een?”

“I do not, indeed, but some one of taste I am sure.”

“Ay, taste an' feelin', an'—”

“But,” interrupted Mr. Russell, “I think you sowed the seeds and planted the slips yourself. Mrs. Duncan.”

“Vara true, vara true, but if sum'un had na gien me them, and tauld me what to do, I wad na had ony thing these lang simmer days to admire.”

Her significant wink gave Lucy to understand the name of *sum'un* as plainly as if it had been spoken.

“The old Inquisitor, Mrs. Duncan,” asked Mr. Russell, “how does he treat you now—does he screw the rack as hard as ever?”

“Ha, ha, ha, Inqueesitor indeed. Na, na, the leenament ye gied me loosened the screw, and I can use my hands, ye see, brawlie. Ye ha' been vara kind to me, but I wad na forget the Gude that gies ye the preevilege to bine up the brauken-hearted.”

While the old woman went to her little closet to get an apple for Lucy, which had been given her by a kind neighbor, the child whispered—

“I think I begin to understand your picture, father.” Mr. Russell smiled.

Though sorry to deprive Mrs. Duncan of what would have been a treat to her, Lucy was afraid of hurting her feelings by a refusal, and after thanking her, and taking a kind leave, they resumed their walk.

On the way Mr. Russell informed Lucy that some seven or eight months since, happening to pass the hut, he saw a funeral moving from it. Only four poor looking persons followed, besides the old wo-

man they had just seen. Her bent form and tottering steps attracted his attention, and on inquiry he found that she was following to the grave her only child, indeed her only relative. He had been a journeyman carpenter, a sober, industrious lad, but for the last year sick and incapable of working much. As long as he was able he made flower-frames, and light articles, which his mother sold; these, with her exertions, kept them from starving, but with all her industry and prudence she had not been able to keep out of debt, and the man who gave the information added—"What will become of the creature now I know not, for her strength is gone, and her heart is with poor Jamie in his grave."

Mr. Russell hesitated whether to wait for the old woman's return, and intrude upon her sorrows, or call the next morning with aid. He decided on the former, to relieve her mind from the anticipated horrors of an almshouse.

"Will you excuse my troubling you just now, Mrs. Duncan?" said he, as the poor creature tottered up to her desolate home.

"Na, na, I canna spak wie onybody noo. I canna fash mysel wie warldly cares," she answered, motioning him away with her hand.

"No matter, my friend, I will call to-morrow," said Mr. Russell, in a sympathizing tone. It reached her heart, and turning to the speaker, she said,

"Ye ha' a kindly luke and gentle speech—cam in, cam in."

When she entered the solitary room, and missed the pale face which she had watched so long, night and day, she felt that the only star which lighted her evening sky was set forever, and burst into an agony of grief. When the expression of her sorrow had somewhat subsided, she exclaimed, "Oh, that I suld follow the sweet bairn to his grave in these gay, happy claithes!"

Other garments, more suited to her feelings, were sent to her the next day, and the dwelling which was in a most dilapidated state, repaired and made comfortable; and now, in the long, warm days, she could earn something to relieve the burden of dependence.

"I dinna ken what wad a become o' the suld creetur, if Providence had na sent ye!" exclaimed the grateful being, a month after Jamie's funeral.

"He would have employed some other missionary, Mrs. Duncan," was the answer.

"And how do you like my picture, Lucy?" asked Mr. Russell.

"Oh very, very much," answered the animated child. "I do n't think," she added, "that it is as beautiful as mine; but then the moral, I suppose, is better. Can't a picture have a moral as well as a story, father?"

"Certainly."

"Any more pictures, father?"

"I had intended to show you another of the same school, but as business leads me in an opposite direction, you shall see one altogether different in design—drawing—coloring—every thing."

"Is this a private house?" inquired Lucy, as Mr. Russell stopped before an immensely large edifice.

"It is—and you shall be introduced to its interior," he said, ringing at the door. It was opened by a liveried servant, who showed them into the dining-room, and took Mr. Russell's name. Three other rooms were thrown open, displaying the most costly and beautiful furniture. The servant returned in a moment, and requested them to walk up stairs. The hall and stairs were marble. The apartments on this floor were also thrown open, and far exceeded the others in magnificence. Lucy whispered,

"Where can the bed-rooms be, father?"

"Above this, of course," was the answer.

"Then they must have as far to go to bed as poor Sally Jones in her garret," remarked the child.

They were ushered into a small room fancifully arranged. The walls and ceiling were exquisitely painted. On the end opposite the window, which was shaded with lace drapery, was the representation of a window, with a similar curtain, and peeping out from behind it was a young and beautiful face. On one side of the door was Leander, just landing after his perilous voyage, and rushing into the arms of Hero—the moon shining out in full glory, and lighting up the most enchanting landscape. On the other—Leander just commencing his last fatal effort, and Hero, scarcely discernible in the intense darkness, kneeling, and with uplifted hands supplicating Heaven for his safety. Opposite to these was the first meeting of Calypso with Telemachus, on her charming island. The ceiling was concave, divided into four compartments, and contained representations of the four seasons. From the centre was suspended a lamp of antique form and exquisite workmanship. The apartment had been intended as a boudoir for Mr. Wittless' only daughter, who had died a few years before, leaving one child. An old gentleman, and the original of the arch face at the window, were the only persons in the room when Mr. Russell and Lucy entered. The former pale and emaciated, was reclining on a damask couch; the latter, a very Hebe, was bending over him, wiping the moisture from his brow, and trying to lure to his relief, some cooling air, by means of a large fan.

"Ah, Russell, glad to see you! Going fast, you see—going fast!"

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said Mr. Russell, taking the invalid's extended hand. "It is natural for the worn-out spirits to anticipate the worst, and you have all appliances and means that can aid in your recovery."

"Yes, thank Heaven! I've a jewel of a doctor; only one fault, Russell—only one fault. Attentive and skillful—but such bills! Never think of paying one as it is sent—always cut it down to suit myself. From the last bill I deducted 20 per cent., and then thought the fellow well paid."

"There must certainly have been a great difference of opinion," remarked Mr. Russell.

"Yes, he assured me that he had charged but half of what the law allowed him—spoke of his large family, etc.; but I was not to be humbugged through my heart."

Mr. Russell's contempt would certainly have been

visible to any but such little mean blinkers as were now fastened on him.

"What are you musing about, Russell? Any thing of moment on your mind?" inquired the sick man, after a short pause.

"Yes—the business about which I called to see you, Mr. Wittless, is of great moment."

"Proceed, my friend."

"You recollect Edward Milla? I believe you and he were cronies in past years."

"Remember him perfectly. A very clever fellow was Ned. But he is not living?"

"No, but he left a son, who is very unfortunate; and I have been endeavoring to procure pecuniary aid, or influence to enable him to commence business."

"Very sorry for the young man, Mr. Russell, but can't have any thing to do in the affair."

"I am sadly disappointed, Mr. Wittless, for in making out a list of those whose willing co-operation I expected, your name stood first."

"I am too old and too sick, Mr. Russell, to attend to such affairs now. Besides, there is no reason why he should not work for his money as I have done. No, no, I didn't labor in my youth for the pleasure of assisting beggars in my old age."

Mr. Russell was hurt. "He is not a beggar, sir," said he; "and I am very sure never will be, at least if I have the power to prevent it. In justice to him, allow me to add, that he is utterly unconscious of what I am endeavoring to do for him."

"Well, well, Mr. Russell, as you please," exclaimed the poor, beggarly poor rich man; "You can afford it, I suppose—I cannot."

A servant entered with a note to Mr. Wittless, which he opened and read, and then turning to the bearer, said, "Tell him to have them here early in the morning, Ben, and to call upon Mr. Squire, my agent, with his bill." Then addressing Mr. Russell, "This is the way my money flies—a thousand dollars for a span of horses. My sons will be here tomorrow from the South, and I promised them an entire new equipage. Well, well, it is pleasant to gratify one's children."

Mr. Russell rose, and beckoned to Lucy, who was standing in an adjoining room, with her arm thrown

lovingly round the sweet child's neck, talking as familiarly as if they had been old friends. They parted with a warm kiss, mutually delighted with each other.

When Lucy and her father were in the street, "You now see why I cannot purchase Italian pictures, my love," said he.

"Not that you love beauty less, but humanity more, I suppose. But was n't that an angel child, father?"

"Too lovely, indeed, to be under such debasing influence," remarked Mr. Russell, with a sigh.

"Do you know, father, I thought that Mrs. Duncan, in her flower-covered hut, seemed more happy than Mr. Wittless in his great castle."

"But can you think of no way in which the happiness of both might be increased?" asked Mr. Russell.

"By Mr. Wittless giving a few of the chairs that he cannot use very often to Mrs. Duncan, who has n't quite as many as she needs."

"Precisely so. I trust, however, that some day justice will take the place of charity—not that 'charity that suffereth long, and is kind, and thinketh no evil,' but that which doles out with niggardly hand, a poor pittance to the troublesome intruder, to be relieved from his importunities. I am sure, Lucy, you would rather have the power to make one heart happy than to own the beautiful Sybil."

"Indeed I would, just now at least; yet when I am drawing to-morrow, and thinking of color and symmetry, I shall very likely wish for it just as much as ever. 'Do you think,' asked the girl, earnestly, 'that it is sinful to gratify taste, father?'"

"No, my dear," replied he with much tenderness. "It comes from the source of every good and perfect gift, but should not minister to our selfishness. You know we felt some contempt for the person on whom we called a few days since, because, while his walls were covered with choice specimens of art, he was deeply in debt. Now I think God has made us all debtors to those poorer and more ignorant than ourselves; to overlook them, therefore, in the gratification of our refined sense of beauty, seems to me not only selfish but dishonest."

ELSIE.

BY KATE ST. CLAIR.

A young white rose-bud, with the leaves
Just blown apart, and wet with dew,
A fair child in a garland weaves,
'Mid blushing flowers of rainbow hues:
She sitteth by the rushing river,
While the soft and balmy air
Scarce stirs the starry flowers that quiver
Amid her sunny hair.
Thou of the laughing eyes! 'mid all
The flower-gems of thy coronal
Thou 'rt fairest of the fair!

Ah, sweet young dreamer, may thy heart
In its early freshness ever be
Pure as the folds, just blown apart,
Of the rose thou 'rt wreathing in childish glee;
Ah, well I know those flowers thou 'rt twining
For a fair young mother dear,
For the love-light in those blue eyes shining
Is shadowed by a tear;
And thy thoughts are now of a dim, hushed room,
Of the sad, sweet smile and the fading bloom,
Thou 'rt all too young to fear.

MY GALLANT BARK.

WORDS BY

THOMAS J. DIEHL,

MUSIC FROM MEYERBEER'S OPERA OF

"THE CAMP OF SILESIA."

Sung by M^{lle}. Jenny Lind, with great success.

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Allegretto.
Piano. *mf*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Allegretto' and 'mf'. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The vocal entry is on a single staff, marked 'Love!' and 'p'. It begins with a rest followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady bass line.

o'er the boundless ocean, My gallant bark floats free, But 'mid the wild com-

The vocal line continues on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: 'o'er the boundless ocean, My gallant bark floats free, But 'mid the wild com-'. The music is in B-flat major, 2/4 time.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line ending with a double bar line, while the piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include *f*, *fz p*, and *p*. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

motion My heart still turns to thee. *f* And gentle thoughts come stealing,

With golden light to me. But happy hours revealing, My bark floats o'er the

sea. *fz p* *fz p* *p* *f*

II.

Love! when the stars are keeping,
 Their silent watch on high,
 As o'er the wild waves sweeping,
 To thee my thoughts will fly.
 Thy fond eyes still beam near me,
 As kind and lovingly;
 And while to hope they cheer me,
 My gallant bark floats free.

III.

Love! when the storm is breaking,
 The waves run wild and high,
 Our gallant ship is quaking,
 Beneath the tempest sky.
 Led by some magic power,
 My thoughts will rove to thee,
 As in that clouded hour,
 My gallant bark floats free.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Female Prose Writers of America. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1 vol. royal 8vo.

Among the many books of a kindred character, which have been issued from the American press, the present volume stands preëminent, both for the liberality and the sumptuous taste with which it has been gotten up, and for the care and ability with which it has been edited. American books are unfortunately so generally prepared with the strictest eye to economy, that we cannot sufficiently admire the daring of a publisher who, regardless of the customary caution which seems to cramp the exertions of his compeers, throws himself confidently upon the good taste of the community, without flinching from any labor or expense which may lie in the way of his undertaking. The result of Mr. Butler's enterprise has been to produce one of the most beautiful books with which we are acquainted.

The paper and the press-work of this volume defy criticism. The illustrations, ten in number, consist of an illuminated frontispiece and title-page, and eight portraits on steel of our most distinguished female authors. The frontispiece and the title-page were designed by the inimitable Devereux, and printed in gold and colors by Sinclair, the first artist among the many excellent lithographers of Philadelphia. The steel engravings are all from original pictures, and were executed expressly for this work by the best engravers of London. We say expressly for this work; because the public are becoming tired of the worn-out English plates which are forever showing themselves in the Annuals, like old acquaintances whom we met years ago in travel, and now encounter again in our own land, with something like a shudder at the sad ravages which time has made on their well-remembered faces. This retouching of old plates is a miserable business; but it is one in which modern publishers seem to take a particular pleasure. It reminds one of the efforts by which a battered bean attempts to repair the blemishes of his age. False hair and paint may indeed deceive novices; but there always will be a set who have fashionable chronology at their fingers' ends, who could exume every wrinkle, count every added hair, and to whom such devices are maliciously laughable. We remember one instance of a particular wood-cut that passed through all the degrees of notorious malefaction. It made its first appearance, within our memory, as "Colt, the Murderer;" next, a pair of whiskers transformed it into "Monroe Edwards;" by shaving its whiskers and putting on spectacles, it at last became a very respectable "Dr. Webster." We are in the dark as to its earlier history; but it most probably started in the infancy of wood engraving as Doctor Faustus, or perhaps as his diabolical companion. What may be the future fate of the fine, intellectual head of Miss Sedgwick, the benign and thoughtful features of Mrs. Kirkland, or the radiant, soul-fed beauty of Alice Neal—should Mr. Butler ever part with the plates—is beyond human conjecture. We hope at least for a happier one than befell our legendary friend Dr. Faustus, or his more ardent associate. Jestings aside; we now have before us eight fine female heads in their original beauty, with all the sharpness of the first strong touches of the burin, and all the delicate blendings of the stipple. Beside them the general run of faint female portraiture sink into utter insignificance.

Dr. Hart's share in the work, while it has been the most important, has not fallen behind the engraver's. Dr. Hart's former position, as editor of one of our most respectable magazines, naturally brought him into frequent contact with the highest class of female writers, and gave him facilities for the execution of his duties which are possessed by very few literary men. He has faithfully availed himself of the materials which a life of learned watchfulness and severe critical sagacity have placed under his control.

The number of writers embraced within the large volume, of nigh five hundred pages, is forty-eight. The section devoted to each author is preceded by a few clear and unobtrusive critical remarks from the editor; next we have a biography, collected from authentic materials, furnished in many cases by the author herself; and last, such specimens from her writings as the editor's taste and public sanction have pronounced to be the best. Whether viewed as a book for critical and biographical reference, or as a useful collection of different specimens of feminine style, or for the individual merits of the articles quoted, or as a highly embellished gift-book, of more lasting interest than any Annual, the "Female Prose Writers of America" certainly takes precedence of any volume which has been offered to our notice.

Rule and Mirrors of the English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick in America," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the work of an English Tory of the old school, and its object seems to be the enlightenment of English statesmen on the subject of American history, in order that they may preserve what possessions on this continent they still retain, by avoiding the errors of their predecessors. He objects to the whole system of responsible government introduced into the Canadas by Lord Durham; frowns upon all attempts to make the administration of Canadian affairs more republican; and prophesies the loss of England's remaining colonies if the present course of the Home Government be not changed. The most interesting portion of the work is devoted to the early colonial history of our own country, in which a chain of facts is adduced to show that the New England colonies were always practically independent of the mother country, and that the republican form of government really existed here from the period of the first settlements. The author continually compliments the wisdom and skill of the American republicans, but asserts that no other community in Europe or America is fitted by nature, education, traditions, or habits, for such a form of government. He goes so far as to say that if royalty were established in the United States by a majority of the people, it would not work at all.

While Judge Halliburton thus concedes to us the glory of being the only nation in the world which is necessarily a republic, and the only nation in which a republic is possible, he seems to have little respect for the Puritans, who, according to him, were the real sources of our liberties. He calls them, with some distinguished exceptions, "violent and vulgar fanatics," and thinks that their rebellion was a very natural consequence of their schism, or rather that both their schism and rebellion were results of the ugly qualities of their character. This part of his work, while it exhibits no palpable perversions of fact, is

full of those unconscious falsehoods which proceed from prejudice and lack of insight. Badly as he thinks, however, of our ancestors, he is full of respect and admiration for the United States as they are; calls our constitution excellent, and only inferior to the British; and considers that we understand our own interest better than England understands hers. He remarks ironically, "Europeans have a wider grasp of intellect, infinitely more penetration, and a spirit of patient research and laborious investigation, that enable them both to speak and write about America with greater ease and less diffidence than the natives. Unable to retain their own transatlantic possessions, or preserve their respective countries from revolutions, they can nevertheless detect the errors of the Americans, and are somewhat alarmed for the fate of a people who are ignorant enough to protect their agriculture and manufactures, and are sufficiently selfish to prefer a commercial system, under which they have grown and flourished, to periling their prosperity by rash innovations, alike opposed to reason and experience! Great Britain has endeavored to instruct them, that a home market is in no way distinguishable from any other, and to prove the sincerity of her conviction, has abandoned to them that of which she had so long the monopoly in her colonies; but they have accepted the proffered boon, and at the same time very quietly retained their own."

The History of the Restoration in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: Harper & Brothers. vol. 1 12mo.

The period of this history is from 1814 to 1830, and its success will be owing in no little degree to its being the only history of that period written by an author of sufficient eminence to attract general attention out of France. Lamartine, though one of the most fascinating of writers, does not possess the qualities of a great historian. He is an egotist and an ideologist, two characteristics which prevent his mind from seeing real objects in their relations with each other. He not only discolours and distorts what he perceives, but he views men and events, thus discoloured and distorted, in relation to some darling notions of his own. The result is complete subjectivity—a representation not of things, but of his impressions of things. We may add that this is unconscious on his part, for there is no appearance of intentional deception. It comes from the natural action of his mind. If the reader will sharply scrutinize his consciousness after reading the present work, he will find that Lamartine's histories and novels convey but one impression—and that impression is of Lamartine. The subtle individuality of the man penetrates all his names of characters, whether real or fictitious. The actual world without him he neither sees nor represents. Lamartine is projected upon all objects, and all objects are Lamartine. The result is a sort of human pantheism.

In spite, however, of his defects as a historian, this volume, the first of three, possesses great interest and fascination. It is not so well written, or so well translated, or so correctly printed as his books commonly are, but the brilliancy of his mind, and the benevolence of his temper, exhibit little decay. The view of Napoleon is not comprehensive or tolerant, but several of his objections are original, forcibly stated, and not without foundation in facts. He evidently dislikes Napoleon, but we do not know that he goes farther than Thiers in his condemnation of his policy. In one sentence Thiers has condensed all that can be said against Napoleon as a statesman, and there is more real severity in it than in all La-

martine's rhetorical paragraphs on the subject. "In war," says Thiers, "Napoleon was guided by his genius, in politics by his passions."

The sketches of Cambaceres, Talleyrand, Marmont, the Count de Provence, (Louis XVIII.,) Count d'Artois, (Charles X.,) the Duke d'Enghein, and the Emperor Alexander, are very brilliant and readable, and considerable information is given of the conduct of the banished Bourbons, which is new to the general reader. Altogether, the work promises to be as interesting as a historical novel, but cannot be relied upon as an accurate history. The next volume will recount the return of Napoleon from Elba; and the descriptive powers of the author will doubtless be exerted on that event in all their vigor and vividness.

Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D., and of his Son Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Second Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

The authoress of this interesting biography of her father and brother is one of the most accomplished writers in New England; and the style of her present work is worthy the subject and of herself. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, during the short period of his active life, from 1805 to 1812, exercised great influence upon the theology and literature of New England. He was one of the greatest of American pulpit orators, an accurate scholar, and a writer of uncommon sweetness, ease and grace. His sermons are now a part of American literature. Mrs. Lee gives not only an account of the few events of his life, but traces the development of his mind, as exhibited in his familiar letters and daily journals.

The father, Dr. Buckminster, was a minister in Portsmouth, and was a grand specimen of the old New England clergyman. Portsmouth, unlike most of the New England towns, made no pretensions on the ground of the piety of its first inhabitants. The men who settled it went there for the single purpose of making money. An anecdote is told in this volume which well illustrates the honesty of the people on this point. A pious divine, in lashing the depravity of the times, ran into the common New England Jeremiad of contrasting the past with the present. "You have forsaken," he said, "the pious habits of your forefathers, who left the ease and comfort they possessed in their native land, and came to this howling wilderness to enjoy the exercise of their religion and a pure worship." One of the congregation immediately rose to explain. "Sir," he said, "you entirely mistake the matter; our ancestors did not come here on account of their religion, but to fish and trade."

Literary Reminiscences from the Autobiography of an Opium Eater. By Thomas de Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 vols. 16mo.

This work will undoubtedly take its place as part of the literary history of the present century. It reveals facts regarding the life, works, and personal peculiarities of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Halet, Charles Lloyd, Allan Cunningham, Wilson, and many other writers of the time, to be found nowhere else. De Quincey writes of these men from a long personal acquaintance with them, and he unreservedly tells all that he knows. Apart from the new facts which the work brings to light, it is the best of De Quincey's works in point of thought and style. There are pages and chapters in it as splendid as the prose literature of the century can

show. The details given of his own wayward life, and especially the insight it affords into the morbid moods of his mind, are full of attractiveness. Largeness of sympathy, with a wide variety of intellectual excellence is also evinced, and many of the critical judgments are worthy of a lord chancellor of letters. The defects of his mind and disposition are also prominent, but in a rambling autobiography like the present, they do not offend. Eloquence, taste, subtlety, comprehensiveness, vast acquisitions, depth of detached thought, elevation of sentiment, all the faculties and all the furniture of a great mind, are visible in every chapter; and under the guidance of a firmer will these powers and accomplishments would have made him one of the foremost thinkers of the age.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica, M. E. S. Third Series. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1 vol. 8vo.

This work, the last of a series of three, and a worthy conclusion of a capital commencement, is the production of an author who has a kind of poetically humorous sympathy with the insect creation, and describes their habits and instincts with a playful felicity which is inimitable. The practical hatred of insects amounts in some minds to absolute antipathy; but no person can read this volume without thinking more genially of the matter. The writer has evidently established intimate relations with these little creatures, and sufficiently understands their language to comprehend their own views of their importance in the world. In his pages, a spider, or a Daddy Longlegs has the interest of the hero of a novel. All that poets have written about insects our author has at his pen's end; their symbolical meaning he understands as well as their practical use; and he observes with the eyes both of the poet and the savant. Mr. Redfield, the publisher, has issued the work in a style of exceeding neatness and elegance, and has not spared appropriate pictorial illustrations. It would pass for an English book, with the name of a London house on the title-page.

Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion. By J. P. Kennedy. Revised Edition. With Twenty Illustrations by Strether. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This new edition of a standard work in one of the most delightful departments of American literature, is executed in the publisher's best style, and is illustrated by an artist who has caught the very spirit of the author's descriptions. "The Swallow Barn" itself needs no compliments. Originally published twenty years ago, it attracted immediate attention for the truth of its pictures of character, manners, and scenery, its genial Addisonian humor, and the unstudied ease of its style. Virginia is the only state in the Union that can boast of being the subject of such a "Sketch Book." The representation is somewhat ideal, but it is the ideality which characterizes the descriptions of Goldsmith and Irving, and is chiefly seen in the soft rich atmosphere of sentiment and humor which the sunny and thoughtful spirit of the author casts over his descriptions. As a record of the old manners of Virginia, it will always be valuable, even if it should ever fall to secure readers from its intrinsic merits. We trust that this elegant edition will give it a permanent position among the classics of our literature.

The Lily and the Bee; an Apologue of the Crystal Palace. By Samuel Warren, F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 18mo.

We trust, for the intellectual credit of the author of

"Ten Thousand a Year," that this work was written while he was recovering from a typhus fever. Such a piece of galvanized weakness, such an apology for an "Apologue," we never read before. The words tramp through the reader's mind, kicking up a great dust, without leaving a distinct thought or image; and its pretentious elevation is a kind of machine sublimity or windy rant.

A Manual of Roman Antiquities, with Numerous Illustrations. By Charles Anthon. LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this volume Dr. Anthon, with his usual power of compression, has produced a work in which almost every sentence contains a fact. The religion, government, jurisprudence, military organization, customs, etc., of the Romans, both of the republic and the empire, are all stated in the smallest possible space; and the whole makes a convenient book of reference both for the student and the general reader.

The Lady and the Priest. A Historical Romance. By Mrs. Maberly. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Fair Rosamond is the "Lady," and Thomas à Becket the "Priest" of this interesting and well written historical romance. It is one of the best of the late publications of the series of select novels, of which it is the one hundred and sixty-first number.

The Iris: An Illuminated Souvenir, for 1852. Edited By John S. Hart, LL. D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Grambo.

The publishers of this most beautiful Annual have certainly surpassed themselves in the liberal quantity and gorgeous finish of the illustrations. The designs are by Captain Eastman, and the plates are in Duval's best style of coloring. In all that relates to artistic effect, "The Iris" certainly has the highest claims to admiration; and the subjects being for the most part American, give a value and freshness to the volume particularly desirable in these days of old designs and worn-out engravings.

Professor Hart has nobly done his part in making "The Iris" a worthy present for the Holydays. The literary contents are of the best—the taste of the Editor being a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the articles presented to the reader. "The Iris" has now taken a decided rank among American Annuals.

GODMAN'S NEW PAPER.—Our readers will find upon the second page of the cover, set forth in full, the prospectus of a new Southern Journal. Its editor, Mr. Godman, is so well known to our readers, that it is scarcely necessary to say a word on his behalf. If talent of a very high order, industry, and manly ambition are passports to success, we shall hear of Godman's paper with fifty thousand subscribers.

THE RIVAL CAPTIVES.—The unavoidable delay in receiving the concluding parts of this story, unfortunately prevents its conclusion in this number. As our readers do not change with each volume of the work, it will be complete in the opening numbers of the new volume, which we here take the opportunity to say will contain far more reading matter than has ever yet been given by any of the illustrated Magazines. We have no doubt that this desirable improvement in "Graham" will very widely extend the circulation of the work for 1852.

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